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The North American Review

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One-hundredth year JULY, 1914 Vol. 200: No. 1

BY THE EDITOR

GREETINGS TO OUR COLONEL

"There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us."

A Perennial National Problem . . . . . Speaker CHAMP CLARK
The Colorado Strike . . . . . Governor E. M. AMMONS
The Real Mexican Problem . . . . . ROLAND G. USHER
Home Rule—And After . . . . . FRANK P. JONES
The Changed American . . . . . DANIEL F. KELLOGG
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A Constructive Department of Justice—II

Must the Church Adopt Christian Science Healing? The Rev. J. WINTHROP HEGEMAN

What Christian Science Really Teaches The Rev. Dr. RANDOLPH H. McKIM

The Book of the Month . . . . . F. M. COLBY
New Books Reviewed

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Speaker of the House of Representatives, has represented the Ninth Missouri District in Congress since 1897. He has served as member of the Ways and Means Committee and was minority leader of the House in the second session of the Sixtieth Congress and the Sixty-first Congress. At the present time he is acting as vice-president of the Trans-Mississippi Congress.

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OUR COLONEL

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JULY, 1914

GREETINGS TO OUR COLONEL

BY THE EDITOR

"There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us."

WELCOME, sir, to our country! Grateful as we were for the momentary distraction afforded by your passing call, our craving is for a prolonged visit, such as distant relatives are prone to make upon occasion. Unlike their arrivals, however, yours is most opportune. We need you—all of us. You have heard the call of the Moose. Listen, and you shall hear the braying of the donkey. Even the elephant trumpets with unbecoming exultance of spirit. And the tired—the very tired—business man! From the depths of his dejection he stretches forth his arm to grasp the hand that once did smite him sorely. Wilson's tenaciousness is beginning to weary us. We are sick of Bryan. We want Our Colonel.

Now what are you going to do—and say—to cheer us up? When you returned from the Undoubted river you appeared, not, of course, beaten to a frazzle, but somewhat worn and frayed. Clearly, the propounding of pertinent queries at that time would have been inconsiderate at the least, perhaps, indeed, unduly harassing; but now you have

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lost your resemblance to Job, have recovered from the inevitable effects of monkey steaks and mosquito bites, have discarded the unwonted cane, and have regained the determined vivacity which for so long constituted your distinctive personal charm and your chief political asset. The wedding, too, we read, was both joyous and noteworthy, a pleasant occasion having been reported by all; and the royal geographers listened calmly to your temperate discourse upon the hills and dales and unsuspected running brooks of far-off lands. Assuming then that the traditional fiddle is not now more fit than your own variegated self, we no longer hesitate to exercise the parental prerogative and to ask you plainly, What are your intentions? Honorable, no doubt; but "whit way," as the Scots inquire, does your fancy point? Toward the old love, so long so true and yet so brusquely jilted, or to the new affinity who in your absence has pined away to the merest shadow of her former robustness? Or would you turn polygamous and take them both? Speak, Our Colonel, and tell us! The President, to say nothing, for once, of the Secretary of State, would like to know. And so, indeed, would all of us.

Perhaps you have not decided. Seemingly, at any rate, you had not when you sailed away. The widely heralded bugle-call which you cannily left behind for publication on Monday morning when overshadowing news is scarce was hardly a bleat. It was not like you, in the first place, to begin a pronouncement with an apology. True, as you pleaded, you had been absent nearly eight months and therefore had "not been able to acquire the necessary information" that would enable you to "respond intelligently to many of the inquiries" made of you. A diplomatic utterance surely, but hardly such as we are accustomed to regard as Rooseveltian. When, pray, in the glowing history of omniscient didacticism, did mere information become a requisite of intelligent response? For this unprecedented hesitancy there must be a reason. What can it be? Misgiving of judgment or only the instinctive prudence of advancing years?

"When I return from abroad," you continued, "I shall at once take up actively the political situation. It goes without saying that I intend, to the utmost of my ability, to do all that I can for the principles for which I have contended and for the men throughout the country who have

stood so valiantly in the fight that the Progressive party is waging and has waged for these principles."

A comforting reassurance, mayhap, to the aspiring ones who so valiantly burned their political bridges when they followed, followed you; and yet how unlike the thrilling adjuration to stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord! But let you proceed:

> There is wide-spread apprehension among our people. The pinch of poverty is felt in many a household. We cannot ignore the conditions which have brought about this state of things. The cost of living has not been reduced. Not the slightest progress has been made in solving the trust question. It has been shown that the reduction of the tariff in no shape or way helps toward this solution.

That times are psychologically somewhat trying is reluctantly admitted even in Washington, where disagreeable facts percolate slowly; necessary retrenchment in personal expenditures has followed inevitably and perhaps advantageously; but there is no overcrowding of almshouses as yet, despite the quite common dearth of employment in manufacturing communities. True, regardless of the ebullient Mr. Redfield's insistence to the contrary, the cost of living has not been reduced; but would it have diminished under Our Colonel's guidance? Did it?

"The high cost of living," we are told upon high authority, "is due partly to world-wide and partly to local causes; partly to natural and partly to artificial causes. The measures proposed in this platform on various subjects, such as the tariff, the trusts, and conservation will of themselves remove the artificial causes. There will remain other elements, such as the tendency to leave the country for the city, waste, extravagance, bad system of taxation, poor methods of raising crops, and bad business methods in marketing crops. To remedy these conditions requires the fullest information, and, based on this information, effective government supervision and control to remove all the artificial causes. We pledge ourselves to such full and immediate inquiry and to immediate action to deal with every need such inquiry disclosed."

The quotation is from the platform of the Progressive party. Is it reasonable to suppose that these many inquiries could have been made and that truly remedial "action" could have been taken to produce actual results in the few months that have elapsed since Mr. Wilson was

inaugurated? Lowering the rates may not reduce costs materially even after a full trial, but it is the only remedy so far suggested and it cannot yet be fairly pronounced a failure. You thought so yourself, Our Colonel, once upon a time, but when the day came to act you hurriedly forsook the fox and dashed madly off at full cry in pursuit of a rabbit. What, moreover, said the Progressive platform?

"*We demand tariff revision because the present tariff is unjust to the people of the United States. Fair dealing toward the people requires an immediate downward revision of those schedules wherein duties are shown to be unjust or excessive.*"

There is no room for argument here, Our Colonel. Democratic action conformed precisely to the Progressive pledge. If the one was taken in error, the other was made in fault. The grave defect in the new tariff lies, not in costs, but in the loss in revenue ensuing from the President's ill-judged insistence upon removing the tax upon sugar.

"Not the slightest progress," you declare, "has been made in solving the trust question." We frankly concede grave misgivings as to whether the Administration measures passed by the House of Representatives tend to clarification or confusion of existing law, but how idle it is to assert, in the face of these acts, that nothing has been done! Too much and too hurriedly, we should say. The truth is that the trust problem was solved nearly a quarter of a century ago, when the Sherman Act was passed. Recent experience has demonstrated beyond question the efficacy and adaptability of that law. The trouble arose from the refusal or failure of previous Administrations to enforce it. Permit us to refresh your memory. The organization of large combinations began in 1898, buf proceeded so slowly that their total capitalization at the end of two years was barely three billions of dollars. Between January 1, 1900, and January 1, 1904, nearly nine thousand plants were combined under an aggregate capitalization of more than twenty billions. During this period one Theodore Roosevelt, elected as Vice-President, was serving as President under a pledge to "carry out McKinley's policies." In 1904, as you may recall, he was chosen to succeed in his own right, and the work of consolidation proceeded so thriftily, without let or hin-

drance, that at the end of his term the total trust capitalization had reached the enormous sum of thirty-one billions of dollars. There was no lack of law to prevent the formation of these great combinations. The Sherman Act was on the statute-books as it is to-day, when nobody would dream of attempting to organize a monopoly. But it was not enforced. If it had been, there would be no "trust question" now awaiting "solution" by President Wilson or anybody else. And in truth there is none. The courts are gradually but surely undoing the work which was illegally done under a personally conducted Administration which held itself under peculiar obligation to its "very good friends." Under the circumstances, Our Colonel, might it not be the part of your newly acquired prudence to avoid the pointed discussion of the "trust question" which is bound to ensue from criticism of President Wilson's honest endeavors, however injudiciously directed, to reestablish competition?

What you might do and what we wish the President would do is this: Urge the enactment of laws which would enable American manufacturers to compete with their rivals in foreign markets upon an even basis. Every other nation encourages combination for that purpose, and there is every reason why we should and no reason why we should not do likewise. Whatever may be our differences respecting domestic policy, whatever may be the relative advantages of "regulation" and "competition," we owe it to our producers, our manufacturers, our merchants, and our workingmen to present a united front in strife for trade throughout the world. It is a wholly practicable proposition, as we shall demonstrate in due time; but it seems not to have appealed or perhaps occurred to the present Administration. But you, Our Colonel, in your own well-remembered words to the late Mr. Harriman, are a business man and surely can realize the idiocy of a condition which compels the export of nearly two billions in value of raw products as against only eight hundred millions of manufactures. Meanwhile, let us resume our political cogitations.

After declaring somewhat reservedly your intention to speak up for your valiant lieutenants from Maine to California, you say:

> But I believe that this fall my chief duty lies right here in the State of New York. I doubt whether there is a State in the Union that shows

more conclusively than this State the dreadful evil of the two-boss system in political life. The people of this State, the honest people, the good citizens who wish clean and efficient government, no matter what their party affiliations may be, are growing bitterly indignant with a system which provides for the seesaw of the Murphy and Barnes machines in the government of this State. There is not a State in which the evils of bi-partisan boss rule are more concretely illustrated than right here.

Under such rules it is absolutely impossible to get decent and effective government. It is impossible to secure fair treatment for the honest business man, for the honest wage-earner, or for the honest farmer. From the canals and highways downward each branch of the government has been administered primarily with a view to the political advantage, and often with a view to the personal enrichment, of different political leaders. No advantage whatever to the people at large can possibly come by keeping this system and substituting under-bosses of Mr. Barnes for under-bosses of Mr. Murphy as the beneficiaries of the system. I believe the time has come to clean house in New York.

And I believe that all right-minded people ought to act together without regard to their ordinary party differences in a determined effort to accomplish this task and to destroy the malign and baleful influence of both the Barnes machine and the Murphy machine in this State.

This has the old-time ring. The blending of redoubtability and astuteness, too, is perfect. It is quite safe to denounce Murphy and Barnes; they have no friends. The reference to " all right-minded people " is capital also, especially when taken in connection with your previous expression of confidence in the nobleness of " the rank and file of the Republican party "; it illustrates your breadth and tolerance on the eve of an election. But has nobody told you that, while you were moving mountains and shifting the courses of streams, the New York Legislature passed a Direct-Primary Bill which confers upon the voters the power to nominate candidates for all State officers? You have no longer to advocate this great Progressive principle; it has been adopted. The rule of the people is established. Murphy and Barnes can cast but one vote each out of a total of more than a million. The wrong-minded bosses are down and out; the right-minded rank and file are in the saddle. So you perceive, Our Colonel, that, mayhap to your regret, there is nothing further along this line to talk about. Can you doubt for a moment that " the people of this State, the good citizens who wish clean and efficient government " will voice their " bitter indignation " at their respective primaries? Certainly not. Armageddon is taken. The battle is won. Now we shall see what we shall see. Pennsylvania and Penrose point the way.

"The economic conditions," you say, "are such that business is in jeopardy and that the small business man, the farmer, and the industrial wage-worker are all suffering because of these conditions. The truth simply is that the only wise and sane propositions, the only propositions which represent a constructive governmental progressivism and the resolute purpose to secure good results instead of fine phrases, were the principles enunciated in the Progressive platform in connection with the trusts and the tariff alike. Our policies would have secured the passing around of prosperity and also the existence of a sufficient amount of prosperity to be passed around. Throughout the country all I can do to emphasize these facts will be done."

Why say the "small" business man? Is not the large manufacturer also "suffering because of these conditions"? It is not becoming to make a purely demagogic distinction. And, if it be really true that adoption of your policies would have achieved prosperity and passed it around, how does it happen that business is virtually at a standstill? Not only, as we have noted, does the new tariff conform to the Progressive pledge, but it was enacted with the aid of Progressive votes. The new Trade Commission Bill, too, is precisely in line with your demand for "a strong Federal Administrative Commission" designed to "maintain permanent active supervision over industrial corporations engaged in interstate commerce, . . . doing for them what the Government now does for the national banks, and what is now done for the railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission." Few, indeed, of your presumably popular proposals have escaped the eagle eye of the managing director of the Democratic party. Even the Presidential primary has found in him an academic champion. In some respects, indeed, as you must admit, he has outprogressed the Progressives, most notably, perhaps, in sacrificing his declared convictions to the demands of organized labor. You would not have done that. In fact, you refused to do it in a positive declaration that will stand everlastingly to your credit. The one conspicuous policy which the President has not appropriated from your collection is the Recall of Judges and Judicial Decisions. But we observe, Our Colonel, that you yourself seem to have shelved that awe-inspiring principle for the time being. In any case, you did not advert to it once during your stay with us. We

wonder why. Can it be possible that you heard a loud whisper from Republican headquarters to the effect that, of all your notions, this is the only one that definitely bars the way to complete reconciliation?

We have already directed your attention to the obvious pining away of your political affinity. So, doubtless, did the more valiant of your lieutenants during your many conferences. But did they indicate the full extent of that decline? Did they tell you that only 48,253 of the 444,389 Pennsylvanians who voted for you participated in the recent Progressive primaries, while simultaneously the Democrats lost 160,000 and the Republicans actually gained 55,000 and polled 80,000 more than both combined; that recent bye-elections of Congressmen resulted as follows: In Iowa, Republican gain 2,000, Democratic loss 7,000, Progressive loss 10,000; in New Jersey, Republican gain 4,000, Democratic loss 4,000, Progressive loss 4,000; in Maine, Republican gain 8,000, Democratic loss 3,500, Progressive loss 6,800; in Massachusetts, Republican loss 1,900, Democratic loss 6,000, Progressive loss 5,500; in West Virginia, Republican loss 1,700, Democratic loss 9,000, Progressive loss 9,500; that in New York the Progressive enrolment has dwindled to a beggarly 110,000 as against 390,000 votes cast for you in 1912; that in California the Republican enrolment exceeds that of either Democrats or Progressives by more than 100,000; that South Dakota, which gave you 10,000 majority, has recently elected a stand-pat Republican United States Senator by 9,000; that the recent State election in Arkansas showed Republican loss 8,000, Democratic loss 15,000, Progressive loss 13,000; that in the Maryland Senatorial election the Republican vote increased 20,000 and the Progressive vote decreased 50,000; that in Schuyler County, Pennsylvania, the Republican enrolment increased 10,000 and the Progressive enrolment decreased 9,000; that in Allegheny County, where Taft received only 24,000, the Republican enrolment now is 127,000; that Omaha, Nebraska, shows Republican gain 4,000, Democratic loss 4,000, Progressive loss 5,600; that the Republicans swept St. Louis at the spring election and carried the leading Progressive district in Chicago; and, finally, that few, if any, Progressives have been elected to the legislatures of States which gave you the strongest support?

What is the true portent of these amazing Republican

revivals accompanied invariably by corresponding Democratic reversals and Progressive recessions to the vanishing-point? Commenting in the January number of this REVIEW upon "The President's Vision" of but a single cloud in the sky, we ventured to remark:

> True, a complete union of Republicans and Progressives at the forthcoming elections is beyond power of accomplishment, even though an understanding should be reached by the leaders. With only Republicans and Democrats in the race, a certain proportion of the Progressive vote would go to the Wilson candidates. Whether this percentage would suffice to offset the effect of Democratic disaffection in States like New York and Illinois is a question. Whether it would overcome the far greater and incalculable consequence of continuing and increasing business depression, lack of employment for hundreds of thousands of workingmen, and disgust at income taxation, added to the normal reaction which invariably follows a Presidential victory, is even more problematical. Enough has been said, in any case, to show that little dependence can be put upon faith in maintaining a majority simply because it is large; the record of 1894 indicates how quickly it may disappear entirely. Nor, in our humble judgment, should too much reliance be placed upon a continuance of Mr. Roosevelt's obduracy. None realize better than that most astute of politicians that, to win the Presidency in 1916, he must (1) defeat Mr. Wilson in the Congressional elections and incapacitate him for the remainder of his term, (2) avert further disclosure of the numerical weakness of his own party, and (3) reconcile Republicans and business men generally to his candidacy. For ourselves, we shall be greatly surprised if the movement looking to a union of forces already inaugurated by Mr. Roosevelt's personal lieutenant, Comptroller Prendergast of New York City, does not eventuate in sharply drawn lines between the Democratic party and the Opposition in the coming November elections.

Few now, we suspect, in the light of the recent political happenings noted above, would deny the warrant for this apprehension expressed six months ago. Even the President seems at last to perceive the writing on the wall if, as reported, he gave, as a reason for forcing so many Democratic measures at this session, his desire to clear the way for *non-partisan* legislative work thereafter.

But we are not now discussing the Democratic predicament. It is yours and your party's that is under consideration. And here we direct your attention to a most significant change in sentiment. Three months ago, Our Colonel, you were complete master of the situation. Republicans without number who had execrated your name, especially in 1912, had become so thoroughly dissatisfied with the Wilson Administration that they stood ready to accept even you,

chiefly, no doubt, as the lesser of two evils, but not unwillingly at that.

Not so now! The protracted business depression has borne so heavily upon the Democratic party in public estimation that these Republicans no longer feel that they need you. The wisest and shrewdest of them are convinced that the great mass of voters, for one reason or another, but chiefly because of their inability to prosper, have become so embittered that they await only an opportunity to repudiate, for the time at least, not merely the party in power, but all in the guise of governmental interference and governmental control regarded as radicalism that the party stands for. And this antipathy is reckoned to comprehend you, Our Colonel, and your policies no less than the President and his. It is "a plague o' both your houses," in the minds of these observers, who firmly believe—and not, we opine, without some basis of excuse—that the pendulum has already swung so far back that the spirit of conservatism is bound to dominate in the coming elections. There lies before us a communication from one whose sagacity you have often recognized, whose advice you have often heeded, and whose name, if presented, would carry to your mind the greatest weight. He writes as follows:

> What do you think of a "psychological" depression? The present situation satisfies me because I think I can see, first, that Roosevelt's nomination and election by Republicans are impossibilities; second, that Wilson will be beaten for the Presidency; and, third, that the situation is to be most amusing in watching Theodore study a way out of the dilemma in which he finds himself. Abuse of Wilson is going to increase the Republican vote, not the Progressive vote. He does not look forward even to a canvass of Pennsylvania with any degree of confidence, and if he goes in and measures swords with the old Boss and is beaten and the Boss is returned, his prestige will receive a very severe blow. He finds his Progressive friends who put up the money for him a good deal embarrassing at present, and a voyage to Spain after he has looked over the ground is a relief. Meanwhile Wilson is "satisfying the conscience of the country" by utterly unnecessary laws whose effect certainly will be "psychological" both in dimunition of business and in diminution of votes.

Whether or not or to what extent we concur in this view is beside the mark, but we do say this: If, as you have announced, you shall go into Pennsylvania and make attacks upon the Administration the basis of your campaigning, and if the President, as he has announced, shall also

take the stump in Pennsylvania for the purpose of repelling your assaults, Senator Penrose will be re-elected by an overwhelming majority. You, the master politician of your day, can hardly fail to recognize this certainty. The President may not. With all his subconscious astuteness Mr. Wilson is likely to mistake his real adversary. It was quite obvious, for example, in 1912, as you may or may not recall we warned him from the outset that it was you, Our Colonel, not Mr. Taft, whom he had to beat; and yet he persisted in directing his fire at the weaker contender. Now the situation just as clearly is reversed by the changed conditions, and, judging from his declaration of purpose, Mr. Wilson has yet to be apprised of the fact. But that is his affair, concerning which we shall address to him words of friendly counsel at some future time when you are not listening.

Meanwhile, in resolving your own ticklish problem, consideration must of course be given to the unescapable facts that the coming contest will lie between the two old parties; that the Progressives no longer hold the balance of power; that telling assaults by you upon the Administration will serve only, as the wise man quoted above remarks, to make Republican votes; that Mr. Wilson's return fire may again be misdirected; and that the more vigorous and acrimonious your discussion becomes the more common will be the bestowal by an exasperated people of a plague upon both and the more certain and easy will be the election of Republican candidates.

That is the true situation. Now again we ask: What, Our Colonel, are you going to do?

Clearly, as you remark, your first duty is to your own State. And here are perplexities in abundance. That you will be able readily to reconcile the differences between Gifford's Brother Amos and Sir George Perkins we have no doubt. The unamiable brother can find no political abiding-place other than the shadow of your wing, and the gallant knight's material support is not to be ignored. Moreover, as the *Times* observes truly and greatly to your credit, "One of the Colonel's admirable traits is standing by his friends." Sir George may or may not have smuggled into or pilfered from the Progressive platform a plank relating to trust regulations; but what boots it? His views are yours and yours are his, and Gifford's Brother Amos must

adjust his to coincide or noisily step aside. It is not the risen tempest that should annoy you; it is the fact that it is in a teapot, so greatly has your party shrunken.

"No, brethren," you said to the reporters on the quarter-deck, "I cannot talk about fusion now." Not then! You needed time for reflection, and took it as decisively as you took Panama. Meanwhile, as you may have heard, the vigilant Mr. Hearst proffers Grecian favor and hints at co-operation somewhat after the manner of Carranza. "If Mr. Roosevelt," he says, "shall conscientiously support such men and such policies [as suit Mr. Hearst] he will secure support from many unexpected quarters, from many Democrats who no longer find Jeffersonian Democracy or any spirit of patriotic loyalty or any hope of national prosperity in the Democratic party." This has a pleasing sound, but observe, Our Colonel, that the First Chief of the Independence League will consent to no armistice, and demands, as a *sine qua non* of mediation, the head of Elihu Root and repudiation of Henry Cabot Lodge, at whose residence, in preference to the White House, you dined when in Washington.

Can the demands of this rigorous taskmaster be met? We fear not. Consider for a moment the cause of Mr. Hearst's unceasing vilification of Mr. Root. It is the speech which he delivered in Syracuse accusing Mr. Hearst of instigating the assassination of President McKinley. But it was not Mr. Root's declaration; it was yours, made "with the full knowledge and authority" of yourself, the President, by a member of your Cabinet speaking at your request and by your direction. You will readily recall how reluctant Mr. Root was to perform the task, how at first he positively refused, and how finally he complied, solely from a sense of loyalty to your Administration, in response to your vehement insistence that it was absolutely necessary from the standpoint of party. Mr. Root knew full well that he was inviting newspaper objurgation without stint, and he has had it from that day to this in what Mr. Wilson would call "ungrudging measure."

You, the instigator, escaped for the simple reason that Mr. Hearst regarded your representative as the more vulnerable. That you should now join hands with the man whom you pronounced measurably responsible for assassination against a Secretary who only did your bidding is to

our mind unthinkable. Praise be, Our Colonel, your moral fiber is not of the variety that permits of disavowal of faithful service for purely selfish advantage. We perceive here no possibility of coalition.

Word comes from Spain that you are prepared to approve of fusion of "Progressives and Progressive Republicans"—why not also Progressive Democrats?—and that, having constituted yourself a primary, you would designate Mr. Whitman for Governor and Mr. Straus for Senator. Don't do that! They might win and, if they should, the Republican ticket in 1916 would be most probably Borah and Whitman—a combination quite too formidable for pleasing contemplation by avid Democrats. No, no, Our Colonel; run yourself! Give the disconsolate Democrats at least a fighting chance!

We beg of you, too, as a sportsman, to nominate a Progressive candidate for Congress in every district. Think how many more of your policies may be realized if the Democrats shall have two additional years in which to strive, let us say, as one! Remember the Republicans—how they threw out your delegates in Chicago; how they nominated Taft against your express wish and still hold him to be reputable; how they reviled you on the stump as a traitor and an ingrate; how they sneered at Armageddon; how they abused Albert Jeremiah Beveridge; how they snickered at Sir George; how they tried to discredit Grandbrother Lyman Abbott as a brewer of coffee; how they said you drank liquor and told stories and Heaven knows what all.

Forgive them? Never! Rather extend to the sympathetic enemy the help so sorely needed. It is one of your glories that you have always stood for the under dog. Consider, then, that the Democrats would be a minority in the House of Representatives at this moment if the opposition had been united against them, and imagine what will happen in November if the Republicans have a clear field! Study the significant record of recent elections presented above, and read with care the following statement of an unhappy political plight from the sharp-eyed *Argonaut* of California:

> Much, of course, will depend upon Mr. Roosevelt himself. His gifts are great. His opportunity is exceptional. The Democratic Administration has failed at vital points. It is not solving the great issues with respect

to which its assurances were positive. It is in many ways hurting the prosperity of the country. It is disturbing and complicating our foreign relations. It has brought us to the verge of an unnecessary and foolish war and is likely to lead us still farther. It is failing at the point of administrative competence. In brief, it is disappointing the country—it tends to nothing less than to deepen the universal distrust of Democratic capacity for efficient and prosperous maintenance of all the varied interests dependent upon the intelligence, the consistency, and the force of governmental policy. It would be idle to deny that all this makes a situation curiously suitable to Mr. Roosevelt's peculiar genius.

Thousands upon thousands of the right-thinking men whom you, Our Colonel, love are being convinced or deceived by constantly reiterated assertions such as these. The situation is grave, very grave—and you alone can save it. Will you not act (along the lines indicated, of course) promptly, patriotically, progressively, and prettily?

Macedonia cries to Armageddon for help from Gideon's band!

IS COMPLETE SURRENDER INEVITABLE?

We acknowledge receipt of the following inquiry from Mr. P. A. Wilting, of Denver:

SIR,—The writer has read with much interest your article on the proposed labor exemption from the Sherman law. As you state, the President seemed set against permitting the amendments that the union leaders demanded; but, since your article was written, he seems to have gone over to the Gompers crowd, bag and baggage, greatly to the surprise and disappointment of the writer and other friends and supporters. Is this the fact?

It is with no little chagrin that we express a fear that it is indeed the fact. In no other way does it seem possible to account for the President's unexpected display of the white feather. The original sop to labor unions appeared in this section:

That nothing contained in the anti-trust laws shall be construed to forbid the existence and operation of fraternal, labor, consumers', agricultural or horticultural organizations, orders, or associations operating under the lodge system instituted for the purpose of mutual help and not having capital stock or conducted for profit, or to forbid or restrain individual members of such orders or associations from carrying out the legitimate objects of such associations.

Thus far but no farther, the President firmly declared, would he go in discriminating between classes of American citizens; but Mr. Gompers demanded more in this form:

> Nor shall such organizations, orders, or associations, or the members thereof, be held or construed illegal combinations or conspiracies in restraint of trade under the anti-trust law.

The House of Representatives, sitting under the threatening eye of Mr. Gompers, promptly adopted this amendment, and it is now in the Senate. The Gompers members voted for it under the belief that it flatly prohibits the enjoining of labor unions as in restraint of trade, no matter what they may do; the Administration Democrats accepted it upon the President's reported interpretation that it means nothing; and all candidates for re-election were only too willing to pass the real responsibility on to the courts. Some of the Representatives who cravenly belied their convictions doubtless hope that the Senate will strike out the provision as it struck out a similar one fourteen years ago, but there is small reason to anticipate such an outcome. The Democrats will follow their leader, and the Republicans will—in fact, can—do hardly more than see to it that the blame is placed where it belongs. There is still time for the President to retrace his fateful step, but apparently he has decided to take the plunge and trust to luck and cuttlefish practices. It is a hazardous performance. Even the *World,* the foremost supporter of the Administration, balks at the undertaking, saying frankly and plainly:

> In its original form the bill was intended to put legitimate combinations of labor upon an equality with legitimate combinations of capital. As all criminal law recognizes intent, it was felt that there could be no reasonable objection to the safeguards thus thrown around industrial organizations which are not in their essence trusts, monopolies, or conspiracies. The amendments, however, go far beyond this. They plainly exclude labor organizations, lawful or unlawful, from the operation of the anti-trust law. They plainly assert that certain acts, often criminal in their nature, shall not be illegal when committed by labor unions or their members.
>
> The bill as drawn contained many wise qualifications which, in fact, safeguarded the true rights of labor. The amendments are without qualification, and if enacted into law will constitute class legislation which can hardly survive judicial examination. Why waste time and energy upon them?

Whether or not this undoubted "class legislation" will "survive judicial examination" is a question. President Taft, in common with Senators Edmunds, Evarts, Pugh, Coke, Best, and George, held such discriminatory measures to be manifestly unconstitutional no less than contrary to

sound public policy, but it is by no means certain that the Supreme Court as at present constituted will take that view. The contrary, indeed, seems to be indicated by its latest decision. In the case brought by the State of Missouri to exclude the Harvester Company, the defendant corporation claimed that the law was unconstitutional—

> Because said statute arbitrarily discriminates between persons making or selling products and commodities and persons selling labor and service of all kinds, in that each section of said statute applies only to articles of merchandise, and not to labor or services and the like, the prices of which are equally and similarly determined by competition.

The Supreme Court rejected this plea upon grounds set forth in these words:

> These contentions may be considered together, both involving a charge of discrimination—the one because the law does not embrace vendors of labor, the other because it does not cover purchasers of commodities as well as vendors of them. Both, therefore, invoke a consideration of the power of classification which may be exerted in the legislation of the State. And we shall presently see that power has very broad range. A classification is not invalid because of simple inequality. We said in Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Co. *v.* Matthews (174 U. S., 96, 106), by Mr. Justice Brewer: "The very idea of classification is that of inequality, so that it goes without saying that the fact of inequality in no manner determines the matter of constitutionality." Therefore it may be there is restraint of competition in a combination of laborers and in a combination of purchasers, but that does not demonstrate that legislation which does not include either combination is illegal. Whether it would have been better policy to have made such comprehensive classification it is not our province to decide. In other words, whether a combination of wage-earners or purchasers of commodities called for repression by law under the conditions in the State was for the legislature of the State to determine. . . . The foundation of our decision is, of course, the power of classification which a legislature may exercise, and the cases we have cited, as well as others which may be cited, demonstrate that some latitude must be allowed to the legislative judgment in selecting the "basis of community." We have said that it must be palpably arbitrary to authorize a judicial review of it, and that it can not be disturbed by the courts "unless they can see clearly that there is no fair reason for the law that would not require with equal force its extension to others whom it leaves untouched."

This means, in a word, that the Supreme Court refuses to accept the responsibility which rightfully attaches to legislative bodies, and gives warning that it can no longer be utilized as a buffer to enable the Congress to evade the consequences of its cowardly performances. Although the ambiguity of the Gompers amendment clearly was designed to afford the President the excuse of which he promptly

availed himself for revising his declared position, this decision seems to have closed even that loophole, and, if he should sign the Bill, he must do so with full knowledge of its probable effect.

Simultaneously, as a consequence of his original concession to political expediency, it is practically certain that Mr. Wilson will have to face another condition even more trying because wholly unsusceptible of misinterpretation. Precisely as we predicted months ago, the insatiable Mr. Gompers continues, like the daughters of the horse leech, to cry, Give, give! When the President signed the Sundry Civil Bill, which forbade the use of a specific appropriation in prosecuting labor unions, he excused his act upon the ground that other funds were available for that purpose. Mr. Gompers has now deprived him of that pretext by forcing into the Appropriation Bill this sweeping proviso:

> Enforcement of anti-trust laws: For the enforcement of anti-trust laws, including not exceeding $10,000 for salaries of necessary employees at the seat of government, $300,000; provided, however, that no part of this money shall be spent in the prosecution of any organization or individual for entering into any combination or agreement having in view the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the conditions of labor, or for any act done in furtherance thereof not in itself unlawful.

The House of Representatives meekly acquiesced, and it is reported that the Senate Committee has already signified its approval. If the President should now say simply that he will veto the Bill if it comes before him with this proviso included, there would be nothing for the Democratic Senators to do but to strike it out. But there is small prospect of his taking this course. It is far more likely that he will make no sign until the Bill reaches him, and then, while perhaps again sternly pronouncing such limitation "unjustifiable in character and principle," will weakly plead, as before, that he cannot kill the proviso without depriving thousands of suffering employees of their wages appropriated by the Bill as a whole, and then attach his signature.

It can hardly be expected or hoped for that, after having shown the white feather, President Wilson will now refuse to make his surrender complete, thus definitely repudiating the fundamental principle of equality before the law and fixing upon the Democratic party the odium of exempting a class from prosecution for criminal offenses.

But the penalty—the penalty that must be paid!

OUR ILLITERATES: WHO AND WHY

A RECENT Congressional report declared the existing illiteracy in the United States to be "a disgrace to the nation." The word was strong, but not altogether undeserved. Any considerable prevalence of illiteracy is discreditable to any civilized state. In the United States, moreover, some phases of illiteracy, which we shall presently specify, are so flagrant as to merit the harsher word. Indeed, the general statement sounds sufficiently appalling—that in 1910 there were 5,516,163 illiterates above ten years of age, or 7.7 per cent. of all that part of the population. Worse still is the fact that there were among these 2,273,603 adult males, enough to turn the scale in any national election ever yet held. It does seem startling to say that the balance of electoral power is held in the United States by men who cannot read nor write.

Generalizations are, however, unsafe and unconvincing. In order to appreciate the purport of illiteracy in this country we must look beyond the statistical totals to some of the details, so as to perceive who these illiterates are, and why they are illiterate, and what classes of them are increasing or decreasing, and why. If we do this, the problem will assume a materially different aspect.

Our illiterates are to be divided into four major classes, besides certain almost negligible classes, such as Indians, Chinese, etc. These four are:

I. White people, of American birth and parentage; of those of whom, more than ten years of age in 1910, 1,378,884, or 3.7 per cent., were illiterate. That record is undoubtedly a grave reproach. It is the more grave, it is disgraceful, when we consider the proportion to which such illiterates rise in some States. In Louisiana 15 per cent. of the whites of American birth and parentage are illiterate; in North Carolina more than 12 per cent.; in South Carolina, Alabama, and Kentucky, more than 10 per cent.

II. White people, American born, but of foreign parentage. Of these children of immigrants, above ten years of age, 155,388, or only 1.1 per cent., are illiterate. In only one State, Texas, does their percentage of illiteracy reach 10. They are thus much superior to those of American parentage, and are indeed by far the least illiterate of all four classes

III. White people, foreign born; or immigrants. Of these of the designated age 1,650,361, or 12.7 per cent., are illiterate. That is a regrettably large proportion, but it is not a "disgrace to the nation," at least not to this nation. We are not responsible for it. We are responsible for their presence here, but we certainly cannot be held to account for their illiteracy, original or continued.

IV. Negroes, all American born and practically all of American parentage; of whom the truly appalling number of 2,227,731, or 30.4 per cent., are illiterate. For these we are responsible. We made them illiterate, and we are keeping them so.

Now while the percentage of the first-named class is much smaller than of the third, the actual number of its illiterates is nearly as large. That is to say, there are almost as many white natives of American parentage who are illiterate as there are immigrants. Precisely one-fourth of all our illiterates are white men and women, born in this country of native parents. That is one of the most discreditable features of the whole situation. It appears the more so by contrast with the second of these classes, American-born children of foreign parents. The much lower rate of illiteracy among the latter is attributed to various causes, but chief among them must be reckoned the superior ambition of the immigrants and their keener appreciation of the need of education, and of the opportunities for getting it, which their children here enjoy. Having been deprived of or denied such opportunities themselves in the Old Country, they are eagerly determined that their children here shall enjoy them to the full. Many an observer of our schools can testify to the fact that children of immigrants are, of all, the most faithful in attendance and most diligent in study.

Against the depressing statement of the gross number of illiterates, which appears in the report to which we have referred, is to be placed the encouraging fact that the actual number and the percentage of illiterates are both steadily and even rapidly decreasing. Despite our enormous growth in total population, and despite the enormous influx of immigrants such as President Wilson has described as "men of the lowest class and men of the meaner sort, unlikely fellows," there are actually fewer illiterates in the United States now than at any other time in the last thirty years at least, while, of course, the percentage is very much lower

still. In 1880 there were 6,239,958 illiterates, or 17 per cent. In 1890 the maximum number was reached—6,324,702, or 13.3 per cent. In 1900 the number declined to 6,180,069, or 10.7 per cent. In 1910 it was 5,516,163, or 7.7 per cent. That has been a noteworthy decrease in percentage in thirty years. Equally noteworthy is the actual decrease of 663,906 in the last ten years.

It is to be observed also that this decrease, both in actual numbers and in percentage, has occurred in all of the four classes excepting the third, and that even in it there has been a decrease in the percentage. The actual number of illiterates of foreign birth has increased, but not as much as the total number of aliens in this country. In 1890 they were 13.1 per cent. illiterate; in 1900, 12.9 per cent; and in 1910, 12.7 per cent. This unfortunately cannot, it is to be feared, be attributed to an improvement in the quality of immigration. It is probably due in great measure to the more general sending to school of young immigrants between the ages of ten and fourteen years, and to the higher death-rate among illiterate than literate adults. In the other classes the decrease of illiterates from 1890 to 1910 has been in the first, from 7.5 to 3.7; in the second, from 2.2 to 1.1; and in the fourth, from 57.1 to 30.4.

Another significant fact is that in all classes except the third the percentage of illiteracy is highest among the old and lowest among the young. Thus among American-born whites, the first class, the percentage of illiterates is 7.6 among those over sixty-five years of age; 5.6 among those between forty-five and fifty-four; 2.8 between twenty and twenty-four; and 2.2 between ten and fourteen. The same condition has prevailed at each of the former censuses. The percentage of illiterates between the ages of ten and fourteen was 6.7 in 1890, 4.4 in 1900, and 2.2 in 1910.

In the third class, that of immigrants, this rule does not prevail, excepting that in the youngest age, from ten to fourteen, the percentage of illiteracy is only about one-fourth what it is on the average; another proof of the attendance at school of such aliens. The percentage at that age is also steadily decreasing. It was 5.9 in 1890, 5.6 in 1900, and only 3.5 in 1910. There has also been a marked decrease at all ages above forty-five years. But at all ages between fourteen and forty-five there has been, and still seems to be, an increase in the percentage of illiteracy. These circum-

stances are presumably due to the causes already ascribed to the decrease in the general percentage of illiterate immigrants, and also to the returning to Europe of many of the elders.

The fourth class, that of the negroes, is the largest of all, and in some respects the most formidable and difficult to deal with. Yet it is the one for which we are most responsible, and the continued existence of which is most discreditable to us. It presents, in respect to the variation of percentage of illiteracy according to age, precisely the same phenomena that the first class, American-born whites of American parentage, does. Illiteracy is highest in the oldest and lowest in the youngest. The difference between the two extremes is, however, much greater than among the whites. At from ten to fourteen only 18.9 per cent. are illiterate, against 74.5 per cent. above sixty-five. At all ages, however, there has been a marked decrease of illiteracy at every decennial census. At from ten to fourteen the percentage was 39.8 in 1890, 30.1 in 1900, and 18.9 in 1910. At above sixty-five in the same years it was, respectively, 90.2, 85.4, and 74.5 Of course, nearly all those at the latter age were born and spent their childhood in a time when negroes were enslaved or were not admitted to ordinary school privileges.

It is obvious, then, particularly in the contrast between the school-age figures for 1900 and for 1910, that we are making much progress in the education of the colored race, or at least in removing from the nation the reproach and disgrace of its illiteracy. Nor is the combating of illiteracy among immigrants being neglected. In city and country more and more night schools are being established for the instruction of adult immigrants in the English language, and the requirements of naturalization and other circumstances and influences are more and more impelling both men and women to improve the opportunities thus offered to them.

It will be profitable to note briefly some tendencies of the public-school service, which must be, of course, the chief agency for the abolition of illiteracy. It is an interesting circumstance that the percentage of school-age population to the total population is markedly decreasing. If we went back a century the decline would be startling. Going back only so far as 1870, the percentage of school age was then

31.26, in 1880 it was 30.03, in 1890 it was 29.45, in 1900 it was 28.16, and in 1910 it was 26.48. This decline, too, has been in the face of an inclination in some places to extend the limits of school age so as to include a larger proportion of the population. We must attribute it to various causes, including the well-known decrease of the birth-rate, increased longevity, and the influx of adult immigrants.

At the same time the schools have been increasingly diligent and efficient in gathering in scholars. In 1870 their total enrolment was only 17.8 per cent. of the total population and scarcely 57 per cent. of the school population. In 1880 it was 19.6 of the former and 65 of the latter; in 1890, 20.2 and 68; in 1900, 20.4 and 72; and in 1910, 19.3 and 73. This increase of from 57 to 73 per cent. is to be attributed to various causes, conspicuous among which are the establishment of kindergartens and the better enforcement of the compulsory education and truancy laws.

With these processes in operation, and with a recognition of these conditions, causes, and circumstances of illiteracy, the statistics which have been quoted become far less alarming than they might otherwise be. It is bad enough to have so many illiterates among us. But it is encouraging, and even inspiring, to know that both positively and relatively their number is steadily and rapidly diminishing, through the operation of influences which are likely to continue that diminution at an accelerated rate. We are not yet the most literate of nations, but we are immeasurably further from being the most illiterate. Indeed, taking into account our two enormous elements of negroes and immigrants, to which there is no counterpart in any other nation, our record for literacy is probably unequaled in the world. Or if it is not so to-day, the processes now in triumphant operation will soon bring that consummation to pass.

COMMENT

Press reports to the effect that His Excellency, the Hon. George Fred Williams, our Diplomat of Democracy at Athens, had addressed a note to his colleagues, informing them that his Government had directed him to visit Albania to inquire into the situation "in the interest of peace and good will among all parties and all races," and that "the Diplomatic Corps was amazed at this inadmissible interven-

tion," have disturbed the State Department so mightily that, according to the Springfield *Republican,* Mr. Williams may be permitted to resume the practice of law when he returns for his well-earned holiday. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, no doubt; but if it should transpire that His Excellency did not really intervene by force of arms, but only intermeddled because the new King was not elected by the people, drinks cognac, and generally misbehaves, upon what ground could he be rebuked without impairing our reputation for consistency in pursuing a policy of service to all mankind?

Speaking at the opening of the new American (Methodist Episcopal) University at Washington, President Wilson said:

> The object of scholarship, the object of all knowledge, is to understand, is to comprehend, is to know what the need of mankind is. That is the reason, ladies and gentlemen, why scholarship has usually been more fruitful when associated with religion; and scholarship has never, so far as I can at this moment recollect, been associated with any religion except the religion of Jesus Christ.

Whereupon Mr. Herman Bernstein wrote to the President as follows:

> I feel quite certain that you know that true scholarship has ever been and is now the very essence and foundation of Judaism, the religion that gave birth to Christianity. It seems to me that it would, therefore, be unfair to exclude Judaism from the religion with which scholarship has been intimately associated.
>
> You know of my profound admiration for you as a great President, a great thinker, and a great man. I feel that you would not make a statement that is unfair. With deep regard, I am faithfully yours.
>
> HERMAN BERNSTEIN.

And Mr. Wilson replied:

> MY DEAR BERNSTEIN: I am sorry that there should have been any unfair implication in what I said at the opening of the American University. You may be sure that there was nothing of the kind in my mind, or very certainly nothing in my thoughts, that would discriminate in the important matter you speak of, against Judaism.
>
> I find that one of the risks and penalties of extemporaneous speaking is that you do not stop to consider the whole field, but address yourself merely to the matter directly in hand. With sincere respect and appreciation, cordially yours, WOODROW WILSON.

That Mr. Bernstein's point was well taken requires no demonstration in view of the universal recognition of the

Talmudic scholarship of the Jewish rabbis. A like statement might be made with equal verity respecting Confucianism; in fact, the close association of scholarship and practically every great religion is manifest to all students. That Mr. Wilson meant no offense to the Jews, who have been his most ardent supporters, hardly required a disclaimer, although, doubtless, it was well to make one in response to an inquiry. What interests us is how the mind of a scholar could evolve so sweeping an assertion even in extemporaneous speaking, and whether, since his letter indicates nothing to the contrary, Mr. Wilson as an historian is of the same opinion still. If he were not so busily occupied with Mexico and Bryan and Labor and Gompers and Trusts and Conspiracies and Revenues and McAdoo and Rural Credits and Roosevelt and Conservation and Lane and Prohibition and Daniels and Colorado and Ammons and Various Other Things, we should ask him to write an article on the subject, beginning with the Book of Ptah-hotep and continuing through the list to our own New Testament.

Mr. J. Maynard Barney writes from Syracuse:

SIR,—In the April issue of *The Commoner* I find the following statement on page 12. Reading from description of "The Bryan Birthday Dinner," the first paragraph under "Notable Substitutes," I find the statement that "the Cabinet member from Nebraska" made Woodrow Wilson, President.

Personally I am convinced (from past events) that you can explain all this to us in your editorial columns. You might also explain how subscriptions to *The Commoner* are going to carry the next elections for the Democratic party. (See free coupon offer on page 11.)

We could, of course, but we shall not. Mr. Bryan, as a scapegoat, has our sympathy.

Speaking on "Faith" at Pennington, N. J., Mr. Bryan asked:

"Before you laugh at big mysteries try to solve this one: Why does a red cow who eats green grass give white milk that yields yellow butter?"

Because a cow is no diplomat; is that the answer?

Wire your Senator to stand by President Wilson, who is insisting that the anti-trust bills be passed before the present session of Congress adjourns.—*The Commoner.*

CONSPIRATOR!

A PERENNIAL NATIONAL PROBLEM

BY SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK

THE farthest-seeing constructive statesman, the most masterful friend and champion of humanity in modern times, architect of our independence, seer of our national strength, prophet of our national progress, Thomas Jefferson, was the foremost genius of our national expansion.

When he got from Napoleon the grand domain of the Louisiana Purchase, he bought for the United States the control and possession of the Mississippi River. There was nothing in this tremendous achievement of expansion westward, more than doubling the area of the young republic, dearer to his heart, more inspiring to his imagination, than the embracing of the Mississippi River. Long before the consummation of the purchase his persuasive voice and potent pen were continually used to urge the importance of control for the citizens of the United States of the navigation of the Mississippi River. When its lower reaches were alternately in the hands of Spain and France, and disputes arose over the rights of passage by our citizens through to the Gulf waters, he ardently espoused the cause of his countrymen. The year 1801, when Jefferson became President, the area of the United States was but 827,000 square miles, all east of the Mississippi River, with all Florida and the area of the future Louisiana Purchase belonging to Spain. The possessions of that country in the Western Hemisphere amounted to over 7,000,000 square miles. Great Britain was next in New World possessions, with 3,719,000 square miles. Russia, holding Alaska, had 577,000 square miles. France, through the courage and genius of her missionaries and explorers, her soldiers and traders, had acquired a dominion in North America scarcely second to that of Great Britain, but in the rivalry between the two here and in the Old World she was dispossessed of all but 29,000 square miles. It remained for

Napoleon's prowess and genius to restore much of what France had lost through wresting from Spain all her possessions in the northern half of the Western Hemisphere which became known as the Louisiana Purchase. For a time Napoleon had dreamed of establishing on the western bank of the Mississippi, and controlling both sides of the lower river, with New Orleans as its seat, a great Western World empire. But nearly all of the Old World got to fighting him, resisting the reckless ambition bent upon dominating the European continent, making and unmaking kings at will to rule or caprice to play with nations as a master of the game would move the pieces on a chessboard. Great Britain was his formidable foe, and was the one Power that had most embarrassed his soaring fancy, most effectually and most often blocked his designs. He conceived the idea of transferring by sale to the United States his embryo empire in the Western World, and with it the control of the Mississippi River. He knew it was the severest blow he could deliver against the growing power of his English rival. "The accession of this territory," said Napoleon, "forever strengthens the United States, and I have just given England a maritime power that will sooner or later humble her pride."

Jefferson, with whom he negotiated the transaction, had been constantly agitating the vital importance to this Republic's safety and welfare of the complete control of the Mississippi from source to mouth. He wanted its great navigation resources and ultimate possession of the vast area drained by its waters. It can be imagined with what profound delight, with what thrilled anticipations, he approached the consummation of the purchase. His cardinal principles of faith for the American people were the erection of a great structure of everlasting national commercial independence upon the four pillars of "agriculture, commerce, navigation, and manufacture." With him a most absorbing obsession was to own the Mississippi. With him it was a case of "must." "The navigation of the Mississippi," he declared as far back as 1790, "we must have." Again, a little later, and years before the Louisiana Purchase, he asserted: "The navigation of the Mississippi in full and unrestrained freedom is indispensably necessary, and must be obtained by any means it may call for."

Thomas Jefferson was the first publicity agent for the national ownership of the Mississippi River, as he had been the first publicity agent for the erection of the four pillars of our national prosperity, as he had been the first publicity agent of our national independence. As a publicity agent the world never saw his like, all for humanity, all for the progress of human liberty. He wrote much and ardently. His pen sped with a powerful unmatched enthusiasm and a fertile genius for persuasion unexceled in any era of human forward development. His labor of love was at its best when his theme was the Mississippi Valley and the navigation of the Mississippi River.

A brilliant biographer of Napoleon said of his sale of Louisiana to the United States: "It was an event second in importance to no other in their history; for it gave them control of the intercontinental river system, and later of the Pacific coast, while indirectly it prepared the way for the conflict of 1812, which finally secured their commercial independence."

Following the close of the Revolution, and up to the war of 1812, our American Republic was a feeble institution among the nations of the world, and might have been ignored, might, indeed, have been overwhelmed and absorbed, but for the international strife that was shaking all Europe and imperiling the foundations of empires in the Old World. We were nominally and politically independent, but not until the American victory at New Orleans did we attain American commercial independence. Jackson and his Kentuckians and Tennesseeans, the bulk of his forces coming from the States and Territories on the banks of the Mississippi River, backing the little regular army nucleus, rushed southward to drive the British from the lower valley and secured it forever from hostile foreign intrusion. And ever since the victory at New Orleans, with the expulsion from the Mississippi River of the great veteran British army, with its fleet of transports and men-of-war, we have had a progressive nation, a forward-moving, wide-expanding republic—no longer grouped and hedged in between the Atlantic and the great water highway Jefferson vowed we must have, a set of comparatively little States, bickering among themselves about privilege and precedent, jealous of one another, and for the most part rivals only in aping England or Europe. Then, with the acquisition of

Louisiana we began to be Americans; we had acquired a true center of national gravitation, the Mississippi River.

In his glorious old age Jefferson's thoughts often turned with delighted contemplation to the westward course of American empire, and he lingered with fond expectancy upon the future of the dwellers in the grand area drained by the Mississippi. "They are our sons and daughters," said he. "God bless them ever."

From the Mississippi's far reaches through its mouth across the Gulf of Mexico to the Isthmus of Panama must run a stream of commerce which will traverse the canal.

A Latin-American historian, one of the brightest of his race, F. Garcia Calderon, recently wrote:

> The canal sets a frontier to Yankee ambition; it is the southern line, the "south coast," of which a North American politician, Jefferson, used to dream. As early as 1809 he believed that Cuba and Canada would become incorporated States in the American Union in the immense confederation. Anticipating the rude lyrics of Walt Whitman, he dreamed of founding an empire of liberty "so vast the like has never been seen." Heirs to Anglo-Saxon genius, the Americans of the North wish to form a Democratic federation. They have succeeded in doing in Cuba what Japan has done in Korea; first, the struggle for autonomy, then the necessary intervention, then a protectorate, and perhaps next annexation. Thus the prophecy of Jefferson will be realized.

Humboldt, as soon as he had visited the New World in 1804, said of the destined Isthmian canal:

> The products of China will be brought more than six thousand miles nearer Europe and the United States; great changes will take place in the political conditions of eastern Asia, because this tongue of earth (Panama) had for centuries been the rampart of the independence of China and Japan.

The "great changes" have already set in, and mightier are yet to come. With the operation of the canal and commerce from the great American intercontinental river system converging for passage into the Pacific, bound for our western coast ports and distant oceanic and Oriental marts, with this new route for international trade opened, what wondrous changes may not be wrought in the fortunes of mankind! China, Japan, India, the Philippines, Oceania, New Zealand, Australia, brought thousands of miles nearer to our own and Europe's greatest shipping ports and centers of civilization, would inevitably quicken human interests and universally stimulate human energy.

There will be no surer, stronger factor in this enlivening of human progress than that furnished by the life-giving commerce of the world's granary, the Missisippi Valley.

Is it any wonder, then, that the navigation and control of the Mississippi River is a perennial national problem in the United States? If there be one practical theme of common concern to enlightened Americans, to men of all political parties, it is this. The three great political parties at their National Conventions two years ago, political parties which alone have representation in Congress, have vied with one another in emphasis of declaration for the improvement and maintenance of navigation of the Mississippi, the construction of an adequate system of levees, and the prevention of floods. It is recognized as a national problem, because the river is a national possession, with levees of interstate extent of necessity, and liable to overflows of waters pouring from the highlands of many States, inflicting national disaster. The Mississippi's transcendant importance as a great continental inland highway of commerce has been recognized all over the world ever since De Soto first looked upon the sweep of its majestic waters.

It is no novel proposition, no new thing that the Mississippi River imposes a continuous national problem. Jefferson's great idea was to get possession of the river. Having got it, and learned something of what it was, American statesmanship took heed of the problem it presented. President John Tyler, in his message of 1844, June 11, declared of the river:

> It belongs to no particular State or States, but of common right, by express reservation, to all the States. It is reserved as a great common highway for the commerce of the whole country. . . . The United States, therefore, is charged with its improvement for the benefit of all, and the appropriation of governmental means to its improvement becomes indispensably necessary for the good of all.

Colonel Thomas Hart Benton, the Pericles of the golden age of American statesmanship, lived in one of the greatest States on the Mississippi. He never saw the river, never crossed it, never thought of it, that his far-piercing intellect did not apostrophize the Mississippi. The following is an extract from a letter of his to the Chicago Convention of 1847:

> Wonderful river! connecting with seas by the head and by the mouth—stretching its arms toward the Atlantic and the Pacific—lying in a valley,

which is a valley from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay—drawing its first waters not from rugged mountains, but from a plateau of lakes in the center of the continent, and in communication with the sources of the St. Lawrence and the streams which take their course north to Hudson's Bay—draining the largest extent of richest land, collecting the products of every clime, even the frigid, to bear the whole to a genial market in the Sunny South, and there to meet the products of the entire world. Such is the Mississippi! And who can calculate the aggregate of its advantages and the magnitude of its future commercial results?

John C. Calhoun, opposed as he was on strict constitutional constructive grounds to internal improvement by the Government, in 1845 had recommended in a report to Congress an appropriation to build embankments to protect lands on the river from overflow. Henry Clay, who never overlooked the interests of the great valley, suggested that its people would rise

en masse and tumble down your little hair-splitting distinctions about what is national and demand what is just and fair on the part of this Government in relation to this great interest. The Mississippi River, with its tributaries, constitutes part of a great system, and if the system is not national I should like to know one that is national.

President after President has recognized the river's national scope and the national obligation due.

The old policy of river and harbor appropriations, biennially, or at longer intervals, was a serious mistake of public conduct. The appropriations were inadequate, and consequently the public work was insufficient and inefficient. The too meager appropriation was often money wasted; it was a kind of foolish extravagance. It was like tossing gold and silver and currency into the flood as it raged on its destructive way. For these appropriations at long intervals were most flagrantly inadequate as provided for the Mississippi River, not so much in items for the improvement and maintenance of navigation as in the failure to provide for the control of the waters by the construction of an impregnable levee defense. The intervening years, without appropriation by Congress, witnessed the might of the waters undoing the work of previous appropriations. The flood demon was no respecter of the convenience of Congress, was reckless of policies and of the preachments of national economy. Yet, strange as it may seem, he had allies among human beings here among us in the demagogue and in a fatuous or ill-advised press. It was not until public opinion

convinced Congress that annual appropriations was the wisest, and, in fact, the necessary policy, not only for the improvement and maintenance of navigation, but for the control of the river, that the waste was stopped and any material good accomplished, and it was recognized as a national project. The States on the lower river had been struggling, unaided, without cessation against the ruthless enemy, while Congress was doing nothing. It was this waste and extravagance in the years that Congress furnished no help until disaster woke it, and then only to supply insufficient appropriations, resulting inevitably in frittered funds, futile talent, and vain energies. This penny-wise folly provoked for river and harbor appropriations, and very naturally, too, the epithetical condemnation of "pork-barrel" legislation; it engendered suspicion and hostility outside of the Mississippi Valley, titillated pert paragraphists into saucy quips and grim jokes, and uninformed editors of provincial metropolitan newspapers of the East were kept busy upon a series of sarcastic and contumelious diatribes. Since its commencement, five years ago, the wisdom of the annual appropriation policy has been convincingly demonstrated and justified.

Floods have menaced always, and will always imperil, the integrity of the channel of the Mississippi and the homes and lives of the people on both its banks. This is so, year in and year out, that this enemy is to be contended against, an enemy far more persistent and dangerous than any foreign foe we ever had to face.

Since the Revolution we have had the war of 1812, the war of 1846–48 with Mexico, the great war of 1861–65 between the States; the war with Spain, just a part of 1898, followed by the Filipino insurrection, eight thousand miles away; and numerous little wars with Indians, whose prosecution required action of but a fractional part of our regular land forces. I need not give figures of what these few wars cost since the successful close of our war of Independence, one hundred and thirty-two years ago. The informed imagination will take care of the statistical idea. It is enough to say that by liberal annual appropriations we have taken good care of our military establishment. We have, indeed, strained every point to keep our army and navy up-to-date, ready and equipped to meet any possible enemy at any possible time. Hundreds of millions

of dollars are annually appropriated for our man-killing machinery, to say nothing of the billions that have gone for pensions, war claims, and the like. What pittance we have spent to protect property, to preserve life from a huge, ever-present menace, is a mockery of our national intelligence and a reproach to our national sense of humanity. For this flood demon and his devastating army of waters in the highlands of the States of the upper valley and in the fastnesses of the western mountains are ready every year to descend, with reinforcements from the whole drainage area of the river, upon the lands and people of the lower valley, and, unresisted, or inadequately opposed, spread destruction, desolation, and death. Out of the flood, plague, pestilence, and famine are left to garrison the melancholy sites of once happy homes and prosperous towns.

I believe in the Providence of God, the meaning of whose dispensations we may never perfectly know, that all affliction, all disaster, all calamity, whether to persons or nations, was designed to give mankind the lessons of experience. We know how swiftly travels bad news; we know it never failed to write its tragic story in the chronicles of men, preserving the treasures of experience for the heirs of all the ages.

I have thought this at the news of every flood on the Mississippi, as I did when the roaring waters wrought awful havoc in the Ohio Valley in the spring of last year. Had those Ohio torrents been joined to such floods from other parts of the Mississippi's drainage domain as have in recent years broken through the levees, there would have been disaster such as would have appalled the world.

> Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Shakespeare did not need to say the "precious jewel" is experience. In the building of an adequate system of levees, we have not only a common-sense dictated obligation to commerce and the general welfare, but a higher obligation, a moral obligation. We set out to improve navigation and to confine the waters in such way as to keep the channel unbroken, building levees and revetments. That is the business part of the proposition. Next is the moral obligation. No public work, however beneficent,

should be undertaken and permitted that does not guarantee that it shall be so constructed that property and life shall not be endangered thereby. The flood is the great enemy of progress to a large proportion of our people. The Chinese built more than a thousand years ago a wall around the vast domain of their Cathay to fortify against their enemies. I would build a wall if necessary to hold the hostile floods where they would spend their might in dredging and scouring the bed of the Mississippi from Cape Girardeau to the deep waters of the Gulf, for within that extent of river reach, spreading from either bank, and subject to overflow, lie lands than which there is none richer in the world, none so near to profitable markets, none so versatile of production of necessities for the sustenance and luxuries for the enjoyment of mankind.

Much as this may mean for the future prosperity of the country, with the reclamation of the sixteen million acres of marvelously fertile lands that are subject to inundation, it is a minor consideration to the moral obligation of protecting lands already occupied, cultivated, and improved. Ever since the policy of annual appropriation was initiated there have been floods that have destroyed property and fortunes and lives worth more than all that has ever been spent upon the Mississippi.

We are appropriating this year—without an item in anticipation of hostilities with Mexico—$243,000,000 for our military establishment, 101,000,000 for the army, and $142,000,000 for the navy; there is, also, $169,000,000 for pensions. The entire River and Harbor Bill, as it is pending, provides a little over $40,000,000, of which about $7,000,000 or $8,000,000 is for the Mississippi River. The amount given the Mississippi is less than we are spending for the construction of a single dreadnought, or superdreadnought for the navy, a thing that with the advancement of naval war science and the achievement of genius in aeronautic invention, may in a year or two become obsolete and lapse into just so much for the junk heap. Levee fortification against floods is meant to endure, to save life and property from forces that will remain hostile while rains fall and waters flow.

With all our national boasting about our progress, when we are reminded of what we have done in recognition of the Mississippi River as a national institution, we must

confess we are behind the advancement of other nations—nations inferior in wealth and resources. One city alone in the Argentine Republic, Buenos Ayres, has just spent $83,000,000 improving her harbor, already nearly twenty-five feet deep, on the Rio del la Plata. On the same river, where it is half a hundred miles across, Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, is spending $17,000,000 for harbor improvement. At Rio de Janeiro, where the harbor is one of the finest in the world, they have spent $100,000,000 for sanitation of the city and the land environing the harbor! And, strange as it may seem, the genius of our surgeons in Cuba and Panama taught them what to do to make their great ports immune from yellow fever. One hundred million dollars for preserving the health of one city in Brazil, and we doling a pittance to save life and property in the vast Mississippi Valley!

CHAMP CLARK.

THE COLORADO STRIKE

BY HIS EXCELLENCY ELIAS M. AMMONS, GOVERNOR OF COLORADO

MUCH has been said and much written about the troubles in Colorado arising from the strike of the coal-miners. The parties involved have hurled statements back and forth, and contradictions and denunciations more or less intemperate have found their way into the public prints to such an extent that, despite the importance of the subject, the public seems to have no clear conception of what has happened. So far as I know, the State itself has not spoken, nor has any one in authority as yet properly analyzed the conditions in Colorado. It is, therefore, my purpose to give here an impartial portrayal of the conditions as they have existed in the past and now exist, and which at present are so generally misrepresented and misunderstood.

For four years an industrial struggle, which only recently reached its most acute development, has been going on in Colorado. The economic problem, serious enough in its beginning, has reached a tragic climax of nation-wide importance. During these four years much bitterness has been engendered, and the dispute, which originally involved an economic question between capital and labor has finally become political, between the State, on the one hand, and those who deny its authority, on the other. Riot has assumed the proportion of rebellion, focusing the attention of the whole American people upon Colorado.

The origin of the present situation dates back as far as 1910, when the coal-miners in the district north of Denver struck. That strike has been going on ever since and remains unsettled at this writing. Largely as a sympathetic measure, a strike was called in the southern coal-fields in which are located the largest and most important mines of the State. This strike was declared in September, 1913, and spread to the mines located in Fremont and Routt counties.

For years the United Mine Workers of America, a powerful international organization of labor numbering over four hundred thousand members, has been busy organizing local unions among the coal-mining population through which this strike spread. It should be remembered that the coal-mining population of Colorado is composed very largely of south-European immigrants who speak practically no English and have as yet little understanding of the American form of government. The mines in which they work are variously owned, there being some thirty or forty companies operating in the State, of which three are conspicuous because of their size and importance. However, although the ownership of all these mines was in various hands when the organization of the miners by the United Mine Workers had progressed sufficiently to make possible the calling of the strike, twenty or thirty small coal-mining companies made common cause with the three larger ones and presented a united front of coal-mine owners in opposition to the striking union miners.

These are the contending parties. In this conflict, under present laws, the State Government has no voice or concern. It is primarily occupied only with maintaining the peace and dignity of the State. The Governor is charged by the Constitution with the duty of seeing that the peace of the State is maintained, and that its Constitution and laws are obeyed by all alike. It is no part of his duty to intervene or mediate in labor strikes or to attempt a settlement of such disputes. I departed from the strict letter of official duty so far as to attempt by every means in my power an adjustment of the dispute between these contending economic forces. I am still engaged in that attempt.

The mine-owners in Colorado also own the dwellings erected near the mines for the housing of the workmen and their families. When the strike in the southern field was declared, large numbers of workmen left their former abodes. The United Mine Workers assembled these people in tents near the properties where they had been employed. These groups of striking miners with their families thus assembled in tent colonies were located at points that commanded the approaches to the mines. Colorado has a drastic law against picketing. It prohibits even the persuasion of men at work to quit their employment. The tent colonies were, of course, silent pickets. The non-union workmen had

to pass by or through the colonies in going to work. On the other hand, the mine-owners employed a force of guards upon their properties who were armed to protect them and their workmen from aggression. It was not long before the strikers of the colonies were also armed. There were two contending armed bodies in near proximity to each other. The strikers claimed a fear of attack by the mine guards, upon which their leaders justified their armament. So far as I have been able to discover, that fear was unfounded, though it may have been honestly entertained. Between these two armed bodies many bloody battles were fought. To this day the village of Hastings, which harbored then, as now, the families of many hundred workers, exhibits the marks of thousands of bullets shot by a large party of attacking strikers. An automobile containing five of these mine guards, returning to their mine upon their lawful occasion, was ambushed and four of the party murdered, the fifth being seriously wounded and left for dead. With reference to this incident, and to give an insight into the point of view of the strike leaders, I may add that one of the great labor leaders of the country came to my house in Denver and tried to convince me that the men who ambushed and murdered these people ought not to be prosecuted, for the reason that a state of war existed, and that the right of the strikers to kill the mine guards should not be questioned. I could multiply such instances of lawlessness and disorder occurring before the coming of the troops. During all that time I was doing my utmost to forestall further bloodshed and disorder by attempting to settle the strike itself. But the time came when, despite all other considerations, the State had to assert its authority through its military arm. In the southern field a reign of terror prevailed. The good citizens of the State, in no wise concerned with the strike itself, were in real danger of their lives. Between the two contending forces no respect whatever was paid to the constituted civil officers of the peace. Because of the almost frantic appeal of the sheriffs of both southern counties, of the boards of county commissioners, mayors, judges, and other civil authorities, as well as from hundreds of the citizens, I felt constrained to call out the National Guard. These soldiers of the State went into this seething caldron of blood and battle in the last days of October. They found these two armed bodies of men in large numbers thirsting

for each other's blood and ready to spring at each other's throats. The National Guard occupied a territory over one hundred miles in extent, quelled the disorder, re-established the Constitution, and without firing a shot preserved the peace of the State for six long and weary months.

I feel that I should add here a word for the National Guard. These men have been made the object of very bitter public attack. Opprobrium, undeserved, has been publicly heaped upon them. The charge that they were recruited from the purlieus of the great cities and were not representative of the average population of the State is an absurdity. Any charge that they were hirelings of either side to the industrial dispute is ridiculous. The truth is that the Colorado National Guard is composed, as in other States, of farmers, tradesmen, mechanics, and artisans, with an unusually large proportion of professional men. It is a volunteer force. These men have served their State with a truly commendable devotion, to the sacrifice of their own personal interests, risking their lives in a quarrel not of their making and in which they had no interest. They have not been paid this year even the pittance that is allowed by law. If ever patriotism found expression, it is in the unrecompensed and unselfish services of these soldiers of the State who have only the consciousness of a duty performed to reward them, and upon whom has been heaped the opprobrium and abuse that private interest has dictated.

The troops of the State were able to enforce peace. But it was a sullen and unwilling peace. The mine guards were disarmed and sent away. The strikers promised to surrender their arms, but they did not do so. Similarly, a recent promise of the leaders to surrender these arms to the United States troops was unfulfilled. In the mean time and after the military occupation had begun, I continued unceasingly my efforts to adjust or settle the strike. Conferences with both sides aroused my hopes of a settlement. For thirty days after the calling of the troops I prevented the importation of new workmen, and held the situation in abeyance, hoping thus to bring about a termination of the strike, which I felt would be more difficult after the strikers' places in the mines had been taken by other workmen.

About this time, and by the courtesy of the President of the United States, I had the assistance of the Secretary of Labor, himself a member of the United Mine Workers of

America. The striking miners had formulated a series of enumerated demands, most of which were vouchsafed by the existing laws of the State of Colorado. The chief, and, as the event has proved, the only remaining point of controversy was the recognition of the union. This point has been insistently refused by the operators and as insistently demanded by the union. Both sides, however, agreed to a conference composed of officials of the mining companies and representatives of the miners, together with the Secretary of Labor and myself. This conference was held in my office. At the request of both sides I acted as chairman of their meetings. The demands of the strikers were considered and discussed. The Secretary of Labor and myself had been led to believe that the point of the recognition of the union was to be waived. At this conference it was agreed that I should make suggestions of settlement which were to be acceded to.

I was much elated at this apparent success, and with the assistance of Secretary Wilson I prepared and forwarded to both sides the agreed suggestions. The strikers were to waive the recognition of the union and the mine-owners were to concede every other point demanded. Within a few hours I received a letter from the mine-owners unqualifiedly accepting the terms of the proposed settlement. The striking miners, however, rejected the proposal. The conference came to nothing, and the Secretary of Labor returned to Washington. I was afterward told, confidentially, by the strike members of the conference, that they had been instructed in the first place not to accept anything but the recognition of the union.

Upon this miscarriage of our plans of settlement, I directed that all men who desired to work in the mines, and who had full knowledge of the strike and conditions of employment, should be permitted to work and be protected in so doing. A large number of men were then brought in to work in the mines. They were given military protection in going to the properties and in remaining at work therein. This is the circumstance which caused the strikers to look upon the National Guard as being in league with their adversaries. They saw their places in the mines taken by others whom they called "scabs." They felt the restraint imposed upon them by the State's troops. They could not prevent the working of the mines by these new laborers

either by intimidation or by persuasion. Ignorant, and, I am afraid, disposed to lawlessness, these strikers felt that in protecting the non-union workmen the National Guard was causing their strike to fail. From restlessness their feeling toward the State's troops grew into impatience, and, as days went by, to fury. In this feeling their leaders shared. The fight began to be waged not merely against the coal-operators, but against the troops and the State itself. Day by day the notion that an unholy alliance existed between the State authorities and the coal-mine owners was disseminated throughout the State and country by the efficient press bureau of the labor organization. Every argument was used to substantiate that idea. Its utter lack of foundation will go without saying. An incident occurring during the military occupation will illustrate the point. When trouble broke out in Routt County, a district remote from the seat of the main trouble, the citizens arose *en masse* and announced their intention of forcibly expelling the strike leaders from the county. An appeal was made to me for protection against this body of citizens by the strikers' organization. It was promptly met. I sent troops at once into Routt County, protecting the strikers and their leaders from the aggressions of the populace. I had to give military protection to a newspaper in Trinidad, the organ of the strikers, to save the plant from a feared demolition at the hands of the citizens, who felt themselves outraged by its utterances. These and many more such incidents occurred at a time when the strikers' leaders and the strikers' press were proclaiming that the military arm was being used solely in aid of their antagonists.

In the middle of April, after the troops had enforced a six months' peace and when they were almost four months in arrears of pay, it was felt that they must be withdrawn. It was hoped that the peace thus established would continue. It was feared that it would not. The most earnest protests were made to me by citizens of all classes against the withdrawal. It was felt and generally predicted that as soon as the military restraint was removed the stored-up wrath of this alien population would flare out in some malignant way. Within six days after this withdrawal the eruption came. It was general throughout the coal-mining regions of the State. A widely extended uprising had been carefully planned. The storm broke at Ludlow. Much has

been made of Ludlow. It was seized upon as a means of inflaming the minds of men and justifying the acts of treason and murder that followed. The facts in connection with Ludlow have been distorted, and in various forms spread broadcast throughout the land. It has been described as a massacre. It is given out that the National Guard, servile hirelings of the great coal companies, mercilessly shot and burned defenseless women and children in the Ludlow tent colony. On the miserable untruth and injustice of such a story I shall comment presently. However, it was believed, and may still find credence among a great number of the American people who have not the facts and have no reason to believe otherwise. Riot became rebellion. Under the blinding glare of the story of Ludlow, as given to the world, the leaders co-related and organized the outbreaks which were smoldering and ready to burst forth into a determined, well-administered, and financed rebellion against the constituted authorities of the State. Ludlow was an incident, not an event. The battles and crimes that were committed during the following ten days would doubtless have occurred had there been no Ludlow incident.

When the troops were withdrawn, thirty-four men were left upon police duty near Ludlow, the largest of the tent colonies. On April 20th these men were attacked by ten times their number of strikers. The objective was doubtless the villages two or three miles distant containing the non-union workmen and their families. The National Guard thus attacked defended themselves, and later put the strikers to flight and destroyed their colony. The women and children were all removed to places of safety before the attack save only those who were concealed in pits dug beneath the tents. From these pits the soldiers rescued over thirty women and children while the tents were burning. This rescue was made with distinguished bravery and under a heavy fire from the strikers themselves. One pit, almost hermetically sealed, escaped the notice of the rescuers, and thirty-six hours later was discovered and found to contain the bodies of two women and eleven children. These poor people died of suffocation in their subterranean prison, where they had been confined by their would-be protectors. Not a burn or a char or a bullet mark was found upon any of them. The oxygen contained in this closed chamber could not have supported their lives for more than two or

three hours. One little boy was accidentally shot, apparently by a striker's bullet. With that exception no women or children were shot or burned or otherwise hurt during the day's fighting. *There was no massacre.* Men died on both sides; those of the strikers died with arms in their hands fighting against the State; the soldier, on the contrary, tortured and mutilated even before death, gave his life to his country in the discharge of his duty.

Two days later the labor leaders formulated a Call to Arms, which was published in the press and sent broadcast throughout the State. It was subscribed with the signatures of the leaders. I quote from this call as follows:

> Organize the men in your community in companies of volunteers to protect the people of Colorado against the murder and cremation of men, women, and children by armed assassins employed by the coal corporations, serving under the guise of State militiamen.
>
> Gather together for defensive purposes all arms and ammunition legally available. Send name of leader of your company and actual number of men enlisted at once by wire, phone, or mail to W. T. Hickey, secretary of State Federation of Labor.
>
> Hold all companies subject to order.
>
> People having arms to spare for these defensive measures are requested to give them to local companies, and where no company exists send them to the State Federation of Labor.
>
> The State is furnishing us no protection, and we must protect ourselves, our wives, and children from these murderous assassins. We seek no quarrel with the State and we expect to break no law. We intend to exercise our lawful right as citizens, to defend our homes and our constitutional rights.

This call was responded to. The arms that the National Guard failed to gather up were taken from their hiding-places and distributed among the strikers. Many more were purchased and placed in the hands of the strikers. During the winter the strikers had augmented their numbers by hundreds, if not thousands, of idle men who never had been coal-miners. Colorado seemed to be a resting-place for bands of the unemployed. By this augmentation of numbers the force of men who could be armed against the State was truly formidable.

The National Guard was again called out and sent into the southern fields. Its going was heralded by telegrams warning these armed men of the approach of the troop train, and urging that its entrance be disputed. One leader who signed the call to arms was arrested while taking a large number of high-power rifles and quantities of ammunition

to his people by automobile. In the northern field armed strikers imprisoned the sheriff in the Hecla mine and besieged him there until relieved by the National Guard. An armed band seized the Chandler mine in Fremont County, not without much fighting. By way of reprisal the refugees of Ludlow marched twelve miles from Trinidad to Forbes, destroyed that camp, killed nine of its defenders, and then returned to Trinidad and paraded the streets in triumph. Many of the smaller mines of the State were seized and their managers imprisoned or expelled. The mining villages I have referred to were attacked and many killed. The toll of death in these few days is known to have reached fifty, and I believe it to be much greater. The National Guard had to be divided and subdivided, hastening from county to county and occupying fields remote from one another. For nearly forty-eight hours a pitched battle was fought at Walsenburg with fifteen hundred armed men who responded to the labor leaders' call for volunteers.

During these red days my chief concern was to prevent further bloodshed. I went into conference after conference with the leaders of the strike to avert further public calamities and prevent the shedding of innocent blood. I was willing to waive for the time all considerations of treasonable practices. I besought the leaders' co-operation with me in restoring order. Truce after truce was arranged between the soldiers of the State and their armed adversaries. These truces were scrupulously kept by the National Guard, but the labor leaders who agreed to them either could not or did not control their own people. The time came when the rebellion assumed such proportions that it could not be met with the greatly reduced force at my disposal, a force unpaid for four months, and to pay whom for any further service there was no visible means or prospect of means. I called the Legislature of the State together in extra session to provide for this expense. At the same time I requested the President of the United States to take charge of the situation with Federal troops. That request was honored. Upon the coming of the Federal troops, the National Guard was withdrawn from county after county. The name and power of the United States was freely invoked; the strikers and their sympathizers subsided, and peace and order were restored.

So long, at least, as the United States troops remain in

Colorado, or when I or some more potent agent shall have succeeded in settling the strike, which, of course, is the root of the evil, peace and order will prevail. If the strike is not settled, or if it shall be deemed necessary to withdraw the United States troops under present conditions, I greatly fear that the struggle will be revived. The strike leaders are very earnest and zealous men in their cause. I fear that their zeal in the hour of passion has led them beyond all lawful bonds.

It is idle to make predictions. Neither side of the industrial conflict is at present disposed to make any concession whatever. Both cry loudly that there is nothing to arbitrate. The recognition of the union remains the vital point of the controversy. The strikers declare that without it all else is in vain. The mine-owners point to the fact that they have promised permanent employment to the men now at work in their mines, and that they cannot and will not supplant them with those who have been lately engaged in destroying their property and killing their people. They claim that recognition of the union means nothing else.

The State has taken no side whatever in this industrial conflict. I have used every means at my disposal to bring about a settlement and to avert civil war. A time came when I found the leaders of one side of this conflict heading an armed rebellion against the State. I cannot escape the belief that Colorado's experience is but a local expression of general conditions and, in that aspect, of vast importance to the people at large. The remedy for such conditions lies with the legislative and not with the executive branch of the Government. It is a Governor's duty to enforce the Constitution and laws of his State. The hundreds or thousands of men lately in arms against the military forces of the State are still in Colorado, and so are their arms, hidden away, perhaps to await a future use. What the future holds, who can say?

ELIAS M. AMMONS.

THE REAL MEXICAN PROBLEM

BY ROLAND G. USHER

THE vital difficulty in dealing with the present situation in Mexico comes from a confusion of precedents and ethical ideas, from the persistent application of legal precedents and concepts of political thought which the past history of the United States amply proves have never been hitherto applied to the solution of this problem on the many occasions when it has been met and solved. We are not confronted in Mexico with a new problem at all, nor even with a new phase of an old problem. We are not confronted, in fact, with an issue to be decided (if past history is really a criterion) by international ethics or international law. It is a question of internal relations to be solved by the application of the ethics and principles of westward expansion as they have been understood and applied by white men in America since the days when the adventurous Cortés saw the white walls of Mexico gleaming in the distance.

Mexico is not in our sense of the word a nation at all, but a collection, loosely organized, of more or less developed and more or less widely sundered Indian tribes. The census classes about nineteen per cent. of the population as white, though it is notorious that there are few native Mexicans without more or less Indian blood. Of the Indians forty-three per cent. are classed as mixed bloods, meaning rather a mixture of Indian stocks than a distinct crossing with the whites, while thirty-eight per cent. are classed as pure Indians. In the South and West, indeed, are many tribes of Indians almost untouched by association with whites, and not nearly as "civilized" as many tribes on the reservations in the United States. None of these Mexican Indians are to be compared with the Creek and Cherokee nations in Oklahoma. Mexico is, in fact, not a nation, but a country peopled by many tribes of Indians of varying degrees of

development, none reaching what we would call civilization, who have been ruled for centuries by a thin veneer of white men comprising not more than five per cent. of the population. Essentially, the Mexican problem is not an international issue of magnitude, but another phase of the Indian problem we have already met so many times. That inconsiderable proportion of white men must not blind us to the essential facts and allow us to look upon Mexico as a white nation or even as a nation at all.

The actual issue out of which the present crisis grew is simple and as old as the presence of white men in America. These Mexican Indians occupy a territory whose great natural resources they do not and cannot utilize, and which white men covet. The explicit question to be decided, therefore, is that old issue, in what way shall the white men secure possession of what they desire without actually exterminating by force of arms the Indians who oppose them? The precedents furnished by our own past history upon this problem and its previous solutions are clear and without a single exception. Indeed, if truth be told, the real issue confronting us as a nation is our ability or desire to break at this late date this unwavering line of precedent.

Ever since white men have dealt with Indians, they have declined steadfastly, Spaniard and Frenchman, Englishman and American, of all sorts and varieties of opinions, ages, and developments, to recognize that the red man possessed any right to continued possession of the soil which white men felt they could use. While the whites were few in numbers and therefore weak, they were anxious to secure by kindness the Indians' acquiescence in their residence and development of the country. The first step was to obtain by gifts, promises, treaties, permission to occupy and use small tracts of land, which were at the time unoccupied by the Indians. But occupation invariably meant possession. What the whites once secured they never relinquished, and as their numbers grew and they became strong enough to maintain themselves against assault, they asserted their "rights," their "ownership," and justified the claim by their greater strength, their superior ability to utilize the resources of the country, their more considerable economic interest. Peaceful penetration has been the rule in America. By its methods the country has been occupied and the title of the white man established. If its methods were

wrong, if the title of the land obtained by them was invalid, if the process was unethical, no American holds or ever will hold, as Roger Williams assured the General Court of Massachusetts, moral right or legal title to a foot of land in the United States of America. We may possess ourselves of the soil of Mexico and of all that appertains thereto by virtue of the selfsame logic and the identical legal and ethical considerations which always justified to our fathers' consciences their dispossession of the red man in that part of North America called the United States, the home of Liberty, of Freedom, of Justice—for white men. Mexico and Central America, a few scattered reservations in the West, are in fact the only parts of this great continent which the red man still does possess. If it is wrong for us to intervene in Mexico, the history of the United States is the record of a deliberate crime without parallel for magnitude in history. The white men *invaded* North America; they *intervened* constantly and to their own advantage in the affairs of the Indians. They swept the red man from the fields and farms of his ancestors without compunction or regret. Compared to what has already been done on this continent, the occupation of Mexico would be just, conservative, ethical, and praiseworthy. Compared with the methods already used, a conquest of Mexico by modern methods would be mild, judicious, and beneficial to the people. By the ethics of our past history, we cannot commit crime in Mexico. One cannot sin against men whose existence the law does not recognize.

When the Indians understood that occupation by the white man meant more than permission to erect a tent, to hunt a while, to grow a little maize, and then to move to some other site, a new conception entered the minds of those primitive people—the notion of ownership, of permanent possession. That they had given the white men any such rights, Indians like Philip denied with fury. Instantly they rose to resist, to recover the fields by force of which guile was robbing them. One and all they were exterminated by the whites. "Conquest" and "war" was not spoken of. Fighting with savages is not dignified with the names used for the relations of white men. The Indians were not conquered: they were "reduced," "beaten," "defeated." Indians cannot be conquered nor can their territory be invaded. They have no governments which the white man is bound to

recognize. Such has been the history and ethics of the exploration and settlement of the United States.

For many years the English settlers on the Atlantic coast came into contact with minor Indian tribes, so weak in numbers and crude in organization that the ethics of westward expansion did not so greatly belie the facts. As the belt of settlement grew slowly westward, the whites came into contact with regularly constituted Indian states with too numerous a population to be disregarded, with definite "constitutions," "laws," and customs. With them relations were perforce had, "treaties" were perforce signed. But there can be no doubt that neither French, Dutch, nor English ever "recognized" the Iroquois "state" in any proper sense of the word, or assumed that it possessed any legal right to continuance or courtesy such as the white men accorded freely to one another. In their own treaties the whites tacitly granted to one another these very Indians and their land, or, more exactly, granted to one another the land, without any mention or regard of the occupants already on it. Similarly, the charters of the English kings never took any account of the "right" of Indians to a foot of the soil of the immense tracts of land laid out between the Atlantic and Pacific. Indeed, the State of New York, after the Revolution, solemnly argued that its boundaries included the greater part of the territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi because the Duke of York's original grant from Charles II. included the lands of the Iroquois. The whites might receive or inherit what they themselves declined to recognize that the Indian had ever owned!

In the Gulf States the whites came into contact with the highly organized and even civilized Indian states of the Cherokees, Creeks, and Choctaws. They tilled the soil, built houses, governed themselves peaceably and well. They were at least as advanced in the arts and methods of civilization, at least as diligent, capable, industrious, peaceable, as are the present Mexicans. If there has been constitutional government in Mexico, then constitutional government existed among the Creeks in 1835, but neither the United States Government nor the State of Georgia "recognized" its existence. Their actual attainments secured neither rights nor consideration; they were Indians. They were not in any way endangering the lives or property of white men in the South; but they possessed valuable lands which the white

men coveted, and there was little hesitation in deciding that they must move. They were occupiers, not possessors; tenants-at-will, not owners. After the shameful breach of solemn treaties, they were at last by promises and threats induced to surrender their lands in Georgia and Alabama, and were allotted others, which the United States solemnly erected into an Indian Territory—a preserve which was to remain theirs forever. When in turn white men wanted those fields, once more the Indians' claims were ignored, the State of Oklahoma was erected, and most of the land not actually occupied by Indians was allotted to white settlers. Indians have no rights which white men are bound to recognize.

Twice already has a variant of this drama been enacted with Mexico. When the present Republic was erected, Spain ceded to that new "state" a vast area including all of the United States west of Louisiana and the Rocky Mountains and south of Oregon. It embraced Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Utah, Nevada, and part of Wyoming and Colorado, as well as the relatively smaller area which still remains in the hands of the Mexicans. The vast possibilities of the cotton culture had just been grasped by the Southern planters; slave labor and virgin soil would yield, they discovered, an enormous profit. Over the Mexican boundary rushed Southern planters and their slaves, and scarcely saying, by your leave to the Mexicans, staked out plantations in the fertile river bottoms and proceeded to cultivate them. The news of the rich find spread rapidly; the number of Americans in Texas doubled and quadrupled; and within a very few years the Americans in Texas were claiming that Texas belonged to them and not to the Mexicans. Were they not more numerous? Were they not cultivating the soil which the Mexicans were too lazy to use? Were they not white men? To this logic the Mexicans objected. That their objection possessed any justice the Texans denied. A brief war was fought, the Mexicans were defeated, and the Republic of Texas was established, owned by Americans, few of whom had seen the new State fifteen years before. Americans had intervened in Mexico and had appropriated a large section of that country, first by peaceful penetration, and then by force of arms. Their logic, ethics, and methods were those of Cortés and Pizarro, of Queen Elizabeth and James I., of John Winthrop and

William Bradford, of the State of New York and the State of Georgia.

The new State now offered itself to the United States, and the Southern States, anxious to bring into the Union so much good cotton land which would otherwise compete with them, free from the restrictions the Federal Constitution imposed upon them, urged the acceptance of the Texans' offer. Finally, fearing that England or France might secure Texas and thus begin a new empire in the West, the United States accepted it. With Texas we annexed a dispute with Mexico over the amount of land "rightfully" the property of the Texans, and the dispute soon developed into a war. After some campaigning the United States forced the Mexicans to make peace, and we demanded not only the cession of the land over which the war was fought, but the whole of Mexico north of the Rio Grande, an empire in extent and resources. Indeed, though we paid a small sum of money to Mexico, and though most of the proprieties were formally observed, the real gist of the transaction impressed the Mexicans not unlike this: Texas robbed Mexico, and, having successfully stolen much, attempted to take a good deal more, insisting that it was really part of the original loot. Then, unable to defend it, it called in the United States to help it. The United States was indignant because the Mexicans had resisted the second theft, and compelled them to give up not only that land, but most of Mexico as well. Thus Americans intervened in Mexico for the second time, and robbed the Indians of more than half their country.

Once more, and, as the Mexicans think, for the last time, the old, old issue reappears. The Indian still holds land the white man covets. Having spread over Texas, California, and the West, the white man has been for the last few decades invading Mexico proper, the Mexican Indians' home land. Already, by a reasonable computation, Americans own the bulk of the realizable wealth in the country; already they are numerous enough to form a distinct proportion of the population that calls itself white. They have built the railroads, dug the mines, cultivated rubber, bananas, coffee. They are making money; Mexico is valuable; it is good for white men; the Mexicans do not value it. Once more goes up the cry for intervention by the United States. The situation is somewhat altered by long diplomatic relationship and formal recognition by the United

States of a Mexican Republic; it is complicated by the fact that the Mexicans cannot even by fiction sell their homeland for money as they did California; public opinion will play a part in this case which it has never played before; but essentially the old claims are before us. Once more we hear that the sort of government the Mexicans claim they have always had is not what is meant in international law by civilized or constitutional government. We insist upon their establishing the sort of government which we consider constitutional, despite their protests that we ask an impossibility. Less than that, we reiterate, the United States cannot recognize. The rights of the five per cent. of white men to continued possession and rule we do not recognize. Their right to continue to "govern" these millions of Indians as they see fit, we deny. That they claim to have a government is nothing; we have several times ignored the claims of better organized states of more highly developed Indians than the Mexicans.

Without venturing in any way to predict dates, methods, or results, does not the present condition of Georgia, Oklahoma, Texas, California, indicate the future of Mexico? Will the westward and southward expansion of the American people, so persistently and relentlessly pursued for three centuries at the expense of the red men, stop now at the Rio Grande? Will humanitarian and ethical considerations save the Indian State of Mexico long from the fate every Indian community on this continent has already experienced? Indeed, there is much ground for insisting that the peaceful penetration of Mexico is at least as much a *fait accompli* at the present writing as was the Republic of Texas in 1844. Whatever temporary arrangement may be made at this time, whatever it is called, whether influence, protection, guidance, or intervention (certainly not conquest), the flood of American immigration will pour over Mexico, swiftly the fifteen millions of Indians will be outnumbered by fifteen and more millions of Americans, and, as in Georgia and in Oklahoma, the white men will steadily but relentlessly push the red man into the hills and deserts and will themselves occupy the land in his stead. Unless the precedents of the past are now to be broken, the Indian problem in Mexico will not be settled by any different considerations than have dictated the treatment of the Indians already in the United States. With what face could we

offer Indians in Mexico rights and privileges, citizenship, and recognition in the courts which we have steadily denied the red men at our own door? Christianity, morality, international law, and ethics have been often invoked in the Indians' defense and as often consistently disregarded. Is it likely that now such importance will be attached to considerations never before of weight as to spare these last red men in the face of tradition, precedent, ignorance, prejudice, and self-interest?

ROLAND G. USHER.

HOME RULE—AND AFTER

BY FRANK P. JONES

It is a matter of peculiar difficulty for an Irishman who has been in intimate contact with the people of Ireland in all parts of the country, and who, like the present writer, filled a position of prominence in their political movements, to write without bias of the position of Irish affairs as they are to-day. There are, however, certain aspects of the situation the facts of which, to be properly appreciated, require no tinting, either of Orange or of Green. It is these, and these alone, that will be here considered.

There can be no doubt that within the next few months an Irish Parliament will be set up in Dublin. The powers of this Parliament will be limited: it will not have the collection of its own or the Imperial taxes; customs and excise dues will remain in the hands of England; it will have no immediate control over the Postal Service, and the power to declare war and all questions relating to the Army and Navy will continue solely within the jurisdiction of the Parliament at Westminster. Within these and other well-defined limits the College Green Parliament will have control over "purely Irish affairs."

A period of critical uncertainty, extending over many months, must elapse between the placing of the bill on the Statute Book and its enactment. A general election will take place in England. If the Liberals are again returned to power, as at present seems probable, the situation will undergo no serious change. Should the Unionists receive the confidence of the electors and a working majority clear of the Irish vote, they may attempt the repeal of the measure, or such drastic amendment as would render it worse than useless. They would do this, however, at the risk of an armed conflict in Ireland that would be on a scale compared with which the insurrection of 1798 would pale into insignificance.

The position in Ulster is not so complicated as it appears at first sight. The majority of the Anti-Home-Rulers are honestly convinced that their liberties, if not their lives, would be insecure under the jurisdiction of a Parliament sitting in Dublin. During a recent tour through the most Protestant districts of the northeast of Ulster the writer came in personal contact with many of the men enrolled in the army of resistance. One and all declared they would never submit to being governed by Mr. Redmond and the United Irish League. As to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, few of them mention the name without indulging in profanity. At the same time I met many Protestants who were convinced Home-Rulers, and who refused to believe that their Catholic fellow-countrymen would make any distinction of creed in the government of the country. The actual condition of affairs and the probable solution of the problem may perhaps be best summed up in the words of a well-known Protestant minister of Belfast, whose name, for obvious reasons, it would be unwise to publish at this date. He said:

> The opposition to Home Rule here is genuine only on the surface. It has been engendered and kept alive by the recollection of ancient prejudices and will disappear like mist before the rising sun once Protestant and Catholic get a fair chance to work together. At present both sides are in a state of tension. Protestant and Catholic are standing aloof, and for this I blame the Catholic more than the Protestant. If the Catholic were more sociable, the Protestant, I believe, would be quite ready to meet him halfway. Under Home Rule this will happen, for both sides will recognize that the feud is at an end, and that the only sensible thing to do will be to settle down and work together for the common good of the country, which, after all, belongs just as much to the Irish Protestant as to the Irish Catholic.

Very similar sentiments, though in different words, were expressed by Archbishop Walsh, in the course of a conversation at his residence in Dublin. "Under a native Parliament," he declared, "Irishmen of all creeds will work amicably together for the uplifting of the nation. There will be no distinction of religious belief in the administration of the country." All my own observations in Ireland during the last four years go to strengthen the belief that the view expressed by these two eminent Irishmen is a correct forecast of what will happen under Home Rule as regards the relations of Catholic and Protestant.

There is, however, another factor in Ireland infinitely more important and calculated to play no small part in the

future destiny of the land—that of the Irish National Volunteers, a movement of which remarkably little is known on this side of the Atlantic. It was started in December of last year, and was inspired in the first place by the success attending the Ulster Volunteers, organized by Sir Edward Carson, to fight "to the death, if need be," against the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin. Previously, the right to carry arms was denied by statute to the men of Ireland, but when Sir Edward Carson formed his army the Liberal Government laughed his war talk to scorn, while the Unionists helped him actively and openly. It was, therefore, not unnatural that the Nationalists should say that what the Ulstermen could do they could do also. In a few weeks the Volunteer movement had spread like wildfire through the land, until to-day every town and village has its company of raw recruits drilling, marching, and learning the trade of the soldier. In spite of the proclamation against the importation of arms and ammunition, both are pouring into the country, at the north and at the south, and before the present year is at an end Ireland will have, at a conservative estimate, two hundred thousand men in arms.

The declared objects of the National Volunteers are twofold. In the first place, should the Ulstermen decide to appeal to the arbitrament of the sword in their endeavor to render impossible the operation of the Irish Parliament, and the English army, as happened recently at The Curragh, refuses to intervene, the Volunteers will stand at the back of that Parliament and defend it with bullet and bayonet. There is little likelihood of anything like this coming to pass. Once the Irish Parliament is an established fact, the Ulstermen will devote all their energies to securing adequate representation in its deliberations. The men of the North are too sensible and business-like to cut themselves off from the rest of the country and the people who form their best customers.

What will happen is that the Irish Volunteers will demand through the Irish Parliament the abolition of all the restrictions and disabilities imposed upon it by the present Bill—in other words, the complete legislative independence of the country.

In the agricultural Midlands, in the rebel South, away in the wild mountainous regions of the West, one hears the same story. The Parliament, as at first constituted, will

offer no final settlement of the Irish question. The Volunteer movement has aroused all the old spirit of the people, the old belief that the only solution of the Irish problem was the complete and absolute control of Irish affairs by the Irish people. Out in the fields, along the country lanes, and by the firesides they tell you that the day has dawned at last when Ireland will again become a nation among the nations of the earth, when all the old grievances will be forgotten and forgiven in the enjoyment of a liberty that has so long been denied.

Strangest of all to the outsider will be the fact that in this spirit is manifested no bitterness of feeling to the Orangemen. On the contrary, they are looked to to aid in the promotion of these objects. It is believed they will be just as keen to fight for the independence of Ireland as they at present are to uphold their own liberties. All that is required, it is thought, is that they should recognize that these liberties are inextricably bound up with those of their fellow-countrymen. The Irish Volunteers have no animus against their comrades of the North; all that they desire is that they should all work together for the good of their country. After conversation with the leaders of the movement, The O'Rahilly, Sir Roger Casement, and Professor Eoin MacNeill, while much they said was in confidence, it may be stated that one and all believed that the Ulstermen would join them and work with them before two years had passed.

Glancing back, for a moment, at the history of Ireland, and particularly at that period when Grattan's Parliament achieved the repeal of Poynings's Law, one is forced to the conclusion that something similar will happen in the near future. Then, as now, Ireland possessed a Volunteer force recruited—it is strange to think of this now—from the Protestants of Ulster. These men, from being formed to defend the country against foreign invasion, came to turn their eyes upon their own land and her wrongs. Then they assembled in convention and demanded the freedom of their country. They marched from the Rotunda—where the present Volunteers were inaugurated—and up to College Green with the significant legend, hung from the muzzles of their cannon, "Free Trade or This," and the Tory element in the Parliament surrendered at discretion. A little while later and the same Volunteers demanded that their Parliament

should be freed of the veto of the English legislature, and it was freed. For one short period Ireland enjoyed the unfettered control of her own affairs. Then those Volunteers were disbanded, the Parliament corrupted, and the Act of Union passed.

This, of course, is ancient history, but a reminder of it will help to make clear what is contemplated after Home Rule. When the Volunteers were started the appeal made all over the country was to the spirit of the Volunteers of 1782. To-day little secrecy is observed regarding the intentions of those who are controlling the new movement as to what they will do if they get the chance. Already arrangements are being made for a convention on the lines of that held at Dungannon over a century ago, and it is safe to say that resolutions will be adopted demanding the complete legislative independence of Ireland. That the Irish Parliament will eventually uphold these demands goes without saying, and thus the crisis in Irish affairs will become more acute than ever.

Just how the British Government will handle the situation will, of course, depend very much upon the general political trend of events. It is not likely that military coercion will be attempted, inasmuch as the spectacle would not be one calculated to enhance the prestige of the Empire in the eyes of the world. That, at least, is the belief expressed by the Volunteer leaders. The method adopted would rather partake of the opposite extreme—the granting of such demands as were considered consistent with the integrity and safety of the Empire. Thus the various disabilities and restrictions embodied in the Home Rule Bill would be removed. The consequent danger is that Ireland would continue to make demands until the limits of concession were reached, whereupon there would result a disastrous civil war that would shake to its foundations British authority throughout the world.

These are no wild imaginings or dreamy visions, but actual possibilities. It should be remembered that the majority of those in control of the Volunteers are professing or secret advocates of a free and independent Irish Republic, men and women who are devoting all their time and money to the furtherance of their desires to see Ireland freed entirely from English domination. Moreover, the Irish Parliamentary Party, at the outset of the movement, knowing

the men who were directing it, did all in their power to discourage it, mainly because they feared it would frighten the English electors and the Government, yet, in spite of this, the movement has spread with a rapidity that even its most ardent advocates never imagined possible. What is the inference? Obviously that the rank and file are in sympathy with the spirit of their leaders, and will, as soon as the opportunity comes, demand that larger measure of freedom of which the Home Rule Bill is only the beginning.

If this be the case, before two more years have passed, Great Britain will be faced with the most serious crisis in the course of her long and eventful history.

FRANK P. JONES.

THE CHANGED AMERICAN

BY DANIEL F. KELLOGG

A SERIES of articles in one of the magazines that has, perhaps, attracted as much attention as any other that has been printed in the past year was that upon the immigration problem by Professor Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, that appeared in the *Century*. Criticism of Professor Ross's articles was two-sided, and a good share of the public apparently seemed to think that the statements made by the author presented an exaggerated view of existing conditions. But it has to be admitted that a large portion of the public have never had a chance to realize just what these conditions are. The remark was first made five hundred years ago that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. It is very doubtful if one-half the people in New York City alone are in any measurable degree familiar with the character of life, even the external character of life, of the other half; and the observation possesses greater truth when it is applied to the whole country. Those who are more familiar with the general status of the foreign population of the United States are not of the opinion that Professor Ross painted his picture in too black colors. He told the truth in a strong and vivid way, and did a public service in awakening people to the truth. The first reflection on this subject that occurs to intelligent and patriotic men is, of course, how all these evils of excessive immigration and consequent defective citizenship can be either avoided or cured. One remedial suggestion is that the number of immigrants be limited by law for a time; but the fact that this proposition is strongly approved by the labor-unions gives a hint as to its unwisdom. Any restriction of immigration to amount to anything would establish a monopoly of labor; and the great trouble of our business already is, in normal times, to get labor in sufficient quantity. The movement of people

to this country from Europe really only represents a natural movement from places in the world where population is congested to places where there is still room for life to flourish; and to put obstacles in the way of this natural means of relief would probably, in the long run, be to the disadvantage of everybody. A longer term of life passed in the country before naturalization takes place, increased property and educational qualifications for the suffrage as well as for admission into the United States, and numberless other suggestions of like nature have been put forward, but it is not the purpose of the present article to discuss them. That purpose is, primarily, to take up the second reflection upon this matter with which an intelligent patriotism busies itself. Is this immigration, which has reached such astounding volume in the last few years, changing the character of our people? Is the power of the institutions of the country to assimilate the annual hundreds of thousands of immigrants equal to the task or not? Certainly some doubt as to the efficacy of this power is suggested by the recent state of civil war in Colorado where the insurgents were, almost wholly, newly arrived foreigners and a large number of them believed that John D. Rockefeller was President of the United States.

That the character of the American people has changed much in the last twenty-five years and is changing further is beyond dispute; and whether this change is or is not due in any considerable part to immigration is, naturally, an open question. But ethnologists say that the citizen of the United States is developing physically into a different type of man than has heretofore existed, the result showing very clearly the mingling of different strains of blood on a greater scale and in a more rapid way than has ever been exhibited before in history. Morally, we are, as a people, no longer as religious as we used to be; no longer as honest, and no longer as frugal. We seem also to be much more emotional than formerly, much less governed by conservatism and respect for governmental and social traditions, and much less given to deliberation and reflection. One of the indications of this that stands out is the decadence of the power and authority of the American pulpit. Great or even eminent public orators in our country have almost ceased to exist, although the United States was formerly the home of this specific kind of hortatory appeal.

Declining church membership has latterly been made the subject of numerous specific census investigations, and the figures thereof tell the same story, almost without variation. Certain religious denominations that a century or half a century ago were in an extremely flourishing state seem to be actually dying out, and this is true as regards the whole country and not merely particular sections of it. The standard complaint in our leading religious fellowships is that not enough young men are coming forward each year to take the waiting places in the ministry; but a different state of affairs could hardly be expected when the meager financial compensation offered by many of these places is considered. Will the judgment be considered harsh, even though it is based upon statements made by church-goers and ministers themselves, that the character of the clergy in our country has deteriorated? The Church has, in fact, assumed a materialistic, if not a veritably heartless and dead-and-alive, aspect that is more reminiscent of the English Church in the days of Queen Anne than it is of anything else. Some time ago one of our leading magazines published a long series of articles under the general title "Why People Do Not Go to Church." Poor preaching, disgust with constant appeals for money, the desire of people in the cities to take Sunday as a day of outing, and a score of other similar explanations were given, and no doubt all these were true answers to a greater or less extent; but the one great and real explanation was not given, and this was the general decay of religious belief. The churches have lost their hold on the hearts and minds of people because people—although they may be deeply sunk in error—no longer believe the essential doctrines on which the churches are founded, or at most only hold these doctrines as propositions upon which great doubt has come to be thrown. If the honest observation of the writer is any guide at all to the truth, anything like widespread popular conviction of the truth of the Bible miracles, of the religious doctrines of Heaven and Hell, the salvation of mankind through the sacrifice of Jesus, or even of the future life itself, no longer exists. Belief in God has become vague and indistinct, and it is not at all infrequent to hear professing Christians themselves so define their conceptions on these matters as to make it evident that their position is, perhaps quite unknown to them, a thoroughly

agnostic one. Nor even can active ministers of the Gospel be entirely excluded from this qualification. To all this general inclusion the Roman Catholic Church is decidedly an exception. The tendency is strongly confined to Protestanism.

It must again be emphasized that the writer is only putting into words the current social exhibit along this line as he observes it, and is in no way expressing any opinions of his own as to religious concerns. The fact is, as he conceives it, that the scientific thought of the last three-quarters of a century has succeeded in pretty well undermining the old-time religious notions of the rank and file of the people, not only in our own country, but in England. The work of destruction began among the so-called higher intellectual classes—that is, among the real thinkers in the Protestant world. As a rule, these people, or very many of them, lost their faith while still figuring openly as members of churches or supporters of religious organizations. No one who reads to-day the diaries, letters, or records of conversation of eminent men living, say, fifty years since, can fail to perceive what the actual conditions of religious belief then were among this class, no matter what the outward conditions seemed to be. On numerous occasions some one of these personages is found writing or saying to a close friend something in substance like this: "All this rationalism is very well for you and me. We can believe what we want to and keep quiet about it. But it will never do to have the mass of people think as we do. Religion is still a great restraining force in the community, and we ought to hold up its hands for that reason. Think what would happen to the world if the mass of people really did think as we do. Of one thing we may be certain, that the best place for us then would be in our graves." Rightly or wrongly, it seems to many students of social affairs, both in this country and in the great English-speaking nation across the water, that at just this time the test and trial for the Anglo-Saxon race has arrived. There is a literal world of evidence going to show that the mass of people are exhibiting the results of a lack of moral restraint, due to the sweeping away of their old-time religious convictions. They have become a people without God in the world. "Our neighbor has property. Why not take it from him—under the forms of law, of course, but still so as to convert his prop-

erty to our own use." Social theories are growing up a-plenty justifying just this sort of procedure. That the law itself is inclining to them is perfectly plain. Even the old common law that represents the accumulated fruits of the experience and conservatism of the Anglo-Saxon race is being so molded and construed as to no longer resemble its former self. A striking instance is, at the time of writing this article, the strong movement in Congress for the total exemption of farmers and members of labor unions from the operations of the Anti-Trust Law. Such an enactment is, on its face, grossly unconstitutional, and would strike at the very heart of the long-cherished principle of law and government in this country—that all classes and kinds of people are equal before the law. It would be only the next step to order the execution of individuals by a vote of Congress, as was done by the French Convention, or under an Act of Attainder by the English Parliament three centuries ago. The idea of personal liberty as it existed in this country in, say, 1814, no longer exists; and at least one of the substantial reasons therefor is not only that the country is called upon to struggle with ravenous hordes of people from Central and Southern Europe—an oversea invasion of Goths and Vandals unfamiliar with our forms of thought or of government—but that there is no longer a Day of Judgment for the deeds done in the body looming large and terrible in men's eyes.

The late Charles Eliot Norton wrote to a friend a few years before his death: "I am strongly inclined to write a lecture and to deliver it upon as many occasions as I can find this winter on the subject, 'Do People Any Longer Think.'" Mr. Norton passed, with many persons, for a chronic grumbler and pessimist; but this was only because he saw clearly certain maleficent popular tendencies and was outspoken concerning them. The collection of his letters, printed late last year, was one of the most interesting books of the twelvemonth, and, covering a long life as they did, in the course of which events had a chance to prove or disprove prophetic warnings, they disclosed Mr. Norton as a greater philosopher and keener critic than even his closest friends understood him to be. Over half a century ago Mr. Norton pointed out that with the era of Andrew Jackson began the rule of the mob in the United States. Before that time in politics and every other branch of society there was

popular deference to the views of those who were recognized as thoughtful and wise men, or at least men possessing superior knowledge in particular fields of social activity. But, starting from the time of Jackson, the results of a social system founded upon manhood suffrage began to be apparent, and the moral tone of the country began to show enfeeblement. The unwillingness of people nowadays to consider public questions from any other point of view than that of immediate self-interest, or to be even willing to spare the time from their business to consider these questions at all, stands nowhere in such a naked light as in the degeneration of our press. The " reading public " in our country, at least in the sense in which it existed up to 1880, has almost disappeared. The public in this respect that does exist contents itself mostly with the newspapers; and the newspapers are to a very large extent no longer meant by those who prepare them to be thoroughly read. For one thing, they have become standardized—that is to say, the tendency has been with them to assume a common form and to adopt an almost absolute sameness of method of treatment of all subjects. But worse than this, they have become commercialized and woefully cheapened. The aim is no longer to produce literature at all, but to produce cheap reading-matter meant to be read, apparently, by cheap people. News matter and editorials are set forth chiefly as the dress and allurement of advertising matter. The newspaper is most successful now that has the most advertising. Despite all that may be said to the contrary and said vehemently, the advertising department now controls the newspapers of our country.

This is by no means a matter of choice with the publishers or proprietors of the newspapers. The situation in which they find themselves involved is in the nature of a predicament. The difficulty is that the price that the public has been willing to pay for good newspapers and magazines in recent years has not at all kept pace with the cost of producing these publications. Hence the newspaper or magazine publisher has been forced to depend less and less for the support of his enterprise upon the people who actually read his paper in the old-time way, and to depend more and more upon the support of people who wish to use the paper as an advertising medium. Newspaper sensationalism, fakery, and imposture have followed as a

matter of course, and is freely tolerated by the public. The remnant of real readers is still able, perhaps, to find newspapers in which these evils are not carried to gross excess; but a more subtle difference is that even in most newspapers column after column of so-called reading-matter appears which, if not intended as indirect advertising matter itself, is printed for the purpose of securing advertising. As such matter tends to increase in quantity and to decrease in quality, the average newspaper is slowly becoming unreadable. The situation has so changed that if William Cullen Bryant, George William Curtis, Henry J. Raymond, John Bigelow, and other famous men formerly in the front rank of journalism—even one who died so lately as Charles A. Dana—were alive and in their prime to-day, they would be miserable failures in the practice of their profession. The number of newspapers in the entire country having anything even moderately resembling a literary "flavor" at the present time may be counted upon the fingers of one hand; and it is doubtful if more than one of these papers is commercially profitable. The truth might as well be frankly recognized and stated that the clientele of this sort of newspapers has vanished. The newspapers referred to are almost as good as they ever were, although they do not have the same money to spend in the employment of brilliant writers as they did in former days. They are clean and wholesome and still published with the idea of the thoughtful and respectable reader kept uppermost; but the thoughtful readers have gone and the newspapers themselves are ghosts of a dead and buried past.

The trend is toward the disappearance of editorials altogether, as well as the departments of literary, financial, musical, and dramatic criticism, and the leader-writer on the newspaper staff is becoming as ancient and deplorable a figure as the old-time actor that is represented in fiction and stage comedy. I am not unmindful of the explanation commonly given for this state of affairs, that people have become tired, and very properly so, of the "heavy stuff" printed in the newspapers of a former generation, and that people who complain of what is euphemistically called the "lighter touch" of to-day are like the old opera-goer who, when young people were describing with rapturous enthusiasm the lovely voice of Jenny Lind—greatest of all

singers—used to say, "Ah! you should have heard Malibran." There is always an old school which conceives the achievements of a former day to be far superior to anything that the present has to offer. Be this as it may, modern editorial-writing in the United States seems to be set largely upon the models fashioned by the gentleman who used to be called the "peerless Mr. Powers," who twenty-five years ago wrote the drygoods advertisements printed each morning in the Philadelphia newspapers for Mr. Wanamaker's store. Mr. Powers's "style" was that of a chatty, cheery, sometimes half-slangy, and at all times, apparently, candid story about the wares daily offered for sale by his employer, and it was understood that he received greater compensation for his work than any other advertising writer in the country.

The decay of journalism is, after all, only typical of that which has overtaken American literature in general. The books of the great poets, philosophers, novelists, and historians of the nineteenth century who lived both in England and in this country are now almost as little read as are those of the men of the eighteenth century. It is a solemn fact, startling as it may seem to many people when it assumes the form of a statement in cold type, that for all practical purposes the works of Tennyson and Longfellow, of Thackeray and Dickens, of Macaulay and Emerson, are as dead as are the authors themselves. The writings of these men, of that great galaxy that thronged the Victorian Age, are still treasured by people of poetic feeling and aspiration, and their literary styles are held up by professors in our colleges as examples for ingenuous youth to follow. But they do not really interest the present generation, and the styles are not followed in the active literature of to-day. Whenever a man is heard saying that he admires or has even read many of the novels of George Eliot or Thackeray, or is at all familiar with the essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson or Macaulay, he is almost certain to be either a professional student of literature or a man in the neighborhood of fifty years old. All this might well lie in the ordinary course of nature and excite no regret if the place of the literary ideals thus supplanted were taken by other and higher ideals. But it must be said of the great mass of books now currently published that a large proportion are not really books at all, and that most of the so-called "best

sellers " of the book trade are no more worthy to be classed as literature than the advertisements printed on the circus billboards. In quality these are, as a rule, below the grade of the dime novels published by the late Mr. Beadle of familiar memory to the boys of two generations ago.

By this time pretty nearly all discerning people understand the tremendous assistance to the work of demagogues that has been given by the tendencies that have been described. The newspapers, or most of them, will print anything, and any quantity of it, that is sensational, and print this to the exclusion of decent, although sober and old-fashioned, material. This has been described as a turkey-trotting age, and the newspapers say in their defense that they cannot be expected to set their pace to any lesser rate of speed than that maintained by the majority of the community. But, oh! the shame of it, the pity of it! It was almost thirty years ago that a young politician, who has since become very prominent in the public eye and whose career has been an undoubted exemplification of the truth of his words, said to me: " You have absolutely no idea of the personal and political following a man can get and of the amount of publicity the newspapers will give to him if he is only willing to be a little spectacular." The trouble in putting the case in this respect is to avoid the use of language that may seem too strong and may not seem to present the same exaggeration with which Professor Ross was unjustly charged. But it certainly seems to be the truth that there is no charlatan so cheap and vulgar that the newspapers will not be willing to exploit him and to persist in exploiting him.

As to our theaters, the character of representations there has been profoundly modified, and for the worse in recent years by the moving-picture shows; and as the case stands at the moment, it is not too much to say that the theater is engaged with the moving-picture show in a struggle for its very life. Mr. Charles Frohman, the eminent theatrical manager, is quoted as saying that, while the old class of dramatic performance proper is not exactly outworn, the play of the near future—that is to say, of at least next winter—must devote itself to " incident " and quick action and leave outside of its contemplation entirely anything pertaining to metaphysical study or poetic or dramatic meaning

of the old-fashioned order. Surely these things were not always so in the United States. Our newspapers were not always panderers. They once were leaders; nor did our magazines find it necessary, in order to sustain their life, to exclude from their columns pretty nearly everything that could be classified as instructive material. It is not expected that the general aspect of our literature should continue of the same dry-as-dust character that prevailed in the early part of the last century. But because traveling in a barren desert is no longer agreeable, it does not by any means follow that living amid incessant earthquakes and whirlwinds is any more delightful. A mean of moderate quiet and rational enjoyment of life can certainly be found. Flippancy, shallowness, and catering to every low emotion need not necessarily take the place of dullness and dryness in literary production; and while it is a cardinal principle of human society that the manners and customs of people do change, there is such a thing, after all, as a degeneration of manners and customs and morals.

This article is not intended to afford material for the affirmative side of debate upon the question, "Resolved, that ancient times were superior to our own"; but it may be as well, perhaps, for the American people to ask themselves, seriously, just who the men and women are that are taking the place, for better or for worse, of the poets, philosophers, and historians who were writing throughout the century that began with 1901, and whether to-day the men and women who are writing for the press are or are not better than their predecessors. Going a little further, let us ask who are the men nowadays, and what is their character, who are the leaders of thought, the sources of national inspiration in our country, and how do they compare with those who have lately gone to their last sleep? Who are those who are stirring the hearts of our young men with romantic enthusiasm and visions of liberty and of the ideal beauty? Who are those who are thinking for us and dreaming for us as of yore, and leading us to commerce with the skies. Or are we to be told that enthusiasm, poetic vision, and commerce with the skies are no longer essential to the enduring life of a great nation, and that it is not true now, as it once was, that the things that are eternal are the things that are unseen.

There are those who say that our people are suffering

from over-education; from being brought up better than their condition in life warrants. Education is greatly to be desired, of course; but the charge is made that an education that brings ideals, standards of living, and general personal desires that can only with great difficulty be secured is an education that makes for national trouble rather than the reverse. Of one thing there is no doubt, and that is that the standard of living has greatly advanced in the country, and that it is each year more difficult for the mass of people to find the wherewithal to live up to this standard. In the old days when the country was very much more of an agricultural nation than it is now, a maxim was that pretty nearly everything desired by those who lived upon farms should be taken out of the farm itself, that is to say, should be either made upon the farm or furnished by the farm in one way or another. The records that have come down to us from these times show that it was an event in a farmer's life to actually purchase anything with money. No one wishes that the conditions of those hard and terrible years should be brought back again, or supposes that they can be brought back; still, these were the years of economy and plain living and high thinking, when the foundations of present fortunes and of the greatness of the nation itself were laid. Is there now any such economy, any such careful taking thought whether or not money should be parted with for something that could not be made or produced at home, or for any purpose whatever?

It is a trite saying that the luxuries of one generation become the necessities of the next; but where in the history of mankind has there been such an appalling attestation of the truth of this principle as in our own country in the last twenty-five years? In our great cities successful business men are no longer willing to have their offices located in buildings that are merely richly furnished and exceedingly comfortable. They ask for and erect palaces for office buildings; and the homes, the dress, and general expenditure of wealthy people are on the same advanced scale. Nor is this lavish spending of money confined to the cities alone. In our country villages, where poverty is, perhaps, more generally dispersed than it was in the boyhood of men now in middle life, there are thousands of people who ten years ago did not think they were able to keep a horse, who are now, without any increase in

individual wealth, owners of automobiles. It is the truth to say, as respects the amazing increase of the use of this form of transportation, that the American people have proved themselves powerless to resist the temptation to spend money that they could not afford to spend in the ownership of gasoline-machines designed for pleasure travel. The most important aspect of this entire matter is not that relating to specific facts to which reference has been made as it is to the general and underlying consideration that, whereas in all past times in the United States living has been very cheap, it is now very dear, and that for good or evil the country must reckon with the fact. Whether caused by increased immigration or increase in the birth-rate, the population of the country has increased in the last decade alone over twenty per cent.; and in the same period there has been an increase of only one per cent. in the quantity of domestic means of subsistence. In plain words, the problem which was outlined so many years ago by Macaulay and other interested observers of our new society, and as one that would surely confront us sooner or later, at last does confront us and in grim and unmistakable form. How is our nation to stand a struggle for existence so fierce that that which went on in former years was a mere pastime? How will property rights fare in the course of this struggle, and how have they fared already? What will be the fate of poetry and science, law and order, of every right and privilege and solace which we hold most dear, under the increasing difficulty of securing the means of living in the comfort and luxury to which we have been accustomed in later years—all this struggle coupled, moreover, if not with a general disbelief in the existence of a future state of reward and punishment, at least with a general conviction that knowledge as to a future life is and always will be unobtainable? To what extent has the bitterness of this struggle during the last twenty years alone already changed the American?

DANIEL F. KELLOGG.

THE PASSING OF THE GENTLEWOMAN

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

In the present phases of the eternal adjustment between the sexes there are many strange signs, portents, and tendencies. These have been given scant attention by the heated and dishevelled Amazons who carry on the siege against intrenched masculinity. Nor has masculinity itself pondered much upon the possible social results of this sex rebellion. The phenomena take place in the background of the battle, after the skirted legions have passed, and the structures, fired by Woman the Anarch, lie in ruins. They are phenomena that affect womankind in the mass—slowly and almost imperceptibly—in a manner resembling the gradual advance of a new season upon the sex, at present a sober autumnal season in which colors fade and harsh, bleak outlines are revealed. While woman has been conquering new territory, much of it desert land, she has also been losing great tracts of an old and magnificent realm in which her sovereignty had never been disputed. This was the realm of Ladydom—the immemorial empire of the gentlewoman. Every drawing-room was a province of this empire, every hostess an absolute queen in her own social microcosm. To-day both the power and the position of the lady are threatened. The ancient prerogatives are being annulled and deliberately discarded. Much that was false is crumbling into ruin, but also much that was fine.

The modern woman has realized that this queen, this stately arbiter of fashion, decorum, and social form, was little less than a prisoner. She was one who retained her prestige only so long as she exercised a cold and close restraint upon her natural self, subordinated her individuality, and lived in a sacrosanct seclusion with blinds drawn upon most of the unruly turbulence and unpleasant truths of life. She was

the slave of the forms and the laws she administered and censored. The drawing-room of the lady was a gilded cage, a cage almost as narrow as the cell of some medieval abbess. Medieval, in fact, were her origin and attributes. She was a plant whose roots struck deep down into the soil of time, down to that stratum in the geology of our civilization known as the age of chivalry.

It was this epoch, compounded of a strange mixture of war and religion, of poetry and romanticism, which first raised woman from a mere nonentity to the position of a dominant spiritual mistress. About her trembled the pale and misty reflection of that light which gleamed from the forehead of the Madonna. Womankind in this aspect became semi-divine. Love purged itself of its grosser elements and became a ritual of vigils, penances, and sacrifices and of long and distant veneration on the part of the lover. His passion, tinged with a glowing Christian mysticism, endured the probation of years of separation, of passive submission to the fancied wish or whimsical command of the particular divinity pining in some dark, insanitary castle. Finally, passing into sheer religious ecstasy, attenuated and fanatic, it utterly renounced the earthly love.

The cloistered lady love was usually visible only from afar. Sometimes she was nothing more than a name, a mere myth, a phantom of light, beauty, and sweetness, vague, impersonal, almost superhuman, like the Beatrice of Dante, the Laura of Petrarch, the Leonora of Tasso. Yet for the sake of this figment of their imaginations men chilled themselves with vows of chastity, made long crusades, and raged with sword and battle-ax against the Saracen. The all-powerful Church, frowning upon the lures of the flesh, sent these puppets of noble blood clanking in iron on interminable pilgrimages like the humblest barefoot friars. Upon women the priesthood, as well as the hazards of their own environment, imposed an almost Oriental seclusion. The sexes, drawn apart, regarded each other mystically, through screens of religion, through staves of music, through veils of romance. Beauty became as a sacrament in woman, religion shed a saintly luster upon the courage of man. The minstrels, the troubadours, the minnesingers, gave these yearnings a voice and established them as a cult. Poetry and art hallowed and gave form and substance to this strange

blending of religion with eroticism. Chivalry shaped for itself a code and became an institution.

The origin of the modern lady and gentleman may be traced back by devious ways to the institution of the knightly tourney. The set forms and rules, the high and aristocratic tribunal of birth and beauty, the swift and almost Roman censure by the adored one, the public judgments, favorable or adverse, pronounced upon every word, look, or action of the knight or squire—these gave birth to that code of knightly conduct which has persisted down to our day. In England the standards of the tourney influenced even the *villeins* of the time. The punctilious code of that later development, the sporting or duelling gentleman, soon produced its own rude echo in the cry of the pugilistic navvy: "Fair play!" Chivalry bestowed the sporting spirit on the lower orders in England; on Latin lands a gracious courtesy. The white flower of chivalry with its crimson heart which first bloomed in that far-off day must finally perish in ours. Woman herself has helped in their destruction. Like a statue suddenly sprung to life, she has leaped from her pedestal and boldly avowed herself of the same clay as man. The lady was the inspirer of courage in men and the guardian of the ideal chastity—the one reinforced by armor of proof, the other by walls of stone. The great lady, the genial hostess, the refined patroness, the glorified American woman lording it over her prostrate males—medieval figures all of them!—derive their power from the survival of a long-degenerate chivalry. And the wildest hammer-wielding virago still evokes chivalry in the cold abstract law which she assails.

Chivalry underwent many changes. Both the Reformation and the Renaissance transformed it and colored anew the relationships between the sexes. It suffered inevitable modification by influences of climate and race. When Cervantes laughed the older chivalry to death in the person of Don Quixote, he slew at the same time the earlier conception of the lady in the person of Dulcinea. Woman's divinity was dissipated. Her social power persisted, but her spiritual power was broken. The empty forms and rituals, however, remained and governed social intercourse as before. Courtesy and gallantry succeeded chivalry. Men retained the outward accents and attitudes of worship and subservience, but the spirit that had animated them was

dead. One need only regard the whole painted and powdered structure of polite society in the eighteenth century, the period, above all others, of the great lady, to realize how empty a substitute for the old passionate chivalry was this pirouetting gallantry. But it was, nevertheless, something which served to cast a pleasant and gracious veil over the sense of male superiority and secret contempt. It was the mock homage of the strong to the weak. Woman, the child, was appeased by the graces, the compliments, and the attentions of the cavalier. The heavy sword of the crusader had become the light, thin rapier of the courtier, the iron visor was now a silken mask.

Despite these outward changes, the domain of the lady, like that of all women, still lay within four walls—in the home. Here men bowed to her decrees and heaped her with favors. But as soon as she set foot beyond these confines, she lost her pleasant prerogatives and became mere woman. For some hundreds of years she demanded formal homage from men, as a tribute from strength to beauty, as a gracious self-subjection of the male—secretly assured of his own conquest. She judged all masculinity according to the standards of the gentleman—the man who was gentle, patient, and considerate. She erected her own moral and social values. The various aspects and standards of the gentleman and lady, as considered first from a masculine and then from a feminine point of view, would result in many amazing discoveries. We should be given glimpses into the strange and abysmal misconceptions into which each sex has fallen with respect to the other, both victims of a hypnosis of tradition.

Observe, too, how the term " lord " has retained its original meaning and application, and on the other hand how the term " lady " has been widened in application as a sort of standard for the sex in general, without undergoing any great change as to the qualifications embodied by the term. The wife of a lord, a knight, gentleman, burgess, tradesman, or mechanic is always a lady now, by either address or implication. In America " lady " has almost entirely replaced " woman," as, for instance, " saleslady " or even " scrub-lady." One term, one tag, suffices to define and address the entire mass of unindividualized womankind.

Sedulously has woman helped to further and enforce a conception of the lady. She lived in a region of reflexes, of oblique distortions, in which false values of life and morals

reigned supreme and hypocritical interpretations were given to the commonest facts. In that modern gynaeceum, the salon, as a German writer declares, the natural becomes the improper. An enormous literature, sugared over with sentimentality, has been erected around the lady. Nor need we probe very deeply into the past to realize how powerful an ally the Church found in the conventional lady. The threat of social excommunication by the *grande dame* was often more formidable than the threat of spiritual excommunication by the priest. Being herself a feudal flower artificially fostered, the gentlewoman was by her very nature forced to be reactionary. Her virtues were chiefly negative. Like the moon, she shone by reflected light. She was seldom permitted to take the initiative. What she must be she learned chiefly from what she must not be—from a long, appalling list of actions stigmatized as "unladylike." The implacable propriety of the Victorian period in England or the periodical fermentation of the sour leaven of Puritanism in America permits us to realize how stagnant, monotonous, and jejune was the world in which the model lady lived.

And now gallantry too has almost perished from the earth, at least in Anglo-Saxon lands. The ceremonies, courtesies, and graces of the cavalier, the beau, and the exquisite have degenerated into a mere formal offhand etiquette. The romantic reverence for woman as woman has begun to depart from the modern man, and his admiration for her later achievements has not yet developed sufficiently to hide his inherent and elemental contempt. Significant is the order of the Futurists, "Scorn woman." Significant, too, the recent discussions in London newspapers as to whether women had begun to lose their power of sexual captivation, and, no less, the heated and murky controversy as to the type of the "future woman."

To return to milady. The solemn dusk of her drawing-room is now rudely dispelled by new and ever-newer breaches in the walls. Shabby and outworn things are revealed. There are many signs that portend the doom and disappearance of the fine, yet somewhat pathetic figure of the patrician lady. Already she begins to have an air of unreality, as of something anachronistic from which life is ebbing. She is the flower of aristocracy, a delicate plant unsuited to the turbulent blasts of democracy. Her perfume is gentility, as that of the bourgeoisie is the odor of respectability. Strong

bastions of custom and tradition still surround her, and heavy defenses of caste and class, but even on these has fallen the white twilight that foretells her destruction as surely as the livid flicker of the guillotine foretold theirs to the loveliest ladies of France. The change in her position and estate is, however, not due so much to revolution as to evolution. It is due as much to pressure from within as to pressure from without.

The first bonds were loosened long ago. It was the demiurgos, steam, that came to unsettle the customs and conditions of the gentlewoman. Here, as in so many other fields, mechanics came as a liberator and began its slow but inevitable metamorphosis of the social organism. The first disorganizing factor was the railway train. Accustomed either to a vegetative existence lasting from birth to death, or else forced, when journeying, to be subject to unpleasant contact with fellow-travelers in uncomfortable mail-coaches (not to speak of still more primitive methods of locomotion), the lady ventured but seldom out of her upholstered shell. But when the railway train with its various compartments made to imitate the coach, and with separate provision for the different classes, stood at her service, she hesitated no longer. Steam widened her radius and her horizon; it gave her facilities for travel almost equal to those of men. It brought about a broadening contact with strangers. The gentlewoman not only saw, but was seen. When the little domestic sovereign stirred abroad, she was, to be sure, usually attended by some cavalier or male relation who was to protect her against the terrors of the outer world. Very recent in point of time seems that day when to venture abroad save under male escort was considered infinitely daring for a lady. It was felt, and rightly felt, to be a violation of the essential qualities of her ladyhood, the virginity of her caste. Her mystery was being destroyed, her glamour dissipated, her sanctity and beauty rendered common by the vulgar stares and gross curiosity of the plebeian world.

The dress of the gentlewoman was in accordance with her rank. Beauty was reckoned highest as an asset in this sphere, which, in spite of its Christian traditions, held in it the root of an Oriental conception of woman. Its women of greatest beauty were usually its most influential figures. The basic reason for this is, of

course, to be traced to the purely primitive sex-nature of man, in those tremendous forces that sweep under the crust of our civilization like electric currents beneath our pavements. The great lady who in addition to her beauty also possessed the power of adroitly directing these elemental forces of masculinity was able to wield a power truly imperial, as many a conspicuous example in history stands to prove. For the intellectual among these "rulers of kings" the tragedy of their triumphs lay in the fact that their power was accompanied by the knowledge of its source—that without physical beauty, sexual charm, or wealth their personality would have availed them little. The gentlewoman who lost or who had never possessed beauty, wealth, commanding station, or husband and children might well have reflected upon the bitterness of this truth. Often enough was she forced to eke out an obscure and sterile existence as a hanger-on of some household, a spectator at the feast of life, thwarted of her one great hope and purpose. She became, especially in England, that most pathetic of figures, the superfluous spinster, or declined into the "decayed gentlewoman," confined for life in the cage of her caste. To-day these frequently waste and lonely lives have found various outlets for their activities.

The second great disintegrating influence in fine-ladydom is comparatively modern. It came in the shape of new channels suddenly available for the expression of woman's taste or individuality. The arts, some of the professions, and finally even commercial enterprises, though severely and casuistically censored with respect to their "ladylike" qualities, began to draw upon the idle and overstocked world of feminine gentility. In England titled ladies opened millinery-shops, bred pedigreed bulldogs or Persian kittens, or painted miniatures for money. They catered to, yet strenuously maintained, their class. In America the daughters of old Knickerbocker families, on the collapse of the paternal fortunes, took posts as typists or bookkeepers, thereby defying the harsh dictum of which Washington Irving wrote: "It appears to be an established fact that a lady loses her dignity when she condescends to be useful." There are also those many secret and subterranean services rendered by less bold, but no less indigent ladies—a system of "genteel" tips, commissions from tradesmen, bonuses paid for introductions, and many other invisible ways

of "keeping up appearances," of remaining—how pathetically!—"a perfect lady" untainted by contaminate ore or vulgar cash.

Despite this drawing-off of so much redundant femininity of the lady type, the established lady herself, safely intrenched within her town or country house and behind ramparts of tradition, seemed still secure. But into these reposeful homes the new decades have begun to breathe their breath of revolt. There are echoes of the world's affairs, its duties, and its problems. Philosophies that question, thought that destroys, literature laden with perilous problems or subversive tendencies eat away the ancient props, beliefs, and fetishes. Waves of the indefinable yearnings of the race and the tidal aspirations of an entire sex shake the dust and varnished pomp of the patrician lady's shell. Her life rings suddenly hollow. Either from inclination or in subservience to a new fashion she begins to take or to stimulate an interest in what has hitherto lain beyond her province. Ibsen and other writers have made clear and irksome to her the bondage of her soul and body—the imagined far more than the real. Fiery reformers thrust social roots and tentacles before her eyes, a matted network entangling alike the loftiest lady in the land and the lowest prostitute. What seems to be a conspiracy of the ages is unmasked, in which the ruthless processes of nature appear to have arrayed themselves against woman. The inner rifts of the lady's soul are laid bare. An incompatibility between the traditions of her state and the progress of the world is revealed—a discord that plays havoc with her mind and spirit. The gentlewoman becomes conscious of humanity, of herself as a unit of a sex and a race. The aspiration of the individual helps to ferment the mass; the inertia of the mass represses the individual. Between the two, as always, progress goes slowly and irregularly on.

The deepest and most extensive modern encroachments upon the sanctity and seclusion of the lady may be summed up in the one word exercise, divided into its two branches, sport and travel. Fixity of place and permanence of position were as necessary as her panoply and outward habiliments in order to give power and a faithful following to the social queen. Every home, every drawing-room, was a fixed unit, a central orb of narrow orbit with its attendant satellites, and now and then some meteor blazing in from

uncharted space beyond. A sovereign must remain central. An itinerant or errant queen is without a court unless thrones and retainers be errant too. To err abroad was distraction, a display of unbecoming energy, an uprooting and displacement. The tempo of modern travel is not a stately one, and travel itself has long ceased to be a select, aristocratic privilege. The motor offered only a temporary escape from the promiscuity of the modern railway train. There merely ensued a promiscuity of the highways. Travel was not necessary to the patrician lady, but it is necessary to her successor, the woman of fashion. She must follow the prevailing mode and be widely known. This entails a dependence upon long visiting-lists, lavish expenditure, newspaper notices, and the multitude—above all, upon that which is the very antithesis of aristocratic aloofness—democratic sociability.

In a hurried and hectic age this element of travel means a subservience to "seasons"—from town to country, from the Riviera to Switzerland, or a "Bad," or perhaps gipsying in luxurious fashion over whole continents. Such haste is in itself destructive of "that repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere." When strange motors, trumpeting like dragons of the prime, career through the countryside in clouds of dust and acrid petrol fumes, the modern rustic, instead of paying them the reverence once accorded the gentry in stately coach or landau, is far more likely to fling a pebble or mutter a curse, whether the occupants of the car be blue-bloods or merely bounders. Driven hither and thither, with that vast floating population which in and out of season sweeps to and fro between one land and another, the traditional lady is decidedly out of her element as soon as she sets foot in this stormy atmosphere of modern gad-about. She is jostled cheek by jowl with those international hordes of prosperous people to whom birth and breeding mean little or nothing, but who are able, nevertheless, to command superior service or luxuries in hotels, steamers, and the like. Her panoply is often drab and scant in comparison with that of the wives and daughters of prosperous brewers or pork-packers. She has, willy-nilly, become part of a stream of elegant vagabonds, bored, dissipated, unhappy, pampered, and afflicted with a childish craving for incessant change—a malady which need no longer be stigmatized as purely American.

To have been a bit of flotsam in this tumultuous tide, to have had close contact with many types of all nations, ought, perhaps, to have a broadening and stimulating effect upon the character of the individual woman, but it is none the less a mill that grinds away the salient angles of a once conservative and individualized class. It was one of the essentials of the gentlewoman that she remain aloof and shine within her definite boundaries. She was a light that required a globe or shade. The flame or fire of her personality was supposed never to appear in its sharp nakedness.

With the entry of the lady into the field of sport, new influences immediately begin to operate. As Rosa Mayreder, a distinguished Austrian feminist writer, has pointed out, sport demands of women "great physical exertions, swift and violent movements, aiming more at sureness than at grace, or perhaps only a blunting of the sensibilities which exposes itself indifferently to all manner of minor disfigurements and injuries. All this militates against the orthodox conception of the lady who is presumed to be a weak and tender creature, in need of man's protection and veneration."

The irruption of women into the domain of sport as sport is comparatively recent. The medieval dame rode her palfrey and hunted with falcons. Later there was archery, later still croquet. True, the lady had not been debarred from the more exciting and more dangerous pastime of fox-hunting, for the hunt was only an inevitable extension of the liberty she had always enjoyed on horseback. Her costume, until the latter part of the last century, retained its long, flowing lines with the floating veil and white plume. All was essentially ladylike—in accordance with the spirit of a day which induced gentlemen to play cricket in stiff stocks, gaitered trousers, and top-hats. And it was a brave lady who wore the first top-hat with her riding-habit.

Then came the stealthy, polished safety-bicycle with its hushed tires to tempt the fine lady out of her stale and boresome world. Here, again, vast changes in society may be traced to a single mechanical contrivance. The safety bicycle might well be hailed as one of the chief liberators of the modern woman. The lady, still somewhat fantastically attired, pedaled breezily in the open air, flying like a female Mercury through lanes and city streets. Unabashedly by her

movements she confessed to the obvious possession of a pair of legs. In America the more courageous even ventured upon the outright flaunting of the interesting fact by donning divided skirts and "bloomers." The garments were significant. They were uniforms—those of pioneers, of an advance-guard. Away with plumes, with silks, with laces and all fripperies! A "sensible costume" was the cry—and that cry was another deep wound in the status of the *grande dame*. For it had been one of her prerogatives that her costume need not be sensible—that is, utilitarian.

It is unnecessary to recount step by step the steady conquest of the field of sport by various classes of women, for all this lies well within the last decades. To-day we find the once gentle and delicate creature skiing madly down Alpine slopes, charging like a human projectile along the roads on motor-cycles, galloping astride on horseback, climbing stupendous peaks in distant lands, hunting big game, driving juggernauts of touring-cars, and even risking death in the treacherous aeroplane. In everything the "independence" and "originality" of woman are shown in following and imitating the man. Her games are becoming steadily more noisy, violent, and thoroughly masculine. The boisterous, sprawling hockey-girl, large of limb, and strident of voice, yells and ramps madly across the fields, mænad-like. The eugenist rejoices—likewise the nerve specialist. Is not this freedom, this unrestrained turbulence, this fierce, intense thirst for physical expression, significant of a natural, so-called pagan element which has come to supplant the reticence, the repression, the self-abnegation which a Christian asceticism or a medieval chivalry imposed upon women? More than one woman of title, for instance, has deigned to dance in airy "classic" costumes to edify *hoi polloi* of the music-halls. This paganism, whether it be healthy or neurotic, has begun to destroy the older cultivated beauty, the studied grace, the rare esoteric essence of femininity which the gentlewoman once guarded and preserved so jealously.

"What!" cry the "broad-minded" folk, "cannot a woman indulge in sport, in personal freedom? Cannot she do the things that men do, and still remain a perfect lady?"

To that ingenuous plea, *mesdames,* the answer must be a solemn negative. The perfect lady is a beautiful flower fostered and developed by laws rigid and unbreakable as those of the Medes and Persians. But the very concept

of the lady was reared upon something false and unnatural. Her education as a girl, especially *in erotics,* was, as Nietzsche declared, monstrous. To-day her militant sister, aflame for reform, discusses sex, prostitution, disease, with a zest that is partly pathological and partly the result of a Utopian dream.

The realm of the true lady is still splendid, still vast. She still exerts her far-reaching and tremendous influence from within over the structure of society. Her ideals are still those postulated by George Eliot: "high veracity, delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits." The progress of her gradual effacement is something that can be read only on the dial of the generations. Loath as the world of poetry and romance may be to lose her, pathetic as is her fate in the rising floods of democracy, her loss, nevertheless, is attended by a certain very definite gain. Both mentally and physically, the race may profit. The decline of the gentlewoman is hailed with particular joy by those feminists who believe that the ideal relation of the sexes should be based upon comradeship. But the cult of comradeship has always been peculiarly male. It postulates bluntness, fair play, absolute honesty, great mutual tolerance and equality—elements usually excluded from the formal intercourse between lady and gentleman and even between man and woman. Comradeship between the sexes is possible in its purest sense only when consciousness of sex is lost. Predominant attributes and natural inequalities must first disappear. Modern civilization, it is true, seems bent on crushing and leveling the sex characteristics, just as modern democracy levels the social characteristics. This has already resulted in the evolution of a colorless hybrid of both sexes.

This tendency may even now be observed in that phenomenal sex-war waged under the illusive shibboleth of the vote. Here we have many living and significant examples. There is a disregard for and a loss of feminine beauty entirely uncompensated by greater genius or better health. The movement for political "rights," aiming at masculine prerogatives and standards, has produced strange types, shorn of all the glory of sex, ascetic, grim, mannish spirits in female frames. These rage against the restrictions which nature has imposed upon the sex and those which expediency and civilization, and not, as many sentimental feminists

believe, the diabolical craft of men, have inevitably developed from these. The militant women naturally also wage war upon the ideals of the gentlewoman. They affect to scorn that tradition of feminine beauty in which they scent a debasing element in so far as it has been willed and desired by man. And yet—such is the adamantine natural law—woman will always appeal to man chiefly through her physical beauty. Man, as an English writer remarks, has sex, but woman is sex.

Should our romantic, Christian civilization, now slowly being effeminatized, evolve by degrees into a pagan or classic one—for which portents and auguries and even historical analogues are not wanting—it is possible that woman may lose far more than she has gained. A race of women deliberately divesting itself of those physical lures and beauties which serve a natural purpose, a race of women striving for a great and increasing share in the work and business of the outer world, would necessarily have an enormous effect upon the nature, attitude, and activities of the male. One may, perhaps, be permitted to indulge in a little speculation.

It is possible that man's inherent hunger for power and adventure may take other forms, perhaps that of a masculine cult of strength and beauty, partaking of a newer, purified Hellenism and in accordance with the natural advantages and ascendency of the male animal. Woman—drab, utilitarian, and self-divested of those artificial or acquired beauties by which she has cleverly thwarted nature's intention of making her the less beautiful sex—may again, should she fail to appeal to man's sexual or esthetic nature, sink into a subordinate place. Or this may be brought about through the gradual usurpation of the occupations of men by the increasing number of so-called neuter women, already so active in the world as the slaves of a mechanical routine. Or it may occur through a subversion by that barbarism, possibly Mongolian, which awaits devitalized nations even in our day.

Humanity equips itself with a new civilization and new values or reverts in circles to the old. In either case, the asexual woman may become the industrial worker, the sexual man the artist, the hunter, the warrior—true to his esthetic impulses, his errant soul and lust for conquest. He may degenerate and become the human drone in the beehive of a

matriarchy. He may so develop himself by eugenics as to become the superman—which, contrary to usual belief, does not necessarily imply a superwoman. A mind luminous with the prophetic irony of an Anatole France, and capable of piercing through the accretion of future ages, might behold in some such state, extravagant as it may now seem, one of the inevitable results of the sexual insurrection which subordinated feminine beauty and sexuality, created a sterile third sex, and sent the gentlewoman to her doom. In destroying the lady let us beware lest we fail to rescue the real woman from the ruins.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

THE POETRY OF ALFRED NOYES

BY PHILIP LOMBARD GIVEN

"I ACKNOWLEDGE my greatest debt to Mr. Kipling," said Alfred Noyes in a recent lecture. He was speaking of the influences which had molded his poetic thought. This may well be, for Kipling has created a new form of literature which must be reckoned with by those who come after. No big spirit—and Noyes is one, by the way—can escape Mr. Kipling's influence. It is to actual or at least potential lovers of Kipling that Alfred Noyes speaks. One is impressed with that upon first reading the "East End Coffee-Stall," for example, with its almost brutal strength. But strength is not the only thing in Kipling, and it certainly is not in Noyes, who has taken over more of the inward spirit of Kipling's work than of its rough medium, more of the ringing hopefulness and joy of life than of the sordid exterior. Noyes is a poet, first and always, and sordidness does not of itself delight him; but he is willing, like Kipling, to rub elbows with the rougher parts of life, unlike any modern English poet, except Browning. Mr. Kipling has gone down to the sea in ships and to the East with armies of conquest. "Men live there," is his verdict; and where there is real living there is the joy of life. Mr. Noyes has not sailed the world around in person, quite as Mr. Kipling has; but he has traversed the world and the centuries, too, in imagination. His broad sympathy and understanding of all phases of life is remarkable. His subjects are drawn from every field, and he runs the gamut of human emotions. Already, though still a young man, he has carried us through children's fancies and the joy of youth, to love, romantic adventure, and tragic incident, pictures of roistering taverns, deep woods, enchanted islands, and vast surging oceans, themes of humor, tender memory, courage, and simple faith. All these have been attempted and handled

with equal facility. One begins to wonder what his limitations are. This breadth of sympathy links him with Kipling. Like Kipling, it is not mere versatility, but it is the natural expression of a mind in contact with the elemental part of human nature under all phases. On the surface, there are many differences between the two men. Mr. Kipling is a great writer of stories and of some rather rough, though powerful, verse. Mr. Noyes is the author of a considerable body of poetry in many charming meters and delicate forms of imagination. But the spirit of the two men is the same. To see that Kipling is the starting-point for Alfred Noyes, one has only to compare Noyes's liberal outlook with Tennyson's conventional vision. Alfred Noyes is anything but conventional. He is the spokesman of human nature, quite uninfluenced by the prejudice of class or creed.

To realize Mr. Noyes's power to mingle rough humor with high romance, one has only to read that rollicking, splendidly grotesque tale of "Bacchus and the Pirates." As a recent critic has said, one who read that poem and did not have his heart warmed must have, as the French say, "no interior." Much the same grotesque but delicious theme is found in "Black Bill's Honeymoon" and "Forty Singing Seamen":

Across the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we plodded,
Forty singing seamen in an old black barque,
And we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through the dark!
For his eye was growing mellow,
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,
As was time, since old Ulysses made him bellow in the dark!
Cho.: Since Ulysses bunged his eye up with a pine-torch in the dark!

The reason these poems are so satisfyingly humorous is that their foundation is so big. What is only latent in them is expressed directly in that magnificent swinging poem of marching humanity, "Rank and File."

I

Drum-taps! Drum-taps! Who is it marching,
Marching past in the night? Ah, hark,
Draw your curtains aside and see
Endless ranks of the stars o'er-arching
Endless ranks of an army marching,
Marching out of the measureless dark,
Marching away to eternity.

II

See the gleam of the white sad faces
  Moving steadily row on row,
    Marching away to their hopeless wars:
Drum-taps, drum-taps, where are they marching?
Terrible, beautiful, human faces,
  Common as dirt, but softer than snow,
    Coarser than clay, but calm as the stars.

IX

What do you know of the shot-riddled banners
  Royally surging out of the gloom,
    You whose denials their souls despise?
Out in the night they are marching, marching!
Treasure your wisdom, and leave them their banners!
  Then—when you follow them down to the tomb
    Pray for one glimpse of the faith in their eyes.

This is Kiplingesque strength for you. It is poetry and philosophy as well. There is the stir of valiant endeavor. There is the yearning of a great heart, too, over the sad multitudes of human souls that march through the ages, and a defense of their essential dignity and simple faith.

This plea for simplicity, childlike reverence, and heroic loyalty to those ideals we discover to be our own, is the keynote of Alfred Noyes's philosophy and his message to our chaotic and groping age.

Is the world a heartless mechanism where ideals and emotions are impediments, where we, like little pistons, slide back and forth in a thousand grooves, forever grinding out "products," forever "making good," and forever attaining greater "efficiency"? Or have we found ourselves in a huge arena of conflicting passions, where each individual finds the zest of life in wresting from his neighbor what they neither of them need to be happy, where society is shattered by the struggle of class with class, where the laborer demands more than he deserves, and the organizer is loth to give up that which he did not earn, where the man of thought is driven to watch the struggle in helpless scorn and to express himself, if at all, not in big human emotions, but in subtleties, or in the sensuous enjoyment of beauty? These questions the age is propounding to itself. Most people are avoiding reply by plunging into activity; a few are bitterly answering in the affirmative. The old too literal faith being shattered and none to take its place, men are drifting back upon these rocks.

But to both of these questions as I have put them Alfred Noyes sounds a clarion and prophetic no! Let our struggle no longer be purposeless, our efficiency no longer without a goal. This place we live in is not the world machine of science and business, nor is it merely the economic arena of crude human passions. The world is a place where men labor and struggle, to be sure, but not solely against one another. It is a place where men may be efficient, but not for the sake of efficiency. It is, on the contrary, a region of wonder and romance, where every man is embarked on a great adventure, a joyful adventure, the end of which is mystery, but the manful voyaging of which is the only thing worth while.

Marchaunt Adventurers, chanting at the windlass,
  Early in the morning, we slipped from Plymouth Sound,
All for Adventure in the great New Regions,
  All for Eldorado and to sail the world around!
Sing! the red of sunrise ripples round the bows again.
  Marchaunt Adventurers, O sing, we're outward bound,
All to stuff the sunset in our old black galleon,
  All to seek the merchandise that no man ever found.
Chorus: Marchaunt Adventurers!
  Marchaunt Adventurers!
  Marchaunt Adventurers, O, whither are ye bound?—
All for Eldorado and the great new Sky-line,
  All to seek the merchandise that no man ever found.

This magnificent Elizabethan song from the " Tales of the Mermaid Tavern " strikes the key-note of Noyes's philosophy. It is at once a protest and a promise; a protest against the tremendous but soulless science of the past century and the joyless materialism of the present, and a promise of new hope, new joy, new realms for " hearts of gold " to conquer.

There is not so much need for Mr. Noyes to protest against Spencer and Darwin, because modern scientists, though admitting the great work those men did, have already repudiated their limited philosophies. The Physicist to-day is confronted by the fact that the farther he drives his pitiless logic into the world of atoms and electrons, the more he is involved in mystery and the less likely is the attainment of some irreducible element of matter. The modern miracle is not that the laws of matter may be momentarily set aside; but that matter itself is becoming so shrouded in mystery that it is hard to distinguish the material from the

non-material. The Biologist no longer is satisfied with the simple doctrine of Natural Selection as a blanket to cover all the unexplained facts of reproduction in the world of plant and animal life. He now admits that Chance, after all, is but a word for explaining away what is not yet explained, and that *some* purpose actuates life. Whether that purpose be a mere "will to live," as Schopenhauer tells us, a self-creating and self-directing energy, as M. Bergson would have us believe, or the moral will of Christianity, may still be debated. But clearly Science is no longer trying to crush the element of mystery and wonder out of life. On the contrary, Science is to-day supporting those things more successfully than any other agency, more than religion itself.

What Noyes's poetry protests against, therefore, is not the science of to-day, but the effect of the science of yesterday upon the life of to-day. Mr. Noyes's poetry protests against the swift and pitiless machinery of modern existence. Why is all our life on such a material basis? Why do our rich men think only of accumulating more money and then of the best way of getting rid of it? Why is all our business run for the sake of efficiency in disregard of human lives and happiness? Why are we giving our poorer brothers cleaner houses to live in and better food to eat, but letting them pick up their spiritual nourishment in the gutters? Why are we ourselves overwhelmed with work and worry without any clear idea where it is all coming out? Simply because we lack a goal. We work for the sake of doing something, to relieve ourselves from ennui, or else we allow ourselves to set up goals that in our hearts we know to be unworthy of the best in us. To sensitive spirits, battered almost into indifference by the resistless motions of the social machine, the manly voices of Kipling and Noyes have come with the promise of new life and joy. Kipling has showed us the eternal value and interestingness of human souls wherever they are found, even in the low places of the earth. Life is worth living, after all, even if it is largely sordid and tragic.

So says Mr. Kipling, making self-expression the essential thing; but Noyes goes him one better. Not only can men live to the fullest as they did once under the splendid humanism of Elizabeth's reign, but they can also live for a purpose, the purpose which only whole-hearted loyalty to, and pursuit of, an ideal can give.

Mr. Noyes's poetry is likely to serve as a strong antidote to some recent tendencies in the world of letters. What with Mr. Shaw continually prodding us with his delicious satire and addling our minds with his intellectual somersaults, and what with all the striving novelists and their fearfully pressing problems of sex and society, we have reached a pitch where the wind of a problem play or the tramp of a suffragette makes a timid man wish for a cyclone-cellar. These writers, like the less clever persons who have been satiating us with verse that either is flabbily sensuous or strives after "virile" effects by presenting objects purely brutal and uncouth, have no doubt served their turn. But we listen with relief and joy to a new voice which sings easily and out of a great simplicity, of themes neither superficial nor degrading but ennobling and deep as humanity itself.

I challenge any of Mr. Noyes's clever critics to pen such a rollicking, blissful, mad spring tune as "The World's May Queen," or such a delicately suggestive lyric of tender memory and childlike feeling as "Haunted in Old Japan":

> Music of the star-shine shimmering o'er the sea
> Mirror me no longer in the dusk of memory:
> Dim and white the rose-leaves drift along the shore.
> Wind among the roses, blow no more!
>
> Lonely starry faces, wonderful and white,
> Yearning with a cry across the dim sweet night,
> All our dreams are blown adrift as flowers before a fan,
> All our hearts are haunted in the heart of old Japan.
>
> All along the purple creek, lit with silver foam,
> Sobbing, sobbing voices, cry no more of home!
> Soft beyond the cherry-trees, o'er the dim lagoon,
> Dawns the crimson lantern of the large low moon.

The simplicity of Mr. Noyes's poetry is just the thing that confounds his critics. Accustomed to complexity of thought and subtlety of feeling in the later work of Henry James and George Meredith, and to psychological introspection in all the modern novel writers, and to the clever paradoxes of Chesterton and Shaw, and accustomed in poetry, on the other hand, to the sensuous imagery of Swinburne and the pretty sentiment of some more recent writers, it is difficult for many of the critics to appreciate this new poet with his big thought and his heart of a child. Failing to see

the breadth of his ideas and the depth of his feeling, the only thing left for these gentlemen to do, naturally, is to pick flaws in the form and criticise Mr. Noyes for his lack of compactness and neatness of language and his "journalistic fluency." He is fluent, to be sure, but it is a divine abundance of thought and feeling, not the carelessness of one unfaithful to his art. It may be admitted that his lines have not such condensed beauty as those of Shelley or Keats; but Alfred Noyes has bigger, more human feelings to convey than either of those poets. He does not suggest the Lethean sweetness of the nightingale's song nor the rushing, luminous, aerial beauty of the clouds, but he does sing the joy and greatness of human loyalty and strenuous endeavor. These are great themes, and Mr. Noyes will take his place as their spokesman along with Kipling and Browning, whose splendid humanism, by the way, was decidedly before its time.

No quotation could possibly do justice to these great themes. They are to be found throughout Mr. Noyes's work, and more strongly in his longer poems than in the short ones. In "Drake," we find perhaps their fullest expression. In spite of many youthful defects, of repetition, exaggeration, exuberance of imagery, and a few arid passages, "Drake" maintains a surprisingly high level and comes very near to being a great poem. "Flos Mercatorum," the eighth of the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," is a shorter and more mature expression of this theme of honorable endeavor toward an ideal goal. The narrator, at the close, describes old Whittington, the great Lord Mayor of London, and his Alice, after a life of strenuous labor kneeling like children in prayer.

> From such simple hearts,
> O never doubt it, though the whole world doubt
> The God that made it, came the steadfast strength
> Of England, all that once was her strong soul,
> The soul that laughed and shook away defeat
> As her strong cliffs hurl back the streaming seas.

To categorize Mr. Noyes's poetry as the "bubbling of a mountain spring" is hardly a statement of the whole truth in the face of such high themes as these, so magnificently handled. To call him emotional, but not intellectual, is dangerous, as casting some suspicion upon the capacity of the speaker's own thinking apparatus. Like all men who think

on broad and big lines, Mr. Noyes does not beat about the bush, but marches straight to his goal, not deigning to say clever things which do not advance the main theme, or to placate the persons who " would peep and botanize " about his feet.

And yet Mr. Noyes has lighter moods. Indeed, they are better known than his bigger work. Some of his early songs —if anything can be called early for one still so very young —are very beautiful; for example, " The Return," " O Hedges white with laughing May." The charming lyrics which stud the splendor of " Drake " and the beauty of " Sherwood " would make the fame of an ordinary man; such, for example, as " Nymphs and naiads, come away " or " Now the purple night is past," or Blondel's song in " Sherwood."

" The Flower of Old Japan " is typical of a number of poems dealing with the fancies and emotions of childhood. These poems, like Stevenson's " A Child's Garden of Verses," were, of course, not written solely for children. They communicate to grown-ups the spirit of childhood. This world of fancy not all of us have been through, even as children; but to such as have, these poems bring a renewal of happy dreams and a revelation, too, of our loss through the silent passing of the years.

> *The road to old Japan!* you cry,
> *And is it far or near?*
> Some never find it till they die;
> Some find it everywhere;
> The road where restful Time forgets
> His weary thoughts and wild regrets
> And calls the golden year
> Back in a fairy dream to smile
> On young and old a little while.

If Mr. Noyes, with all his versatility, had done nothing more than lead us into impossible and perhaps really un-Japanese, but dear, delightful Old Japan, he would have deserved a crown of laurel from all the men and women who really once were children. Would that we all might be as successful as Mr. Noyes in keeping fresh within our deepest heart a gleam of the pure child's spirit. For he who possesses it need not wander far afield to satisfy the deepest of human longings, the desire for something beyond our ken which stirs and baffles us in every great work of art or nature

and in every shining human face. It is that which transcends beauty and knowledge, the mystery, and at the same time the heart, of the universe.

A word must be spoken of the rich imagery of Noyes's poetry. It barely needs to be mentioned to recall a hundred examples. No poet since Swinburne, except Francis Thompson, has had such a facile command of visual description. Take, for example, these delicious stanzas from " The Rock Pool ":

> And over soft brown woods, limpid, serene,
> Puffing its fans the Nautilus went its way,
> And from a hundred salt and weedy shelves
> Peered little horned faces of sea-elves:
> The prawn darted, half seen,
> Thro' watery sunlight, like a pale green ray,
> And all around, from soft green waving bowers,
> Creatures like fruit out-crept from fluted shells like flowers
>
> Suddenly, from that heaven beyond belief,
> Suddenly, from that world beyond its ken,
> Dashing great billows o'er its rosy bars,
> Shivering its dreams into a thousand stars,
> Flooding each sun-dried reef
> With waves of color, (as once, for mortal men
> Bethesda's angel) with blue eyes, wide and wild,
> Naked into the pool there stepped a little child.
>
> Her red-gold hair against the far green sea
> Blew thickly out: her slender golden form
> Shone dark against the richly waning West
> As with one hand she splashed her glistening breast,
> Then waded up to her knee
> And frothed the whole pool into a fairy storm!
> So, stooping through our skies, of old, there came
> Angels that once could set this world's dark pool aflame.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the splendid rhythm of Mr. Noyes's poetry. That, like his imagery, is one of the first things to strike the reader, and continue to move him with wonder. It is not that the rhythm is complex. Usually, like his thought, it is easy to comprehend; but complexity and obscurity are not the distinguishing marks of genius, though unfortunately genius is sometimes unable to express clearly its noblest ideas. The Noysian meter, though of great variety, has a certain characteristic sameness; but the one who says to himself, " Go to! I can write

as good," will soon find himself undeceived. The tempestuous sweep of "Drake," the human joy of "The Barrel-Organ," the gay and tender music of "The Companion of a Mile," wherein we find and love Will Kemp, "a man so quick to bleed at a pin-prick or to leap laughing through hell to save a butterfly," all these have rhythms beyond the power of imitation.

My purpose is not to extol Alfred Noyes's power and skill as a poet—that will be recognized soon enough—but rather to understand him and try to put in laboring prose a few of the ideas that underlie his work, and express in conceptual language the meaning of the feelings he arouses. It has been said that "the most important characteristic of the real critic—the man who penetrates the secret of a work of art—is the ability to admire greatly." It is not the only requisite, to be sure, but it is, after all, "the most important." The greatest kind of criticism and, unfortunately, the most scarce, is that which by this method reaches the heart, the spirit, the philosophy of a writer, and does not content itself with an easier and perhaps more entertaining account of the externals of his art.

Mr. Noyes has recently published some forceful appeals for world peace. Thus he would not encourage too close an imitation of the Elizabethan Age, with its rough and somewhat bloodthirsty ways. There is no inconsistency in this. Mr. Noyes's purpose in writing "Drake" and the "Tales of the Mermaid" was not to draw an accurately historical picture of the times. That is the part of the scholar, not of the poet. It may well be doubted that Elizabeth was quite as gracious, or Francis Drake quite as noble, as they are depicted; or that the gods at the Mermaid acted and talked quite so divinely. Yet we may well believe they often rose to such levels or even higher, in spite of the experienced gentleman who was reminded of "the old crowd in Bill's room at college, as described at a reunion dinner by a teary alumnus after three glasses of champagne"! The remark is its own refutation. Mr. Noyes is neither an historian nor a "teary alumnus," but a poet who is trying to give us human emotions at their healthy biggest and deepest. In this sense, he has caught the soul of the Elizabethan Age like no writer since that time. I, for one, do not see in him this "eternal nostalgia of the past, half-stifled by our self-complacency and our belief in human perfectability!" Mr.

Noyes does not necessarily believe in perfectability; but he does believe in the power of ideal concepts of perfection in human life, and it is his endeavor by the use of them to stir the world to nobler quests and more splendid achievement. But clearly it is to civilized, not barbarous achievement. Mr. Noyes can well decry war as wanton destruction and degradation, and urge modern men to find their romance in more civilized ways. Better than plundering Spanish galleons on the high seas is the pursuit of a right, but unpopular, course of action or even a simple and efficient loyalty to one's job.

Among the discordant voices of a multitude of pseudo-spiritual leaders, these things may profitably be spoken with the quiet dignity which they demand. Mr. Noyes sees the confusion of the times and all the running after strange gods—almost laughable if it were not so serious. He was thinking, perhaps, of this baffled searching for spiritual truth when he wrote the dazed and broken cry of the "Mad Moonshee," which expresses also the thought that it is so difficult for people who have accustomed themselves to think in terms of purely material ends to understand a great new spiritual idea:

> If the blossoms were beans,
> I should know what it means—
> This blaze, which I certainly cannot endure;
> It is evil, too,
> For its color is blue,
> And the sense of the matter is quite obscure.
> Celestial truth
> Is the food of youth;
> But the music was dark as a moonless night.
> The facts in the song
> Were all of them wrong,
> And there was not a single sum done right;
> Tho' a metaphysician amongst the crowd,
> In a voice that was notably deep and loud,
> Repeated, as fast as he was able,
> The whole of the multiplication table.

Mr. Noyes, however, has neither the dazed uncertainty of the Mad Moonshee, nor the heavy dogmatism of the metaphysician. His message is clearly a spiritual one. There is nothing in Tennyson, Browning, Kipling, or anywhere else which strikes the spiritual note more boldly than that wonderful song in "Sherwood," "The Old Knight's Vigil":

Once, in this chapel, Lord
  Young and undaunted,
Over my virgin sword
  Lightly I chaunted—
"Dawn ends my watch. I go
Shining to meet the foe!"

"Swift with thy dawn," I said,
  "Set the lists ringing!
Soon shall thy foe be sped,
  And the world singing!
Bless my bright plume for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry.

"War-worn, I kneel to-night,
  Lord, by Thine altar!
Oh, in to-morrow's fight,
  Let me not falter!
Bless my dark arms for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry.

"Keep Thou my broken sword
  All the long night through
While I keep watch and ward!
  Then—the red fight through,
Bless the wrenched haft for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry.

"Keep, in Thy piercéd hands,
  Still the bruised helmet:
Let not their hostile bands
  Wholly o'erwhelm it!
Bless my poor shield for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry.

"Keep Thou the sullied mail,
  Lord, that I tender
Here, at Thine altar-rail!
  Then—let Thy splendour
Touch it once . . . and I go
Stainless to meet the foe."

If poetry is to be the religion of the future, we have here a very successful beginning. It is serious poetry, at any rate, whatever its future rank may be, and it has a remarkably broad emotional appeal. It is not for one class, but for all classes. It is not for esthetes, ministers, or socialists only, but it is for big-hearted leaders of men everywhere.

PHILIP LOMBARD GIVEN.

WRIT IN WATER

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

How very kin is man to nature in his habit of adapting to myriad forms and ends every substance which takes the impress of his spirit, from the hardest granite to the delicate spinnings of the silkworm. Does not Nature, the mother of fair enchantments, do the same thing, with flower and feather, earth and water, and every other element with which she works?

Behold her fair and naughty witcheries with water, with whose mutability she suggests a feminine counterpart to the more seemingly solid and masculine earth, especially as it manifests itself in rugged mountain peaks. Watch her exultant transformations with this most plastic medium, which almost seems like matter on its way to spirit—the spirit which it attains when it is translated by the sun. She makes fogs, vapors, mists, clouds, rain, and rainbows with it; she distils it into dew-drops, or mixes it with earth for the creation of bogs and swamps, or mixes it with minerals for the healing of human ills; she makes brine, surf, and whitecaps with it; she freezes it into snow, hail, and ice, and finally petrifies it, after her manner of running the entire gamut of possibilities.

She hews the hardest rocks with it; she plays with it, sings with it, chants with it, and roars with it—blesses and curses with it, according to the measure of her giving or her withholding.

Beginning with a raindrop and ever adding the little more that finally makes so much, how innumerable is the series of water-wonders she creates till she reaches her climax in the ocean, over which she has so effectively waved her wand that it can be the great communistic bath-tub of the human race and at the same time lose nothing of its perennial sublimity. Like a great literary artist, who from the same ink-

stand and fount of inspiration conjures a triolet, a stately sonnet, a lyric, or a mighty epic, so does Nature, writing from her vast cosmic inkstand of water, enscroll the earth with water-writ songs. Thus the whole globe is set to music—the voice of many waters—which, if one could hear it in its entire volume, might well be one of the mightiest scores in the music of the spheres. And how soothing it is, in the midst of the roar of a great city, to close one's outward ear and with the inward one hear the glad little songs of thousands of brooks, the deep full choruses of great rivers, the solemn chants of waterfalls and cataracts, and the steadfast music of the sea.

Working with earth, the great artist may sometimes write passages which seem to be prose, but never when she writes with water. Even in her most utilitarian strophes of rain-water she uses wild rhythms and dramatic intermezzos of thunder and lightning, sometimes closing her performance with the exquisite envoy of a rainbow.

Nor does she ignore the artistic possibilities of the single drop. By a shrewd control of atmospheric conditions she distils a more ethereal counterpart of the raindrop in the dewdrop, and mimics in its dazzling tints the splendor of all the jewels with which mankind has pieced out his vocabulary of love and pride. With another intercelestial incantation she refines her medium to fogs and mists, abolishing the harsh angles of the world and throwing a veil of glamour over objects which have lost their mystery in the common light of day. (This is Nature, the Mystic, as we again find her in some of her subterranean waterways yet to be mentioned.) Before she has finished experiments with water in its refined form she makes a collaboration with the sun in the moving pictures of cloudland. These, by her own white magic, she continually changes on the reel of nights and days, so that never twice in all the day-paged ages has she repeated herself.

That Nature herself feels a bit of pride in this celestial translation of her work one suspects from her clever arrangement of ocean, lake, and river mirrors which capture the reflections of the clouds and bring them within the myopic range of the man who forgets to look up at the heavens.

Working with her marvelous medium on the earth, Nature keeps her old rule of doing nothing by leaps. From the tiniest rill—a simple little rondeau sung in the wooded hills

—she goes on increasing her volume from pastoral brook and lyric rivulet till she writes a great epic in an Amazon or a Mississippi. By the same imperceptible steps she passes from the ignoble puddle, whose very name classifies it, to the inscrutable pool, full of dreams, the little lake, the larger one, the great lake, the inland sea, and her *magnum opus,* the ocean. Each of these she further varies by her canny sorceries of depth, chemical composition, and reflections, now producing an emerald pool, a salt lake, a dead sea, or the inky oceans of the tropics.

Still ringing new changes on her old songs, the gay leader of these unique orchestras lures her brooks to some steep rocky cliff and dares them to rush over the brink. Being her children, of course they accept the dare, and burst into a sonorous cascade of exultation, which was precisely what the dear old dreamer of dreams intended.

This experiment successfully carried out, she " tries it on " with larger streams all over the world, crowning her achievements with Niagara, the Kaieteur, and the Takakaw Falls in the valley of the Yoho. Then, perhaps by the auto-suggestion of falling water, she works out another idea: if falling water could be so effective, how would it look if rushed up in the air? Why not, indeed, when no sooner thought than done is the watchword of our fair enchantress.

So, commanding her fearful underground Vulcans, she fashions the geyser as easily as a man gets steam from a teakettle. Compared with the tender little folk-song of the brook, the geyser is operatic in its effect and somewhat more like a *tour de force* than waters which simply obey the law of gravity. Having successfully run a stream of hot water up in the air, one expects Nature to reverse her tactics and engineer a river underground, and the dear Lady of Caprice does not disappoint our expectations. For with water, as with every other element in her control, she sooner or later plays the mystic, for ever luring man with the game of hide-and-seek to keep his wonder alive. How many of these mystic underground streams there are that run " through caverns measureless to man " we know as little as we know the number of gold and silver veins yet to be discovered.

Related to the subterranean stream in its charm of mystery are the thousands of springs that bubble out of the earth, now as pure as " dew distilled at even," or again flavored with all manner of minerals for the healing of all

manner of ills. Here also Nature plays another of her favorite games, "guess which," as she does with all her fruits, herbs, and other edibles and non-edibles. Out of a thousand different mineral springs there may be one which will cure you. "Go and find it, then," whispers the silence of this wise Dame Sans Souci; "the game is on with my mineral springs as it is with everything else in my treasure-packed universe, but the rules of the game are precisely the same as those in 'Hunt the Lady's Slipper' which you must play if you would find the one woman in a million—I won't say which million—with whom you would be happy."

Thus with teasing nonchalance Nature bubbles over in thousands and thousands of springs, but will never play the rôle of paternalism to rob mankind of his initiative and the joy of adventure. Another trick of her coquettish habit of keeping man guessing is to put a fresh-water spring in the midst of a body of salt water, so that it is available only at low tide. Still more Shavian whimsies are a hot-water spring bubbling up out of cold water, as it is found in St. Michael, in the Azores, and the Cascades of Hieropolis, falls which were turned to stone by their own deposits slowly made through the ages.

Not only does Nature apparently enjoy playing with the position and composition of her spring waters, but with the size and fashion of the cups, now Lilliputian, now Brobdingnagian, in which she offers them to man. Such a suggestion one gets from some of the hot springs in Abyssinia, which issue from the top of what look like huge ant-hills, twenty feet high, but in reality are pyramids built by successive mineral deposits of the water itself. Still stranger are the beakers she fashions in the shape of water-storing plants for arid regions like the deserts of Mexico. Such plants, "with private cisterns," are the *Ibervillea Sonoræ*, the *Beaucarnea œdipus,* which has the bases of its trunks swollen to a diameter of seven or eight feet, the barrel cactus, and the *Pilocereus fulviceps,* of which a single plant may retain several hundred gallons of water. From these larger goblets Nature tapers down till she plays doll's house with the naughty enticements of pitcher-plants, which she designs in thirty-five species in the tropics alone.

Reading of these parched lands, where the sound of flowing or falling water is never heard, one feels a fresh compassion for the thirsty Israelites, who, on their painful journey out

of Egypt found either no water at all, or found it too bitter to drink. The sympathetic reader finally takes on their symptoms, and finds solid satisfaction in a later record which chronicles the stop at Elim, where there were "twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm-trees." Even more pleasant is the exultant description with which Moses cheered the weary hearts of the Chosen People: "For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills"; here we catch something more than the crass recognition of the practical uses of water. Moses was obviously a pragmatist with margins, for we feel in his description of the promised land a distinctly poetic response to the call of the many-voiced waters.

The same response to the spiritual glamour of water is felt in a fervid verse in Judges: "*The river Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon.*" Something almost like a suggestion of awe is preserved in this record; it was not only a river with all the usual lure of an on-rushing stream, but Age had also lent it her mantle of poetic mystery. One feels the thought of the writer drifting backward on the tide of memory, and conjuring up the scenery on its banks and the various traditions that may have been told of "Kishon, that ancient river, the river Kishon."

As the river Kishon flowed not only through the land which it watered, but also with vivid, throbbing associations through the memory of the writer, so every brook and river on the habitable regions of the globe keeps a double course, one within its own banks and another more perennial one in the cherished memories of men. For to all the water-writ melodies of Nature man has added the overtones of his own associations, glad, sad, and tender, national or personal, or both. To the German the Rhine and the Danube would still be very grandly rushing rivers and flow with undiminished majesty through his memory and literature, though their material waters had long gone dry. So would the "yellow Tiber" lave its secondary literary banks and the Fountain of Bandusia bubble up refreshingly in Horatian meters, though both the original river and spring had been sipped to their dregs by the thirsty sun.

So the Nile, the Ganges, the Jordan, the Thames, the Seine, the Dee, the Doon, the Shannon, and the Mississippi,

like great characters, have woven themselves into the history, song, and story of their respective lands, becoming national assets, material and spiritual, whose value cannot be quoted in terms of the market-place, but rather in those poetic weights and measures which take account of starbeams and shadows.

More blithe and affable than the awesome mountain peak, the brook, river, and lake lend themselves to friendly association. You may fish in them, swim in them, bathe in them, row over them, sing over them, and make love over them, and find them faithful comrades who will match every mood of yours with one of their own. If you are great, they will reflect your greatness with the same selflessness with which they make themselves a mirror for the heavens, still all unconscious of the give and take which may make them famous. Avon and Grasmere are not merely the bodies of water which bear those names, but for ever haloed by their association with the greatness which they helped to foster. In like manner, Walden is Walden plus its associations with Thoreau, as Thoreau is Thoreau plus his associations with Walden and several other things, material and immaterial. In a still greater degree the rivers and lakes of the Holy Land have acquired a spiritual distinction which no body of water in secular lands may claim. Only mention the "Sea of Galilee" to a devout Christian, and you have tuned all his meditations to the pitch of reverence. A good illustration of this effect is given by Whittier in his poem on Palestine:

> Blue sea of the hills, in my spirit I hear
> Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear
> Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down
> And the spray on the dust of His sandals was thrown.

In addition to the national and religious affection inspired by certain rivers, lakes, or other bodies of water, most of us have a more personal and intimate memory of some faraway brook or lake of our childhood—some gay little friendly brook, perhaps, that played with us, whose winning ways made us love all other brooks for its sake. Beginning its tutelage with a child, such a brook weaves a silver thread of poetry through all his early musings, and long after he has passed beyond the echo of its music his homing heart follows its winding curves over woodland ledge and meadow, as his feet followed it in days that have passed into the great river of years.

So essentially poetic is flowing water to eye and ear, and so rich in its symbolic suggestions, that always it seems to give a gentle challenge to poets of all times: "I sing, sing, too, my little brothers." And the challenge has been accepted by almost every poet worthy of the name, from David and Job to the least erected bard of our own time. Overwhelmed by the baffling miracles of water, Job exclaimed in rhapsody:

"He bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds and the cloud is not rent under them." "He cutteth out rivers among the rocks." "He hath compassed the waters with bounds, until the day and night come to an end"; while of the sea, catching its very pitch, he wrote, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." These and many more passages like them show clearly enough that Job did not look upon water, in any of its forms, merely as a material necessity; the cloud interested him more than the fact that its contents might greatly affect his crops. In other words, he felt the poetic spell of water, as David also felt and reflected it in his Psalms.

Whether it plays a rôle itself, or serves as a highly dramatic background for characters of flesh and blood, water is almost as indispensable in literature as in life. What were the mythologies of Greece and Rome, or its great epics without the sounding sea, where the gods played fast and loose with mortals? With no sea as an undulating stage for his bouts with gods and goddesses an amphibious hero like Ulysses would be shorn of half his "god-like" charm. So long has one followed that hero, where the "rainy Hyades vext the dim sea," that one finds it impossible to think of him, even in his old age, settling down to end his days quietly with Penelope on dry land. One may be sorry for his intermittent widow, but one must agree with him and the poets that Ithaca was no place for him, but, instead, the murky sea, where Neptune could furnish enough conflict to meet the most exacting dramatic requirements. Yielding to the same sea-spell, which is a part of the aura of Ulysses, Tennyson puts these words in the mouth of the aged hero:

> Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
> The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
> Of all the western stars, until I die.

Not only are the classics infinitely enriched by the waters which overflow the banks of life into literature, but by mythical reflections of fountains, lakes, and streams which furnish for distinguished shades allegorical comfort and a picturesque passage to The Happy Isles. . . . Lethe, Styx, and Acheron have won their right to existence as surely as if they had real banks with actual water running through them.

Thus all the enchantments which water lends to the earth are duplicated in a second incarnation in literature, where they perform the same mission of irrigating its barren places and making its deserts to blossom as the rose. The great dramatic stories of the Old Testament, The Flood, The Passage through the Red Sea, The Smiting of the Rock by Moses, and the Tale of Jonah do for the historical and genealogical plains of the Old Testament what springs and brooks do for the regions which they bless. In some instances the elusive message of the Water-spirit has been caught with such accuracy by the poets that it seems a clear case of verbal inspiration.

Many of the most haunting poems in the English language were thus born of water; witness Shelley's "Cloud," Byron's "Ocean," Arnold's "Dover Beach," and Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break," "The Brook," and "Crossing the Bar," not to mention "The Passing of Arthur," whose closing scene, in which the barge glides slowly over the water, makes an ethereal ending, a spiritual climax, ideally fitting for an ideal king. Launcelot, or a great many kings, whose names courtesy bids one suppress, might go down to dusty death the usual way without exciting reasonable protest. But there are other characters in fiction, and perhaps in life, who, in their passage to the kingdom of Ponemah, should go by water. This necessity was keenly felt by the authors of the old Anglo-Saxon epics. Unspoiled by the influences of an effete civilization, which might have robbed them of the kinship they felt with the great forces of nature, the heroes of those early epics made a fine dramatic finish, after the manner of King Scyld:

> Away then they bare him
> To the flood of the current, his fond loving comrades
> As himself he had bidden. . . .
> The ring-stemmed vessel,
> Bark of the atheling, lay there at anchor

Icy in glimmer, and eager for sailing;
The belovèd leader laid they down there,
Giver of rings, on the breast of the vessel.

. . . . . .

And a gold-fashioned standard they stretched under heaven
High o'er his head, let the holm-currents bear him—
Seaward consigned him. . . .

By the same dramatic intuitions of a sixth sense which guided the Anglo-Saxon writers, Coleridge used the sea as a background for his most memorable poem, as Joaquin Miller did for one of his strongest—"Columbus." In a word, if a poet will only listen closely enough to its tuition, any brook, river, or sea will half write his poem for him, if he will give it the right of way in his meters, as Schiller proved in his poem, "Der Taucher":

Und es wallet und siedet und brauset und zischt,
Wie wenn Wasser mit Feuer sich mengt.

The plenary inspiration of the Water-spirit is almost as unmistakable in single words of every language, as etymologists long ago discovered. Minnehaha, Shenandoah, Oscawana, Musketaquit, Thalatta, Weiden-Bach, or our own word brook, could never have been the names of rocks or mountains. Even more striking than the water-conferred music and limpidity of single words are the poetic clarity and beauty of almost every figure of speech in which water is the basis of the simile. The Bible is especially rich in tropes from this source: "Thy judgments are a great deep" and "Deep calleth to deep," sang David; and again, "All thy waves are gone over me," and "All my springs are in Thee."

Isaiah also abounds in matchless figures of the same kind: "Then had thy peace been as a river"; "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

Nearly all the poets and prophets of the Old Testament felt and made use of this poetic and spiritual quality of water, and the New Testament, in a heightened degree, continues in the sayings of Christ and his followers the beautiful imagery which it inspired. Although the number and the strength of the metaphors from this source have perceptibly diminished in the centuries succeeding biblical times, there are still numerous illustrations in every generation which show that the poets have continued to draw some of their finest and strongest figures from water in all its

varied forms. "And joy shall overtake us as a flood," wrote Milton; and Shakespeare:

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Equally happy in the same line of metaphorical inspiration was Wordsworth in his poems which have the most spacious atmosphere:

> . . . . though inland far we be
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither.

Again, in Emerson's "Two Rivers" we catch the fancy-loosing spell of water:

> Thou, in thy narrow banks, art pent:
> The stream I love unbounded goes
> Through flood and sea and firmament;
> Through light, through life, it forward flows.
>
> I see the inundation sweet,
> I hear the spending of the stream
> Through years, through men, through Nature fleet,
> Through love and thought, through power and dream.

Rossetti's "glance like water brimming with the sky," and Shelley's lines,

> Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
> Of harmony,

are other illustrations which prove how much more dependable water is than wine as a second aid to inspiration.

Even the twinkle of water—as well as some of its brackish bitterness—has been successfully reflected in a poem by Ben Jonson:

> And sunk in that Dead sea of life,
> So deep, as he did then death's waters sup,
> But that the cork of title buoyed him up.

Inspired by a less cynical water-sprite are Lowell's lines on the bobolink:

> Half hid in tiptop apple-blooms he swings,
> Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,
> Or, givin' way to't in a mock despair,
> Runs down a brook o' laughter thru the air.

With more temperamental use of the emotional pedals is the water-music of Heine's " Fischermädchen ":

> Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
> Hat Sturm, und Ebb' und Fluth,
> Und manche schöne Perle
> In seiner Tiefe ruht.

It is thus evident that not only for all the great experiences of life does water furnish a deep diapason of expression, but also for the lightest gossamer fancies, which it echoes at the other end of its ten-octave keyboard, its vapor, mist, and dewdrop end. Making use of this upper end and the soft pedal, Shakespeare improvised his fairy fancy—

> I must go seek some dewdrops here
> And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

And Keats, at the bidding of a sister muse, made as dainty numbers in several lines in " Endymion ":

> Just as the morning south
> Disparts a dew-lipped rose, . . .
> To summon all the downiest clouds together
> For the sun's purple couch.

A similar pianissimo rendering is the graceful air one finds in a stanza on " Rain," by Mr. Aldrich:

> We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
> A spirit on slender ropes of mist
> Was lowering its golden buckets down
> Into the vapoury amethyst.

Fingering the same marvelously responsive keys, Holmes gave us in his " Sunday Hymn " this religious modulation of Aldrich:

> Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign,
> All save the clouds of sin are Thine.

Nor must one forget, in acknowledging the debt of poetry to the many-voiced waters, the metaphorical wealth which is a by-product of a vast number of nautical terms and the poetical haloes of the mythical inhabitants of the deep. Without water, we should not have Triton and his " bright-haired daughters," the Nereids, sirens, mermaids, and sprites that wind in and out of the measures of the poets, leaving behind them eery echoes of river and sea, echoes

beautifully caught by Euripides in "The Trojan Women," and as beautifully recaught by Professor Murray in his translation:

> Up from Ægean caverns, pool by pool
> Of blue salt sea, where feet most beautiful
> Of Nereid maidens weave beneath the foam
> Their long sea-dances, I, their lord, am come,
> Poseidon of the Sea.

Suffering little by close comparison with the Greek poet are the lines from Keats, written under a similar inspiration:

> The loveliest moon that ever silver'd o'er
> A shell for Neptune's goblet.

Though the land of the poets is pre-eminently "a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths," one also finds in the tablelands of prose many a refreshing spring and river. "Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in," said Thoreau, and if one examines the output of the best prose-writers of any century, one finds that it is often by the rhetorical use of water that they redeem their work from literary aridity.

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

A CONSTRUCTIVE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE—II

THE NEW HAVEN RAILWAY SETTLEMENT

Most of New England's 6,500,000 people live below the northern line of Massachusetts. In density of population Rhode Island stands first in the Union; Massachusetts, second; and Connecticut, fourth. New England's hundreds of cities, towns, and villages are manufacturing centers and its rural population is small.

Its long coast-lines furnishes an unusual number of good seaports. Boston is the fifth largest city in North America, and stands second to New York in volume of imports and sixth in volume of exports, the two combined amounting in volume in 1912 to over $198,000,000.

New England produces no coal, pig-iron, or cotton, and little wool. Most of its raw material is brought in by rail or water, and the greater portion of its manufactured articles reach other parts of the United States and foreign countries in the same way. Its manufactured products approximate in value $3,000,000,000 annually (in 1909, $2,670,066,000).

During the year ending June 30, 1910 (the latest year with available official returns), the New England steam roads had about 8,230 miles of main line, with gross receipts from freight and passenger traffic of about $130,000,000. Notwithstanding the fact that over one-half the territory involved was thinly settled, with scant railroad mileage, they carried 2,463 passengers and 1,203 tons of freight for every square mile of New England territory, while 327 passengers and 623 tons of freight were the average in the United States.

Not only is the prosperity of this region largely dependent upon transportion facilities, but, as its manufactured articles reach practically every town and village in

the Union, its transportation problems affect a large portion of the markets and citizens of the country. Most of New England's freight and passenger traffic is with points to the south and west, and moves over various routes by land and water, some extending southwesterly from New England, some northwesterly, and some westerly. The New England shipper can reach practically any of these points over any of these routes.

The conditions described have prevailed since 1892, except that the railroad mileage has increased slightly and the traffic considerably.

The era of railroad construction found commerce moving almost exclusively by water to coastwise and river points, whence it was distributed, by slow and expensive methods, to a limited territory. New York City had the advantage of a central location on the Atlantic seaboard, with proximity to canal and river navigation, and had already outstripped most of its commercial rivals. Having no navigable streams of consequence, New England relied upon its seaports. It was a land of shipbuilders and seamen, a manufacturing center, and its fine harbors and great fleets of merchant vessels enabled it to hold its own commercially.

During several years succeeding 1832, short lines of railroad were constructed from various New England ports to the interior in a western or northern direction. These, had no western connections, and for many years all commerce still passed through the Atlantic and Sound ports, Boston getting the largest share as the terminus of a number of these short lines.

What is now the Boston & Albany Railroad was extended west to Albany about 1842. Between 1844 and 1849 the original line of the New York & New Haven Railroad Company was built from New York City to New Haven, with connections with various short lines to the interior of New England. These lines furnished the first railroad connections with New England.

Meanwhile New York City had secured several canal and railroad connections with the South and rapidly developing West, and within a short period of time these were extended and a number of new lines added. As railroad transportation was perfected, quicker service to interior points by rail began to supplant boat traffic. A large portion of this commerce then moved from these ports, and by the newly

constructed New York & New Haven line, to New York City, to and from which it passed over New York connections to the south and west. By virtue of this condition New England shipowners suffered and New York City became the sole gateway for much of New England's commerce, giving the manufacturers and merchants of that city substantial advantages over those of New England in the matter of lower rates on raw material and manufactured articles.

To meet this condition the people of New England, about 1852, began seeking new connections with the South and West. By building or extending several rail lines to connections west of the Hudson River one new gateway was developed, another was secured by lines running in a northwesterly direction to connections at or near the Canadian border, while another resulted from the operation of steamboat lines from New England ports to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Norfolk, where connections were made with rail lines extending south and west.

By 1892 ten railroad systems, exclusive of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the Bangor & Aroostook Railway Company, both in Maine, had developed by having absorbed most of the smaller lines by purchase, lease, or stock control. The two lines excepted have never competed in any substantial way with the ten systems and the New England boat lines.

The ten systems controlled about 6,500 miles of main line in New England, with freight and passenger earnings of about $78,000,000, the total mileage of New England being about 7,100, with freight and passenger earnings of about $80,000,000. Of the 600 miles not embraced within the ten systems, the Canadian Pacific and Bangor & Aroostook controlled about 500, and the remaining 100 were mostly industrial and narrow gauge and constituted feeders of the ten systems.

At that time the water traffic of New England (exclusive of boats running to and from Europe, local boat lines, tramp steamers, and bulk cargo carried in barges) was carried by twenty-one boat lines operated by eighteen companies. There were a few trolley lines engaged in passenger traffic.

Nine of these railroad systems were independent, and the tenth controlled by one of the others. Sixteen of the twenty-one boat lines were independent, and five controlled

by three of the railroad systems. The trolley lines were independent and were beginning to compete in a small way.

Some of the boat lines transported passengers, some freight, and some both. The nine independent railroad systems were competitors of one another and of most of the boat lines, and most of the boat lines were competitors of one another and of the railroad systems. All of the ten railroad systems had southern and western connections, some at New York City, some at the Hudson River, and some at or near the Canadian border. Fourteen of the twenty-one boat lines had similar connections at New York City, Philadelphia, or Southern ports.

The New Haven Company was one of the ten railroad systems, and controlled two of the boat lines, and the only rail line from New England to New York City. It owned no trolley lines. It controlled about 850 miles of main line, mostly in the southern half of New England, and had annual freight and passenger receipts of about $16,000,000. It did not reach Boston, but formed parts of several through routes between New York City and Boston.

No new railroad systems have been built in New England since 1892. About 630 miles have been added to the ten systems, and about 470 to the Canadian Pacific, Bangor & Aroostook, and the short lines referred to.

Nine new boat lines have been established, several abandoned, and some consolidated. The trolley mileage has been greatly increased, especially in southern New England, and these lines have become substantial competitors of the railroads.

NEW HAVEN ACQUISITION

By 1913 the New Haven Company (by purchase, lease, stock ownership, contract, or partnership agreement) had acquired substantial control of nine of the ten railroad systems. It had repeatedly attempted to purchase the tenth, and, failing therein, had reduced it to a weak competitor. This control applied to about 6,500 miles of main line, with annual passenger and freight earnings of about $120,000,000, out of a total of about 8,200 miles of such lines in New England, having gross passenger and freight earnings of about $130,000,000 per annum. Of the remaining 1,700 miles, having gross earnings of about $10,000,000 per annum, about 400 miles, owned by the Central Vermont Railroad Company and controlled by the Grand Trunk Railway

Company of Canada, substantially competed with the New Haven. The lines controlled by the New Haven Company earned about ninety per cent. of the gross freight revenue, and about ninety-five per cent. of the gross passenger revenue of all New England railroads. The New Haven Company had acquired control of, or the largest interest in, all of the existing boat lines except six, one of the six being controlled by the Central Vermont Railroad Company, three being weak and unimportant Sound lines, and two operating from Boston to Savannah and Charleston, respectively. This control applied to about eighty-five per cent. of water traffic (as above defined). The New Haven Company had acquired control of about 1,200 miles of the trolley lines in New England, including all in Rhode Island except about forty miles, all in Connecticut except about one hundred, substantially all in Central and Western Massachusetts, and practically all extending from New York City and vicinity into New England. These trolley roads crossed State lines at many points, paralleled lines of the New Haven Company for hundreds of miles, and some of them constituted through routes from the suburbs of New York City to within some fifteen miles of Boston.

FINANCIAL RESULTS OF MONOPOLY

The history of the New Haven presents no exception to the rule that monopolies in time fall of their own weight and decadence. This is illustrated by a comparison of the financial status of the properties involved in 1892 and now.

In 1892 the condition of the New Haven was first-class in every respect. The stock sold readily in the neighborhood of $180 per share, its dividends for years had been substantial and regularly paid, and its securities were regarded as gilt-edge in every respect. In 1913 it quit paying dividends, has a large floating debt, and its stock has recently been quoted below $70 per share. During the period in question its investment in its railroad property increased $165,000,000, while its campaign of general acquisition of transportation facilities and other properties increased its direct liability by $495,000,000, not including an assumed contingent liability of $82,000,000.

In 1892 the Boston & Maine Railroad (the largest of the systems controlled by the New Haven) was prosperous and its stock was quoted around $190 per share. After its con-

trol was acquired by the New Haven it ceased paying dividends after an unbroken record of sixty-four years, and its stock has been quoted on the market below $40 per share.

In 1892 the original steamboat companies were generally prosperous, some paying dividends as high as twenty per cent., and the stock of some was quoted at almost fabulous figures. To-day none of those acquired by the New Haven are paying dividends, and the stock of the Merchants & Miners and that of the Eastern Steamship Corporation are not quoted on the market.

The Massachusetts and New York trolley lines are paying no dividends, the Rhode Island trolleys paid a dividend of about two and three-fourths per cent. last year, while the Connecticut trolleys paid about four per cent.

Complaint of service on the steam lines has been general and insistent, and in 1912 the Interstate Commerce Commission, of its own motion, undertook an inquiry into conditions, resulting in findings too familiar to need quotation.

The above results are not the product of Government interference, but resulted largely from non-interference.

POWERS OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AND THEIR EXERCISE

The Sherman Act prohibits restraint, or monopolization, of interstate commerce, and the Department of Justice has no power under its terms to interfere with what might be termed the domestic organization of a railroad. For instance, it has no power under this act to dictate the officers of a road, or to determine its rates, or the trains it shall operate, or its schedules, or the character of service it shall render its patrons, or to enforce a liability of officers or directors to stockholders. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the various State commissions have jurisdiction over rates, equipment, finances, and other matters not covered by the terms of the Sherman Act, and whatever relief along those lines can be given by the Federal Government is through the machinery furnished by the Commission.

May 22, 1908, Attorney-General Bonaparte, at the direction of President Roosevelt, caused a bill in equity to be filed against the New Haven Company, charging a combination in restraint of trade in the holding by the New Haven Company of control of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and trolley lines in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and praying that the New Haven Company be re-

quired to relinquish such control; this did not include the steamboat lines on Long Island Sound, or the Merchants & Miners Transportation Company, in both of which the New Haven Company had then acquired its interest.

June 26, 1909, Attorney-General Wickersham caused the Government's suit to be dismissed.

After the dismissal of this suit the New Haven Company entered into a contract with the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company to share equally the financial results of the operation of the Boston & Albany Railroad (which is leased for ninety-nine years to the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company). The New Haven Company also acquired a large minority interest (some forty-six per cent.) in the Eastern Steamship Corporation, which owned practically all the New England coastwise steamboat lines aside from those already controlled by the New Haven Company. It also acquired a few more trolley lines in Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York.

Soon after assuming office in the spring of 1913, Attorney-General McReynolds determined upon a complete investigation *de novo* of the status of the New Haven Company in relation to the Sherman Law. As a result of that investigation the Government concluded that the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company had suppressed competition in various ways during the last twenty years, and had established a practical monopoly in railroad, steamboat, and trolley transportation in a considerable portion of that territory. The Attorney-General decided to institute a suit in equity to dissolve the monopoly, and a bill praying for such dissolution was prepared. In the fall of 1913, while this bill was being prepared, the new management of the New Haven Company opened negotiations with the Department of Justice with a view to ascertaining on what terms the latter would be willing to settle the contemplated suit.

The New Haven system is a consolidation of some two hundred corporations of different kinds, most of them having owned or operated railroads, trolley or steamboat lines, and the process of absorption has been going on during a period of more than thirty years. Many of these corporations have been kept alive, some are holding companies for the New Haven, the property of many is leased to the New Haven, and others are controlled through ownership of the

majority of their stock by the New Haven or its subsidiaries.

It was utterly impracticable to reduce the New Haven Railroad system to its original elements, or to attempt to do anything even approximating this, as the result would have been disastrous industrially and financially, and would have introduced chaos into the transportation problem involved.

The Attorney-General indicated to the representatives of the road the outlines of an arrangement which he concluded would result in restoring a fair and reasonable condition of competition within the territory affected.

On January 10th the representatives of the railroad expressed a willingness to recommend to its directors and stockholders an acceptance of the requirements indicated as soon as the details could be worked out.

By March 21st the solution of this transportation problem, the most complicated which has yet arisen under the Sherman Act, had progressed so far as to justify the announcement by those conducting the negotiations that the general terms of the adjustment had been determined, subject to ratification by the stockholders of the New Haven Company, as follows:

(1) The New Haven Company to at once cancel its partnership agreement with the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company for the operation of the Boston & Albany Railroad system, and to restore that system to the exclusive control of the New York Central.

(2) The stocks of the subsidiary companies of the New Haven which control the Connecticut and Rhode Island trolleys to be placed in the hands of trustees—five for each State—and sold within five years from July 1, 1914.

(3) The majority stock of the Merchants & Miners Transportation Company, held by the New Haven Railroad, to be placed in the hands of three trustees and sold within three years from July 1, 1914.

(4) The minority stock in the Eastern Steamship Corporation, now held by the New Haven Railroad, to be sold within three years from July 1, 1914, and in the meanwhile deprived of voting power.

(5) The Berkshire (Massachusetts) trolleys and the New York trolley lines between New York City and Connecticut, to be sold within five years from July 1, 1914.

(6) The Boston Railroad Holding Company is a Massa-

chusetts corporation holding a majority of the stock of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and ninety per cent. of the former's stock, in turn, is owned by the New Haven Railroad. The charter of the Holding Company prohibits it from disposing of the Boston & Maine stock without the consent of Massachusetts. The New Haven to secure from the Legislature of Massachusetts legislation removing this prohibition, and, when this is done, the stock of the Holding Company to be transferred at once to five trustees, and, after arrangements have been made to protect the minority stock of the Holding Company, these trustees to sell the Boston & Maine stock prior to January 1, 1917.

(7) Whether the New Haven Railroad shall be permitted to retain the Sound boat lines to be submitted to the Interstate Commerce Commission for determination under the provisions of the Panama Canal Act.

(8) A decree embodying the foregoing to be entered in the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York. The decree to further provide that upon application of the New Haven Railroad, or the trustees, and for good cause shown, the time within which any of the above-mentioned stocks shall be sold may be extended by the court.

(9) Messrs. Frank P. Carpenter of Manchester, N. H., Henry B. Day of Boston, Mass., James L. Doherty of Springfield, Mass., Charles P. Hall of Boston, Mass., and Judge Marcus P. Knowlton of Springfield, Mass., to be trustees for the Boston & Maine stock. Messrs. Lyman B. Brainerd of Hartford, Conn., Charles Cheney of South Manchester, Conn., George E. Hill of Bridgeport, Conn., William W. Hyde of Hartford, Conn., and Judge Walter C. Noyes of New London, Conn., to be trustees of the Connecticut trolleys. Messrs. John O. Ames, John P. Farnsworth, Rathbone Gardner, Theodore Francis Green, and Charles C. Mumford, of Providence, R. I., to be trustees of the Rhode Island trolleys. All these trustees are men of high character and ability.

On April 21st at a stockholders' meeting of the New Haven Company, approximately 1,000,000 shares were voted in favor of the adjustment offered and 700 against it.

The Legislature of Massachusetts is now considering the Governor's message recommending the enabling legislation permitting the New Haven Company to part with its con-

trol of the Boston & Maine system, and it is assumed that the necessary power will be given and the contemplated decree entered within the next few weeks.

GENERAL EFFECT

The following results have accrued, or will accrue, from the proposed arrangement:

(1) The New Haven Company has already canceled its partnership arrangement with the New York Central for the operation of the Boston & Albany system, extending in a westerly direction from Boston through central Massachusetts to the Hudson River, the competitive independence of this system (about 400 miles) being restored.

(2) The stock of each of the trolley systems of Connecticut and Rhode Island will be placed in the hands of five trustees. It will be the duty of each body of trustees to control the operations of the trolley system in its hands and maintain it independent of the New Haven Company, and with due regard for the public interest, until the stock in question has been disposed of.

A decree is to be rendered by the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York carrying out the terms of the arrangement, and the five trustees will become parties to the suit and officers of the court to carry out the proposed adjustment. Machinery will be provided by the court preventing the stock from being offered to the stockholders of the New Haven Company as a class, either in proportion to their stockholdings or otherwise, or being sold to the New Haven Company, or to any person or corporation to be held in its interest directly or indirectly, or to re-establish in any manner the combination and control which it is the purpose of the arrangement to terminate.

(3) The Merchants & Miners Transportation Company operates two lines of steamers out of Boston and two out of Providence, reaching Philadelphia, Newport News, Norfolk, and Baltimore, and the New Haven Railroad Company owned about fifty-two per cent. of the stock of this transportation company. This stock has already been sold to independent owners with the above-mentioned safeguards against its continued control by the New Haven Company, or any person or corporation acting directly or indirectly in its interests, and the steamship lines in question have already become competitors of the New Haven Company.

(4) The Eastern Steamship Corporation operates lines of steamers from Boston to New York and various New England ports, and some forty-six per cent. of its stock is owned by the New Haven Railroad. This stock will be deprived of voting power at once, and sold within three years from July 1, 1914, with similar safeguards against control by the New Haven Company, as in the case of the Connecticut and Rhode Island trolleys.

(5) The Massachusetts and New York trolleys will be disposed of within five years from July 1, 1914, with similar safeguards against control by the New Haven Company.

(6) The Boston & Maine Railroad Company operates or controls a line running almost directly west from Boston to the Hudson River through northern Massachusetts, parallel with the Boston & Albany system, together with some mileage south of the line in question and some 1,800 miles north thereof. Under the agreement contemplated the majority of the stock in this road, now controlled by the New Haven, will be turned over at once to five trustees. It will be the duty of these trustees to at once assume control of this railroad, and maintain it independent of the New Haven, and with due regard for the public interest, until the stock in question has been disposed of. These trustees will become officers of the court, as in the case of those of the Connecticut and Rhode Island trolleys, and the same safeguards will be provided by the decree against control of the Boston & Maine Railroad by the New Haven. The effect of this part of the arrangement will be to restore at once competition with the New Haven Company over the entire mileage (some 3,200) now controlled by the Boston & Maine.

(7) The New Haven Railroad controls, through the ownership of the entire stock of the New England Steamship Company and the Hartford & New York Transportation Company, eight lines of steamers plying between New York and various Sound ports, and whether it shall be permitted to retain these lines will be determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission under the terms of the Panama Canal Act.

From the above it will be seen that the *immediate result* of the arrangement is the operation, independent of the New Haven Railroad, of the steam lines of the Boston & Albany and Boston & Maine systems and of the Connecticut and Rhode Island trolley lines; the independent handling

of the interest of the New Haven Railroad Company in the outside steamboat lines, with the final disposition of all the New Haven's interest in all these properties, as well as in its Massachusetts and New York trolleys, under orders of the court, within the time specified, and to persons other than the New Haven Railroad or persons or corporations controlled by it.

It is believed by the Government that the proposed arrangement is fair and reasonable, and will result in restoring a substantial condition of competition in transportation within the territory in question.

The contemplated adjustment will free from New Haven control steam roads having about 3,600 miles of main line out of about 6,500 miles now dominated by it. About 3,200 miles of this 3,600 belongs to the Boston & Maine system and constitutes three of the nine New England lines controlled by the New Haven, while the remaining 400 miles so freed constitutes another one of the said nine roads, being the Boston & Albany. The Boston & Maine and the Boston & Albany each constitute a distinct transportation unit, with rolling stock, operating force, and necessary equipment, and each can be operated as an independent unit and in competition with the New Haven. The Boston & Maine controls the Fitchburg Line, running directly west from Boston to the Hudson River, where it has its southern and western connections, and it likewise controls several lines extending from Central New England to the northwest, with connections at the Canadian border with the South and West. The Boston & Albany system extends in a westerly direction from Boston to the Hudson River, where it has its connections with the South and West, and all of the lines referred to will become competitors of the New Haven under independent managements, competing for traffic to and from the South and West with the rail lines of the New Haven running west to the Hudson River and southwest to New York City.

The Merchants & Miners Transportation Company and the Eastern Steamship Corporation are each transportation units, with all necessary operating force, boats, and terminals, connecting at various points with the Boston & Maine and Boston & Albany railroads, and, under independent managements, will furnish natural connections with those lines between New England points and between New Eng-

land and New York City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the South. As in former years, when the Boston & Maine, the Fitchburg, and the Boston & Albany were independent systems, these boat lines will make joint rates with the independent railroads provided for by the proposed arrangement, giving joint rail and water transportation from all Central and Northern New England to the South and West in competition with through rail lines between the same points.

The New England Steamship Company and the Hartford & New York Transportation Company are each transportation units, with all necessary operating force, boats, and terminals, and in case the Interstate Commerce Commission requires the New Haven to surrender the five Sound lines operated by the first and the three Sound lines operated by the second, and the New Haven Company sells the stock of these two steamboat companies, they will likewise furnish competing transportation agencies between the various Sound lines and New York City in competition with the New Haven rail lines, and will also become parts of joint rail and water routes between various interior New England points and New York City and beyond in competition with the New Haven rail lines.

The New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts trolley lines, connecting with one another and with the various Sound boat lines, will constitute transportation units, with all necessary operating force, equipment, and terminals, to enable them to compete with the steam lines of the New Haven, which they parallel for over 1,000 miles.

The New Haven Company will retain some 3,000 miles of main lines, mostly compact and fairly well improved and equipped, and reaching almost every town of any importance in Central and Southern New England. It will still have practically everything which made it a great and successful transportation system before the creation of the monopoly complained of was begun.

The Government has realized that the placing of the many millions of dollars of securities in question on the market at this time, or within a very short time, would likely result in disaster to the property involved and heavy losses to thousands of individuals not directly responsible for existing conditions, and it has given what seems to it to be a liberal time to work out the desired results.

MUST THE CHURCH ADOPT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING?

BY THE REV. J. WINTHROP HEGEMAN, PH.D.,

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A CURE has been found for every disease. This cure-all inheres in the essence of Christianity. The Church as the organ of Christianity ought, therefore, to use it to do away with the causes of disease.

By its very nature this panacea should be able to heal every kind of sickness. It does. Throughout the world to-day hundreds of thousands who have been healed by it are using it to ultimately secure a sickless humanity. It is much farther reaching than the wonders of surgery, laboratory research, preventive medicine, and sanitary engineering in their campaigns against disease. Its possibilities of transformation stagger even the credulous, and for the very joys involved people fear to believe in it, saying, "It is too good to be true!" Christian Science has discovered that it is an essential part of the Christian life practised by Jesus Christ, and was obligatory upon His followers and used by them as correlated with preaching the Word, and for several centuries part of the programme of the Church. It claims that by the use of this panacea it has already healed every known type of disease, and also that the method of its application approximates that of Jesus the Christ, if not identical with it.

The suggestion that the Church adopt it seems to be the limit of superstition and presumption. The Church itself rejects it and denounces those who believe in it. Yet the Church has always believed in a sickless humanity, a happy land, but far, far away beyond this life in the Kingdom of

Heaven. Christian Science, believing the words of Jesus Christ, affirms that the Kingdom is here now, in process of being revealed, and that none of its citizens should be sick. The consummation of this Kingdom of God on earth is not gained by the fiat of the Almighty, but by the process, necessarily long, in those who make its contents living realities. The point for the Church to consider is not whether it is politic or desirable to adopt this healing, but whether, if the contention of Christian Science be made good, it will exercise its function of healing, now nearly atrophied, and thus obey the command of its Head to heal the sick.

This would not be taking up work that is outside its province, because healing was one of its recognized functions for centuries. Nor would it be working with problems which others are better able to solve, or interfering with the profession of materia medica in its various departments. It would not ignore the evolution of society whereby specialization of functions has assigned to doctors the care of the body and to the Church the care of the soul. It is true that ultimately either the doctors will adopt the methods of Christian Science, as some of them now do, or a new body of practitioners will arise to heal by metaphysical means, as many are now doing. Of course, if the Church should take up healing as one of its duties it could not today use its former methods which were on the level of superstitions, fetishes, yogi, fakirs, and quacks. These were the best it then knew, although it should have known better, and they have entirely fallen out of modern consciousness. It could not try to cure insanity by torturing and scourging the body as a means of exorcising an obsessing demon, nor confine victims in the horrors and filth of a Bethlehem Hospital, contracted into the word bedlam as an expression of disgust and reproach. By a changed theory without drugs, Pinel in a few months put an end to such a treatment.

Nor could the Church use any of its traditional prescriptions, of which the following was a favorite: "Take the livers of toads and blood of frogs and rats in an ointment from the body of gibbeted criminals, or, put herbs under the altar, sing nine masses over them, and boil them in sheep's grease and holy salt. Smear the body with this, rub it on the eyes, make incense and frequent signs of the cross, and soon the patient will be better." It should be understood that the adoption of Christian Science healing does not mean the

practice of medicine. This error is the basis of attempted legislation to forbid this healing. It uses nothing but spiritual means. The authorities did not condemn Jesus because He healed the multitudes. This healing is an act of religion. It is used by Christians in obeying their Master, following His example, and proving the truth by signs following. It rejects exercises of will power to control the human mind, or mind-healing, vibrations, mental coercion, telepathy, suggestion, hypnotism in any form, relics or fetishes. It is beyond Emmanuelism, because it makes no use of hypnotic suggestion and does not lean on the arm of materia medica. Because it opposes hypnotic suggestion, which is useless for healing organic diseases, it does not restrict its healing to functional diseases as Emmanuelism does, thus limiting God's ability.

The fundamental fact, which is the main factor of this art of healing, is that *there is a region filled with divine consciousness.*

In it there can be no limitations of time or space, because God is absolute, and must be therefore eternal and omnipresent. Nothing in it can be perceived by physical sense, because God is Spirit, and all the contents of this region must be spiritual. In that consciousness of Good, no thought of evil can anywhere exist, hence, unless sickness be of God and therefore good, it has no existence in Him. Where perfect Life is, there can be no inharmony whatsoever, and as sickness is disturbed harmony, it must be excluded. It is clear, then, that sickness cannot possibly exist in this region of God.

Can it enter somewhere in the unfolding of His Life? As First Cause, creating everything visible and invisible, can the effects contain any thing or quality that is not in the Creator? Can the stream of Truth and Love and Beauty, overflowing from the only Source, receive any tributary flowing in from any possible other source? If sickness entered any part of creation, God must have changed the character He had before He began to create. Equally unthinkable would be the existence of another power which could change the quality of anything that He had made and introduce discord into His infinite harmony. If God be omnipotent, the existence of a power hostile to Him must have been created by Him and endowed with the ability to oppose Him and mar the harmony of His crea-

tions. That would mean that His creations were not perfect. Only perfection can be expressed by a perfect God. If imperfect, then there must have been imperfection in the Mind who thought the universe into being. He could not originate sickness without having first thought sickness as a normal condition of the man whom He created in His likeness. Sickness has no likeness to holiness, wholeness, health.

It is evident there can be no sickness in this region of God-consciousness. Neither can it exist as reality in any of His creations which are never outside, so to speak, of His consciousness.

Although sickness and its causes and resulting miseries seem such necessary experiences of our lives here, and although to mortal thinking it seems impossible to reconcile them to the presence of a good and all-able God, yet the fact must permanently and persistently be held that God is no different now from what He was before worlds began to be. Also that as He pronounced everything that He had made as "very good," it, as a perfect product, cannot be improved by adding anything to it or by taking anything from it. All His works are as perfect to-day as when He created them.

In this region of divine consciousness, where Love is ever active as the Principle of Life, unfolding into billions of types with their infinite variations, there must be now, as before creation, perfect harmony everywhere. As Mind has thought the idea wrought into creation, none can exist which does not express Truth, and is therefore not free from the false. The inhabitants of this region, where God is All-in-all, are filled according to their capacity with the divine consciousness. God is their habitat, and by constitutional oneness with Him they can manifest nothing unlike Him. Yet, sickness actually enters our conscious mortal life, and to those unable to rise into the God-consciousness it seems to be a duty to resort to physicians. As Mrs. Eddy has said: "Sickness is neither imaginary nor unreal—that is, to the frightened, false sense of the patient. Sickness is more than fancy; it is solid conviction."

To this false sense there is another region full of seeming realities. It is the realm of material sense, called by St. Paul the natural man, the old man, and carnal mind. It is at enmity against God. Its god is a compound concept

made of attributes projected from this human mind. It has no existence in reality. He is cruel, jealous, angry, arbitrary, and changeable. Prayers and oblations and vows are the means used to induce Him to do man's will. He sends sickness, and therefore it is useless to ask Him to take it away, so man resorts to measures with which this god is supposed to have nothing to do. Such a concept has been saddled upon our lives by the Church, and even to-day is riding us into all sorts of fears and worries, hypocrisy and material worship. Sickness and sin are ultimately to be destroyed by catastrophism when this god shall throw into the rubbish-heap all his mistakes and misfits.

This region is made up entirely of negations of the positive realities of the region of God-consciousness. Its man is a counterfeit of the genuine superscription of God's image. He is a weaver of his own world, thinking and believing and imagining, and externalizing these concepts upon the material body. That is how he started, according to the second record in Genesis. The supposed ruler of this region is a liar and the father of it. It is the only source and cause of disease, inharmony, and limitations of every kind. Only here can be found the belief in sin, sickness, and death as realities in God's being. The real man, seemingly submerged under this false sense of life, protests against this by his belief that they are an enemy that shall be destroyed. This protest witnesses to the fact that God could not send anything which could possibly be destroyed. He looks by faith through the accumulated false beliefs up toward and a bit into the realities of the Kingdom of God.

A second fact entering as a factor in spiritual healing is that *man is the perfect idea of God.* Made in God's likeness, the very image of Him, his reflection of a perfect Being cannot be imperfect. Neither can it manifest anything which is not in the Original. This man, the reality, is a citizen of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth and not of the supposititious lower region of world, flesh, and devil. Not only not of the lower, but not a compound of both; not at all of the lower, and entirely of the upper, spiritual. The claim of a twofold nature is based upon the respective contents of these two regions. It is like the theory of the ellipse accounting for the orbits of the stars. There are two foci; the real center and an imaginary one. Progress in human life may be measured by the shortening of the dis-

tance between them. Perfection can be fully realized only when God alone becomes the center. Jesus, in His movements about such a real center, had no imaginary center. Although he felt the pull of the world, there was never the slightest deviation from the sweep of the perfect circle of His life.

Another element in spiritual healing is that it is the *demonstration of the presence of the Kingdom of God here now, and the evidence of man as the likeness of God here and now.*

To make this demonstration was the mission of Jesus the Christ. He was made in the likeness of sinful flesh to prove that as the first-born among many brethren He was really the Son of God. Not even in Gethsemane, nor on the cross, did He lose the consciousness of God, even when the task seemed impossible and when it seemed that the Father had forsaken Him. By His works and words and progress out of the claims of the material through the process of daily ascensions, He showed how all could rise into the divine consciousness and there be free from every claim of the region of lies and sickness which were crushing humanity. Sickness, as one of the beliefs of this false region, must be overcome in the same way as sin, by that faith which would lift man into the region where sickness was never known. To the mind of Jesus Christ, the realization of His oneness with God the Father was such a sure conviction that He could not think of Himself or others as entities external to God, independent of Him or separate from Him, and therefore as being sick. His healing was simply not seeing the existence of disease as being more than a seeming reality, thus instantaneously causing its disappearance as light at once banishes darkness. He showed that Light, Truth, Life, Love, Goodness, and Beauty were never absent, and when the beliefs which prevented their realization were overcome, the patient realized that they always had been there. He reflected God and protested against every sense of being a person apart from God. "The works ye see me do, I do not of myself: the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works." He used no will-power or suggestion from the region of the carnal mind life. He healed at a distance, because the Life of God who did the healing encircled all being and there were no limitations of space. The so-called dead were in the same Omnipresence and in that consciousness Jesus

recalled them. Even with Lazarus the power of God, who as Life could have no thought of decay, operated immediately.

To keep in this God consciousness required constant watching and praying, Jesus spending whole nights in prayer. Even when in it, He failed to heal once, and perhaps many times, because the people would not by faith open their lives to receive God. In His native village He could do no mighty works because of their unbelief. Yet only by rising into this region of the Kingdom of God, in conscious realization of God, could healing be done. Jesus told the disciples, who wanted to know why they could not cast out the disease from the lad whom Jesus had to heal because of their lack of faith, that "this kind cometh not forth but by prayer and fasting." That is, if they would have the God-consciousness they must rise into it, negatively by casting out the interfering beliefs of the lower region of the false so as to be able to reflect health, and positively by prayer to so rise into the higher region of Truth that they would be filled with God and consciously realize the power to reflect health and harmony.

One may ask how the healing is effected from a physiological point of view. It is done only from the spiritual standpoint. How does truth destroy an error, or harmony a discord, or beauty ugliness? It is simply a normal condition realized which does the work. To win ability demands study, practice, and striving, and then ultimately man becomes master. Because God is Truth, any truth is of God, and if it be received, God is received in it. A truth acts on an error automatically and instantly. By molecular action through the agency of the subjective mind it removes the materialized effects of error. The approach of the positive drives away its negative.

It is plain that only the God conceived of as Love and Truth and Life, Spirit and Principle, and not God according to the anthropomorphic idea of Him, can effect this. Note that not in a single instance did Jesus resort to any material remedies. There is no evidence that any of His disciples used any power other than that of the Kingdom. The twelve were sent to preach and to heal. The seventy were commissioned to heal the sick, a command as obligatory as preaching the Gospel. When St. Luke, the physician, became a follower of Jesus, he healed only by spiritual power and knew better than to use his former remedies.

Every case of healing was a manifestation of the presence of the God who is Love, Life, Spirit, and Truth.

This is significant of Christian Science healing. Christian Science is primarily the scientific religion of the Christ, and healing disease is simply one of the signs following its exercise. Note well that whenever and wherever men rose into the realms of God-consciousness and realized His Truth, Life, and Love, this supremacy of the spiritual mastered the material. It supplied the widow's cruse of oil and her barrel of flour, as well as enabling Jesus to feed the multitude with seven loaves and two small fishes. Nearly every case was healed immediately. There was no process of recovery, no reaching a crisis, no administering of tonics, no caution about diet or change of air. The sick were well at once, because the God-consciousness entered, thereby healing the error of their mind and removing its effects on the body. The inner man is always healed before the bodily normality results. Disease vanished into nothingness as soon as the presence of health was realized in the God-consciousness, just as an error in mathematics disappears as soon as the correct factor enters. This spiritual healing continued even to the early part of the fifth century in the days of St. Augustine, who records the following instances in his *De Civitate Dei, liber* 22. A blind man was restored to sight. In Carthage a case where a number of fistulæ were removed by the knife, one escaping attention, the doctors tried drugs, but in vain, and to the man's anguish another operation was necessary. The day before the operation friends prayed so earnestly that Augustine said in his heart, "O Lord, what prayers of Thy people dost Thou hear, if Thou hearest not these?" The dreaded morning comes, "the surgeon, with knife in hand, eagerly looks for the sinus that is to be cut. He searches for it, feels for it; he applies every kind of scrutiny, and finds a perfectly firm cicatrix." Innocentia, a very devout woman of the highest rank in the state, when told by the physician that she had an incurable cancer, betook herself to God alone by prayer. When her physician found, on examination, that she was perfectly healed, he asked her for the remedy, and, when told, said in disgust, "I thought you would make some great discovery to me." She replied, "What great thing was it for Christ to heal a cancer, who raised one who had been four days dead?"

This theory of healing is further proven to be Theotherapy by the fact that when the Church lost the sense of God's presence it could not heal the sick. Whenever men realized the God-consciousness by their oneness with Him, like St. Francis, Luther, Wesley, Swedenborg, the Waldenses, and saints in all ages, spiritual healing reappeared.

Keen observers of events assert that the world is about entering upon a remarkable spiritual era. By many signs that is true. If so, then we would have once more the healing of disease by the same power which has been manifested in the days of spiritual men and movements.

We find that it has come in the remarkable spiritual movement called Christian Science, of which healing the sick is simply an insignificant manifestation in the material world of the Kingdom all about us. The claims of this movement as possessing the divine consciousness are based upon the same evidence that Jesus used to convince John that He was from God.

Mrs. Eddy writes:

> The marvelous healing power of goodness is the outflowing life of Christianity. It was the consummate naturalness of Truth in the mind of Jesus that made His healing easy and instantaneous. The master metaphysician understood Omnipotence to be All-power: because Spirit was to Him All-in-all, matter was palpably an error of premise and conclusion, while God was the only substance, Life, and intelligence of man.

The following evidence is submitted to prove that the healing marvels of Christian Science belongs to the region of God's Kingdom. In not a single instance were material methods resorted to. In every case the healing was claimed to be the result of the conscious oneness of the healer in God. Usually the patient felt this spiritual presence accompanying the cure, and rejoiced in that he was made whole.

Of these instances following the writer has personal acquaintance. One was of a physician on the surgical consulting staff of Rush College, a member of its faculty, and a member of the American Medical Association until he became a Christian Scientist. He had tuberculosis, and the prognosis was that he could live only a few months. He had depended on alcohol and heroin, and absolute irresponsibility, insanity, and coming death were the result. After treatments by hypnotists his

physical and mental condition grew rapidly worse, until within a few weeks his reason was gone. After a week of irresponsibility, followed by two days of unconsciousness, a consultation of physicians pronounced him incurable and limited his life to a few days. The night before he was to be taken to an insane asylum a friend suggested Christian Science, and his wife consented in the same spirit of desperation in which any other useless thing would have been allowed. A practitioner came and remained three hours. He says: "At the end of the first hour I was quietly sleeping, and when I awoke in the morning it was with a clear mind and the absolute conviction, which has not changed since, that I was free and well. So far as I know, there is no instance in medical literature of the recovery of any one taking the amount of these drugs which I had been taking. The most remarkable feature of the cure was that there was no period of convalescence. The same afternoon I drove my automobile for two hours without weariness or excitement. Within ten days from the time I was pronounced incurable I crossed the Nevada desert, where unusual endurance and physical strength were necessary. I found from that day that my mental equipment was normal, memory improved, and soon fully restored, compound astigmatism healed, use of tobacco had fallen from me, and gradually a cavity involving the upper part of the left lung became filled with healthy lung tissue." Believing Christian Science to be a variety of suggestion or hypnotism, which he would incorporate in his medical practice, he studied *Science and Health*, and "many times I put it away with a feeling of impatience that the grain of truth which I felt must be there was buried by what seemed to me a mass of nonsense, yet I reflected that thousands of intelligent people had come to the conclusion that these things which to me were absurdities were really profound truths. I have not yet been able to disprove the statements, and so far it has stood all the tests to which I have subjected it. Of the whole list of diseases covered by the standard text-books, between thirty and forty per cent. are supposed to be incurable by the time that diagnosis is possible. According to Christian Science this whole list is wiped out; there is no malady known that has not been healed by this treatment." This gentleman is of a well-known family of professional educators, and his experience is typical of others.

Such an instance is enough to satisfy any honest man that Christian Science did for him what materia medica failed to do, though applied by experts of the highest standing who used all the remedies known to the world of science.

One better known to the writer than this physician was a school-teacher and a preacher who healed himself. He inherited tuberculosis, liver complaint, chronic bronchitis, and dyspepsia, and suffered from the secondary troubles of kidneys, neuralgia, and rheumatism. Physicians and their remedies were useless. By the study of the Bible in the light of *Science and Health* he realized the power of Truth over the human organism. The first result was a consciousness of the reality of the spiritual. Some of his troubles vanished almost at once and others went and came back, but gradually disappeared, not to return. He was freed from every physical trouble and even economic difficulties.

He was led into helping others, and most of his numerous patients were healed and all of them were benefited. One was a man who within a year had fifteen physicans, all of whom diagnosed his case as valvular heart disease, and said that there was no hope. My friend was called in, and the attending physician, after waiting two hours for death to come, went away saying he could no nothing, as the man could not possibly last till morning. My friend gave him Christian Science treatment and in a few days the man was about, and in a few weeks was normal.

The personal experience of the writer in being healed and in healing proved to his complete satisfaction the presence of the Principle who was available in time of need. An attack of acute indigestion was healed by a physician in about a week; a more severe attack two years later was relieved within half an hour by a student of Christian Science; about two years after, another attack was healed instantaneously when he himself applied treatment at the moment when life seemed to be leaving the body.

According to the growth in his conscious realization of the factors of the Kingdom of God he has healed others progressively when called in to minister to them. One was a case of tuberculosis said by the physician to be hopeless. The second, of bladder trouble, diagnosed by the attending physician, who said the patient had only a couple of hours to live. After treatment he was much better and out on the

streets in a few days. The other was a case of valvular heart disease. A specialist and two physicians said the patient was then dying, the death dew on his brow, and kept alive only by oxygen. Christian Science treatment was given, and the sufferer at once became decidedly better and slowly became well.

These are facts which cannot be disproved. They are confirmed in the experiences of hundreds of thousands. Why classify them with schools which merely heal the body when the physical healing is the sign of the inner spiritual health? Why speak of them as coincidences and happenings when the cure has synchronized with or followed the treatment, and had not done so with the medical treatment they had received? Why do those living in the carnal-mind region deny experiences from the spiritual of which they can know nothing?

The healing of Christian Science does not primarily aim at curing the disease or the patient by addressing treatment to either. The healer treats himself so that rising into God he takes with him those who organically are one with him, members one of another, to receive that which he realizes. He becomes conscious by the witness of the Spirit in him that he has drawn power from the same region which supplied the Old Testament prophets and seers, from which the Master drew His life, and which, he has demonstrated, is to-day available. This healing surely is an act of religion. Any one can use it who has the mind to, if he can get the Mind of Christ to heal.

That is the difficulty and the delimiting condition of successful healing. There must be a conviction of the truths of Being as contained in the divine consciousness deeper than that of the beliefs of the carnal-mind region in order to overcome the apathy and inertia and false beliefs which prevent the manifestation of the things of the Kingdom. The aim of religion is to clear away the incrustations, so that, like the cut diamond, there may be the beautiful reflection of the above region. The opposition of errors, cosmic, social, and personal, which cause disease, may be overcome by realizing that the public opinion of God and the universe in favor of holiness, health, is much more powerful.

It is not surprising that from the point of advanced scientists it is conceded that God ought to avail to cure sickness as well as sin. A prominent biologist writes, "As

soon as we realize that the aim of medicine is not to destroy the disease, but rather to stimulate the resisting forces of the body, the whole logic of therapeutics assumes a new aspect.'' Logically, as there is no life or power in matter as matter, and all power is of God, his position leads to Theotherapy.

Why not give reasonable expectation of recovery to the thousands of invalids who could heal themselves so far as their spiritual ability is concerned, if it were not for the fact that they have been educated to believe that the power and love of the Father end as soon as the physician seems to be needed? Why not see the folly of erecting hospitals and endowing homes for the sick and suffering, while doing so little to destroy the causes creating their necessity? Would not our Government have been ridiculed if it had erected hospitals in Manila, Panama, and Havana, and had not used sanitary engineering and preventive medicine to destroy the causes of disease? The Church's touch has about as much efficacy as the King's touch when a hundred thousand touched Charles the Second, and never before did so many die of scrofula.

The touch of the Christ is to-day doing more healing than it did through Jesus.

Science has shown us the psycho-physiological fact of the externalizing of mental conditions upon the body. Why should not the Church inaugurate a special campaign for clean thinking of the Truth which shall etch health upon the body and destroy the causes of disease at their source? Unclean minds externalize filth conditions which produce yellow fever, cholera, malaria, leprosy, bubonic plague, and other diseases. A noble army of martyrs and heroes whose minds were clean knew that these plagues were not sent by God. They externalized their health thoughts in standards and laws, and applied them to the filth conditions and upon the ascertained carriers of disease such as flies, gnats, mosquitoes, rats, and fleas, and the pestilence vanished. In the Philippines they abolished small-pox, and reduced the number of lepers from five thousand to two thousand. The hookworm disease, destroying two-thirds of the natural efficiency of man, was easily overcome. By a knowledge of the realities of Being, Truth has worked to destroy disease through such men as Jenner, Pasteur, Ross, Lazaer, Reed, Carrol, Gorgas, and Ashford, and other devoted men and women.

The higher levels gained through them must be maintained or else there will be a relapse to unclean carnal minds and the externalizing again of conditions of disease. No cure is infallible unless it removes the causes which make it possible. Christian Science the world over has been successfully applying its cure-all and showing how to heal the whole man so that sickness may be eradicated and prevented. On a lower sphere, preventive measures are holding back pestilence. The Church, pledged to a world campaign against sin, sickness, and death, and possessing the most effective prophylactic, seems stupid before its great privilege and opportunity. It seems to have a kind of hook-worm disease destroying its efficiency, or the sleeping-sickness interfering with a wide-awake ministry at points of need. It is not necessary to revert to the seventeenth century, with the plague destroying, in six months, in Naples alone, three hundred and eighty thousand lives, or to Europe in the fourteenth century, within three years, twenty-five million, and in China thirteen million. To-day the Church has its opportunity to begin a specific work against death, the last enemy to be destroyed, and to inaugurate the conditions for a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, and in which the inhabitant shall never say, "I am sick." Shall the Church which must be about the Father's business, composed of personal followers of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," be indifferent to the alleged fact that three million babies die, within a year of their birth, from diseases which can be prevented? One man has reduced the mortality of children in New York City by furnishing milk that is pure. Though a member of the Jewish Church, he has the Spirit of the Christ, and acts according to the science of Christ's Christianity.

Why have not the churches done more to save life? The wonderful healing by Christian Science has demonstrated the facts of the presence of the Kingdom as universal and its contents of God-consciousness as available to-day as ever, and that real man is only spiritual and as the likeness of God reflects Him to destroy everything unlike Him. Therefore the Church, having this cure-all and being an organ of Christianity, ought to obey the Master, whose last words were, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and these signs will follow them that believe . . . they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall re-

cover." As then, so to-day, "they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them and confirming the word with signs following." Healing is one of the signs following the obedience of Christian Scientists.

That the Church may adopt this healing the following propositions are submitted. A sickless humanity presupposes a sinless humanity. The children of God, realizing their divine birthright, are free from disease. They cannot sin because they are born of God. When humanity ceases to think un-Godlike thoughts it will realize its sinlessness and consequent sickness. The Kingdom of God is now here and those really in it cannot be sick because there is no inharmony in the God-consciousness. All sickness has its source in the carnal mind region. This is enmity against God. The Church is commissioned to destroy it. A Christian is a kind of first fruits of the new humanity, a sample of the fruitage of Christianity of which health is one. A transformed life is secured only by the renewing of the mind to gain the Mind that was in Christ Jesus. The method Jesus used was entirely Theotherapeutic. His command to His disciples to heal was of the same obligation as to preach. The test of a disciple was doing His works. Healing was one of the signs which indicated the Christian. It was one of the effects of regeneration of the heart externalized upon the body. It was needed in the days of Jesus as a sign of God's presence. Much more is it needed in this material age to indicate the presence of God as Spirit and all His works, including man, as spiritual. This healing is sacramental as an outward visible sign of an inward spiritual grace and Life from above.

These are simply expressions of some of the contents of the Science of Christianity which are involved in healing the sick. Humanity must follow the example of its type, the Christ. If the Church would realize that it is the Body of which Christ is the Head, it would adopt His commands, which are to-day manifested as practical measures by Christian Science for the understanding that God is All-in-all and would usher in the glad era of a sickless humanity. As one has said, "The Church in its cosmic relations must know the universal Mind, feel the infinite Love, and obey the absolute Good, and so individually enter into partnership with all souls into the divine Beauty, Truth, and Life, and rest in the perfect Reality."

J. Winthrop Hegeman.

WHAT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE REALLY TEACHES

BY REV. RANDOLPH H. McKIM, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

THE May number of this REVIEW contained an article in reply to mine on "Christianity and Christian Science," by the same author who last December defended the thesis that "Protestantism must substantially adopt the faith and practice of Christian Science if its churches are to fulfil their mission in the world."

What now has he to say in rejoinder to my demonstration that the teaching of Christian Science is diametrically opposed to the articles of Faith accepted as fundamental by substantially all the Protestant Churches? He repeats his indictment of the Protestant Churches, charging them with desiccating the Gospel in its theologies, desecrating it in its materialism, and swathing it in cerements of dogmas.

In fact, the foundation of his whole argument is the thesis that Protestantism is a failure. Should we grant this proposition, it would still have to be shown that the principles of Christian Science would redeem the failure, and how could this be possible if, in adopting those principles, Protestantism renounced its own vital principles of being, and thereby committed suicide? Nothing less than this is the conclusion established by my comparison of the two systems.

But we deny that Protestantism is a failure. We affirm that it has won splendid victories in the past four hundred years, and is winning marvelous victories to-day in both Pagan and Christian lands.

Let us come now to close quarters with the argument.

This writer denies that Christian Science has put forth another Bible of its own, for which it claims infallibility. Let us bring this denial to the proof. Observe that Mrs.

Eddy declares that the Bible is full of errors; it is made up largely of myths and fables. "The material record of the Bible is no more important to our well-being than the history of Europe and America." Until made plain by Christian Science, it is of no more value than "moonbeams to melt a river of ice." She proclaims that the Bible can only be understood when interpreted by her book, *Science and Health.* But this, in effect, makes this book and not the Bible our rule of faith and life. Just as the Church of Rome claims that Tradition must be accepted as the interpreter of the Bible, and so exalts Tradition above the Bible, so *Science and Health,* being made the only authoritative interpreter of the Bible, is really exalted above the Bible. You find the Bible teaching certain things, and you think you ought, therefore, to believe them, but Mrs. Eddy tells you you cannot believe them till you ascertain whether her book confirms the interpretation you put upon them. This book of hers, she assures us, is the only book in the world in which truth is to be found without mixture of error—the only book which can separate the chaff from the wheat and guide us through the false and foolish statements found in the Bible. She calls the teaching of *Science and Health* "divine teachings" (*Miscellanies,* p. 302). She says it "registers revealed truth, uncontaminated with human hypothesis" (*Science and Health,* p. 441).

If this book is all that she claims, what is it but another Bible? She puts it above the Bible, which she describes as full of error. For instance, "The second chapter of Genesis contains a statement of this material view of God and the universe, which is the exact opposite of scientific Truth" (*Science and Health,* p. 502).

Again, "The second chapter of Genesis, wherein spirit is supposed to co-operate with matter in constructing man, must be based on some hypothesis of error" (*Id.* p. 503).

Commenting on the statement that God formed man out of the dust on the ground, this woman dares to say: "Is it the Truth? Or is it a lie?" And answers: "It must be the latter."

Thus does this deceiver make the Word of God of none effect. Let no man build his faith or his hope on anything he finds in the Bible, until he has the meaning certified by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy! She alone can certify the check and make it good! It is vain to appeal to the Bible unless

you first put on the spectacles supplied you by this woman in her infallible book!

In denying that Christian Science has put forth a Bible of its own, this understudy of Mrs. Eddy lays himself open to the suspicion that he has not informed himself carefully of her teaching. He does not seem to know that she calls her book "God's Book," and "the Book of Books"—as truly authorized by Christ as the Bible: or that in her *Retrospection and Introspection,* she puts her book above the Bible, and in her *Manual* says, it is not "of human origin," "but God was its author,"—"I was only a scribe echoing the harmonies of heaven." This priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church should inform himself better!

One of the most serious counts in our indictment of Christian Science is that it handles the word of God deceitfully. You will find it using the terms and the phrases of the Bible, but when you examine more closely you will find it emptying these terms and phrases of the meaning given them in the Bible, or else absolutely denying their truth. It talks of God as Creator, and presently we hear it denying the existence of matter, and declaring that God never made the material universe! It talks of the Holy Ghost and of His work as Comforter, and then teaches that Christian Science is the Holy Ghost—so that the promise Jesus made to His disciples was not fulfilled till the year 1866, when Mrs. Eddy received her revelation!

It talks of the Virgin birth of Christ, and then bids us understand that the Virgin gave birth, not to a child, but to an Idea! It talks of the death of Christ—yet presently tells us that He did not really die—He only *seemed* to die! It talks of the Resurrection of Christ—yet gives us plainly to understand that He did not rise from the dead. It accepts the statement that we are reconciled to God by the death of his Son, but hastens to explain that it was only a *seeming* death. It talks about the Incarnation, but what it means by that is Christian Science. It interprets the sublime passage in Isaiah ix, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given . . . and His name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace," to mean, not the Virgin-born, incarnate Son of God, but this philosophical abortion called Christian Science! Could anything be more blasphemous? She even writes (as I pointed out before), "The Star of Bethlehem

is the Star of Boston " leading inquirers to the sacred spot where Mary Baker Eddy was to be seen!

Now this redoubtable champion of this latter-day cult challenges all my quotations from Mrs. Eddy's writings. They do not mean what I understand them to mean! They do not mean what they say!

How unfortunate! We are directed to *Science and Health* as the one and only Key to the Scriptures, as the infallible interpreter, as the one exponent of Truth that is free from error; and lo! it does not teach what it seems to teach, but something quite different! After all, we cannot find in it the pure Truth.

The interpreter must be interpreted! The infallible guide must be explained or corrected by some other tribunal! Even as the Pope's Infallible utterances must be subjected to analysis and interpretation before the good Roman Catholic can rely upon them, so the infallible key of the Scriptures must be put into the hands of some " science-expert " before it can be safely used!

We have at least the comfort that the oracle has spoken in the May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—so far we have guidance. And what do we learn by this inspired utterance?

Well, we learn that we must not take the utterances of *Science and Health* in their natural sense. The fact that Mrs. Eddy declares that Jesus did not die and did not rise again must be considered in the light of the further fact that Mrs. Eddy elsewhere affirms the Resurrection and the Ascension. That is to say, this infallible teacher contradicts herself—or else she uses the words " death " and " resurrection " in a sense not found in Holy Scripture. It is but an example of the way in which this crazy philosophy juggles with words. The writer in the REVIEW even challenges my argument that Martha's statement, " By this time He stinketh," is an evidence of death! He next denies that Christian Science has a Creed, and finds in my phrase, " the Creed of the System," a proof that I have not read Christian Science literature. Now I plead guilty to the fact that I have not read carefully much Christian Science literature, except *Science and Health*—that I *have* read—with toil and pain and difficulty, for such another jumble of ill-digested and inconsistent and self-contradictory philosophical notions I do not believe exists in literature. But I call attention

to the fact that this writer, who declares that Christian Science has "no formal creed," presents us at the close of his article with a Christian Science Creed at least twice as long as the Apostles' Creed! O Consistency! Observe, too, that the Apostles' Creed consists chiefly of brief historical statements, not of elaborate dogmas. Its articles are simplicity itself compared with the Creed of Christian Science given by my critic on p. 733 of the May number of the REVIEW. He does not tell us when, where, and by whom this Creed was formulated. Apparently it is his own handiwork —his own statement of what Christian Science stands for. But, whoever wrote it, it is in many points contradicted by the teaching of *Science and Health.*

He tells us on p. 725 that the adherents of this System "do accept every article of the Apostles' Creed." In refutation of this assertion, I refer the reader to my article in the March number of this REVIEW, in which I have proved by the words of Mrs. Eddy herself that she denies every one of the Articles of the Apostles' Creed. I will not repeat the argument, but will just point out one or two instances of the contradiction between the two systems:

Our Creed says Jesus Christ was "crucified, *dead* and buried." Mrs. Eddy over and over declares that he *was not dead.*

Our Creed declares He *rose from the dead.* Mrs. Eddy declares, on the contrary, that *he did not* rise from the dead.

What kind of agreement is this? Here let me call attention to the similarity of Christian Science to the Gnostic heresies of the second century. Compare, for example, its doctrine with the following account given by the historian of the Docetæ:

"As matter is in itself evil, the [pneumatic] Saviour had only an *apparent body,* or else at baptism descended into the psychical Messiah." Again: "The death on the Cross was either only an optical delusion, or the heavenly Christ had left the man Jesus and returned to the Pleroma."[1]

In like manner Mrs. Eddy tells us that Christ did not die on the Cross; that His Resurrection was only a Resuscitation, and that after the "so-called Ascension" Jesus ceased to exist—Christ alone remained, and Christ was an invisible, impersonal idea. It is to this Docetic heresy that St. John alludes when he says: "Every Spirit that con-

[1] Kurtz, *History of the Christian Church,* p. 98.

fesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: and every Spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it should come" (I John iv., 2, 3).

Again: "Many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. This is a deceiver and an antichrist" (2 John, 7).

Thus Mrs. Eddy had her prototype in the Gnostic Docetæ of the first and second centuries, and St. John warns us that such teachers are deceivers and antichrist.

Let me now point out that Christian Science is, in fact, a *system of Pantheism.* To it the world is God, and God is the world. Man is part of God. It is therefore consistent with itself when it denies that God is a Person. No, He (or rather it) is a Principle. "God," says Mrs. Eddy, "is not a person." God and nature are the same. God is identical with man. There is no such thing as matter. God never created matter; so God is not the creator of the world. The world is not governed by a personal God, outside of nature, but by an eternal, impersonal Principle. But this is Pantheism pure and simple.

Accordingly, Mrs. Eddy teaches that "Prayer to a Personal God is a hindrance." How then can God be a Father if He has no personality? An incident related by President Faunce of Brown University shows the baneful influence of this system. A young man who had passed from Christian Science into Atheism was asked to describe the path he had traveled. He answered: "The Christian Science teacher began by persuading me that God is not personal, but is pure Principle. After some months, I accepted that. Then I said to myself: 'What is a Principle? Does it have real existence? Is it an entity or reality? I soon saw that a principle is an idea of my own mind, and when the Scientist dissolved my God into principle, I ceased to believe in any God whatever. I now believe in myself.'"

I do not forget that Mrs. Eddy says that Pantheism is overthrown by her system, but what then is the meaning of her statement, "God is All in all," and "All in all is God"? My critic reminds me that she grants God may be personal "if the term personality means *infinite* personality." But we remember that she constantly asserts that her revelation in 1866 was a "final revelation," and this was

given body in *Science and Health* in 1875. Now in that book she commits herself irrevocably to the doctrine that God is not a Person, declaring that it was the error of believing in the personality of God that crucified Jesus. This error she considers the great fault of the Christian Church to-day. Hence we must appeal to her *final* revelation that God could not be a Person against her more recent statement that, after all, God is infinite personality.

Our critic complains that I misrepresent the teaching of the great prophetess of Christian Science by tearing the passages quoted from their context. Now it is easy enough to make such an assertion, but let him show the reader how this violence is committed! Let him tell us what possible context could reverse the meaning of such statements as the following: "Miracles are impossible"; "Jesus restored Lazarus by the understanding that he had never died"; "His disciples believed Jesus dead while He was hidden in the sepulcher, whereas He was alive"; "Jesus as material manhood was not Christ"; "Jesus suffered, but Christ never suffered. After the so-called Ascension Jesus disappeared, he ceased to exist. Christ alone remained"; "Man is incapable of sin"; "Is there no sin? The only reality of sin is that unrealities seem real."

Answering the question, "Why did Jesus come to save sinners?" she says, "Jesus came to seek and to save them from this false belief." Or this: "The disciples saw him after his crucifixion and learned that he had not died." Or this: "No final judgment awaits mortals."

All these are definite, positive statements independent of their context. Let the critic explain how any possible context could alter or reverse these assertions.

This *soi-disant* prophetess tells us her book is the infallible Key to the Scriptures. Then surely it ought to be intelligible! But when we take its statements in the natural sense of the English language, we are told that is not the meaning. The true meaning is something entirely different —not discoverable by a plain man who takes words in their natural sense. I will not contradict her when she says that some of her utterances make as much sense read backwards as forwards.

It is to be regretted that my critic should indulge in misrepresentation, when he alleges that I "condemn as apostates" thousands of good people "*because they do not*

seem to believe in a Creed." What I did say was that "whoever leaves the Christian Church to attach himself to it [Christian Science] becomes an apostate from Christianity." And I stand by that statement. If I have proved that, taking Mrs. Eddy's teaching as the authorized teaching of Christian Science, it denies all those great historic facts which lie at the foundation of Christianity, then to accept it is to abandon the Christian Religion.

Nothing could better illustrate the inconsistency and absurdity of the system called Christian Science than the comments of this writer on pp. 730–732. When I show that Mrs. Eddy denies the Virgin birth of Jesus, he quotes in rebuttal a passage in which Mrs. Eddy says, "Had His origin and birth been wholly apart from mortal usage [the thing asserted in the Creed] Jesus would not have been appreciable to mortal man as 'the Way'!" (The meaning of this I do not attempt to explain.) When I show that Christian Science denies the actual, literal death and resurrection of Jesus, he quotes a passage in which the death and resurrection of Christ are affirmed in some unnatural, transcendental sense, quite apart from the sense in which the Bible and the Apostles' Creed set forth those facts. When I show that Mrs. Eddy declares miracles impossible, and affirms that "Jesus restored Lazarus by the understanding that he had never died, not by an admission that his body had died and then lived again,"—what has this oracle to say? Why, he utters a cryptic sentence, the meaning of which appears to be that we are not to suppose that "the falling away of the body extinguishes life." That is, a man's body may become a corpse and be resolved to dust—but his life is not extinguished—he is not dead!

Before closing this paper I must direct attention to the blasphemous comparisons made between the inventor of this new cult and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. She herself indulges in such comparisons, never to her own disadvantage. She claims that the idea of God given through her is "higher, clearer, and more permanent than before," that is, than the one given through Jesus Christ. She encourages the idea that she was the Mother of Mankind, and alters the Lord's Prayer, accordingly, thus, "Our Father—Mother God!"

A recent writer calls attention to an utterance in the *Christian Science Journal in 1899* (owned by her) in which

the claim was distinctly made, "without rebuke from her, that Mrs. Eddy was the equal of Jesus." The same writer tells of an illustrated book called *Christ and Christmas,* published by her in 1894, in which one picture represents Christ with a halo round his head, raising the dead, and another represents a woman with a halo round her head, raising the sick from a bed. She had identified herself with "the woman clothed with the Sun" in the book of Revelation, and put herself forward as the type of God's Motherhood. We are thus face to face with a new form of Mariolatry. Witness the following utterance in the *Christian Science Sentinel,* reporting Mrs. Eddy's address in 1899:

"It was not then Mrs. Eddy whom the people heard, but . . . the voice of God." Another of her worshipers, the President of the National Christian Science Association, writes: "There is but one Moses, one Jesus; and there is but one Mary."

In conclusion, I desire to say with emphasis that I bring no railing accusation against Christian Scientists. On the contrary, I recognize the purity of intention which animates them as a body, and the good which many of them have done.

This, I believe, is in spite of the erroneous system they have accepted, not because of it. My aim has been to show that Christian Science, as set forth in *Science and Health,* is absolutely contradictory of historic Christianity—that the two systems are fundamentally opposed—and that no one can *intelligently* accept Christian Science without repudiating Christianity. I say *intelligently,* because I believe thousands have become members of this new cult without understanding its real teaching. They think it is a new and improved interpretation of Christianity, whereas, in fact, it is a complete perversion and rejection of every fundamental fact of the Christian Religion.

To such I would make an earnest appeal to re-examine the subject in the light of the explanation I have made in my two articles of what Mrs. Eddy really teaches, and to reconsider their position. Is it not a perilous thing to attach oneself to a cult which denies the death and resurrection of Christ? which rejects His atonement for sin? which denies that sin has any reality? which forbids prayer to a Personal God? which reduces prayer to nothing more than the declaration of a principle, including no definite petition?

Can a Christian man give his adherence to a religion which practically eliminates the two Sacraments instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ?

You will look in vain for any baptismal font in a Christian Science Church. And the Lord's Supper is dismissed by Mrs. Eddy as a "dead rite," [*Science and Health* (1888) p. 504], though the Mother Church in Boston does have about once a year what they call "a Silent Communion," but without the elements of bread and wine.

And, finally, can any man who worships Jesus Christ as his Saviour and his God be content to remain in association with a cult which puts Mrs. Eddy on a throne side by side with Jesus Christ—a woman with such a history as hers—an adventuress who stole from Dr. Quimby the systems which for years she acknowledged she learned from him, but afterwards claimed as a special revelation to herself—the founder of a religion which she cleverly manipulated for her own financial advantage, leaving behind her a fortune of nearly two millions of dollars, accumulated by the practice of her cult and the sale for an exorbitant price of her book—her new Bible?

Randolph H. McKim.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

PEOPLE seldom show to so great disadvantage as when wrangling over Bernard Shaw, and it is a comfort nowadays to find them settling down and inclined to take him rather more for granted. Time was when the production or publication of a Shaw play was followed inevitably by a sort of literary influenza. Minds that ought never to have been exposed to Shaw were sure to take him very badly, while the chronic Shavian was almost certain to become intolerable; neither sort could any more keep from writing a column about him than they could stop a sneeze. Shaw himself has turned this tendency to account in "Fanny's First Play," and his burlesque of the critics seems hardly exaggerated:

TROTTER *(wearily)*. And naturally, here we are all talking about him. For Heaven's sake, let us change the subject.

VAUGHAN. Still, my articles about Shaw—

GUNN. Oh, stop it, Vaughan! Drop it. What I've always told you about Shaw is—

BANNAL. There you go, Shaw, Shaw, Shaw! Do chuck it. If you want to know my opinion about Shaw—

TROTTER, VAUGHAN, GUNN *(yelling)*. No, please, we don't. Shut, your head, Bannal. Oh, do drop it.

The deafened Count puts his fingers in his ears and flies from the center of the group to its outskirts, behind Vaughan.

BANNAL *(sulkily)*. Oh, very well. Sorry I spoke, I'm sure.

TROTTER, VAUGHAN, GUNN *(beginning again simultaneously)*. Shaw— Shaw— Shaw—

From the spirit of these discussions it would seem that the effect of this stimulating or, at the worst, provocative

[1] *Misalliance: Fanny's First Play: The Dark Lady of the Sonnets.* By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's, N. Y., 1914. Pp. 245.

writer has often been precisely the opposite of what one would have supposed—reducing the vitality, sometimes even impairing the minds, of the persons who read him. It is probable that the effect of Shaw on a literal mind anxious about Culture, or on an academic intellect already a little run down, is indeed very debilitating, and this may well account for the sort of articles we used to see in some of our more weighty periodicals. "Mountebank," exclaimed one writer, a professor of English, I believe, "mountebank, charlatan, and pygmy soul," and then added rather faintly, as it seemed to me, that if Emerson were to come to life again and meet Bernard Shaw, Emerson would be considerably surprised. Why, he is nothing but a jester, said another, and turned away his eyes; and meanwhile the word "paradox" was heard so often among literary commentators that it seemed like the quacking of some strange aquatic fowl. Amidst these rather unintelligible academic gaspings you could sometimes make out the more distinct reproach that Shaw, though undeniably clever, was, after all, that loathliest and most unpardonable thing, a self-advertiser.

Now among healthy haters damnation could not have taken on these sickly hues. Nobody in a lusty state of indignation would content himself with telling his enemy that he would occasion Emerson some surprise. Nobody in a normal condition would despair of a man on making the really cheerful and interesting discovery that the man was a jester. And as to the taunt of "self-advertisement," what possible sting can be found in a term that applies as well to John the Baptist, Alexander the Great, Job, Shakespeare, and Peter the Hermit as to Bernard Shaw? Yet a large body of Shaw comment, proceeding often from grave and learned quarters, and extending over a term of years, will be found, I believe, to consist essentially of these same harmless mutterings. He is a gymnotus to the literary commentators, whose minds when they touch him are always a little benumbed.

There was, to be sure, Mr. A. B. Walkely, formerly dramatic critic of the London *Times,* the one bright figure in that rather forlorn profession, for Mr. Walkely could no more help writing reasonably and delightfully about a Shaw play than on any other subject pertaining to the stage; but in the collected writings of almost every other dramatic

critic it is wise to skip the inevitable chapter on Bernard Shaw. And even Mr. Walkely cannot quite rid himself of pedantic scruples and must needs get entangled in nomenclature and fidget over some such conundrum as, Why is a Shaw play not a play? after freely admitting that whatever the thing might be called it was about the only really desirable thing in a generation of British playwriting. Which rather punctilious attitude is duly noted by Shaw in "Fanny's First Play," where Mr. Walkely appears, burlesqued as Trotter, the dramatic critic, and is made to say:

> I am aware that one author, who is, I blush to say, a personal friend of mine, resorts freely to the dastardly subterfuge of calling them conversations, discussions, and so forth, with the express purpose of disarming such criticism. But I'm not to be disarmed by such tricks. I say they are not plays. . . .

He declares sternly that he cannot remain in the house another minute if they are to be foisted on him as plays.

> TROTTER. . . . You admire these theatrical nondescripts? You enjoy them?
>
> FANNY. Don't you?
>
> TROTTER. Of course I do. Do you take me for a fool? Do you suppose I prefer popular melodramas? Have I not written most appreciative notices of them? But I say they're not plays. . . .
>
> TROTTER. . . . If you had been classically educated—
>
> FANNY. But I have.
>
> TROTTER. Pooh! Cambridge! If you had been educated at Oxford, you would know that the definition of a play has been settled exactly and scientifically for two thousand two hundred and sixty years. I don't mean in my sense of the word, but in the sense given to it for all time by the immortal Stagirite.

This brings to mind a good many thick and dreary volumes written by persons in this country who do not in other respects at all resemble Mr. Walkely. Had he lived among them, he would, I am sure, have long since recanted. They are the critics by the rule of thumb, who would leave no room for the unexpected. In this time of dearth they are engaged in the unnecessary work of proving beforehand that exuberance is impossible. At a time when the theater is not employed for half the purposes that it might serve, they insist on the limitations of the theater, and peg away at fatalistic definitions which shall exclude for ever the possibility of surprise. Let us be content, they say, with what the stage can give. Beware of breaking the mold, or of mixing the arts, or of failing to "allow for the right effect across the

footlights," or of too much talk, or of thoughts too deep for a crowd, or wit too subtle, or matters too complex or poetic or fanciful. Yet of all times this seems to be about the worst for urging people not to attempt too much. It is a time when every reasonable playgoing body craves the very thing that is antecedently from the critic's point of view impossible. It was not the limitations of the stage that accounted for the fact that we all got so soon to the end of Mr. Pinero some years ago. It was the limitations of Mr. Pinero. Had the late Mr. Clyde Fitch been twice as large and strange, the stage would probably have found room for him. Crowds do not always suffer when good things go over their heads, and we all know that there have been dramatists who quite shamelessly indulged in poetry, theology, metaphysics, anything they liked, cajoling the many while they spoke to a few, or to one man, or to the men of the next century. Current theories of the stage seem never to take into account the fact that, after all, the moments do arrive when we encounter the unexpected and attain the hitherto unachieved, and that these rare moments are the history of the drama. There will never be a good play in this country till the playwright gets him a fairy godmother, and if that time ever comes I venture to say that the man will be a lawbreaker in the land of humdrum, and that no antecedent theory of the stage will have left any room for him. Any man with a high order of talent, like Mr. Shaw, will do things with his tools that are regarded beforehand as highly improbable; he will achieve successfully what all sober critics of the stage to-day would say it is silly to attempt. And as to the man of genius, when have the critics ever guessed in advance what he would be up to?

Some of the best criticism of Shaw has been written by Shaw himself, and put into the mouths of his characters. The "ideas" which he sets forth so triumphantly in the preface do not by any means have everything their own way in the play. The dramatic sense is too strong for him, and he cannot as a playwright remain exclusively a doctrinaire. In some of his plays no one who had not read the preface could have guessed the purpose, and even after you know the purpose it is hard to realize that it has been fulfilled. His own mind may be made up, but his wit is very impartial, and he bestows a fair share of it on the enemies of his cause. It is often astonishing how well the poor fools described in

the preface acquit themselves in the play itself. Johnny, in the play entitled "Misalliance" in this volume, is to all intents and purposes an "ordinary business man," a Philistine, and a "chump." Johnny, to be sure, gets some hard raps in the course of the play and is left at the end of it rather discomfited. But he has his say, nevertheless, and makes out a pretty good case for his own stupidity:

JOHNNY. . . . I bet you what you like that, page for page, I read more than you, though I don't talk about it so much. Only, I don't read the same books. I like a book with a plot in it. You like a book with nothing in it but some idea that the chap that writes it keeps worrying, like a cat chasing its own tail. I can stand a little of it, just as I can stand watching a cat for two minutes, say, when I've nothing better to do. But a man soon gets fed up with that sort of thing. The fact is, you look on an author as a sort of god. I look on him as a man that I pay to do a certain thing for me. I pay him to amuse me and take me out of myself and make me forget. . . . If I buy a book, or go to the theater, I want to forget the shop and forget myself from the moment I go in to the moment I come out. That's what I pay my money for. And if the author's simply getting at me all the time, I consider that he's obtained my money under false pretenses. I'm not a morbid crank; I'm a natural man; and as such I don't like being got at. If a man in my employment did it, I should sack him. If a member of my club did it, I should cut him. If he went too far with it, I should bring his conduct before the committee. I might even punch his head, if it came to that. Well, who and what is an author, that he should be privileged to take liberties that are not allowed to other men? . . . But I do say that the time has come for sane, healthy, unpretending men like me to make a stand against this conspiracy of the writing and talking and artistic lot to put us in the back row. It isn't a fact that we're inferior to them; it's a put-up job, and it's they that have put the job up. It's we that run the country for them; and all the thanks we get is to be told that we're Philistines and vulgar tradesmen and sordid city men and so forth, and that they're all angels of light and leading.

He calls "Fanny's First Play" a mere pot-boiler and says it needs no preface, but he cannot let it go without a little one, nevertheless. In this he implies that the play is an attack on "morality." By "morality" he means "the substitution of custom for conscience." It is better, he says, that young people should have their souls awakened by a month's hard labor in jail than drift along to the end of their lives "doing what other people do for no other reason than that other people do it."

Is it any wonder that I am driven to offer to young people in our suburbs the desperate advice: Do something that will get you into trouble?

Accordingly, the young people in the play do get into trouble; they revolt against "middle-class respectability,"

spend a month in jail with the full approval of their consciences, and in defending their course easily get the better of their scandalized elders.

It is no doubt essential to Shaw's purpose that respectability shall always be scandalized, for how else could his precious Life Force have its way? But it does seem at times a little monotonous. I do not recall a single play in which one set of characters are not being continuously shocked by the too bold thinking of another set of characters. It is all very well for young people to scandalize respectability incidentally while achieving their own ends, but that their lives should be narrowed down to the sole work of scandalizing respectability as an end in itself is, I think, a cruel repression. With Shaw the scandalization of respectability often becomes a restrictive routine quite at variance with his own theories of soul-expansion. Shaw's young people seem never to know what they want till somebody tells them what they ought not to have. They are not free; they are the slaves of eternal contrariety. Instead of "doing what other people do for no other reason than that other people do it," they will often plod along very laboriously in the gutter for no other reason than that other people walk on the pavement. Why their "souls" should "awaken" in the course of this rather mechanical procedure I never could quite make out.

In "Misalliance," Woman at the behest of the Life Force is still pursuing Man as she has been doing in Shawland any time these twenty years. "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" is a trifle in which Shakespeare is the leading character. Nearly half of the present volume is taken up with a charming and altogether unscrupulous treatise on "Parents and Children," which any one who is inclined to believe in Shaw's "philosophy" ought to read in order to rid himself for ever of the notion that Shaw has a single philosophic fiber in his composition. It is a masterpiece of eloquent unqualified assertion in matters of which no honest man, capable of self-analysis, could feel at all certain. He curses his own schooling, says it taught him nothing whatever, and thinks if he could have been free of it and developed in his own way it would have been much better. But how can he judge of that? Had he turned out more Shavian than he now is, society would probably have hanged him.

F. M. Colby.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES. By JOSEPH AUERBACH. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1914.

As a critic, Mr. Auerbach represents both the literary and the practical modes of thought, and the combination makes for vigor and zest. The two volumes of his recently published *Essays and Miscellanies* reflect the enjoyment which a cultivated taste for books may bring to the busy man of affairs—to him, perhaps, in larger measure than to the mere litterateur —and they are further characterized by a logical tautness and trimness and a sober sense for real values which are reactions from a life in which intellectual keenness and soundness are constantly brought into play. As a lawyer, Mr. Auerbach loves clearness and completeness, and is ready to give reasons for the faith that is in him. When he attacks "the increasing disregard among us for literature and for style in composition," he makes his critical standards plain by an abundance of instances. Having absorbed the spirit of the great authors and seized upon their thought with thorough realization of its actual value, he brings sharply home to us the vitality of the relation between literature and life both in the private and in the larger public sense. With freshness and energy he writes of the Bible as a living force in literature, demonstrating with illuminating concreteness—through analysis of phrase and method—how largely modern style owes its best qualities to the Biblical element. Deducing from a study of the Bible narrative such lessons as that of parallelism—by which "the thought of one line is elaborated and reinforced by the succeeding line of similar import or of contrast"—he impresses his readers with a realizing sense of the practicality of the standard which the Bible sets, and of how superior to text-book rules and vague discussions of taste are principles based upon sound and appreciative analysis. Mr. Auerbach has a rather special message for the man of trained intellect who—as Joseph Choate phrases the case in the foreword he has written for *Essays and Miscellanies*—has "allowed himself to become so absorbed in the pressing demands of every-day life as to forget much with which he was once absolutely familiar and to have lost by burial in the gray matter of his brain the great thoughts of great writers which were once his own." The author's plan for a series of classics edited in collaboration by scholars and practical men of the world deserves wide consideration. Writing upon political as well as literary subjects, Mr. Auerbach impresses us by the breadth and honesty of his reasoning, while in his essay upon "A Club" he gives us, through his suggestive rendering of the sentiment common to a group of congenial minds, something of as much value as are his logical conclusions.

IMPERIAL GERMANY. By PRINCE BERNHARD VON BULOW, FORMERLY CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1914.

Prince von Bülow's book is a frank exposition of German national policy, treating broadly, yet with unmistakable positiveness of conviction, conditions, tendencies, ultimate aims—a work by a living maker of history which in an unusual degree serves as a link between the historic past and the probable future. To write of a nation as Prince von Bülow writes of Germany requires an almost metaphysical talent. One cannot convey a just conception of a nation's evolution, destiny, and place in the world without evoking that elusive, easily misunderstood reality, the national spirit—a reality of which the higher wisdom, like the higher patriotism, must take account. This is what Prince von Bülow does for Germany. He gives a coherent, intelligible account of her as a conscious national entity. As his book seems sincerely designed to instruct Germans and arouse their patriotism, it is correspondingly enlightening to the rest of the world.

The line of argument used to justify Bismarck's policy is familiar. Prince von Bülow makes it particularly clear that "so long as the question of German unification was one of home politics, over which the political parties and the government and the people wrangled, it could not give birth to a mighty, compelling national movement." But the union of states was of course only a beginning; the tendency thus inaugurated went much farther than even Bismarck clearly foresaw. Statistics show that without her extensive foreign trade Germany could not begin to support her present population. To protect this trade there was need of a strong navy, but this could not be created without exciting the jealousy of England, in whose policy the maintenance of supremacy over the sea has always been the Alpha and Omega. From the moment when Germany's frontiers became safe from attack, her position resembled England's. The latter nation was bound to be inconvenienced, yet she never had any real ground for extreme hostility or distrust. Prince von Bülow dismisses rather contemptuously the English fear of invasion. His country, he insists, has been true to a purely defensive and peaceful world policy. At the time of the Boer War she resisted the temptation to strike a severe blow at England, aware that by so doing she would simply convert passive resistance into open hostility, and this at a time when there was arrayed against England only a seeming community of European interests. Germany cannot afford to be England's satellite, nor, on the other hand, does she wish unduly to antagonize her. It is true that at the time when there was most discussion in the press of a possible Anglo-German alliance, no such alliance was feasible, if for no other reason, because of the bad position in which Germany would have been placed had the Asiatic questions then pending between England and Russia resulted in war. But there is no real reason why Germany and England should come to blows. The two nations have much in common; they are good customers of each other, and England is not like France, who "moves in a circle round the thought of Alsace-Lorraine."

Of great importance in Prince von Bülow's discussion of foreign relations is his insistence on the distinction between international and continental politics. The latter, he believes, are basic so far as Germany is concerned. "With regard to international politics, England is the only coun-

try with which Germany has an account. As far as all the other European Powers are concerned the contra-account of continental politics is the decisive factor in the attitude they assume toward Germany." And on the Continent Germany is tremendously strong in virtue of the Triple Alliance —a combination of Powers much more solid than the Franco-Russian Alliance, which is said to lack completely any permanent interests hostile to the German Empire which are common to the two nations. France, indeed, is to be regarded as irreconcilable, but the leadership of England in the Triple Entente tends to restrain her. Very illuminating as to the realities of the situation was the Bosnian crisis. In Algeciras Germany had a hard fight to uphold her claims against French demands, which had England's support, and at that time the English policy of "isolation" seemed to have succeeded so far as the grouping of the Powers was concerned. But the group of Powers opposed to Germany fell to pieces when a serious question arose over the annexation by Austro-Hungary of Bosnia and Herzegovina. In Prince von Bülow's opinion, "the attempt to extend the opposition between England and Germany into a system of combined international policy will hardly be repeated, and, if it should be, it will once more be foiled by the hard facts of continental politics, of which the very hardest is the Triple Alliance." Thus Germany in her foreign relations is made to appear as a Power too strong, indeed, to be denied her share in the world's affairs, but not so much threatening as ineffectually threatened—unlikely to be endangered, or to endanger the peace of Europe, because she knows so well where her strength lies. It is altogether a mistake, the Prince points out, to underrate the solidity of the Triple Alliance simply because all the allied Powers, and especially Italy, have interests that lie outside its scope. Italy might not be willing to go hand in hand with Germany and Austria in every possible complication, but neither would she become actively hostile to them. There is much wisdom in the remark of Bismarck to the effect that "it was sufficient for him that an Italian corporal with the Italian flag and a drummer should array themselves against the West—*i. e.*, France, and not against the East—*i. e.*, Austria."

In speaking of domestic politics, Prince von Bülow is not only frank, but sharply critical. The Germans, he declares, are quite lacking in political aptitude. The political parties are solid, inflexible, doctrinaire. Through them the old German tendency to separation is manifested—a tendency strengthened by the characteristic love of logical symmetry and by fondness for fitting realities into a system. Each one of the party programmes involves a whole conception of the universe, and, in consequence, Germany furnishes a rather specially good illustration of the truth that "in states not governed by Parliaments, the parties feel that it is their primary duty to criticize." A case in point is the naïve declaration of a man with whom Prince von Bülow once remonstrated for the bitterness of his attack upon the government. "It is my right and my duty," the man replied, "as a member of the Reichstag, to express the feelings of the German nation. You, as Minister, will, I hope, take care that my feelings do no mischief abroad." As a witty journalist remarked, the German parties have "a great deal of conviction and very little sense of responsibility."

The two great problems of German home politics are national questions and the suppression of the Social Democrats. What appears most manifest in respect to both is the need of a strong hand for the preservation of the national idea. To us the point of view set forth by Prince von Bülow is

likely to seem strangely unideal. Here in America we have a different political metaphysics. Public opinion and not nationalism is our ultimate philosophical substance. We are very ready to assume that political difficulties such as the German government encounters are not only in part, but wholly due to the reaction upon the people of that rigid governmental system itself. But it is useless to quarrel with the results of historic evolution. Doubtless Germany could not have reached her present point of efficiency as an organ of civilization through a gradual development of democracy such as has occurred in England. In Prussia, especially, a timid or neutral policy cannot succeed, as history shows. The effect of such a course upon civil servants, the middle classes, the country population, the army itself, would be demoralizing. The positive, aggressive national policy, the continual hammering in of patriotism, the constant care lest the national idea fail to root deeply enough in the middle-class parties—all this, which seems curious, even repellent, to Americans—is the result of political necessity.

War upon the Social Democrats is openly declared. They are to be beaten, as they have been beaten in the past, through practical politics, through a proper grouping of parties, by so conducting the electoral campaigns that the Conservatives and Liberals may be able to unite. There is a great difference, Prince von Bülow shows, between the Social Democratic party in Germany and elsewhere. In Germany this party is radical, irreconcilable. Both the historic German virtue of capacity for discipline and organization and the ancient national vice of envy help to make the Social Democrats formidable. Their bitterness is intensified by the objectionable caste feeling so prevalent in Germany. To Americans, a state of affairs in which one whole party has to be regarded as a national weakness seems, of course, anomalous. Prince von Bülow speaks, to be sure, of the wisdom of utilizing all party forces—he would not, for example, *annihilate* the Center—but it is evidently not an easy task to secure any real unity of action. Practically there is continual obstruction.

Foreign observers profess to see forces at work in Europe—public opinion among them—which are tending to undermine the old principle of nationality. Prince von Bülow's book is a partial corrective of such views. It expresses sanely and reassuringly the point of view of conservative imperialism, encouraging the belief that the rulers of Germany will, at least for some time to come, continue to interpret rightly the meaning of her evolution. However unnatural and unideal some features of the German political system may appear to us, we cannot but perceive in Prince von Bülow's attitude a sane recognition of realities and much evolutionary wisdom.

THE NEW POLITICS. By WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

The articles by the late William Garrott Brown which have been collected into a volume somewhat arbitrarily entitled *The New Politics*, were written at various times within the last decade—only one is dated as early as 1904—and are of varying degrees of substantiality. For none of them can be claimed the importance of the "special article" based on thorough investigation of one problem, or that of the essay which professes to open up a distinctly new point of view. But, on the whole, the reader will be

inclined to agree with the judgment of Lord Bryce, that these writings are worthy of preservation. They have qualities which raise them above the level of the majority of even the more philosophical journalistic summaries or criticisms. Inclusiveness of thought, tolerance, a fine sense of proportion—these are truly "literary" qualities, which, when supported by an unaffected grace of style, secure permanent freshness and value, giving pleasure and producing a superior sense of conviction.

These qualities are manifest in the opening article, to which the title *The New Politics* rightfully applies. In this the author describes the modern phase of democracy's endless struggle with privilege, formulating with clearness and force a thought that has been gaining strength in the minds of many who are neither socialists nor extreme radicals. "Democracy's task," wrote Mr. Brown in 1910, "is twofold; it must secure for the State, the public, the people, some kind of effective, ultimate control over the natural sources of all wealth; and it must also secure in an industrial system no longer controlled by competition, protection and opportunity for the individual." The change in the conditions that determine politics is thoroughgoing, epochal. Even now old issues are being reshaped, and in particular the struggle over the tariff is becoming "less and less a mere matter of conflicting sectional issues, less and less a matter of contrary economic theories, more and more a part and phase of the great struggle between democracy and privilege in industry."

Mr. Brown was a particularly close and sympathetic student of the South, and his two articles relating to this section are genuinely informing. In "The White Peril" the position of the negro is discussed as affected by changed industrial conditions and by immigration. In "The South and the Saloon" the author, writing in 1908, pointed out the connection between the wide-spread temperance movement and the forms of religious belief most potent with the mass of the people. While somewhat skeptical regarding the permanent effect of a movement so largely inspired by a sort of camp-meeting fervor, he took the larger view that all moral progress is wavelike, and declared that whatever reaction might ensue, the saloon could never be again in the South what it had been in the past.

The articles contained in *The New Politics* are for the most part rather unambitious. In them there is little manifestation of what De Quincy called "a great combining intellect." But they prove William Garrott Brown to have been a true critic and a writer capable of expressing in many cases with clarity and elegance, the sense and inwardness of enlightened, liberal opinion.

ARMS AND INDUSTRY. By NORMAN ANGELL. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1914.

In Mr. Angell's new book, which is largely a restatement and reinforcement of the doctrines set forth in *The Great Illusion*, there is much fundamental truth. With most of the author's general contentions the majority of Americans, who are probably neither extreme militarists by temperament nor extreme imperialists by policy, will be little inclined to quarrel. And yet—searching as is Mr. Angell's criticism of the assumption underlying militarism and "classical diplomacy"—the unprejudiced reader will perhaps feel the need now and then of the proverbial grain of salt.

As between Pacificists and Militarists the discussion has become a battle

of rival theories, with the result that upon either side hardly a statement is made that does not seem too sweeping, too little regardful of the essentially evolutionary nature of the whole problem. Mr. Angell, to say the least, indicates truly the *direction* of evolution with respect to war at the present time; nay, more, he proves it to have advanced farther than in some quarters has been realized. Yet he excites a certain distrust by talking as though the process could be completed almost immediately, and as if men could annul by an act of will the formative effect of the past. Says General Homer Lea: "National entities, in their birth, activities, and death are controlled by the same laws that govern all life—plant, animal, or national. Plans to thwart them, to short-cut them, to circumvent, to cozen, to deny, to scorn and violate them, are folly such as man's conceit alone makes possible. Never has this been tried—and man is ever at it—but what the result has been gangrenous and fatal." In such pronouncements there is an element of fatalism and of passionate belief in war as a necessary and permanent ingredient of human life. Mr. Angell replies with considerable pertinence that "this philosophy makes of man's acts, not something into which there enters the element of moral responsibility and free volition, something apart from and above the mere mechanical force of external nature, but it makes man himself a hopeless slave; it implies that his moral efforts and the efforts of his mind and understanding are of no worth—that he is no more master of his conduct than is the tiger of his, or the grass and trees of theirs; and no more responsible." Thus the discussion actually threatens to include the old problem of free will! But may it not be that the truth, so far as we can grasp it, lies between the extremes of absolute evolutionary law and absolute revolutionary free will? Nations, it would seem, are really organisms, governed in their growth by certain general laws analogous to those of physical organisms. Each has traditions, a character, aims, interest, sentiments, which represent—imperfectly, it is true, yet in a sense that still has meaning—the theoretic common aims and interests of its inhabitants. This, however, need not necessarily mean that public opinion and individual will are wholly unreal or powerless; nor that melioristic efforts—Mr. Angell's among the rest—are all in vain. The creed by which we live amounts to this: that between what is called immutable law in human affairs and what is called—with equal vagueness—free will, some sort of practical reconciliation is possible.

With an abundance of cool reason Mr. Angell points out that, as a result of the improvement of communication and the cheapening of transportation, "hostility based on the line of political geography" has become "irrelevant to real collision of interest and moral conflict." In this there is moral and economic common sense. It is evident that no two European nations display such difference of civilization as must lead to conflict; it is equally evident that the complexity of modern trade relations has brought about a manifold "intersection of political by international boundaries." At the same time we find it a trifle hard to believe that the governments of the world are all under a complete illusion regarding the economic effects of war. Is national evolution, we ask ourselves, capable of such an absolute *reductio ad absurdum*? The fact that each of the great Powers insists that its policy is purely defensive, disclaims the folly of invasion, and is obviously concerned about the peace of Europe, would seem to indicate that each has at stake real interests which are, after all, not easily separable from the national entity. The only rational explanation of their painful

efforts to adjust these interests by diplomacy and a show of force would seem to be that evolution—including the tendencies which Mr. Angell so ably synthetizes—has not yet gone far enough to make practicable anything like a parliament of the world.

As an arraignment of war in the abstract, as a criticism of the mere fetishism of nationality, as a summing up of the influences that are making the settlement of differences by armed conflict continually more illogical, *Arms and Industry,* like *The Great Illusion,* must have great weight. As a complete philosophy of international politics, it leaves us somewhat unsatisfied, because it seems to share in part the grandiose universality of the military theories it was written to confute. Most thinking men will wish Mr. Angell Godspeed in his efforts to hasten the coming of world-wide peace; not all will find in this book conclusive proof that only stupidity bars the way to the realization of that ideal.

THEY WHO KNOCK AT OUR GATES. By MARY ANTIN. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

The new book by the author of *The Promised Land* is essentially a plea —expressed with characteristic earnestness and charm—for altruism in national policy, for fairness, for sympathy. As such, it eminently deserves to be read—not that argumentatively it begins to cover the whole ground, but rather that through its intelligent emphasis upon the elements of idealism and humanity it adds something vital to a discussion that may easily become too exclusively scientific. Intuition, an intimate perception of what the immigrant thinks and feels, are of at least as much value as are tabulated facts and rows of figures.

"The Declaration of Independence, like the Ten Commandments, must be taken literally and applied universally"—this is the key-note of the first chapter of Mary Antin's book. . . . "If we took our mission seriously —as seriously, say, as the Jews take theirs—we should live with a copy of our law at our side, and oblige every man who opened his mouth about it to square his doctrine with the gospel of liberty." Such utterances are exalted, but strike one as a little extreme. They seem for the moment to ignore the old, painful necessity of compromise between ideal and fact—of taking thought for the morrow when we would like to live by faith alone. In close connection, however, with these expressions of faith occurs a more definite declaration of principle: "I do not ask that we remove all restrictions and let the flood of immigration sweep in unchecked. I do ask that such restrictions as we impose shall accord with the loftiest interpretation of our duty as Americans." The author, then, stands on the practical ground where theories and conditions meet, and in one point, at least, she agrees heartily with the scientific restrictionists: the artificial stimulation of immigration must be stopped. No one has put the case against the importation of labor with more passion and point than has Mary Antin. But her discussion of the economic and sociological phases, which the fairness of her mind obliges her to consider, one finds less than convincing—not merely because she declines to thresh over all the statistical straw, but because one suspects a certain falsity of emphasis. It does not altogether quiet our economic doubts to be reminded that "in Texas alone there is room for the population of the whole world, with a homestead of half an acre for every family of five, and a patch the size of

Maryland left over for a public park." And the recommendation of "more evening classes, more civic centers, more missionaries in the field," as a remedy for the conditions resulting from imperfect "assimilation" appeals rather to our zeal for humanity than to our practical sense. Is not our educational system already overburdened? Is not the demand for properly trained educators and uplifters already greater than the immediate supply? Again, in casual comparisons of the ascending immigrant in the cities with the descending Yankee farmer of New England, there is evident need of statistical analysis if any real conclusion is to be drawn.

As we read *They Who Knock at Our Gates* we feel for the most part that we are but listening to one side of a debate—harkening to a speaker eloquent, indeed, and considerate in her handling of opposing views, but hardly an authority or a philosopher. It does us good to listen, if only because the speaker, offsetting one generality with another, shows us how much there is to be said on both sides of the question, and through her earnestness stirs our conscience. But Mary Antin does more than this; for in respect to immigrant sentiment and aspirations she *is* an authority, and she finely destroys the effect of such catchwords as "the scum of Europe." She tells us, for example, of "a poor widow down on Division Street who was complaining bitterly of the hardness of her lot, alone in an alien world with four children to bring up. In the midst of her complaints the children came in from school. 'Well,' said the hard-pressed widow, 'bread isn't easy to get in America, but the children can go to school, and that's more than bread. Rich man, poor man, it's all the same: the children can go to school.'" Facts of human nature such as this—facts that statistics cannot show—we shall take to heart, and they will influence our views.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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POLITICS AND BUSINESS

THE PRESIDENT'S CHANGE OF MIND

BY THE EDITOR

WHETHER consistency be regarded as, indeed, a jewel or, accepting Emerson's definition, as a mere "hobgoblin of little minds adored by little statesmen," the wide latitude accorded to their Presidents by the American people in this respect is so noteworthy as to have become almost proverbial. The correctness of the theory that one should not hesitate to profit from knowledge acquired through experience was realized long before Our Colonel began to blow first hot and then cold to conform to the exigencies of practical politics, but undeniably he taxed it to the utmost without sensibly depreciating his popularity. Because of temperamental differences, that which in him was a change of heart becomes necessarily in our present Chief Magistrate a change of mind, but the effect is substantially the same—a fact which accounts for the quite general approval of the President's seeming reversal of his attitude toward business and business men, as indicated by his personal reception of Mr. Morgan and his official appointments of Mr. Warburg and Mr. Jones.

Whether or not it be true, as carefully hinted from the White House, but, speaking candidly, doubted elsewhere, that the interview with Mr. Morgan took place at his own solicitation betokens little or nothing; the true significance

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of the happening clearly lies in the President's obvious and happy conclusion that his standing before the masses has now become sufficiently secure to enable him to come into actual personal contact with the foremost banker of the country without endangering his political prospects. True, shortly after his rebuff of Mr. Vanderlip and Mr. Davison, the President did admit Mr. Speyer to his presence, but without enthusiasm and only after seeing to it that the door should be left ajar to guarantee the pitilessness of requisite publicity. Wholly aside, too, from the persistence of the banker painstakingly heralded by the alert Secretary to the Administration, there was the further consideration that Mr. Speyer, in common with other distinguished members of his race, had demonstrated his fidelity to true political ideals by contributing freely of his accumulated possessions to the success of the Democratic candidate in 1912. No such reason applied in the case of Mr. Morgan, who, it will be recalled, openly espoused the cause of Mr. Taft without manifestation of shame or apparent suspicion of wrong-doing.

The incident, therefore, appealed to sagacious journalists as a notable event signalizing an abrupt departure on the part of the President from a fixed policy of exclusion of all whose favorable opinion and faithful obedience rested under the faintest shadow of doubt. A further natural conclusion was to the effect that the President was not only desirous of acquiring more explicit information respecting the condition of business throughout the country than he had been able to derive from the official bulletins of the ebullient Secretary of Commerce, but also was willing to convey the impression to the minds of restive manufacturers and merchants of wonted tolerance toward the great body of citizens engaged in commercial pursuits. Needless to remark, such an inference would have been most welcome to those business men not addicted to Christian Science who have imagined the existence of industrial depression. There was, in consequence, a dash of disappointment in the official announcement that "Mr. Morgan knew the President at Princeton," and "the personal element in the call was a large one," and in the President's reported assertion that "the talk had been a cordial one, largely reminiscent, and that Mr. Morgan expressed no opinion on whether business was good or bad." There had been no occasion to discuss pending legislation. The President's programme

was fixed inflexibly and he had no intention whatever of departing from his custom of making the irrevocable acceptance of a definite plan antecedent to the taking of the " common counsel " so highly commended as a constituent element of the newest freedom. If the reminiscences took the form of repetition of opinions of each other said to have been expressed during the past few years by the two old college chums, the meeting could hardly have suffered from lack of interest to the verge of piquancy, but the general impression that the President's chief purpose was to convince Mr. Morgan of the advisability of first completing the series of surgical operations upon business and then providing a protracted rest-cure is probably correct. In any case, " the President added that the attitude of business men seemed to be growing in favor of the Administration trust programme "—an omen surely of the great wave of prosperity which is expected to envelop the country as soon as the crops shall be harvested or a Republican Congress shall be elected—or perhaps both.

The most striking evidence of the President's change of mind was afforded by his appointment of Mr. Warburg and Mr. Jones to membership of the powerful Federal Reserve Board—the one being a partner in the great banking-house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and the other a director of one Trust whose dissolution is being sought by the Government and a large stockholder in another whose profits are extraordinary. Although each was known to the business world as a financier of exceptional capacity, the name of neither was familiar to the public, and the Senate quite naturally, and to our mind quite properly, required specific information as a preliminary of confirmation.

Despite the apparently unanimous opinion of bankers and the New York public journals to the contrary, we can reach no other conclusion than that Mr. Warburg erred in refusing to appear before the committee which was charged with the duty of determining his qualifications. Under the law the Senate was required to share the responsibility for his selection with the President, and clearly was entitled to full knowledge of any facts which might conduce to intelligent judgment. Nor was there the slightest impropriety in requesting Mr. Warburg to appear before the committee in person and answer or decline to answer such inquiries as the members might see fit to make. Indeed, considering Mr.

Warburg's comparatively brief residence in this country, his quite recent naturalization, his never having voted, and his lack of acquaintanceship with Senators, the suggestion seemed so fully warranted as likely to be the most effective and satisfactory, that one can but wonder at its lack of ready response from a mind accustomed to directness in thought and action. That there was any disposition to irritate Mr. Warburg or to embarrass him by placing him in a false light through criticism of his associates we can only regard as an assumption. In any case, no evidence to that effect or of preconceived hostility has appeared; nor is there reason to believe that the committee would have resented courteous refusal by Mr. Warburg to answer questions which he might have considered irrelevant. The natural and, we are convinced, the correct supposition is that Mr. Warburg's qualifications are so obviously apparent that, if he had acceded to the wholly proper request of the committee, his nomination would have been confirmed promptly and unanimously. If it should finally fail or be withdrawn, we cannot but consider that the loss to the country of exceptionally valuable services will be attributable to personal supersensitiveness rather than to official obduracy.

That the President appreciated the peculiarity of Mr. Jones's appointment and anticipated the probability of opposition is made manifest by the plea which he advanced in his letter to Senator Owen. Of all the unusual steps taken by the President to achieve a personal purpose this was perhaps the most striking, and, but for the assumption that he had been misinformed, which unhappily is mystified by his insistence in the face of Mr. Jones's own revelation, could hardly be reckoned defensible.

"I am afraid," the President wrote, "that Mr. Thomas D. Jones is the man about whom the committee will have the least information, and I venture to write you this letter to tell you what I know, and fortunately I can say that I do really know it."

Following this positive assurance of definite knowledge of the facts, he said:

> His connection with the Harvester Company is this: He owns one share, and only one share of stock in the company, which he purchased to qualify as a director. He went into the board of the Harvester Company for the purpose of assisting to withdraw it from the control which had led it into the acts and practices which have brought it under the criticism

of the law officers of the Government, and has been very effective in that capacity.

His connection with those acts and practices is absolutely nil. His connection with it was a public service, not a private interest, and he has won additional credit and admiration for his courage in that matter.

Commenting with characteristic terseness and in this instance with exceptional accuracy, Sir George Perkins, who in conjunction with Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick and Mr. James Deering organized the Harvester Trust, promptly remarked:

From the above statement the average reader can gather but one impression, *viz.*, that Mr. Jones, as a public-spirited citizen, acquired one share of stock in the Harvester Company so that he could enter its board of directors to assist other men on that board to withdraw the company from a control that was pernicious, and to correct acts and practices that were wrong and which have been condemned by the law officers of the Government; that by exercising great courage he has effected these changes and has won additional credit and admiration for his course.

Sir George vigorously denied these allegations in the following words:

At the time Mr. Jones entered the board there was absolutely no division in the board on the subject of the company's practices, so that Mr. Jones could not have entered it to join any particular faction concerned over the company's practices and looking for help to bring about reforms. There was no suggestion by Mr. Jones or any one else that he should come on the board to assist in reforming the company. Indeed, he came on the board at the invitation and through the votes of the very men who were responsible for the company's organization and subsequent management. There has been no revolution in the methods or conduct of the company since Mr. Jones became a director. We have, without exception, been a unit in believing that the company's methods have been not only legal, but honorable and fair.

Here was involved a distinct issue of fact which could be resolved satisfactorily only by Mr. Jones himself, who appeared promptly before the committee and caused no little amazement by confirming Mr. Perkins's statement in every particular. Excerpts from his testimony are as follows:

Senator HITCHCOCK. Would you like to state to the committee your reasons for your going into the directorate of this company without having any financial interest in it?

Mr. JONES. Certainly. I had been on terms of close intimacy with the McCormick family since I went to Chicago, over thirty years ago, and in the early part of 1909 they said to me that there was a vacancy on the board of the Harvester Co. and they would like me to consent to become a director. I told them what they knew already, that I had no interest what-

ever in the stock of the concern, and had no plans contemplating an investment; and they said they knew that, and that it was not an investor in stocks that they were looking for; it was somebody who could afford to give the time and was willing to give the time—such time as would be demanded as a director of the company—and they asked me as a personal favor to consent to do so.

Senator HITCHCOCK. Not for any compensation?

Mr. JONES. Not the slightest nor the promise of any or the expectation of any.

Senator POMERENE. When you say "they," will you please state the names?

Mr. JONES. Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick was the man who asked me; but he told me that he was speaking on behalf of his mother and brother and sister and the family. My acquaintance had been a family acquaintance from the time I went to Chicago.

Senator HITCHCOCK. It was then a matter of personal feeling for the McCormick family that led you to become a director, acting on a desire to gratify them?

Mr. JONES. The request was made to me as a personal favor, a personal matter, and that was the initial motive in my giving consent.

. . . . . .

Senator HITCHCOCK. Are there any other questions?

Senator CRAWFORD. Just this: Before Mr. McCormick suggested that you take a place on the board of directors did he give you an outline of the reasons why he wanted you on the board and what particular theories or purposes he had in mind to carry out in connection with this organization and its future plans?

Mr. JONES. No, sir. I have given substantially the entire transaction. He merely asked me, on the score of old and long-standing friendship, to consent to go on the board.

Senator CRAWFORD. And you did not commit yourself to any specific plan?

Mr. JONES. I did not, sir, at all.

Senator CRAWFORD. That is all.

Mr. JONES. And I was not asked to.

. . . . . .

Senator HOLLIS. I would like to ask a few questions: In 1909, Mr. Jones, you had to make up your mind whether you would become a director of the International Harvester Co.?

Mr. JONES. Yes, sir.

Senator HOLLIS. And you had to satisfy yourself upon certain problems. Now, you knew at that time that the International Harvester Co. was popularly called the Harvester Trust?

Mr. JONES. Yes, sir.

Senator HOLLIS. And you knew that throughout the West, or in some sections, there were charges that they acted as a monopoly, acted oppressively, and raised prices by unfair means. You knew those charges were made?

Mr. JONES. I did.

Senator HOLLIS. You did not want to become a director in a concern like that, did you?

Mr. JONES. No, sir.

Senator HOLLIS. And therefore you had to pass judgment for yourself as to whether those charges were true?

Mr. JONES. In a general way, I did.

Senator HOLLIS. Yes; in a general way.

Mr. JONES. I did.

Senator HOLLIS. Now, if you had believed that these other officials with whom you associated yourself were lawbreakers and were acting in violation of the Sherman Anti-trust law, would you have become a director?

Mr. JONES. No, sir; I would not if I thought so at the time.

Senator HOLLIS. At the time; I am speaking about 1909.

Mr. JONES. Yes, sir.

. . . . .

Senator HOLLIS. Now, going back to the 1909 situation, when you joined the company, was there any reason in the world why you should have associated yourself at that time with a company of lawbreakers?

Mr. JONES. Not the slightest.

Senator HOLLIS. Was there anything in it for you?

Mr. JONES. Nothing whatever in it, either financial or sentimental. I believed that the gentlemen who asked me to go in were not lawbreakers, and that is the reason I went in. If after I went in I had found out that they were, I would have gone out of the company.

. . . . . .

Senator REED. You knew of the contention which the Government was making, that the International Harvester Co. and its allied corporations constituted a combination in restraint of trade in this country?

Mr. JONES. I did.

Senator REED. And you took part in the segregation of the European business from the American business?

Mr. JONES. I did, sir.

Senator REED. Thus to that extent eliminating that company from any attack which might be made by this Government?

Mr. JONES. I did.

Senator REED. And you knew that the Government contended that this was a combination in restraint of trade?

Mr. JONES. That the International Harvester Co. was; yes, sir.

Senator REED. Yes. And it contended that even after the segregation of the European business?

Mr. JONES. Yes, sir; but not as to the European business.

Senator REED. No; not as to the European business; but it contended that the business here in the United States was still a combination in restraint of trade and a monopoly?

Mr. JONES. Yes, sir.

Senator REED. Now, Mr. Jones, what did you do, if anything, toward endeavoring to secure a dissolution of this monopoly here in the United States which the Attorney-General was charging and complaining was a monopoly?

Mr. JONES. Well, I cannot claim, Senator, that I advanced any specific proposal for the segregation. Various suggestions were made to the Attorney-General in an attempt to meet his views as to what ought to be done.

Senator REED. Well, did he state what his views were? Did you understand what the Attorney-General's views were?

Mr. JONES. No, sir. I had no personal interview with the Attorney-General.

Senator REED. Well, I mean you got it from your representatives and attorneys and agents, who came and laid it before the board of directors?

Mr. JONES. Yes, sir.

Senator REED. You then knew in a general way what the Attorney-General's views were?

Mr. JONES. I knew in a general way that the Attorney-General insisted that the corporation would have to be split up, and the question was to what extent it would have to be split up.

Senator REED. Did you ever make any motion to the board of directors to split it up and make it conform to the requirements of the Attorney-General?

Mr. JONES. I did not.

. . . . . .

Senator NELSON. Well, Mr. Jones, I will put the question to you in a brief form. On the whole, you approve the course of this company; you approve the course of this New Jersey company and its two affiliated companies?

Mr. JONES. Since I became a member of the board of directors.

Senator NELSON. And indorse everything they have done since then?

Mr. JONES. Since then.

Senator NELSON. And approve of it?

Mr. JONES. I do, heartily.

It appears, then, that, unless Mr. Jones mistakes his own motives the President was misinformed in these particulars: (1) Instead of going into the board "for the purpose of assisting to withdraw it from the control" then existing, Mr. Jones became a member solely to oblige his friend, Mr. McCormick, who as president and chief owner had constituted a large element of that control; (2) Instead of being animated by a desire to reform "the acts and practices which have brought it under the criticism of the law-officers of the Government," he was not even aware of such acts and practices and, if he had known of any, he would not have become a member; (3) Instead of having been "very effective in that capacity" (of reformer of wrongful acts and practices), he has voted invariably to support and perpetuate the original and continuing control, whose policies without exception he "heartily approves"; and (4) Instead of rendering "a public service," he did, in fact, represent "a private interest" and could not well have won "additional credit and admiration for courage" which he had no occasion to display.

In other respects—*i. e.*, as to Mr. Jones's ancestry—his fidelity to "the rights of the people," his being "a man

whom I can absolutely guarantee in every respect," " the one man of the whole number who was in a peculiar sense my personal choice," the President's knowledge, having been acquired at first hand, is undoubtedly correct. These claims to consideration were established beyond peradventure by Mr. Jones himself when he supported Mr. Wilson unwaveringly at Princeton and when subsequently he made generous contributions, first in aid of his candidacy for Governor of New Jersey, then in his preliminary canvass for the nomination at Baltimore, again in his campaign for the Presidency, and finally in the purchase of a public journal to the end that his administration should not lack of helpful interpretation and effectively eager support.

The President made no mention of the Zinc Trust in his letter of commendation, but Mr. Jones sketched its history with noteworthy succinctness and admirable frankness. His brother and himself owned the Mineral Point company, which was capitalized at $400,000 and had paid no dividends. They sold it to the Trust and received in payment $900,000 of stock, upon which dividends have been paid regularly for seventeen years on a rising scale, until they reached first 30, then 40, and, last year, 50 per cent., thus yielding to the brothers several millions in excess of the value of their original property.

The company's exceeding prosperity is due, according to Mr. Jones, to its possession of a unique mine which constitutes " a natural monopoly " and gives virtual control of the market. Profiting from this circumstance, the company raised the price of zinc two years ago and increased its dividends accordingly. It would seem, therefore, despite Mr. Jones's insistence that customers have been " treated fairly," that his various contributions to worthy causes must be traced through the agency of a monopoly directly to the users of zinc. Mr. Jones defined his own position clearly.

Senator HITCHCOCK. One of the purposes in creating the new banking and currency system is to decentralize the banking power in the United States.

Mr. JONES. Yes, sir.

Senator HITCHCOCK. Which has been used to create monopolies. And I suppose that thought has been in the minds of some when the question arose as to your connection with two concerns which seem to have for their purpose a creation of great combinations; and the committee was curious to know whether your views were in harmony with the opinion of

the country, which is strongly opposed to anything tending to centralize or monopolize business.

Mr. JONES. I have not the slightest hesitation in answering any questions along that line that may be asked as to what my views may be as to general policy. I am thoroughly in accord with what I believe to be President Wilson's policy in destroying monopoly.

Senator HITCHCOCK. How would you go to work in destroying the zinc monopoly.

Mr. JONES. I do not believe it is destructive, because I do not believe it is a monopoly in that sense.

Senator CRAWFORD. That is a case where the supply has been limited by nature and is not limited by artificial combination.

Mr. JONES. Exactly.

Inasmuch as the province of the Federal Reserve Board is to execute, not to formulate, the laws, we perceive small point in Senator Hitchcock's line of argument, except perhaps in so far as it evinces a conflict in theory between an avowed beneficiary of a monopoly and the Democratic party. Nevertheless, if Mr. Jones is in accord with "the President's policy," what more in reason could be desired?

The real point against Mr. Jones is the fact that at the moment of his appointment he was individually a defendant in the Government's suit for the dissolution of the Harvester Trust, involving the following allegations:

The Government charges that the defendants have absorbed competing companies, but concealed their ownership, permitting them to be advertised "as wholly independent and without connection with them, the 'trust' or any 'combination,' intending thereby to mislead, deceive, and defraud the public and more effectually cripple existing competitors and keep out new ones." The bill contains these charges: "Defendants have resorted to unfair trade methods; have made inaccurate and misleading statements concerning rival machines or concerning the credit of competitors; have by misrepresentations sought to induce competitors' agents and dealers to abandon them and in divers unfair ways have endeavored to destroy them, and for the purpose of destructive competition have reduced prices of their machines in some localities below cost of production and distribution, while keeping prices up in other localities. Defendants have systematically bought up patents upon harvesting machinery, tools, and implements, and acquired all new inventions therein, in order thereby more effectually to perpetuate the combination and monopoly."

The case has been argued, and a decision may be rendered at any time. If the Government shall lose, Mr. Jones's skirts will be cleared; if it shall win, the Government could, but probably will not, proceed against Mr. Jones under the provision of the Act authorizing criminal prosecution. In any event, even now he is before the court

charged as a violator of the law and, of course, ought not to be made an officer of the Government which is accusing him while the outcome is pending.

The President's motives need not be questioned, even though the wisdom and propriety of his action be doubted. Mr. Jones has fully demonstrated the ability ascribed to him, and his personal integrity is universally conceded. The country may well rejoice if by chance, when these words reach the reader's eyes, the one cloud shall have been lifted from his title and the way be cleared to profit from his services. But what will Our Colonel say? What, between ourselves, would the then President of Princeton have said if President Roosevelt had appointed Sir George under like circumstances? The analogy is perfect. Mr. Jones and Mr. Perkins are associate directors of the same amalgamation and enthusiastically uphold its practices; they are co-defendants in the Government's suit; they acquired their possessions in substantially the same way; they proclaim their fairness to consumers while taking advantage of monopoly to fix prices of products; both are patriotic citizens and purifiers of politics; each is vouched for unqualifiedly by the grateful beneficiary of his largess. It is not a question such as Thad Stevens raised, as to "which is our damned rascal"; it is rather and more ideally, Which is *my* good angel? Even the most uncompromising moralist of his age did not fail to mark the distinction between a halo of silver and a cross of gold.

Not consistency, but the ox is the jewel of politics. And the questions which determine his color are but two! Whose is it? And can he draw?

But business is business. Having finally traced the source of the Administration's optimistic view of existing conditions to Mr. Jones's highly favorable reports from the zinc trade, let us resume. It is the Democratic Senate now which is to be congratulated upon having found a zealous defender.

"It would be particularly unfair to the Democratic party and the Senate itself," writes the President, "to regard it as the enemy of business, big or little. I am sure that it does not regard a man as an object of suspicion merely because he has been connected with great business enterprises. It knows that the business of the country has been chiefly promoted in recent years by enterprises organized

on a great scale, and that the vast majority of the men connected with what we have come to call big business are honest, incorruptible, and patriotic. The country may be certain that it is clear to members of the Senate, as it is clear to all thoughtful men, that those who have tried to make big business what it ought to be are the men to be encouraged and honored whenever they respond without reserve to the call of public service."

"It is," he continues, "the obvious business of statesmanship at this turning-point in our development to recognize ability and character, wherever it has been displayed, and unite every force for the upbuilding of legitimate business along the new lines which are now clearly indicated for the future."

A truism, no doubt, but well spoken at the needful turning-point in party policy so aptly indicated! Having thanked God and taken courage, let us consider briefly the present status of the legislation which is to remove the shackles from the emaciated legs of tottering commerce.

Mr. Henry Watterson, in the course of an impassioned appeal to the Senate to "pass the Bills and go home," pronounces discussion useless because of the common understanding and approval of the measures themselves. If the distinguished journalist's premise were correct, we should not deny his conclusion. But the fact, we fear, is that the public has very slight comprehension of the scope, meaning, or probable effect of this proposed drastic legislation. With due respect we question whether even our otherwise enlightened contemporary could present an intelligent syllabus of any one of the three pending measures. We doubt if the President himself possesses the complete understanding which Mr. Watterson supposes to be universal.

The bills were drawn hurriedly and passed by the House of Representatives under whip and spur, with full expectation that they would be reconstructed by the Senate. For that, if for no other, reason the average citizen has awaited their appearance in final form before passing judgment or even essaying examination. Already innumerable changes have been made by the Senate committees, or rather by the Democratic members thereof, since Republicans have not as yet been brought into consultation. It is a fact well known, moreover, that scores of amendments have been prepared and that discussion will surely be prolonged. Despite the

physical discomfort and mental laxity which now pervade the Upper Chamber, it is inconceivable that Senators like Mr. Borah and Mr. Cummins, who rank as experts upon economic legislation as compared with the framers of the bills, and who are not accustomed to shirk their duties, will yield readily to solicitation for hasty action. Meanwhile, the difficulty of maintaining a quorum will increase and, human nature being such as it is, the mere acerbities which invariably spring from such conditions will make no small contribution to delay.

Mr. Watterson's cry of "full speed ahead," as the outgiving of a chivalric Democratic spirit eager to avert possible repudiation of his President at the polls, is undoubtedly warranted from a partisan viewpoint. One would hesitate to estimate the number of votes that each day of continued session adds to those already lost to the Democratic party. But as a matter of sober statesmanship concerned only with the welfare of the country, not even Mr. Watterson could deny that the position of those who demand full consideration of measures of so great importance is unassailable. In any case, it is unescapable.

What to do we would hardly venture to suggest. If the President were not irrevocably self-committed to prompt achievement—to the passage of *some* bills, whatever they may contain—there would still remain opportunity to heed the wise injunction written by Benjamin Franklin into the first Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania, to the effect that "all bills of a public nature should be printed for the consideration of the people before final reading, and except on occasions of sudden necessity should not be passed into laws until the next session of the Assembly."

This is the procedure which Mr. Underwood advocated as leader of the Democratic House, and which Mr. Vanderlip declared—in a public address, not in the White House—would be wholly satisfactory to the business world. We have no doubt, moreover, that Mr. Morgan would have concurred in this judgment if his conversation had not been restricted to happy reminiscences of gay old times. Finally, the wisdom of the policy indicated is not only apparent from the utter lack of public demand for further legislation at this time, but is clearly established by the referendum taken by the United States Chamber of Commerce wherein 559 commercial organizations in thirty-six States rejected

nine out of ten proposals in the Clayton Bill by majorities ranging from six to one to twenty to one.

But it is idle to discuss impossibilities. The President has marked the path, and his reluctant party must needs follow it, regardless of the time required or the consequences entailed. His official position was defined with characteristic lucidity in his talk to the business men from Illinois. He regards the proposed legislation as "necessary to satisfy the conscience of the country"; he fears that it may be directed by "more radical forces" if postponed; he considers even imperfect settlement less harmful than uncertainty.

His personal attitude has been set forth in private conferences with his few political associates. Briefly, it is this: If we defer action, powerful influences will unite to defeat us in the November elections; if we enact moderate measures and convince all concerned that we shall do no more, their fears will be allayed and the Republicans will be unable to align those possibly controlling influences against us.

It is good logic but poor politics. It fails to take into account the fact that approximate certainty regarding the prerogatives of business now exists in the form of court decisions, and that uncertainty will only begin with tedious interpretations of crudely drawn laws. It is defective, moreover, in disregarding the distrust engendered in the minds of influential persons by the President himself when, after having been reckoned at least prudent and cautious, if not, indeed, inherently conservative, immediately upon his election he appalled the business world with radical utterances and the direst threatenings.

The President's change of mind has been welcomed by the country, but efforts to placate "powerful influences" we fear will avail little. Not a few, we suspect, of those who dread the effect of further "constructive legislation" will feel a keener sense of security in a Republican Congress than in a Democratic pledge insinuatingly authorized upon the eve of an election.

Meanwhile, Senators, march! Though you know not whither you go, On your way!

HOW LIVES ARE LOST AT SEA

After the *Titanic*, the *Empress of Ireland;* each the greatest disaster of its kind that ever occurred; and by interesting coincidence the official investigation into the latter was held at the very time when some of the governments were considering for ratification the recent international convention for the safety of life at sea which was made under the influence and stress of the former. It was shrewdly remarked by a speaker in the British House of Commons that the Merchant Shipping Bill, which was to give effect to the convention, was based upon the lessons of the *Titanic* rather than of the *Empress of Ireland,* and the truth of this is apparent from a review of the convention and of the roll of shipping disasters.

The legislation in question embraces chiefly rules for the removal or destruction of derelicts, for the avoidance of ice, for the increased efficiency and sufficiency of crews, for the adequate supply of boats, rafts, and other appliances, and for the prevention and extinguishment of fires. There can be no question that all these reforms are essential. Yet they aim, after all, at the abatement or the prevention of evils which have caused comparatively few disasters, and they scarcely touch the chief causes of loss of ships and lives at sea. The *Titanic* disaster was due to ice, and it was appalling. Yet it was almost solitary. The number of serious disasters from ice may be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Fire at sea is the most terrible of calamities, and yet serious disasters from fire have been far less numerous than those from other causes.

It was stated in Parliament that in the last twenty years 4,700 British ships, of 3,000,000 tons, had been lost, with 18,474 human lives. That is a record which may well "stagger humanity." But it is probable that scarcely a tithe of them were due to derelicts, ice, and fire put together, while the losses from lack of numbers and efficiency of crews and boats are comparatively small. A carefully compiled catalogue of the major shipping disasters of the world since the middle of the last century comprises 104 disasters, in which 27,249 lives were lost. There is not on the whole list a single assured case of loss through striking a derelict, though of the three "unknown" one or two may be attributable to that cause. The total of lives lost in those three "un-

known " is 710. There are on the list only three vessels lost through striking ice. One of them was the *Titanic,* and if her 1,595 lives lost be subtracted from the total of 1,937, that cause becomes almost negligible. Losses from fire include eleven ships, with 3,688 lives. If we subtract therefrom the 1,000 lives lost on the *General Slocum,* the remaining ten are but a small fraction of the whole. It is also to be observed that one ship struck a mine and lost 120 lives; four capsized in comparatively calm water with a loss of 473; and six perished from explosions, including one warship in time of peace, with 1,237 lives.

There are left, then, the three great causes of loss. These are as follows:

Wrecks, usually in storms, on shore or on rocks, 29 vessels and 6,650 lives. That is more than 27 per cent. of the disasters and more than 24 per cent. of the lives lost.

Collisions, 24 disasters and 6,615 lives lost. That is more than 23 per cent. of the disasters, and more than 23 per cent. of the lives lost. But as each disaster involved at least two ships, the number of vessels suffering from this cause was at least 48.

Founderings at sea, chiefly in storms, but without striking shore or rocks, 23 vessels and 5,817 lives lost. That is a little more than 22 per cent. of the disasters and more than 21 per cent. of the lives lost.

These three major causes were responsible, then, for 76 of the 104 disasters, or 73 per cent., and for 19,082 of the 27,249 lives lost, or 70 per cent. Surely they should have precedence over all others in the attention which is given to ways and means for preventing them or for minimizing their results.

Moreover, of these three it is quite obvious that the second named—collisions—is by far the most chargeable to human negligence, inefficiency, or what not, and is the most readily preventable by human devices or vigilance. Indeed, it is the only one of the three for which the human factor is chiefly and as a rule solely responsible, and it is the only one which it is within human power completely to prevent. Wrecks and founderings are chiefly due to storms, and storms are quite beyond the power of man to prevent or to control. All that we can do is to make our ships as stanch as possible, so that they will outride the storms; to correct and carefully study our charts, so as to avoid rocks and

dangerous shores; and of course to provide life-saving appliances for use in case these other precautions fail. With all these things done as well as it is possible for men to do them, the uncontrollable factor of nature will still be so strong as to cause frequent danger.

On the other hand, no collision is ever justly attributable to an " act of God " or to natural circumstances beyond our control. It is always due to some failure of the human factor. There is lack of vigilance, or lack of judgment, or lack of appliances for observation, for warning, or for control. Many collisions occur in darkness, but that circumstance does not excuse them, but merely indicates negligence in lighting or in observing lights. Others occur in fog, but neither is that fact an excuse for them. It means, in the great majority of cases, that proper vigilance was not exercised, that a reckless rate of speed was maintained while traversing the fog-banks, or that effective devices for indicating and perceiving the approach of ships were not employed. In justice to human inventive ingenuity, we cannot for a moment concede the impossibility of equipping ships with apparatus which will give one sufficient warning of the approach of another, even in the deepest darkness or the densest fog. Of course any such devices might be useless if ships went flaring through blinding fogs at express speed; but such navigation would itself bespeak a still greater culpability of the human factor.

The logic of the situation appears to be, then, that in seeking to promote greater safety for human life at sea we should have chief regard for the prevention of wrecks, founderings, and collisions, and for the minimizing of their results when they do occur; and that chiefest of all we should strive for the complete avoidance of collisions as the one important class of disasters of which complete avoidance is possible. Three methods seem most obvious. The first, beyond question, is watchfulness, to avoid even danger of too close approach. This involves careful observance of routes, rights of way, a sharp lookout, prompt and persistent use of signals and scrupulous observance of them, and the employment of such automatic warning devices as inventive ingenuity may produce. The second, if the first fails and two vessels do threaten each other with impact, is some form of what on an automobile would be termed emergency brakes. Several devices have been proposed and

elaborated for quickly stopping a vessel, and it seems reasonable to suppose that some of them could be made practical. If a vessel could have been stopped within its own length, a considerable proportion of the disasters from collision could have been averted, and probably several thousand lives could have been saved.

The third course to be pursued in case the first and second fail and a collision actually occurs, is to make the results as little disastrous as possible, by so constructing a ship that it will float, at least for a considerable time, after being torn open by another. We have heard much about water-proof bulkheads and watertight compartments, and have been told that certain ships would continue to float safely if actually cut into two pieces. Yet the deplorable fact is that many vessels reputed to be thus constructed have sunk too quickly to permit the launching of boats or even for passengers to get from their berths. We cannot believe that the bulkhead and compartment theory is false and delusive. But it is obvious that the most sound and practical theory may be quite worthless unless it is properly applied.

What is clear is that of all the causes of maritime disasters, the collision of ship with ship is most to be dreaded and most to be guarded against. To paraphrase the epigram of Louis Blanc which is attributed to Gambetta, the collision, that is the enemy. To it or against it shipbuilders, commanders, and navigators, and maritime authorities, will do well to direct their best attention.

FROM JOURNALISM TO POLITICS

We can refer to him no more as Brother Roosevelt; he has forsaken the pacific *Outlook* and returned to the political jungle; henceforth so long as we all shall live he shall be Our Colonel.

The impelling causes of the divorcement are set forth in a letter addressed to Grandbrother Lyman Abbott, exuding poignant regret and fraternal sentiment. Whatever one may think or say of Our Colonel, none can justly pronounce him unappreciative except, perhaps, in a single instance, of favors ungrudgingly bestowed by a political party. He does " not need to tell " Our Grandbrother " how very deeply " he has valued his editorial connection; he has found the association

both " a help " and " an inspiration." Nothing, in fact, could give him keener pleasure than to " keep on in the future exactly as in the past " if he " had been able to be," as he had expected to be, " a man entirely removed from all participation in active politics." Unmindful at the outset of the lesson conveyed by the Scriptural inhibition upon Ethiopians and leopards, he did not awake to full realization of a temperamental condition apparent to others, even while diverted temporarily into quite active candidacy for a third term.

But now the hour has struck and from this day forward Our Colonel will strive with undivided though somewhat diminished might and main for " the triumph of those principles embodied in the Progressive platform of 1912." Of his expressed determination to do all in his power to " eliminate men like Mr. Penrose, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Barnes from control of our political life " we make no complaint; they must shift for themselves; but when he declares himself " in honor bound to stand in strong opposition to the Administration " we confess a sense of grievous disappointment. We hoped for an ally and find an antagonist. We pleaded for bread and receive a stone.

And why? Because, we are told, " as regards our international relations the policy of the present Administration has meant the abandonment of the interest and honor of America." While admitting, as we fear we must, that our official antics respecting Mexico have reflected blundering opportunism rather than statesmanlike definiteness, and that *Civis sum Americanus* has lost much of its traditional resemblance to *Civis sum Romanus,* we perceive therein no sacrifice of national honor. American interest no doubt was surrendered in repealing the canal-tolls exemption, but the action was taken bravely and generously to maintain, not to impair, national integrity. The reference then, we suspect, must be to the proposed settlement with Colombia. As to that, in so far as the proffering of an apology is considered, Mr. Roosevelt as a former President has just cause for grievance, but he is without standing as to the payment of indemnity, since he himself was willing to make reparation in smaller amount. Clearly, so vigorous and sweeping a term as " abandonment of honor " requires explication.

What Our Colonel means by " abandonment of every sane effort to secure the abatement of social and industrial evils "

we can only conjecture. Surely the purpose of the President in demanding from a jaded Congress what he believes to be remedial legislation is such as indicated. The effort itself may not be wholly "sane" or prudent from a political viewpoint, but its making with stern resolution is distressingly apparent. "Abandonment" signifies relinquishment of work undertaken. Can our Colonel specify a single "sane effort" as yet quitted by the present Administration? We fear not. Indeed, we might, though of course we shall not, voice a wish that he could.

Of the "grave industrial depression" now prevailing there is, unhappily, no question. But that is a mere business condition which seems likely soon to be relieved, as we have hinted elsewhere, by the harvesting of exceptional crops or by the election of a Republican Congress. The Lord obviously is on the Democratic side, but there seems to be some doubt about the President. In any case, the One or the other or the combination should triumph, and there is no occasion, in such a contingency, for interference by one whose sole claim of right to speak with authority rests even upon his undoubted discovery of the Ten Commandments.

That our faithful Grandbrother should evince "undiminished affection" for his departing associate was to be expected; that also for various reasons he should recognize "the necessity" for his action we can readily understand; but when he pronounces the Progressive party "the organic representative in America of a great human movement" we tremble, in the light of recent political indications, for the future of our beloved country. But even though Armageddon be on the wane, there is hope still from Gideon's Band if it be indeed a fact, as asserted, that Our Colonel's "endeavor to bring the Republican party into line with this movement" actually "succeeded"—a truly significant utterance indicating possibilities of amalgamation of ranks and files in support of "America's greatest interpreter."

But alas! "The demands of the political campaign and of the editorial office are inconsistent," "history has abundantly demonstrated the truth that no man can be both the leader of a great political party and an editor of an independent journal." Indeed yes; and so, if we may speak frankly, has the experience of the *Outlook*. Time was when our then esteemed contemporary held a unique position in American journalism. Its appeal was to the great body of

fair-thinking and conscientious men and women, and its chief asset was their faith in its political integrity and the moderation, no less than the correctness, of its judgments. When the proprietors acquired a virile and ambitious politician in the guise of a Contributing Editor they gloried in their achievement and advertisement, but when the inevitable test came at the parting of the ways and the stronger personality dominated, they found that a mess of pottage was small compensation for the loss of a birthright. The alliance was formed upon a theory false in journalism and was fated from the beginning. Mr. Roosevelt has not profited from the use of a personal organ, and the *Outlook* has suffered irreparably. That the editors will now strive earnestly to regain their former position we have no more doubt than we have lack of faith that they will succeed. Our Colonel hitherto has been either an obsession or anathema to the majority of minds. It was in the former capacity that he pervaded the reason and even the morals of his impressionable associates, and the journal cannot fail to bear the impress of his individuality for years to come.

What could be more unlike the outgivings of the *Outlook* of old than this from the issue of June 20th?

> Business is disorganized because it is the avowed purpose of the Democratic Administration to disorganize business.

Can one imagine a reader so unintelligent as to be deceived by a falsehood so bald as this? The President has defined his purpose explicitly over and over again. It is, as everybody knows, no more nor less than to reform methods of doing business to the end that business itself may be re-established upon a safe and enduring competitive basis. Of the efficacy of his legislative proposals there may be, and we think there is, grave question, but there does not and cannot lie in any human mind the faintest doubt of his intent. And yet the readers of the *Outlook* are told that his "avowed purpose" is to "disorganize business." If asked when the President made such an avowal, what could our Grandbrother say?

And again:

> This Democratic Administration does not believe in a strong government. It is afraid of a strong government. It fears that the strong government will be a despotic government. It seeks refuge from that peril in weakness.

Did ever a more ludicrous misstatement appear upon a printed page? The effrontery of saying, at the very moment when the President is being denounced in Congress for usurping the powers of a co-ordinate branch of the Government, when he is holding the legislative body in gloomy session solely to impose his will upon it, when generally as an autocrat he is making every predecessor from Washington to Taft appear as a menial, that "this Democratic Administration does not believe in," "is afraid of" a "strong" government because, forsooth, it "fears" that it will be "despotic"! Could a grosser injustice be perpetrated?

But we would not scold our venerable Grandbrother for falling into the wilful misrepresentations which once did spring from the hustings. It is not he who speaks; it is his obsession; his third cup of coffee. And we rejoice in the dimly prospective, though somewhat dubious, emancipation of a public journal.

May the *Outlook* live long enough to deserve to prosper!

DIPLOMATIC NOTES

"Why," inquired the teacher, "is our diplomatic service like a Sunday newspaper?"

"Because it has a funny Page," gaily replied little Rollo, clapping his hands.

"And why does it remind one of Eugene Field?" was the next conundrum.

"Because it is composed of sharps and flats," said the Widow Green, with a loud laugh.

She was referring, of course, to our new Ambassador to France, His Excellency William Graves Sharp, the Balm of Gilead, Ohio, until recently engaged in the manufacture of pig iron, and self-described in *Who's Who* as "Democrat, Mason, Oddfellow, Woodman, etc." According to Washington reports, the President had in mind to send Mr. Sharp to St. Petersburg, but tactfully refrained from doing so when informed that the Czar regarded him with disapproval, even as a substitute for Brother Pindell, who, by the way, is doing very well in Peoria. Consequently His Excellency was accredited to France and somebody, whose name we cannot recall, was designated for Russia. Neither

of the ambassadors, we are informed, speaks French, but both understand English fluently, and one of them, we forget which, went abroad with his parents when quite young. Favorable reports of their doings may be anticipated without undue compunction. Meanwhile His Former Excellency, Mr. George Fred Williams, reports progress in his laudable endeavors to establish popular government in Albania—not, however, as the official representative of the United States, the President having forwarded his resignation during the temporary absence from Washington of the Secretary of State. His successor may be the Hon. John Lind if Congress shall finally fail to make the adequate appropriation for the Secret Service fund sought by the Secretary of State.

We regret to report a slight misunderstanding with the Republic of Switzerland, arising from the misplacing of a map in the State Department. It seems that the ever-courteous Secretary of the Navy, who naturally took for granted that Switzerland was a maritime power, formally requested the Secretary of State, who seems to have been under a like impression, to extend an invitation to the rugged little republic to send a warship to accompany him through the Panama Canal during the forthcoming festivities, and the Secretary of State forwarded the request to our Minister Plenipotentiary, Mr. Pleasant A. Stovall. Although His Excellency was of course aware that Switzerland is not well provided with dreadnoughts, he apparently saw no reason why an active and progressive nation could not either build one or buy one from the United States in time to participate in the ceremonies, and he politely conveyed the courteous invitation in strict conformity with his sense of duty. Unhappily, for quite obvious reasons, the Government of Switzerland felt constrained to decline the privilege thus graciously accorded, but expressed suitable thanks and the incident is now reported to be diplomatically closed.

In the absence of the Secretary, the State Department will ignore for the nonce the spirited act of Mr. Franklin Mott Gunther, First Secretary of the Legation to Norway, reported by the President's favorite newspaper, the London *Times*. Although in itself a trifling occurrence, attention is drawn to the fact that the Secretary's conduct, while

perhaps not in strict consonance with diplomatic usage, will tend, nevertheless, to revive respect for the American flag. It seems that, while he was a guest on the American steam-yacht *Pauline,* the harbor-master requested that the yacht's anchorage be shifted to make way for the Emperor William's *Meteor,* and that Mr. Gunther, having assumed charge of the negotiations on behalf of Mr. McCullogh, the owner, responded politely but firmly by knocking off the official's cap and ordering him ashore. Whereupon the harbor-master incontinently complained to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and suggested that an apology be demanded. Department officials in Washington find in the archives no precedent for the meeting of such a contingency, and will await the dictates of the Secretary's intuition respecting proprieties unless, pending his arrival, the President himself shall see fit to chide his fellow-Jerseyman for reverting to boyish practices while at sea in the service of his country.

His Excellency Charles J. Vopicka, our Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Quite Extraordinary to Rumania, Servia, and thereabouts, has filed complaint of the telephone service in the countries to which he is accredited. The circumstance which induced the fault-finding was peculiarly distressing. The Minister had accepted an invitation to dine at the palace and was making suitable preparation, when suddenly and without warning his collar-button leaped with characteristic nimbleness from its normal abode and zigzagged most aggravatingly into a crack in the floor under the bureau. Neither coaxing nor objurgation availing in the Minister's attempt at recovery, he called up the Queen for the purpose of informing her that he would be unable to be among those present. Although an adept in Rumanian speech, he could not convince the operator that his predicament justified calling the Queen to the 'phone, and international complications are feared unless Minister Stovall can induce the Swiss navy to intervene.

Our distinguished Minister to San Domingo, Mr. James M. Sullivan, reports dissatisfaction with the climate and has returned to New York presumably to resume the more lucrative practice of defending gunmen.

THE STATE AND THE CITIZEN

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

It will not be contested, when the subject is carefully considered, that between the years 1776 and 1789 something happened in the thirteen American Colonies that had never before occurred in the history of the world. What happened in those thirteen fateful years was the most unique and the most notable political event yet recorded in the history of mankind—the placing, for the first time, of *all* the powers of government under the dominion and protection of law.

Let there be no mistake regarding the meaning of this assertion. Other communities of men, centuries before, had attempted to solve the problem of self-government; other nations had declared and vindicated their independence; others had established and maintained for a time their liberties; others had limited the power of kings; others had created representative parliaments; but none had ever rendered every kind and form of political power, every branch and organ of government, even the arbitrary will of the sovereign people itself, subject to fixed principles of justice affirmed as law, by which all were bound, or had bound themselves, to be held responsible.

How did this ever come to pass? It was because the American colonists had suffered from a rule of absolutism which they intended to abolish. The absolutism from which they had suffered was not merely the absolutism of a king, George III., but the absolutism of the British Parliament. They believed themselves to possess rights, inherent and defensible rights, which they intended that *no* power, not even one of their own creation, should ever be able to take away.

The American colonists were not, indeed, the first to place restrictions upon the powers of the State. For a long period the maxim had endured unchallenged, "The will of

the prince is the source of law." This had been repudiated by the English Revolution of 1689, and the doctrine had been established in England that Parliament is the source of law. Rousseau had advanced upon this by saying, "The will of the people is the source of law." But the American colonists, who believed in a law above human will, who believed in rights which it should not be in the power of any human will to abolish, freely resolved to set limits even to their own will, so far as public legislation is concerned.

As by a common impulse they came to the conclusion that arbitrary power should no longer exist among them. They would not tolerate it, and they would not aspire to it themselves. It was that from which they had suffered, and it was that which they proposed to end for ever.

But how could arbitrary power be eliminated from government, and its return in some form be for ever prevented? Obviously, only by mutually guaranteeing to themselves exemption from any form of unlimited authority; and for this there were only two kinds of guarantee:

(1) *A frame of government* in which power should be so divided and distributed that it could not assert itself in any purely arbitrary form; and

(2) *A fundamental law* placing certain "inalienable rights" beyond the reach of any person or group of influences within the State to destroy or nullify.

It was the combination of these two forms of guarantee which constituted the unique and original character of our political institutions; first in the State constitutions, where these principles were first applied, and then in our Federal Constitution, in which they united with the federative idea the fundamental conception of a division of powers and a reservations of rights.

This is the American system, and it has furnished securities for our liberties for more than a hundred and twenty-five years. During this century and a quarter it has been imitated with more or less fidelity by many other countries, but nowhere with quite equal success.

If we ask why it is that our system has not always been successful in other countries, the true answer is that it has never been entirely adopted.

France, whose first inspiration for a written constitution came from the United States, has in the mean time had eleven different constitutions. In no one of them has there

been a constitutional limitation upon legislation, enforceable by judicial decision; and no one of them, except the last, has endured for more than twenty years. Our sister republics to the south in Latin America have all had written constitutions, with a frame of government similar to ours; but, for the same reason, they have been the scene of almost constant turmoil and strife, and frequently rent with more or less bloody revolutions. We ourselves have not been exempt from at least one terrific civil war, which threatened to rend the nation in twain. It is interesting to note that the occasion for it was a question as to whether or not the Constitution was a binding or a negligible law.

What, then, is the reason why the experience of France and of the other Latin republics has been less fortunate than our own?

There are, I think, two answers to this question.

The first is that, with the exception of the contest over the right of State Nullification and Secession, we have not only respected the provisions of the Constitution as worthy of our confidence, but we have looked upon judicial interpretation of it as the palladium of our liberties.

The second answer is that we have as a people placed more emphasis upon principles than upon personalities. We believe that ours is a government of laws, and not of men. In the republics that have imitated our example this has frequently not been the case. They have preferred to follow leaders, often without knowing whither they would be led, rather than to hold fast to fixed principles and test the qualities of their leaders by their loyalty to doctrines and policies previously thought out and deliberately decided upon. With us it has been different. In the days of the American Revolution men did not believe in independence because they believed in Washington, but they believed in Washington because he was struggling for independence; nor in the days of our Civil War did they believe in Union because they believed in Lincoln, but they believed in Lincoln because he was trying to save the Union. There is something in the American character that places more confidence in settled principles than in the trumpet-call of theorists, partisans, and partitioners of patronage.

It is this quality of resistance to rapine and riot that has thus far proved the chief safeguard of the State and of the public security it is intended to afford. It may well be con-

sidered as our best ground of assurance of the perpetuity and efficiency of the Republic. It implies, however, a certain virtue in the people. Should that quality ever prove wanting, our system would lose its main support and eventually disappear.

We see, therefore, how extremely dangerous it would be to break down either that fundamental law upon which our whole structure of guaranteed liberty is erected, or the spirit of fairness in the minds of the people, without which it would soon be nullified. If, for example, there should arise among us a bitter class or sectional feeling—an unrighteous oppression of the poor and unfortunate, or a strong animosity against the rich and successful—this would undoubtedly, if played upon by ambitious demagogues, create a peril for our institutions which might result in undermining and ultimately destroying them.

This is not to speak as an alarmist, or in a tone of reproach toward any party or any class, but in a spirit of strict impartiality regarding all the elements that make up society. It is simply a question of fair play and charitable feeling. It is perfectly clear that there is more than one danger to good government; and it is equally certain that expectant beneficiaries will continue in the future, as in the past, to serve their own interests by exciting the appetites of susceptible supporters wherever they can be discovered or created. The important point is that these influences should not be permitted to prevail.

If we were to consider seriously the question, who would profit most by breaking down the guarantees of liberty and equal law—or, in short, who would come out best in a battle of class interests, without the restraint of a fundamental law, it would not be difficult to decide. If absolute power were lodged anywhere, it would, no doubt, be wealth that would in the end control it; and the poor man would be the ultimate victim of a demagogue's designs. It was the pressure of the average citizen, the man who did not mean that his liberties, however humble his station, should be taken away from him, that procured the insertion of the Bill of Rights in the Constitution. If he stops long enough to reason about it, this average man—especially the man who possesses but little and holds that little dear—will not consent without a struggle to allow that protection to be taken from him.

Recently we have heard it stated that any judge who would hold any law unconstitutional that a legislative body saw fit to make should be dismissed from the bench. In other words, men have recently denied the authority of any fundamental law whatever, and have demanded that every judge, having sworn to obey and defend the Constitution, should proceed to treat it as a nugatory document.

Now this is a question worthy of the most serious consideration by every patriotic citizen, for it strikes directly at the most vital part of the American system of government. Confessedly, the system divides and distributes power between three co-ordinate branches of authority, the legislative, the executive, and the judiciary. The intention of it is to place all these forms of power under the restraint of law—namely, under the Constitution. If the judiciary possesses no power to prevent unconstitutional legislation, what restraint is there upon the legislative body, except its own will? It would, therefore, be placed *above* the law and become the *only source of law.*

There are in this connection two points which should receive our serious attention, and yet I have never seen them anywhere clearly stated.

The first is that where the constitutional system has adhered most strictly to the American model, it has been most successful. This system provides for a complete co-ordination of the legislative, executive, and judicial functions. Where any one of them has been either suppressed or exaggerated—that is, where the regulative mechanism of the system has been ignored, there a breakdown has at some time occurred.

The second point is that a purely parliamentary government is not only unstable and fluctuating, but subject to crises which threaten the extinction of the entire government, and sometimes end in open violence and revolution.

The history of France is a startling commentary on this assertion. From the first constitution to the last, in that country, there has never been any middle course between personal absolutism on the one hand and uncontrolled parliamentarianism on the other. The result has been a periodic oscillation between monarchy and democracy, until long experience has at last taught the lesson of self-restraint which true self-government imposes. Yet, even now, although the lesson has been sufficiently learned

to prevent recurrent revolts from going further than a ministerial crisis, the people have become so accustomed to these that they hardly attract their attention, and the Republic is frequently without a government.

When we look for the cause of such perturbations, we find it in the exaggeration of executive action on the one side, or of legislative action on the other, with an almost complete neglect of the judicial function as a restraint upon executive or legislative excesses.

The judicial function is essentially the balance-wheel of our system, and it is nothing more. The judiciary can originate nothing. It can only issue a judgment that something *should* be done, or should *not* be done, under the existing state of law. The effect of its decisions, in so far as they concern the general interests of the community, is never irreparable. They may be altered by appeal to a higher court; or, if necessary, the law, and even the fundamental law, may be changed. If, however, it could be changed upon the instant, or by a wave of popular excitement, or by the majority vote of a temporary parliamentary body, left free to enact any statute that might for the moment seem to commend itself, there could be no means of foreseeing of what rights a citizen might soon be deprived, or what new and onerous exactions might be suddenly imposed upon him. With all calculability removed from the sphere of practical action, industrial enterprise would be smitten with paralysis. Thus all classes, even if violence did not occur, would be the sufferers; and it would be those who are most dependent upon others who would suffer most.

It is sometimes alleged that a distinction is made between the rich and the poor; that rich men can obtain favorable decisions in the courts, while the poor cannot.

To say that no judge has ever made a mistake, or ruled unjustly, or been actuated by prejudice or self-interest, would certainly be a bold assertion; but, in general, the American judiciary has never merited that reproach. Physically, mentally, and morally, judges are only human beings; yet they are intended to be, and usually are, men of superior intelligence, character, and education. If they are not, it is the people who are responsible.

It is possible to admit freely all that has ever been proved, or even all that has ever been said or insinuated, in con-

demnation of our courts, without in the least affecting the high importance of the fundamental law, or the necessity for judicial restraint upon the other organs of government. The true reply to this criticism is not a defense of the courts, which may need correction, but the consideration of what would happen if legislative freedom were not limited by constitutional principles. Have legislative bodies shown themselves so just, so wise, so unaffected by class or party influences that they are to be intrusted with absolute and unrestrained authority?

And if parliamentary government is not to be trusted without restraint, what is to be said of the direct action of majorities, without debate, without deliberation, without a knowledge of existing law, or a due appreciation of the effect of purely improvised legislation?

We shall, therefore, make no true progress toward realizing the ideal State by a radical change in our form of government, and least of all by the abolition of our fundamental law. Without that law the separation of powers would be of no avail. The French constitutions, equally with our own, were based on the doctrine of divided power, but without judicial authority over public action. As President Lowell has said, " The French statesmen took Montesquieu's doctrine in the sense that the administrator ought to be free to act for the public weal without let or hindrance from the courts of law " ; in short, that the courts have no power of restraint in matters of public law or action.

It is precisely in that respect that our system differs from all the imitations of it, and precisely by that difference that our success in maintaining our system for a century and a quarter, essentially unaltered, has been made possible. Would it not be an act of sacrilege to destroy that system now?

Such being the theory of the State as our forefathers conceived it, what is the normal relation of the Citizen to the State?

The growth of the nation in geographic extent, in population, and in the multiplicity of its relations, internal and foreign, as a dual and federated system, has certainly not rendered that relation more simple, but infinitely more complex. Yet, in an age when special and expert knowledge is more than ever necessary, and when it is demanded in every phase of our economic life, and possessed and employed by

all our chief competitors in the realm of international trade and the industries that make commerce possible, there is now, for the first time in the history of our country, a loud clamor for direct popular action upon every great question; as if omniscience were in some mysterious manner inherent in the preponderance of mere numbers.

It is, indeed, important that all the sense of justice and all the intelligence which our population of nearly a hundred millions possesses should be brought to bear upon the public policies of the nation. But how is this to be done? Is it to be done by an appeal to the unguided *will* of the people, without precise knowledge of the matters involved, but intensified by class and sectional prejudices? Or is it to be done by an appeal to the *reason* of the people, after competent masters of the subjects to be considered have made their reports upon them, and these have been subjected to comparison, debate, and deliberate examination by those who have formed definite opinions regarding them?

There would seem to be but one reasonable answer to this question. The plain duty of every citizen is, first, to instruct himself; then to try to fix in his mind the principles by which the common good may be most clearly promoted; and, finally, in a spirit of patriotism to place his influence at the service of those principles.

There are, no doubt, many new directions in which public policies are yet to be formed, and there are many questions which are ripe for discussion. There are forms of social justice which seem to force themselves upon our attention, and we cannot without delinquency neglect them; but the question may be fairly asked, Is there anything which, as a people, it would be right for us to do that cannot be done without a reconstruction of the State, and especially without radical changes in our fundamental law?

Believing that the vast majority of the American people wish to do right, and have always wished to do right, the answer to this question seems very simple. Until it is shown that there is some definite thing which we ought to do, but which we are prevented by our form of government from doing, we shall act wisely in adhering strictly to a system which has enabled us to make progress—singularly rapid and permanent progress—toward the highest ideals that our people have ever at any time entertained.

What we have achieved in the past has been accomplished

by acting together. A score of transient enthusiasms have at times swept over the country; and there have been moments when precipitate action, even by a majority, might have been possible and certainly would have been wrong. It is needless to wound the feelings of good men by citing instances which would only remind them how erroneous their judgments have sometimes been, or to terrify them by recalling how near to the brink of ruin the country has more than once been brought by proposals that seemed seductive at the time, but are now seen to have been illusory and sophistical.

In a letter addressed to Thomas Jefferson by James Madison it was pointed out that, "wherever the real power of government lies, there is danger of oppression. "In our government," he continues, "the real power lies in the majority of the community, and the invasion of private rights is chiefly to be apprehended not from acts of the government contrary to the sense of the constituents, but from acts in which the government is a mere instrument of the major number of constituents. . . . Where there is an interest and a power to do wrong, wrong will generally be done, and not the less readily by a powerful and interested party than by a powerful and interested prince."

There are some things which majorities ought not to do, or be permitted to do; but which they are likely to do, if they have not the nobility to renounce their own absolute power. This our fathers saw, and they freely surrendered this power, pledging and binding themselves not to violate certain "inalienable rights" which they claimed for themselves and voluntarily accorded to others.

This is essentially the spirit of our Constitution. This it is that has made us a great and prosperous nation. Our fundamental law is hostile to no one. It is every man's friend, and no man can tell when he will need its friendship. So long as our citizens manifest the same spirit, we shall remain the same free people; with the guarantee, for ourselves and for our descendants, that neither wealth, nor numbers, nor any other form of personal or organized power shall be able to oppress by any form of arbitrary authority even the humblest of our fellow-citizens.

David Jayne Hill.

THE FUTURE OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

The murder, on June 28th, of the Austro-Hungarian Heir-Presumptive, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and of his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, added one more, and a peculiarly brutal one, to the tragedies that for the past hundred and fifty years have incessantly assailed the House of Hapsburg. It cut short, too, political possibilities on which many hopes, all the more passionate for their vagueness, had been founded, a career that had shown not a few signs of vigorous capacity, and a semi-social, semi-Constitutional entanglement that was already supremely engrossing and that threatened before long to prove a source of no little embarrassment both to the Court and to the Realm. Francis Ferdinand up to the moment of his death was still something of a dark horse. Any time during the past two decades, even in Vienna itself, it has been possible to collect twenty different estimates from twenty equally well-informed observers of the Archduke's political views, character, ambitions, and activities. The light that beat on him when the suicide of Prince Rudolph placed him next in succession to the throne failed to illumine him. The book that he wrote on his travels round the world was likewise too severely edited to reveal more than the outside husk of his mind and temperament. But it was thought significant that from the first page to the last he hardly once mentioned Germany, that he openly and enthusiastically praised the French, that while liking the English as individuals and admiring, though with reservations, their work as empire-builders he seemed to feel little sympathy with them collectively, and that his trip to the United States left him apparently without a single pleasant recollection either of the people or the country. But all this does not take us very far, and of trustworthy data on which to base a judgment there is curiously little.

That little, however, is interesting. There emerges from the study of it a picture of a shy, slow, rather heavy man, stiff-necked to a degree, a stanch Catholic—he was brought up by the Jesuits and he openly patronized the Katholischer Schulverein, an ultra-clerical and ultra-reactionary association that was anti-German, anti-Magyar, anti-Semite, anti-everything except the Church and the dynasty as the bulwark of the Church—capable in his relations with men and women of a few deep affections and of one overpowering passion, but in general company ceremoniously unexpansive and distrait, a man of simple tastes and stubborn pride, an exacting worker, not without visions of large schemes in statesmanship or intrigue, and plodding toward whatever end he sought with a tenacity that merely thrived on opposition. Quick-tempered and impetuous by nature, he had himself under thorough control. It was only of recent years that he became anything of a political power, but his influence, there is good reason for thinking, was potent during the past decade in more than one direction. No doubt far more was ascribed to him than he ever really contemplated, but two significant developments unquestionably owed much to his initiative and support. It was he who inspired the building of the Austrian Dreadnoughts and did all he could to hasten the day when the Dual Monarchy would count among the naval Powers of the Mediterranean and Adriatic. And it was he who was primarily responsible for the appointment of Baron von Aehrenthal and who consistently applauded his " forward " policy in the Balkans, the first fruit of which was the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and a certain emancipation of Austro-Hungarian foreign affairs from the dictation of Berlin.

In domestic politics, too, it is known that he had no liking for the Magyars, that he chafed under the exactions they were able to levy upon the Austrian half of the realm, and that in the conflict between the Crown and the Hungarian Parliament over the army question he constantly urged the Emperor to stand firm against Magyar pretensions. He cultivated, moreover, close personal relations with the leaders of the various races—the Rumanians, the Slovaks, and the Serbo-Croatians—who are more or less oppressed by the Magyars; while his Bohemian wife and properties made him familiar with and, it was thought, sympathetic to the demand of the Czechs for Bohemian autonomy. Indeed,

it was generally believed that he was feeling his way toward, and on his accession would endeavor to give effect to, the conversion of the realm of the Hapsburgs from a Dual to a Triple and even a Quadruple Monarchy. Men assumed, rather by instinct and inference than on any more concrete grounds, that he favored the creation of a self-governing southern Slav State to offset and detract from the predominance of the Magyars, and that he would prove as Emperor by no means averse from the recognition of the ancient rights of the Kingdom of Bohemia. The understanding was, in other words, that he regarded Federalism as the ultimate destiny of Austria-Hungary, and that had the Balkan War gone as he and most Austrians expected it to go, had either the Turks in the first struggle or the Bulgarians in the second succeeded in crushing Servia, he would have urged the Emperor to intervene, to extend an Austro-Hungarian protectorate over the whole of the Serbo-Croatian race, and so pave the way to the formation of a new Catholic State under the sovereignty of Vienna. Such schemes with all their incalculable risks may have passed before his eyes; nobody—or nobody, at any rate, who is willing to talk—is able either to affirm or to deny that they did not. What at least is certain is that he was supposed to entertain them and that the supposition impelled every race in that polyglot Empire to anticipate his accession to the throne with the keenest expectancy.

The most decisive act of his life, the act that first revealed him to the world and to his own countrymen as a man of formidable will-power, was his marriage to Countess Chotek. Often urged, badgered, almost commanded to marry by the Emperor and his Ministers and by the opinion of the Court and of the Press, he succeeded at length in making it understood that he would choose his own wife in his own good time. Just when every one had pretty well abandoned in despair the idea of his ever marrying at all, he fell in love with Countess Sophie Chotek, a lady-in-waiting in the château of one of his cousins, and a clever, sympathetic member of a noble but impoverished Czech family. Probably nobody thought that the Emperor would ever consent to his making her his wife. For by the family law of the Hapsburgs such a marriage was technically a *mésalliance.* Francis Ferdinand could become Emperor of Austria, but his wife could never become Empress, nor could their eldest

son inherit the throne. That in itself was thought to be a sufficient impediment. But what added to its gravity and brought a new element of uncertainty into the whole situation was that the Hungarian law recognized no such thing as a morganatic union, and that consequently the consort of the King of Hungary was *ipso facto* Queen and their eldest son the Heir-Apparent. To all the other distracting problems of the Dual Monarchy there would thus be added, if the marriage were to take place, the possibility of a dispute over the succession. And besides these political objections to the Archduke's union with a lady not of his own rank there were the social objections, nowhere so strong as in Vienna, because nowhere else are blood and station so esteemed. Nevertheless, in spite of the most intense opposition, the Archduke's persistence, backed up by the influence of the Vatican, carried the day. A solemn pledge was, however, obtained from him that he would always regard his marriage as a morganatic union, one on which no claim to a share in his rights as a member of the reigning house could ever be founded, either by his wife or any child she might bear him; and he swore also, with equal solemnity, never to annul this declaration, never to undertake anything that could in any way weaken or destroy its force.

There are those, however, who are firmly convinced that the keynote to almost everything the Archduke did or attempted in the past fourteen years was his determination to be released from his pledge, to place his wife by his side as Empress, and to secure to his son and heir the succession to the throne. His influence with the Vatican and with all the Clericals in Austria and the marked change that came over his formerly distant relations with the Kaiser were widely interpreted as indicative of a plan to bring pressure upon the Emperor to acquit him of the consequences of his vow. That there was such a plan is probable. That ultimately, if not by constraining the Emperor, then through the instrumentality of foreign recognition or of a vote in the Austrian Reichsrath or of a dispensation from the Vatican, it would have succeeded, is also most likely. But that the Archduke could never have gained his point without a furious social struggle with the entire Austrian aristocracy, without convulsing the Court, and without raising some very delicate moral and constitutional problems, may be looked upon as certain; and when in addition it is remem-

bered that his Clerical leanings and his Federalist and anti-Magyar sympathies were already a ground for serious uneasiness as well as for sanguine and perhaps unrealizable hopes, it will be understood that, mingling with the horror at the crime of Serajero, there is an emotion of something like relief that Austria-Hungary has been spared the manifold problems that the accession of Francis Ferdinand must inevitably have propounded.

The shadows, however, that lower over the future of the Dual Monarchy are very little dispelled thereby. The new Heir-Presumptive is young and popular, but politically an unknown quantity; and he sees before him responsibilities that might well test a Bismarck or a Cavour. For what is the realm of the Hapsburgs? It is a jumble of eight or nine polyglot peoples, cooped up in a space smaller than Texas, owning a common scepter, but without cohesion or common interests or a common character. Each race has lived its own life, made its own history, produced its own literature, and struggled unceasingly to dominate its neighbors. Up to the middle of the last century the Germans were the victors. They ruled the whole realm from Vienna, enforced German law and the German language everywhere, and tried to make each race forget that it had ever had a history, a language, or an entity of its own. Solferino and Sadowa overthrew their leadership. The Hungarians, or rather the dominant race in Hungary, the Magyars, recovered their independence, and a great wave of patriotism swept through the races that had been so nearly extinguished. It showed itself first in a swift revival of local dialects; it spread from schools and literary societies and patriotic poets to patriotic historians and statesmen, under whose guidance it culminated in a demand for the restoration of national rights.

That has been conspicuously the case with the Bohemian agitation. The efforts of the Czechs to elbow out the Germans and to re-establish the ancient kingdom of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, with a Parliament at Prague, and a recognition of the equality of the German and Bohemian languages, have been one of the main battle-grounds of Austrian politics during the past fifty years. And it was the comparative success of these efforts that for many successive years paralyzed parliamentary government in Austria, drove premier after premier into resignation, and made men think that the Dual Monarchy was on the verge of dis-

solution. The Bohemian question is not unlike the Irish. In both countries there is a fierce and instinctive racial antipathy. In both there is a demand for Home Rule supported by the native majority and resisted by the foreign "garrison." The position of the Germans in Bohemia is precisely that of the English and Scotch settlers in Ulster. The position of the Czechs is precisely that of the Irish Nationalists. The German feels for the inflammable and "interesting" Slav very much as the Anglo-Saxon for the Celt, and the Slav retorts upon the "pig-headed" German the same epithets that fall from Mr. Redmond and his followers. The Germans in the Vienna Reichsrath feel themselves bound to the preservation of the German colony in Bohemia just as the English majority at Westminster holds itself responsible for the civil and religious liberties of the English colony in Ireland.

But the Bohemian question is really worse than the Irish. It is as bad as the Irish question would be if the Irish still spoke Erse, and if Ireland were within sight of the United States. What has accentuated and embittered the German-Czech feud and raised it to international importance is, first, a difference of language, and, secondly, the neighborhood of two great Powers, each of which claims kinship with the warring races. The language question is, on the surface, nothing more than the question of whether in the administration of Bohemia, in the law courts and Government offices, an uncouth Slav dialect, spoken by the majority of the Bohemian people, but as useless outside Bohemia as Gaelic outside the Highlands, shall be put on an equality with German, the language of a great commerce and a great literature, known the world over, and the native tongue of nearly half the population of Bohemia. That is in itself a complex and delicate problem. But its difficulties are immensely increased by the injection of the race issue. The Germans look upon an admission of the official equality of the two tongues as the thin end of the wedge of Slav inundation, the forerunner of German absorption by an inferior and hated race. In fighting for the German language they are fighting for German rule and German authority, for the last remnants of an ascendancy which was once absolute throughout the Empire. The bitterness of the struggle between them has led both nationalities at times into the awkward habit of looking across the border for help. Whenever a concession is made

to the Czechs the Germans vow they will stand it no longer, and that, sooner than stay and be swamped, they will exchange the Hapsburgs for the Hohenzollerns and join the great German Empire across the border; while directly the Germans win a point in the endless fight there follows the spectacle of five million Czechs appealing to their Russian brothers and cautiously sounding the Czar's "racial instincts." All this may mean nothing, but it is worth noting that only a few years ago both in Berlin and Vienna there existed fully formed and most active parties with no other plank in their platform than the consolidation of German-speaking Austria with the German Empire.

And this is but one of the troubles of the Hapsburg Monarchy. The same or a very similar racial ferment obtains among the Poles and Ruthenians, among the Germans and Italians in the Tyrol, and among the Hungarian Magyars and the Slav races whom they hold severely in check. Nor is that all. There are a hundred differences of religion and social and economic interest. There is Anti-Semitism, which is the protest of the small trader against the commercial prosperity of the Jews. There are all the familiar conflicts between landowners and manufacturers, between Clericalism and Liberalism, between the aristocracy and the people. There is the ceaseless endeavor of the Vatican to undermine the Triple Alliance by reducing Austria to impotence. There is the growth of industrial and agrarian socialism. There is the increasing antagonism of sentiment and interests between the Germans in Austria and the Magyars in Hungary. There is the great and menacing upthrust of the Southern Slavs since the Balkan War. There is the throttling of trade in a thousand cumbrous restrictions imposed by a bureaucracy that instinctively puts the barracks before the factory. And, finally, there is a wretched fiscal and a still more iniquitous parliamentary system. No foreigner can hope to follow the crossings and interplay of all these currents. Austria-Hungary is a many-tongued chaos in which even Austrians and Hungarians can see no more than a half-light. One cannot, therefore, wonder that many people have looked forward with dread to the time when the venerable Emperor's patient and calming wisdom is no longer guiding the helm; or that they should anticipate a terrific racial explosion that would hurl German-speaking Austria into the arms of the Hohenzollerns, deposit an

autonomous Czech State here and an autonomous Polish State there, both of them destined finally to absorption into the Russian Empire, join the Trentino to Italy, create a Greater Servia, and leave the Magyars to form an embarrassingly naked "buffer State."

But these apprehensions have been the common stock of political prophecy for a generation and more, and yet Austria-Hungary still survives. Indeed, one of the best reasons for thinking that the Dual Monarchy will not break up is that it has not already done so. The prophets of disruption, stimulated by the assassination of the Heir-Presumptive, seem clamorous enough to-day; they have been more clamorous in the past. The "crisis" at this moment has all the air of vital stringency; we forget that fifty and sixty years ago it was more stringent still. It is the fatality of Austria-Hungary never to be without a "crisis" of sorts, and yet always to evade the logical issue—the logical issue, in the view of the pessimists, being disruption. But is disruption the natural outcome of an internal commotion? Is there an instance in modern history of a State, not shattered to pieces by a foreign foe, but shattering itself to pieces by force of centrifugal reaction? We sometimes forget how great, in these days of railroads and multiplied intercourse, is the cohesive power of a State merely because it is a State. And in the case of the Dual Monarchy it is not paradoxical to maintain that its defiant strength is largely due to its very complexity; that the diversity of the antagonisms it contains really makes for equilibrium; that there is, in fact, a static quality in the infinity of its cross-currents and cross-purposes, and in the intermingling of its multifarious opposites. If one were to say that Austria-Hungary is too bewildering for revolution, too much at war with itself to be subverted, it would be difficult to impugn the statement as merely fanciful.

But the realm of the Hapsburgs has many and positive elements of strength. The Monarchy, to begin with, is an admitted point of agreement. Nobody has ever dreamed of proposing to upset it. Secondly, the dynasty is equally popular and equally secure. So long as there is a throne, it is not conceivable that any one but a Hapsburg should occupy it; and the influence of the throne in all that concerns Austria-Hungary, its domestic as well as its foreign affairs, is greater at this moment and finds a readier ac-

ceptance than at any period of the confessedly autocratic régime. Again, as a third bulwark of the State, there is the army, in which all must serve, which is of all races and creeds, and therefore of none, and the atmosphere of which is broadly and impressively imperial. And beyond this, and beyond even Palacky's dictum on the "international necessity" of Austria-Hungary, there is the fact that no race, as a race, has any interest in, or anything to hope from, disruption. Even the Kossuth Irreconcilables wished to maintain the link of the Crown; and as for the Czechs and the Poles and the Italians, it is not for separation from, but for fuller liberty within, the Empire, that they agitate. The Catholic German-speaking Austrians have no real desire to form a part of Protestant Germany, and the Slav races, in spite of their just grievances against the Magyars, know that revolt simply means exchanging the Hapsburgs for the Romanoffs. There is, in short, no movement to which the old formula of "self-government, but within the Empire," might not be applied; and the sooner it is applied to the peoples who are struggling to-day with a greater intensity and success than ever against their German and Magyar rulers—to the Southern Slavs, especially—the better for the peace and stability of the whole Empire and of each of its parts.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

COMMODORE MACDONOUGH AT PLATTSBURG

BY REAR-ADMIRAL A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

EVERY notable battle may be viewed under two aspects: first, its own intrinsic value, as an exhibition of military skill, or of the reverse; second, its relation to circumstances, precedent, contemporary, or subsequent; its influence upon the course of events; its timeliness, if a victory; the disastrous consequences, if a defeat.

Probably every large engagement in the course of a war has some such bearing, although not in every case is it quickly discernible; but where result is clear and great the incident itself may merit the epithet decisive, even though on a small scale as to numbers or as to strenuousness of action. Thus the battle of Valmy, in 1792, at the opening of the French Revolution, amounted to little more than a distant cannonade; but, causing the retreat of the allies before the French, at a moment critical for moral impression, it has been reckoned among the decisive combats of the world—"a landmark in history."

The naval battle of Plattsburg, September 11, 1814, has a clear claim to consideration from both points of view. Although the scale of force was small, the action of each combatant was characterized by great energy; and that not the energy of "one who beateth the air," but, as testified by the destruction wrought, that of men who by training and habit plant blows which tell, eliciting from the opponent the endurance illustrated by both on this occasion. The encounter was marked also by much skill in the American commander, utilizing the advantages for defense allowed by circumstances to his inferior force, and improving the four or five days which his adversary, through no fault of his own, was obliged to permit. To quote a quaint summary of the

Art of War, that it consists in "getting there first with the most men," Commodore Macdonough had not the most men, —his fleet was decidedly weaker—but he reached the point of inevitable conflict first, and used to the utmost the opportunity thus gained. Under all the conditions to be narrated, the imputation for failure, in allowing Macdonough this advantage, cannot rest against the professional reputation of his opponent, Downie, except in so far as a very young man, untried in chief command, was overborne by the pressure of the commander of the British land force, a man much his senior in rank and years. He was thus impelled into precipitate attack, in which he did not receive the support he expected, and for which, under the spur of his colleague, he did not take the needed time for preparation. In broad principle, these are the leading features of the battle itself; the details will follow in the narrative of incidents.

But, however important the military instruction of a particular battle, or however interesting its attendant incidents, nothing is so illuminative as the recognition of its relation to other events, and of its effect upon great issues. The recital of these need not have the full development which the details of the battle itself demand in order to be understood; but, just because statement may be brief, comprehension of the national debt to the victorious commander may be more easily grasped. It is therefore desirable to recall a few dates.

The United States declared war against Great Britain June 18, 1812; that being the day on which President Madison signed the Act of Congress. Six days later, June 24, Napoleon's "Grand Army" crossed the Niemen for the invasion of Russia; an enterprise resulting in the Emperor's ruin, to the intense discomfiture and dismay of the American Government. This had counted naturally upon his overweening power to divert the principal effort of Great Britain, to encounter which the nation was wholly unprepared, thanks to the military imbecility and utter neglect of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. On October 24, 1812, began the French retreat from Moscow, the catastrophe of which need not be recalled here. Returning to Paris, Napoleon reconstituted his means of warfare; to such effect that, through the employment he gave the enemy's forces, the year 1813 was the critical period of the struggle in America. During it the United States—if it had been

ready, instead of egregiously unready—had the opportunity to overwhelm Canada, while substantially all the British army available was engaged in supporting the coincident gigantic contests, in Germany and in Spain, between Napoleon and the Great Powers of Europe. Not till November of that year was Napoleon forced to abandon Germany and retire behind the Rhine; not till October did Wellington cross the Spanish border and enter France. On April 10, 1814, he defeated Soult at the battle of Toulouse, and the next day Napoleon's first abdication put an end to the European war.

During this fateful year, 1813, it was impossible for Great Britain to detach to Canada forces sufficient for its preservation. If the United States had been in any degree prepared for war, Jefferson's vainglorious boast, that to conquer Canada as far as Quebec would be a mere matter of marching, might well have come true; but there was no army to march. The only success to lighten the gloom, which even at the distance of a century envelops that year of shame, was the naval victory won by Perry, on Lake Erie, September 10th; and that, from the hewing down of the first tree for his impromptu fleet to the moment the British ships lowered their flags, was Perry's own. The Northwest was saved by a single naval officer; for the sequence, the regaining of Detroit, the winning of the battle of the Thames, and the establishment of American control from Detroit to Sackett's Harbor, was simply the reaping of a harvest the seed of which Perry had sown.

Happily for the United States, the intensive strength of naval life, its immunity, through the seclusion of the sea, from the deteriorating atmosphere of alien surroundings, had kept vigorous an efficiency which owed nothing to the government of the day. Only the entreaties of the most prominent officers of the navy had obtained from that government that the ships of war should not be shut up in port for their preservation, as had been proposed; by which not merely would our returning merchant vessels have suffered loss an hundredfold, but the few naval victories that consoled the nation in its humiliations could not have been won. Something of the success on the Lakes may be attributed also to the youth of the officers. Perry was twenty-eight, Macdonough thirty-one, at the time of their victories.

The events and conditions summarized in the last two

paragraphs form the setting in which the battle of Lake Champlain must be regarded, if its importance is to be understood. The year 1814 was not as unrelievedly disgraceful to the American arms ashore as 1813 had been. Troops in the field under good officers become good troops, a truth for which Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, Fort Erie, sufficiently vouch; as the events of Bladensburg and Washington, within a month of Lundy's Lane, exhibit grotesquely the pitiful inadequacy of which the same human material is capable when raw and untrained.

The downfall of Napoleon had now loosed the British armies. The troops which occupied and burned Washington, those which fought at New Orleans, and there missed success by a margin narrower than is generally understood, were veterans from Wellington's Peninsular forces. So also, and in far more imposing numbers, were those whose invasion of the United States, with the claims which the British Government hoped to found upon their occupation of American territory, was frustrated by Macdonough, by his professional skill and professional care; for again there was no American land force upon which to reckon to arrest an advance.

The last of the reinforcements from Wellington's army in the south of France reached Montreal from Bordeaux, August 14, 1814, just four weeks before the naval battle. Prevost, Governor-General of Canada, and commander-in-chief of the land forces, now had under his command, in upper and lower Canada, over thirty thousand troops; of which two thousand only were provincials, the remainder veteran regulars. Of these, eleven to fourteen thousand were approaching along the west shore of Champlain toward Plattsburg. To oppose them, the American General Macomb had only fifteen hundred regulars fit for the field. His militia could not be brought to stand against the enemy, in open ground; and the British Peninsulars pushed forward contemptuously, almost silently. "They never deployed" (that is, formed order for battle) "in their whole march," reported Macomb; "always pressing on in column." It was hoped that behind the works at Plattsburg the militia would do better, and not improbably they might; but Macdonough's precautions spared them the test.

To complete the general military situation on the northern frontier, from Niagara to Lake Champlain, it should be

mentioned that at this time the Americans were on the point of abandoning the only foothold they had on the Niagara peninsula; that Fort Niagara, on the American side, was held by the enemy; and that the naval command of Lake Ontario was about to pass into British hands. Everything thus depended upon Macdonough. If he were beaten, Plattsburg must fall by the severance of its communications, as New Orleans fifty years later fell to Farragut. That accomplished, the British would control the lake, ready for next year's campaign; possibly, even during the brief remnant of the current season, such naval establishment as existed on Lake Champlain could be destroyed. It was recognized on all hands—explicitly by the Duke of Wellington—that command of the water was the essential of success. This dictum by itself measures the greatness of Macdonough's service, and summarizes the relation of the battle of Plattsburg not only to the immediate result—the arrest of invasion—but to the general situation in Europe, then very critical, and to the peace negotiations then carrying on at Ghent.

Like Perry, and like Chauncey on Lake Ontario, Macdonough in chief measure built his fleet as well as fought it. In the first year of the war, and until 1814, Lake Champlain, which had been the great line of operations, to and fro, in the campaigns of the colonial period and the Revolution, counted for little in the plans of either party. The British in Canada had during this period no force adequate to invasion; nor had the Americans, although in mere numbers decisively superior. Effort, therefore, had been confined to Lakes Erie and Ontario. These, from their considerable width and boisterous surface, and the direction of their length—east and west—were less decisively favorable than Champlain to invasion, the general advance of which would be north or south; but, as they touched through four hundred miles the shores of both belligerents, naval control protected its possessor from the desultory enterprises chiefly to be feared, and facilitated the transportation of men and supplies. Champlain, strategically considered, was a great highroad of communications flanking any advance along it, and thus eminently suited for invasion. When Macdonough took his command, in the autumn of 1812, there were only two gunboats, very small vessels indeed, propelled by oars, or sail, as need be. Six lake trading-sloops, of a hun-

dred tons each, had been bought for army transport, and these were directed to be turned over to him; but three proved unfit to carry guns, so that only three became naval vessels. Small as this force was, it was superior to the British, who had but one sloop; but the indiscreet action of a junior officer, running eagerly to attack before a fair breeze, heedless of possible necessity to retreat, brought two of the American sloops under the much superior fire of land troops, in a position at the narrow outlet of the lake, whence they could not retire against the wind. Having to surrender, superiority was transferred to the enemy. This was in June, 1813. Eight weeks later, a British officer at Quebec, Captain Everard, brought up the crew of his ship, manned the captured sloops, and ravaged the shores as far as Burlington. The two sloops remained British, and under the names *Chub* and *Finch* took part in the battle.

Both sides now started to build. The British came out first, with a new brig called the *Linnet*. With her and several small craft, Captain Pring, on May 10, 1814, made an attempt on Otter Creek, fifteen miles south of Burlington, where Macdonough's new ship, the *Saratoga*, was nearly ready. The naval attack could not be pressed home, because the *Linnet* was too valuable to be risked against the American shore batteries; and the extemporized navy-yard at Vergennes, seven miles up the creek, was protected by marshes against a raid by land forces, if such had been present. Three weeks later, the *Saratoga* was out, commanding the lake. On May 29th she anchored off Plattsburg in company with the schooner *Ticonderoga* and the sloop *Preble;* three out of the four that shared in the battle of September 11th. Macdonough's superiority during the three summer months gave the Americans unmolested use of the lake for the transport of troops,—almost wholly militia,—of stores, and of all things available for the land defense of Plattsburg. To perfect this control, the squadron in early June took advanced position ten or fifteen miles below (north of) Plattsburg, in the narrows of the lake. There it blocked the British forces from entering, and also intercepted supplies which parties in Vermont, shameful to tell, had been sending to the British. American boats actually captured several principal spars being rafted from Vermont to equip the new British ship, intended to wrest command of the lake from the Americans.

Macdonough now reported that he was decisively superior for the time to the British; but that the odds would be reversed when their new ship should be launched. The Navy Department therefore authorized further construction, the Secretary lamenting the occasion for this "race with the adze," which had already cost much on Lake Ontario without decisive results. In pursuance of this permission, a twenty-gun brig, named the *Eagle,* was laid down at Vergennes, July 23d, launched August 11th, and joined the squadron, still in the narrows, off Chazy, on August 27th, five weeks after her keel was laid.

On August 31st the British army, which had assembled along the frontier some days before, began its southward march. General Macomb notified this to Macdonough, and suggested that he shift his position to Plattsburg Bay, with a view to the galleys — gunboats — molesting the enemy's flank, if they advanced along the beach. Macdonough complied at once, and the galleys did render some help in the expected contingency; but the enemy brought up guns, compelling them to retire. The British columns reached the north bank of the Saranac River, on which Plattsburg is, September 6th, having undergone some delay, not from Macomb's troops, but from obstacles placed by him, and bridges destroyed. Prevost then waited for Downie, from whom he expected, not only co-operation in the general conduct of the campaign, but also, explicitly, the support of a simultaneous attack upon the American vessels while the troops assaulted the American works.

The line of the proposed British advance being along the west shore of the lake, Plattsburg with its surroundings was their first serious obstacle. The conformation of its bay, open to the south, but sheltered from the north, gave secure anchorage during the only winds with which the hostile squadron, coming from the north, could approach. Not only so, but when rounding Cumberland Head—the outer point defining the bay to the eastward—the wind, so far fair, would become less so, and might even be foul, or scant, when the course was changed in order to enter. This might constitute a marked difficulty in executing an attack upon a position carefully chosen and established; the more so that, the lake vessels being of light draught and flat bottomed, close-hauled was their worst point of sailing. The new and very big British ship, the *Confiance,* drew only

eight and a half feet. Instead of making the point for which they headed, they slid off to leeward. The enemy, from this cause, especially when subject to the fire of the defense, might not be able to reach his intended positions, and the most carefully arranged plan of action thus be disconcerted, as happened in the forthcoming encounter.

This is one instance of the inconveniences under which the offensive always labors, on land or on sea. It is the offset to the specific advantage of the initiative, acquired by the offensive through retaining the power of movement, which the defense surrenders in order to secure a well-ordered position. Such movement may take the form of the unforeseen, or at least of the unexpected; and unless the defense has exercised every precaution, against all possible devices of the assailant, he may find himself outmanœuvered, without any opportunity to retrieve his original oversight. This befell the French fleet at the battle of the Nile, fought by it at anchor. This Macdonough forestalled by his admirable prevision, which eliminated every adverse possibility, save that unforeseeable "chance" which Napoleon and Nelson have told us may derange the best military calculations.

It is due to Macdonough, therefore, that his dispositions be clearly explained. These are his chief title to honor, outweighing even the admirable tenacity shown. This quality he shared with all who fought under him; the merit of commander-in-chief is his alone.

Cumberland Head is two miles long and two miles from the New York shore. The squadron, therefore, should be anchored well north of the point of the Head, and as far from it as judicious; because, the more north, the less fair the wind for the assailant, and the farther from the Head the greater the distance he must travel, not only under this disability, but under the fire of the defense. There were limitations, however. If too far north, the enemy might bring guns to the north shore, compelling retirement; if too far from the Head—that is, too near the New York shore—the heights of Plattsburg might be captured, the guns turned on the squadron, and it driven into the open lake, where the British superiority was assured. With space for manœuvering, under sail, the *Confiance* was superior to the whole of Macdonough's command; but not necessarily so under the conditions at anchor.

These considerations determined the general position of the squadron as a whole. Macdonough, by a statement made some time afterward, considered it to be a mile and a half from the Plattsburg batteries. For reasons not necessary to give here, it is probable that his memory overestimated the distance; that it was little over a mile. The heavy guns of the period would throw so far only with much elevation, and consequent uncertainty of aim, expressively styled, in the naval vocabulary of the day, "random shot." The northmost vessel was so far north of the point that the *Confiance,* entering with a breeze as favorable as north-northeast, failed to reach it. If the wind had been north, or to the westward of north, this handicap would have been still greater.

The specific dispositions assigned the vessels in this general line were eminently thoughtful and correct. The word thoughtful is particularly applicable. Time, the invaluable ally, was on the side of the Americans; but, like all opportunities, time unimproved is valueless. The unavoidable delays in getting the *Confiance* out gave Macdonough time enough to execute his plans, but not enough for an unprepared mind to devise and determine in a case not already maturely considered. The promptness of the arrangements, as well as their completeness, shows a mind stored with resources; the accumulation of hours of deliberation, reinforced, not improbably, by acquaintance with historical precedents, the fruits of professional study, which suggest or correct the conclusions of the individual judgment.

Of Macdonough's four ships, the *Saratoga* and the *Eagle* were much the heaviest. Their united batteries outweighed those of the two principal British, the *Confiance* and the *Linnet;* a condition which partly, but not entirely, qualified the actual great superiority, in weight and range of guns, possessed by the *Confiance* alone over any one of her possible opponents. Having to fight with a north wind, these heaviest two ships were placed at the north end of the line. They thus not only would have a wind fair to help the rear, which they would not at the south end, but the heavier British vessels were compelled to seek them at once—steer direct for them—under pain of being thrown out of effective action altogether; while by the position taken they had also to make the attempt with the wind least favorable for reaching their object. Any particular scheme for doubling on

the head of the American line was thus rendered as difficult of execution as possible; and the British commodore designed just such a manœuver. The northerliness of the position was controlled by the possibility, already mentioned, that the British might bring guns to the north shore of the bay. The north of the column must be out of reach of any such.

Under these circumstances the *Eagle* was made the leading—north—ship. She lay a little south of the mouth of the Saranac, and a little over a mile east of the American batteries on the Plattsburg heights, which were also south of the river. From her the line extended southerly, in total length about half a mile. The order was *Eagle, Saratoga, Ticonderoga,* (schooner), *Preble,* (sloop). The galleys, or gunboats, of which there were ten, were to keep under way, with sails or oars, or both, as circumstances should dictate. The distribution of them conformed to the general principles that decided the main order. They were stationed forty yards from the line of vessels, on the side away from the enemy's approach; three a little north of the *Eagle,* strengthening what was recognized to be the probable objective of the British, and three between the *Ticonderoga* and *Preble,* reinforcing the rear, which intentionally was left otherwise weakest. The other four fronted the two other intervals in the column. From the whole arrangement, the British attack must be—could not but be—on the head of the line; any other must be resultless.

Macdonough thus obliged the enemy to conform the general lines of his action to his own dispositions, a chief merit in a commanding officer. It is told of a chieftain of antiquity that he cried to his opponent, " If you are the great leader you are said to be, why do you not come down and fight with me?" but he received the pertinent reply, " If you are the great general you think yourself, why do you not *compel* me to come down and fight?" In other words, generalship consists not only in skilful fighting, but in forcing your antagonist to accept the conditions you wish. This Macdonough effected, in the broad outlines of his plans. The enemy must fight, for he must control the lake. This circumstance was improved to make him fight a carefully prepared fleet at anchor, losing much of the indisputable superiority he had when underway. He must also attack the strongest part of the defense's order, under the most dis-

advantageous conditions. Macdonough could not influence the particular method the British commodore might adopt. He had constituted for him the problem; he could not control the attempted solution.

Even in this, however, something would depend upon the attendant circumstances of the battle; upon those that might be anticipated, and also upon the wholly unforeseeable—the "chance" of Napoleon and Nelson. The superiority of the *Confiance* lay partly in most of her guns being what were then known as "long," the value of which was in their range, exceeding much that of the short guns called carronades. There was such a thing as being within reach of the first, and beyond that of the second. The long twenty-fours of the *Confiance* were of the class which the heavy American sea-going frigates then carried. Of them she had fourteen in broadside; the *Saratoga* only four. If she could choose her distance and also her position—as in a fight under way she might—fourteen to four would represent the odds, the carronades being thrown out of range. But not distance only, direction from the *Saratoga* also must be insured; and, to get this certainly, some ground to the north of Cumberland Head must be gained against the wind. This meant farther to go, westward; distance shortened, possibly to carronade range. Moreover, confirmed British tradition favored short range. "Lay a Frenchman close, and you will beat him," was a proverb Nelson inherited from his predecessors. Downie would have had to be an exceptional man to play at "long bowls" for advantage, as Hillyar at Valparaiso had done less than six months before, when he captured our *Essex;* but Hillyar was an old officer of established reputation, while Downie's spurs were yet to win. As three-fourths of the *Saratoga's* battery were carronades, the importance of these factors is evident. A further element, which Macdonough could not know—an unforeseen "chance"—was that Prevost was daily nagging Downie into action.

It would naturally be expected, and was the case, with an engaged vessel, that the side toward the enemy would receive the greater damage, and that much of the injury would fall upon the guns, they being close together in the short vessels of that date. Hence this broadside—a term signifying the guns on one side—would undergo progressive diminution during the fight. The small penetrative power

of ordnance then would rarely leave much destructive force to reach the guns on the farther broadside; carronades, in particular, threw a very slow-moving ball, which crashed and smashed the timbers, but lost most of its way in so doing. The unengaged broadside, therefore, constituted a reserve of strength to be brought into play in emergency. A ship under way might do this by manœuvering, so long as her motive power lasted; but at anchor the process of getting under sail, coupled with the disablement of guns which prompted the attempt, would probably be fatal. Consequently, provision to bring the unemployed battery into action by other means was a prime essential in preparation at anchor; and it is obvious that a squadron with three or four days to get ready had in this a distinct advantage over one anchoring under fire. However careful the preparation, the anchors, cables, and springs were exposed to injury during the process of closing,—might be wholly disabled; while the hasty execution of the manœuvers, coupled with the necessity of sending at once a large part of the crew to the guns, would under the most skilful handling mar the precision attainable in quieter circumstances.

This factor was potent in determining the result at Plattsburg. Possibly the game had already been won when Macdonough in this manner brought up his reserve; but, as in many a renowned battle, it was the opportune advance of the reserves which changed the wavering of the enemy into the confusion of disaster. The analogy is not strained; it simply illustrates the homogeneousness of the military art, and the essential oneness of its few leading principles. Macdonough's merit is not lessened, but enhanced, by the care taken beforehand to insure his power so to act. Cooper gives an elaborate description of the means provided, which I doubt not he obtained from an eye-witness, though Macdonough's concise report is silent. The details are too technical for non-professional interest; suffice it to say that precaution to insure the needed end, if required, was doubled and trebled. The "preventers," to use the nautical term, the full force of which can be appreciated only by remembering that the original meaning of " prevent " is " to go before," —to anticipate—were ready beforehand, to act at once if the more usual means were lost by the chances of battle. Consequently, at the critical moment the American commodore brought to bear upon his opponent a fresh, unshaken force—

the essential of every reserve—to which no adequate resistance could be made before defeat was inevitable.

Macdonough established his position on September 6th or 7th. The log of the *Eagle* shows that she took her fighting berth on the 7th. By the 8th everything was ready; and on that date Prevost, who had full view of all, notified the American dispositions to Downie. The two days following were spent in expectation; doubtless, with so wary a leader, many a small detail was improved here and there. Meantime, the British commander was wrestling with the distractions of incomplete arrangements, not of his own occasioning. His chief reliance, the *Confiance,* in herself more than half his force, had been launched August 25th. She did not haul from alongside the wharf into the stream until September 7th, the same day that Macdonough established his fighting order, and only five after Downie's joining. She started for the front at once, being towed by rowing-boats against head wind and the downward current of the lake. Her crew had been assembled hurriedly by drafts from ships at Quebec, the last coming on board the evening of September 6th. Though largely trained men-of-war's men, as their fighting proved, they were not yet an organic whole, being strangers to one another and to their officers; a circumstance sure to tell when opposed to a ship's company which, whatever its original quality, had been working together under skilled leaders for three months, as was the case of the *Saratoga.*

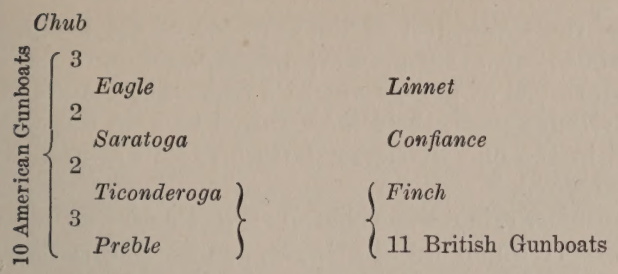
As a seaman, Downie would know that under such conditions a few days more could add very little to the American efficiency, but immensely to his own. It was otherwise with the land forces. There the American defense would depend chiefly upon the forts; and the defenders, being mostly militia, would gain largely in value, relatively to the British troops, already seasoned by years of Peninsular campaigning. In my judgment, the British lake navy could not have extended to the British army any such help in storming works as to make waiting for it expedient. For a campaign the vessels were absolutely essential, because the water must be controlled; but to an actual assault they could contribute little. Prevost thought differently, and had set his heart upon a simultaneous attack by fleet and troops. Hence, as each day's delay made his share harder, he was urgent with Downie. Moreover, in that northerly latitude,

the season was already late for the extensive task cut out by the British Government; upon the speedy accomplishment of which it relied for dictating the terms of peace and for ending satisfactorily a war that not only was irksome, but weakened also its position in Europe, where perplexing and dangerous conditions continued to prevail.

Besides, the impression upon men's imagination from the battery of the *Confiance* must be reckoned with. In long-gun power she much exceeded the *Guerrière* when captured by the *Constitution;* while in the aggregate, including carronades, she threw five-sixths of the *Guerrière's* total weight of broadside. In broadside long guns she carried fourteen twenty-fours; the *Constitution* only sixteen. Her superiority to the *Saratoga,* the main reliance of the American squadron, was so striking as to throw into the background the accumulation of disadvantages which the previous analysis has shown. There was no time to analyze amid the preoccupations due to her backward condition when Downie joined, and a strong presumption of her invincibility doubtless affected action.

Accordingly, precipitate haste was the order of procedure. Equipment and forward movement went on side by side. On September 8th the toilsome progress of towing by boats was resumed, the newly arrived crew being then first stationed at the guns, while dockyard mechanics still labored at their fittings. That night the *Confiance* joined the rest of the squadron, fifteen miles north of Plattsburg. September 9th the wind continued still ahead, and so on the 10th, frustrating the intention to attack on this day, greatly and unreasonably to the chagrin of Prevost, who showed signs of temper. This short period was improved in drilling crews and completing details. Indeed, the last gang of workmen left the ship only two hours before she came under fire.

On September 11th the wind came fair, from north-northeast. The British squadron weighed before daylight—about five-thirty—and stood up the narrows for Plattsburg in column; the *Finch* leading, the *Confiance, Linnet, Chub,* following in the order named. This, when they rounded Cumberland Head, would point them for their several anchorages relatively to the American line. In Downie's purpose, the respective positions of the two fleets, when the battle was fairly joined, would be as follows:



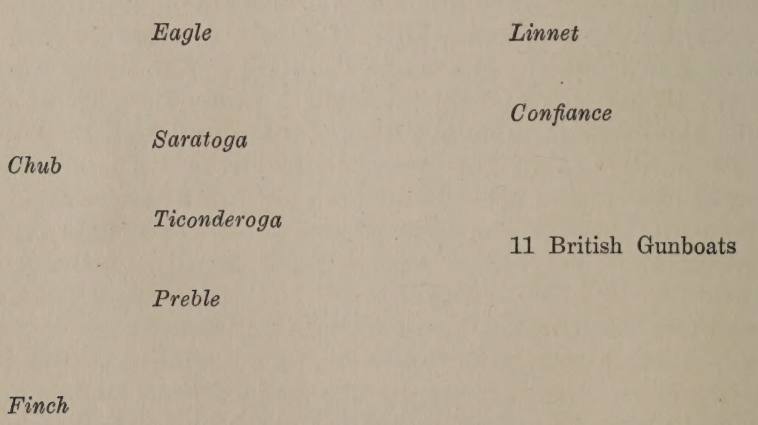
At seven-thirty, being then near Cumberland Head, the British hove-to and Downie went ahead in a small rowing-boat to assure himself that the Americans were still in the order reported. Finding them so, he returned, and the squadron at once resumed its way. Before settling down to the disposition shown above, it was intended that the *Confiance* should keep near the wind till some distance ahead of the *Eagle,* that she should then run down before it, slowly, and in passing give that American vessel a broadside, the weight of which might be expected so to crush her as to make more equal the task of the *Linnet,* normally much inferior. Furthermore, to even the contest, the *Chub* was to place herself on the other side of the *Eagle,* a little ahead; a position of vantage which, if attained, would spare the *Chub* much punishment, while enabling her to inflict a great deal. The *Finch* and all the British gunboats were to combine their attack upon the *Ticonderoga* and *Preble.*

In pursuance of this plan, in order that the *Confiance* might disable the *Eagle,* and then get out of the way of the *Chub* and *Linnet,* she pressed ahead of her consorts, with the result of concentrating upon her the fire of the American line. This, with a failure of the wind, spared the *Eagle* the threatened broadside; for the *Confiance* succeeded only in fetching abreast the *Saratoga,* at a distance of five hundred yards. The *Linnet,* next ahead of the *Confiance,* anchored abreast the *Eagle;* but the *Chub* also failed to reach her appointed place, being, like the *Confiance,* damaged in sails and rigging, and her commander prostrated in efficiency by what seems not to have been a very severe wound. She drifted helplessly through the American line, hauling down her flag on the other side of it. This left the *Linnet* alone, at grips with the Eagle; but the north-northeast wind turned the *Confiance* a little, so that the forward third of her battery could bear upon the *Eagle.* Thus directed, it more than

replaced the *Chub,* but at the expense of the *Confiance* herself; whose own antagonist, the *Saratoga,* thus received only two-thirds of her opponent's fire. The fourth and rearmost British vessel, the *Finch,* failed to gain her position at all, and in the end drifted ashore on Crab Island, a mile to the southward.

Such miscarriages as befell the *Confiance, Chub,* and *Finch* are frequent in all attacks, sea or shore; the ultimate result depends upon their magnitude and upon the prior dispositions and respective skills of the opposing commanders. Downie was killed fifteen minutes after the action began; but it is improbable that he could have retrieved the disadvantage under which the *Confiance* found herself at the critical moment, through Macdonough's precautions. In the rear, the mishap to the *Finch* left only the British gunboats to contend with the *Ticonderoga* and *Preble.* The latter was forced from her anchors and ran ashore under the American batteries; but the *Ticonderoga* repelled the attacks upon her.

The actual form assumed by the engagement, as contrasted with Downie's project, was therefore as follows:



The *Confiance* anchored at nine o'clock. By ten-thirty the *Eagle,* under the combined fire before noted, had many of her guns on the engaged side dismounted. She was anchored with her topsail yards mastheaded. To make sail it was necessary only to drop the topsails, not to hoist them; a precaution so characteristic of Macdonough as to suggest his directions, although he disapproved of the *Eagle's* use of it. Her cable was cut, and she ran down the line on the

off side till in rear of the *Saratoga,* where she anchored again; but by the stern, thus bringing into action the broadside hitherto not engaged. Her withdrawal enabled the *Confiance* and *Linnet* to combine their fire upon the *Saratoga;* but, on the other hand, the then commander of the *Confiance* wrote, "In this new position the *Eagle* kept up a destructive fire on the *Confiance,* without being exposed to a shot from that ship or the *Linnet,*" and the *Confiance* was the key of the situation.

By this time nearly the whole engaged battery of the *Saratoga* was dismounted or otherwise unserviceable; while the *Confiance* had but four guns that could be used. The decisive moment—that of bringing up the reserves—had arrived. The *Saratoga* let go a stern anchor, cut the bow cable, and, through the means instituted by Macdonough in the hours of waiting, was turned round where she lay, promptly and without hindrance. But the stern anchor of the *Confiance* had been shot away; she naturally could have made no such elaborate preparation as her opponent; and it became necessary to attempt turning with a spring upon the bow cable. In the course of this comparatively—and usually—slow manœuver, the British ship got half-way round. There she seems to have hung, at right angles to the American line. In this position—"in chancery," as it were—for the time being helpless, a raking shot from the *Saratoga* swept the length of the ship, killing and wounding several. Then, reported her commander, "the ship's company declared they would stand no longer to their quarters, nor could the officers with their utmost exertions rally them." Her colors were struck, in token of surrender, at eleven o'clock. The *Linnet* kept hers up fifteen minutes longer; but the battle of Lake Champlain was won.

In the two hours between her anchoring and her surrender the *Confiance* received one hundred and five round shot in her hull; the *Saratoga* fifty-five. The British ship was kept afloat only by inclining to one side, to keep the shot-holes on the other out of water. Her loss in killed and wounded was over a hundred out of two hundred and seventy; that of the *Saratoga* fifty-seven out of a total of two hundred and ten. Few fights have been more resolutely contested.

The next day Prevost retreated into Canada. The invasion of New York by the Champlain route was impossible after the defeat of the fleet; and, despite the now great

British superiority in land force in Canada, there was not time to organize any forward movement in any other quarter before winter. The battle had saved the whole frontier for that year; but more, it put an end to all British hopes of modifying conditions before peace. It thus insured to the United States peace under favorable stipulations; for, in the critical circumstances in Europe, Great Britain shrank from protracted warfare in America, and her Government, avowedly to itself, was simply taking the chance of the campaign to obtain territorial arrangements which it considered desirable for Canada and for the Western Indians. To these expectations Macdonough put an end. The battle of Plattsburg was decisive of the results of the war, so far as territorial and boundary demands were concerned. Otherwise, the injuries which had caused the United States to declare war remained unredressed, the British Government refusing the slightest concession. This was due to the failure of the three administrations, those of Jefferson and Madison, to make any military preparation. Great Britain had nothing to fear from the United States. On the contrary, in 1814, there stood between our helpless Government and disastrous reverse, with probable loss of territory in the north, only the resolution and professional resource of Macdonough, then an unrecognized seaman on the neglected waters of Champlain.

The news of the defeat reached England October 21st. Two weeks later the British Government offered the Duke of Wellington the command in North America. This was due, partly, to a wish to remove him from Paris, where it was feared a plot against his person was in progress; but the Prime Minister wrote also, "The Duke would restore confidence to the army, place the military operations on a proper footing, and give us the best chance of peace." Wellington replied, November 9th, that neither he nor any one could achieve success, in the way of conquests, unless with naval superiority on the Lakes. "The question is whether we can obtain this superiority. If we cannot, I shall do you but little good in America; I shall go there only to prove the truth of Prevost's defense, and to sign a peace which might as well be signed now." He added that, in the state of the war, Great Britain had no ground to demand any concession of territory. No higher indorsement can be given to the significance of Macdonough's victory, as of

Perry's the year before. Peace was signed at Ghent, on December 24th.

In conclusion, it may be interesting to note that twice in the history of the United States naval force on Lake Champlain has produced decisive results. Macdonough's is one instance. The other was in 1776, when the petty flotilla under Benedict Arnold, by its presence and activity, compelled the postponement of the British invasion until the following summer, allowing the weak and unorganized Americans a year's respite to prepare. Arnold's operations coincided with the period during which Washington abandoned Long Island and New York, and retreated through New Jersey to Valley Forge. In the twelvemonth of grace thus secured Washington retrieved the abandonment of New Jersey, regaining a position menacing New York, and the Howes took the British army from New York to the Chesapeake. Burgoyne's capitulation followed, by which event the intervention of France was determined; and it was the French navy that, to use Washington's own words, "had the casting vote" in our War of Independence, when, again to quote our great leader, we were "at the end of our tether."

A. T. Mahan.

THE CHANGING SENATE

BY GEORGE H. HAYNES

On the last day of May, 1913, there was witnessed in Washington the closing scene in a long struggle for change in our rigid Constitution. Secretary Bryan signed the formal announcement of the Seventeenth Amendment of the Constitution, providing for the direct election of Senators.

When the Constitution was under debate in the Federal Convention, outspoken advocacy of the election of Senators by direct vote of the people came from James Wilson alone. The great majority of the members accepted Madison's view, that in the election of the Senate there should be a "refining of the popular appointment by successive filtrations." But in recent years the conviction has been spreading that State Legislatures long ago ceased to "function" effectively as filters for popular appointment in the election of Senators. The result has been the enactment of the Seventeenth Amendment. Its course has been unique; for in regard to no other possible amendment could two of the bodies having part in its enactment be to the same extent parties in interest: in passing upon the proposal, members of the United States Senate were voting for or against a measure which might seriously affect their individual chances of re-election, to say nothing of its effects upon the spirit, prestige, and power of the Senate; moreover, members of State Legislatures, in voting to ratify the amendment were at the same time voting to deprive the Legislatures of a power which had greatly enhanced the influence of State legislators in national party relations. Hence, although the proposed amendment had been approved six times, at intervals between 1893 and 1911, by overwhelming majorities in the House of Representatives, until 1911 it was never allowed to come to a vote in the Senate. At the first session of the Sixty-second Congress, less than four months after

its defeat by four votes in the Senate, it was approved by a vote of 64 to 24 (June 12, 1911). By that time it had become evident that the amendment was in accord with a rising and imperative public sentiment. And to that public sentiment the State Legislatures made haste to defer: in less than twenty-two months after the Senate gave its approval, the Legislatures of thirty-six States—the requisite three-fourths —had ratified the amendment.

No student of politics and no alert, public-spirited American citizen can fail to watch with interest and concern for the effects which this latest change in our Constitutional law is to produce. Is it an epoch-making reform? Will it work a revolution in the personnel of the Senate? Will the charge cease to be made that " predatory wealth " finds in the Senate its strongest fortress?

The Senate of the Sixty-third Congress is the last Senate to be elected by the State Legislatures. Already several vacancies have been filled by direct vote of the people, and with November of 1914 the regular schedule of such elections goes into full effect. But the ninety-six men who originally constituted it were all placed in office by the now discredited and discarded mode of election. Who, then, are these men? What do they represent? What has been their educational training, their business and political experience? What, under the old mode of election, made them available candidates? Few of these questions can be answered with completeness or with any great degree of accuracy. Nevertheless, the writer believes that when studies are made of the Senate of a score of years hence, it will then be of interest, as a basis for comparison, to revert to certain easily ascertained facts as to the personnel of the last Senate elected by the process ordained by the framers of the Constitution.

Of the ninety-six original members of this Senate, all but five are native-born American citizens. The exceptions are: Senators Nelson (Minnesota), Norway; Gallinger (New Hampshire), Canada; Hughes (New Jersey), Ireland; Sutherland (Utah), England; and Stephenson (Wisconsin), New Brunswick. Forty-five of the Senators are sons of the State which they represent. Ohio may claim the title, " Mother of Senators," for seven of her sons are in the present Senate. Kentucky has sent six, and Mississippi six, including, by strange coincidence, both of the Nevada Sena-

tors. Fifth on the list is Indiana, with five to her credit. Tennessee, New York, North Carolina, and Virginia have each sent four.

The Senate belies its name, for it is no longer a body of ancients. The average age of its members during its first session was 57.2 years, just two and one-half years younger than the average age of Senators in the Fifty-eighth Congress (1904). But averages tell little; the grouping of Senators by decades is more informing. Three members were between thirty and forty years of age; seventeen between forty-one and fifty; forty-one between fifty-one and sixty; twenty-eight between sixty-one and seventy; six between seventy-one and eighty, and one over eighty-one. It will be observed that sixty-two, almost exactly two-thirds, had not passed the age of sixty, while only twenty-two had passed sixty-five, and but seven the threescore years and ten. Evidence of the rejuvenescence of the Senate is found in the comparative age-percentages of the Sixty-third and the Fifty-eighth Congresses.

PERCENTAGE OF SENATORS IN FIVE-YEAR AGE-GROUPS

	30–35	36–40	41–45	46–50	51–55	56–60	61–65	66–70	71–75	76–80	81–85
Senate, 1904..	0	0	8.88	6.66	20.00	16.66	16.66	16.66	8.88	5.55	0
Senate, 1913..	1.04	2.08	11.46	6.25	27.08	15.62	13.54	15.62	5.21	1.04	1.04

The juveniles in the Senate are Luke Lea, Tennessee, aged thirty-four; Morris Sheppard, Texas, aged thirty-eight; and H. F. Ashurst, Arizona, aged thirty-nine; while the Nestor—in years, at least—is Isaac Stephenson, of Wisconsin, aged eighty-four.

Not a few of the biographical sketches give no clue as to the schooling of their subjects, and educational terminology in the United States is so far from standardized that these data are not of much significance. It is of interest to note that sixty-four, or exactly two-thirds, are men trained in college or professional school. West Point and Annapolis are each represented by a graduate; one had been trained in a normal school; nine had finished their schooling in a high-school or academy, while seven—some with obvious pride—state that they have had the advantage only of the common schools, and describe themselves as self-educated.

A military record has often proved of help in politics. The present Senate contains five veterans of the Union army, five of the Confederate army, and five who saw service in the war with Spain. The ravages of time are indicated

by the contrast between these figures and those of the one hundred and fifty-nine Senators in the five Congresses ending with the Fifty-eighth. Of them, fifty-one, or practically one in three, had seen service in the Civil War.

As to the Senators' occupations or professions, the most striking thing is the preponderance of lawyers; sixty-nine out of the ninety-six declared the law to be their profession, while several others have studied law and been in its active practice at some period in their lives. Next on the list are the farmers and planters, represented by six members. Five journalists—an exceptionally large proportion—are now in the Senate. The list also includes three bankers or brokers, two concerned with mercantile interests, two physicians, one manufacturer, one real-estate broker, one member devoted to "literature," and one "retired." One Western Senator had been for several years superintendent of the State insane asylum.

Some Senators' careers have been so varied that it is difficult to classify them. For example, Senator Ashurst states that he "has pursued the following occupations: lumberjack, cowboy, clerk, and cashier in store, newspaper reporter, hod-carrier, and lawyer." Apparently he might have added, "humorist."

The proportion of lawyers has not increased materially in recent years, but the type has changed. In place of the statesman-lawyer who had received his training in general practice, there now come the legal specialists, for the most part in the field of corporation law—keener critics, it may well be, of the practicability of certain measures, but with a narrowed interest and outlook.

In explaining the power and prestige attained by the United States Senate, as compared with our House of Representatives, and with upper chambers in the legislatures of other countries, publicists have been wont to emphasize the long term, with the probability of re-election, owing to various causes, particularly to the influence which the Senator acquires in State politics as the fount of Federal patronage. We have grown accustomed to think of the Senate as an assemblage of "Conscript Fathers," possessing a dignity, an *esprit de corps,* arising largely from many years of close association in the Senate's work. There readily come to mind many long and notable careers in the Senate, ended within the present generation: J. S. Morrill, thirty-

one years; G. F. Hoar, twenty-seven years; John Sherman, thirty-two years, and W. B. Allison, thirty-five years. But when the Senate organized for the first session of the present Congress (April, 1913) it was by no means a body of men who had grown old in service together. The dean of the Senate is Jacob H. Gallinger, of New Hampshire, who began his Senatorial service March 4, 1891. His oldest colleagues in point of service are Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, and George C. Perkins, of California, who entered the Senate two years later. Only fifteen men in the Senate had served more than two full terms: only twenty-six out of the ninety-six had completed more than six years —*i. e.*, less than twenty-seven per cent. of the members had rounded out the length of a single term. In the present Congress the service of forty-seven of the ninety-six members —practically one-half—dates no further back than March 4, 1911, a period no longer than the term for which a Representative is elected. Twenty-three of them had made their *début* in the Senate since January 1, 1913. In comparison with these figures it is significant to note that when the Fifty-ninth Congress convened in 1905, of its eighty-nine Senators only thirteen were without Senatorial experience; forty-one had served at least one previous term in that body, eleven had been in continuous service in the Senate from ten to fifteen years; seven others from fifteen to twenty years, and five others from twenty-five to thirty-three years.

The Senate is apparently becoming more like the House both in type or personnel, and also in the rate of " rotation " in office. Both changes are doubtless to be traced mainly to the same causes. The contrasts in the development of the Senate and of the House in the matter of continuity of service are indicated by these percentages, taken at an interval of fifteen years.

CONTINUITY OF SERVICE IN SENATE AND HOUSE

Percentage of members who had served

	Senate 10 years	Senate 6 years	House 10 years	House 6 years
1896	32%	47%	8%	18%
1911	21	35	20	38

PREVIOUS SERVICE OF REPRESENTATIVES

	None	One Term	More than One Term
1896	47%	27%	26%
1911	30	16	54

In the Sixty-second Congress forty-one per cent. of the members of the House had served six or more years in that body, while only thirty-six per cent. of the members of the Senate had served that length of time. As recently as 1903 it was estimated that "the likelihood that a Senator will be re-elected at least once is about two to one, and the average service of a Senator appears to be about twelve years," whereas the average term in the House is "not more than four or five years." The figures in regard to two particular Congresses separated by fifteen years above cited do not warrant positive assertions, but they do afford strong evidence that the Senator's hold upon his seat is becoming more precarious at the very time when constituents are coming to appreciate to a greater degree the increased benefit that accrues to the district and to the public service from longer continuity of service for their members in the House.[1]

What other political experience had the Senators had? The lower branch of Congress often serves as a training-school for the Senate, and most of its members would gladly give ear to a call to enter the upper chamber. Of the present Senate thirty-five members had seen previous service in the House. The extent of such experience is indicated by the following table:

EXPERIENCE OF SENATORS IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Number of terms	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Senators	5	2	8	4	7	2	3	3	0	1

The men who had served eight terms are Senator Smith of Arizona, Senator Williams of Mississippi, and Senator Burton of Ohio. The veteran of ten terms is Senator Bankhead of Alabama, who was projected into the Senate by the incursion of Commander R. P. Hobson into politics. Three of the present Senators have served in the Cabinet, Senator Root, Secretary of War, 1899 to 1904; Secretary of State, 1905 to 1909; Senator Goff, Secretary of the Navy, 1881; and Senator Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior,

[1] This lengthening of service of members of the House is not indicated so clearly in the figures of the present Congress, to which one hundred and forty-nine out of the four hundred and thirty-five Representatives, or thirty-four per cent., came as *débutants*. It is to be remembered, however, that at the election which constituted this Congress a new apportionment went into effect, which raised the membership of the House from three hundred and ninety-one to four hundred and thirty-five. Since forty-four additional seats were to be filled, it was inevitable that the proportion of new members in this Congress should be exceptionally large.

1893 to 1896. Six have served as Presidential electors, nine as members of Republican or Democratic National Committees, and twenty-six as delegates to party National Conventions. Thirty-six out of the ninety-six make record of their preliminary training for their present position by service in State Legislatures.[1]

Just one in four of the members of the Senate had served as Governors of the States they represent. This is noticeably an increasing proportion, and the change is significant. Of the one hundred and fifty-nine Senators who served in the five Congresses from the Fifty-fourth to the Fifty-eighth, inclusive (1895 to 1905), twenty-eight, or only 17.5 per cent., had been Governors. The list in the present Senate is as follows:

SENATORS WHO HAD BEEN GOVERNORS

SOUTHERN STATES	WESTERN STATES	MIDDLE STATES	NORTH ATLANTIC STATES
Johnston (Ala.).	Perkins (Cal.).	Cummins (Iowa).	McLean (Ct.).
Clarke (Ala.).	Thomas (Col.).	Nelson (Minn.).	Dillingham (Vt.).
Robinson (Ark.).[2]	Shafroth (Col.).	Stone (Mo.).	Page (Vt.).
Smith (Ga.).	Brady (Idaho).	La Follette (Wis.).	
Bradley (Ky.).	Chamberlain (Ore.).		
Smith (Md.).	Crawford (S. D.).		
Vardaman (Miss.).	Warren (Wyo.).		
Tillman (S. C.).			
Swanson (Va.).			
Culberson (Tex.).			

It will be observed that this apparently growing tendency to send Governors to the Senate is very noticeable in the West, and especially in the South. In most of these instances these men made their contest for the Senatorship while still holding office as Governor, and their record in that office served as the basis for their campaign. Several of these contests are of recent, though not in all cases fragrant, memory. On the other hand, the two Senators from Vermont were elected to the Senate a dozen or fifteen years after leaving the Governor's chair, and Senator McLean had

[1] Both of the Senators from Kentucky and also Senator Smith of Michigan received early inspiration for the lawmaker's career while serving as pages in the State Legislature. It may be recalled that the late Senator Gorman of Maryland got his first insight into statecraft as a page in the United States Senate at the tender age of thirteen, and that he continued fourteen years in its employ.

[2] Senator Robinson's service as Governor was not very extended. He was inaugurated January 16, 1913, and elected to the Senate twelve days later.

been out of the governorship nine years before he entered the Senate.

Twenty years from now will the Senate still be called a "millionaires' Paradise," or "rich mens' club"? Those names have been rather less in use of recent years. No trustworthy data are available as to the "presence of wealth" in the Senate. In these days of the income tax, the label "millionaire" is not conspicuously displayed. In the Senate to-day there are ten or a dozen men whose names used to appear in the press lists of millionaires a few years ago. Since then, wealth has so increased that the public has ceased to be interested in lists of mere millionaires. While a large element of men of great wealth in the Senate would tend to make that body ultra-conservative as to property interests, it is well, for the future as for the present, to remember that in a legislative body the greatest menace comes from those who are there not because they are rich, but because they hope to be rich.

A man's progress in politics may often be aided by the associations which he has formed with other men in lines quite other than political. In not a few cases Senators have doubtless received loyal support from their brethren in the great secret orders. Thus Senator Perkins has been "grand master of the grand lodge, F. & A. M. of California; also grand commander of the grand commandery of the Knights Templar, State of California; he is also a member of the California Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion." Luke Lea, youngest of the Senators, in his eight-line autobiographical sketch, does not fail to mention that he is "a thirty-second degree Mason." Morris Sheppard, of Texas, lays stress upon his having been four times elected "sovereign banker, or national treasurer, Woodmen of the World, the second largest fraternal insurance order in the United States." But Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, apparently holds the record as a "joiner," with this highly congruous array of memberships: "is an Episcopalian; Mason, 32 degrees; Mystic Shrine; Knight Templar; A T Ω; Φ B K; Elk; Moose (but not "Bull Moose"); M. W. A., etc."

Now that popular election has become the process required by law, how much more responsive to the people's will is the Senate likely to become? In the first place, it is to be remembered that in States where one party has been

in undisputed ascendancy the real choice had long ago been shifted back from the Legislature to the contest for the party nomination, formerly in the State convention, more recently in the State-wide direct primary. Thus, in most of the Southern States for many years contests in the Legislatures over Senatorial elections have been unknown. It is said that in at least one of the States members of the Legislature were regularly placed under oath to support the candidate who had won the party nomination. In the doubtful States, also, new elective methods had been devised to meet new conditions.

As soon as the Oregon system, which is now familiar to every one and does not need to be gone into in detail, had demonstrated its effectiveness as an agent of popular control over Senatorial elections, other States, in every section of the country, began to adopt some modification of the Oregon method. It was, therefore, no accident that in 1911, when for the first time the popular-election amendment was allowed to come to a vote in the Senate, it failed of adoption by only four votes, and that a few months later the Senate majority in its favor was overwhelming.

No one can read the sketches which the Senators have given of their careers in the *Congressional Directory* without being convinced that the transformation of the Senate which the advocates of this amendment have been trying to effect has already in large measure been realized. More than a third of the Senators, representing States scattered all over the country, set forth with great emphasis the details of their canvass of the State, or of the direct primary, or of the popular vote which was the determining factor in their election.

The fact of the matter is that at least one in three of the present members of the Senate holds his seat by popular mandate practically as direct and authoritative as that which for the future, under the new amendment, is to summon to the Senate the men who will favor "the things that the people love." And from other States, where the machinery of popular control had not yet been developed, nevertheless, to a greater extent than in any previous decade, the majority of Senators have become sensitive to the people's wish. An intelligent forecast of the future will therefore base itself on analysis of tendencies which have been making themselves evident for at least a decade.

The writer is no new convert to the belief that Senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people. Yet his conviction as to the wisdom of the change effected by the Seventeenth Amendment arose far more from observation of the influence of the legislative election of Senators within the States than from optimistic assurance that the personnel or efficiency of the Senate would be notably improved by popular election. Within the States the election of Senators by the Legislatures has long been productive of serious evils: it has blurred issues for the voter in electing members to the Legislature; it has distracted the legislators' attention from the normal work of lawmaking for their State; it has led to the serious interruption of State business, even to the entire suspension of the lawmaking function in one State for two years; the protracted deadlocks have not only aroused bitter animosities, but have often resulted in depriving the State of a voice in the Senate, or in stampeded elections which bore no resemblance to a judicious choice, or in abundant rumors—too often well-grounded—of bribery and corruption. From these and divers other evils popular election should set us free.

He who, at this stage of American political development, confesses to uncertainty whether the Senate will forthwith be "reformed" by popular election will doubtless bring down upon himself the charge which in recent years has become so fashionable against the framers of the Constitution —that of fearing to "trust the people." Under the new mode of choice we have a right to expect that it will be less easy for certain types of men, who have brought reproach upon the Senate, to secure election to that body. The reactionary, who has heretofore secured re-election largely through the activities of a patronage-favored machine, should disappear. The State "boss" may find the voters at large less docile in his support than have been members of the Legislature whom he has helped to office. A candidate who is obviously backed by a railroad or a "trust" will stand less chance of election than under the old system, but during a six-year term unsuspected fealty to such interests may make itself evident. It is doubtful whether the charge that the Senate is a "rich men's club" will have much less basis in the future than in the past. American voters have shown little hesitation to elect the "merely rich man" to the Governorship or to Congress. One of the

most conspicuous Senators of this type in recent years had twice been elected Governor of his State before he was sent to the Senate.

It is salutary to reflect that—whatever may have been the defects and abuses which manifested themselves in connection with the legislative election of Senators—it was under that now-derided system, nevertheless, that the Senate did attain its dominance in our national Congress and its pre-eminence among the upper chambers in national Legislatures of the present day.

Are there indications that popular election may impair the Senate's high tradition and prestige? It seems evident that, with the growing directness of responsibility to the people, the type of Senator is undergoing change. While it may prove to be a passing phase, due to blurred party lines, nevertheless Senatorial service is now obviously growing shorter. This involves a loss in experienced statecraft, which in the past has given to the country some of its ablest leaders. The Senators of the present day are younger than their predecessors; they have come to their membership in the foremost legislative body of the world with less of law-making experience than their predecessors had had. Moreover, there seems to be a distinct and psychologically explicable tendency to turn from men wise in council—who have made the reputation of the Senate in the past—to men of the more dramatic executive qualities. An aptitude for getting things done makes a stronger appeal to the voter than a capacity for deliberate—perhaps too deliberate—study of what it is wise to do. Many a Senator, whose work has been most serviceable, has had few gifts that would make him a successful vote-catcher. For the future it is going to be harder for a Senator of manly independence to hold to a course which does not square with the opinion of the day; for his chance of re-election will be largely determined not by whether his acts have been wise, but by whether they have been popular. In our exultation over the prophesied banishment from the Senate of the reactionaries, the "representatives of predatory wealth," and other belated survivals, we have reason for some concern lest our upper chamber is losing something of the distinction of manner, the type of mind, the poise of judgment, which have characterized our foremost Senator-statesmen. In our haste to be rid of the conservative, is there no danger that we shall at

the same time turn out the conservator? Already certain portentous candidacies have been launched. Almost the first in the field was the notorious Governor of a Southern State, who opened his campaign September 3, 1913, before two thousand cotton-mill operatives, in a characteristic harangue on the charges of drinking and poker-playing which had been made against him, and asked to be sent to the Senate so that in Congress he could carry forward his "fight for the virtue and womanhood of the South." It is easy to dismiss such rant as "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing"; but the ominous fact remains that this man, by his anarchistic utterances, and by his reckless abuse of the pardoning power, was made the chief executive of that proud State by the direct vote of the people. In Massachusetts, less than a year ago, it will be recalled, a mayor and a Congressman who had served a jail sentence for an offense which struck at the very integrity of the public service, were apparently jockeying for their party's candidacy for the Senate. Both of these men, it is to be remembered, held their positions of high responsibility by popular election, based on the direct primary; yet it is doubtful if either of them would have seriously aspired to a seat in the Senate by election of a Massachusetts Legislature controlled by their own party. The Bay State sent Benjamin F. Butler to Congress for repeated terms and made him Governor by popular vote, but her Legislature never sent a man of his type to the Senate. Fortunately, the above-cited cases are exceptional. But let the reader, whose indignation is stirred by any indication of skepticism as to the beneficence of all the results to be expected from popular election, call to mind the candidacies for the Senate already under discussion in his own State, and ask himself how many of them are of the standard which would maintain the prestige and best traditions of the Senate.

The Senate is not to be "reformed"—so far as reform is necessary—by a mere change in the mode of election. There are, it is true, many hopeful aspects of the shift of election from the Legislatures to the people. The people are to be trusted—else is our hope in democracy vain—when they see clearly what is needed. But the qualities which make the sagest councilor and most effective lawmaker are not the most obvious. It is, therefore, a matter of the utmost concern that the requisites for statesman-like Senatorial service

be thoroughly discussed and the qualifications of willing candidates be critically examined. Eternal vigilance did not cease to be the price of liberty from the moment when the Seventeenth Amendment became a part of the Constitution. That change in our Constitutional law has removed one set of corrupting and degrading influences; in some important respects it has given well-meaning, patriotic voters a better chance to secure and maintain control. But from this change we may expect not gain, but loss, in the personnel and effectiveness of the Senate, if we rest in the belief that the ratification of the new amendment is in itself a final victory. It brings, rather, a challenge to every conscientious voter to use his new power with discrimination and with a sense of the grave responsibility which is now placed directly upon him. To all who through the press or through voluntary associations assume responsibilities in guiding public opinion, it brings a more imperative duty to see that that guidance be not petty and partisan, but enlightened and disinterested.

George H. Haynes.

THE NOMINATING PRIMARY

BY WILLIAM THOMAS LAPRADE

THE direct nominating primary has been adopted in one form or another in many States; and, in view of the President's annual message, there seems to be a probability that an attempt will be made to give it a nation-wide extent in the matter of selecting Presidential candidates. This innovating party device finds such a ready acceptance with progressive statesmen and politicians of the present day that it is with some hesitation one makes bold to take the unpopular side. Nevertheless, when so radical a departure from old customs is proposed, it is worth while to ask several questions concerning the defects in the old device and the soundness and efficacy of the new.

In the first place, let us consider whether the primary is inherently a better device for making nominations and framing party platforms than a convention. A political party is, or ought to be, a group of individuals who are agreed on certain questions which they deem to be of sufficient importance to justify each of them in yielding the idiosyncrasies of his personal opinions in order to support the common views. Before a party can have organic existence and become an efficient fighting unit these common views must be agreed upon and formulated, and a leader must be chosen. The purpose for which a political party exists, then, is to enable its members, even at the cost of compromise on subordinate questions, to agree upon a programme that offers some prospect of being attainable, and to select for united support the candidate who seems most likely to lead to a successful issue in their efforts to put that programme into effect. A nominating convention is presumably composed of representative and experienced men of more than average ability and intelligence. Its mem-

bers, acting in a representative capacity, meet to consult with each other with a view to ascertaining conditions throughout the extent of the political unit involved. It seems on the surface tolerably certain that such a body of men after consultation, if not so numerous as to be unwieldy or so small as to be unrepresentative, would be much better able to frame a party programme and select a party candidate than would all the members of the party acting together. In the first place, the average citizen, if called upon, would find it difficult to formulate his political creed in a manner that would obtain for it a very wide acceptance. But, were each citizen able to formulate his own views, there is no conceivable political device, other than one based on some form of representation, which would enable a group of citizens sufficiently large to constitute a party to compromise upon views held in common. Yet such a compromise is absolutely necessary if political parties are to exist at all.

The President, in his recommendation of a Presidential primary, avoids this difficulty by suggesting that conventions may still be held to frame party platforms. Even so. But half the task of winning an election consists in finding a candidate who represents in his personal character the spirit of the prevailing views of his party, however imperfectly they may be expressed in the formal party platform. The choice of such a candidate is a matter for mature deliberation, in the light of all the available information, by intelligent, well-informed men, rather than for the uninformed decision of the unthinking mass of voters. There is no better illustration of this point than the case of the President himself. It is now generally agreed that he is the most competent and representative leader of his party who could have been selected. Yet he has to remember that it was not a popular primary, but the Baltimore convention, far from ideal as that body admittedly was for the high functions it exercised, which made him the nominee of his party for the position he now holds. On the other hand, as far as we may judge from the primaries that were actually held, he would have lacked much of becoming the nominee had the method of nomination he now advocates then obtained. It is reasonable, admitting an equality of good intentions, that a select, representative group will be more likely to reach a wise decision than a larger number

of less well-informed and well-qualified persons. Else of what avail is intelligence and experience? We conclude, therefore, that a representative convention, not too large or too small, would be likely to attain better results than could be reached by all the members of a party acting together under any device which has yet been suggested.

There is another point in favor of the nominating convention. It is composed, after all, of delegates, and the final decision still rests with those for whom they are acting. If the delegates do their work well their candidate and platform merit and ought to have the support of their constituents. But if the constituents feel that a delegate has betrayed their principles, they are free to withdraw temporarily or permanently from the party and to support another candidate who more nearly represents their views. This is the check that makes the delegate a true representative. Moreover, in this way a voter can participate in the party organization and yet retain an essential part of his political independence. The direct nominating primary leaves room for no such wholesome possibility. It is difficult to see why it would not be as justifiable for a citizen in the minority to refuse to accept the measures imposed by a majority of his fellow-citizens in the nation at large as it would for a participant in a primary to refuse to support the nominee chosen by the members of his party voting directly. But, if we admit this principle, there would seem to be little use for an election where all parties are compelled to hold legalized primaries.

Furthermore, if primaries are held where the parties are at all equally supported, it necessarily follows that the official ultimately elected is in a majority of cases the first choice of a minority of the voters. Where three parties of considerable strength exist the official chosen might very well be the choice of a very small proportion of the voters. Let us examine a possible case. According to the apportionment under the census of 1910, there are in the average Congressional District in the United States about forty thousand voters. Let us grant that each of the three political parties has something near the same strength in a district, and that the successful candidate is elected by a plurality of a thousand votes. He would require only fourteen thousand votes all told. Now let us assume that there were three candidates before the primary which selected

the successful candidate to lead his party, and that the vote in the primary was reasonably close. The winner would require only five thousand votes to give him a plurality of five hundred over his opponents. Thus the man finally selected would be the first choice of only one-eighth of his constituents. Moreover, the chances are that the candidate ultimately selected would represent the group that held together most solidly, regardless of the general sentiment of a majority of the members of the party in the district. This group would probably be composed either of professional politicians and their henchmen or of ultra-radical enthusiasts, since these two classes of voters would be more likely to attend a primary in force than others. Nor is this example an unfair illustration of what would take place in very many cases under a legalized primary. Indeed, should the number of candidates exceed three, the successful nominee might very frequently be the choice of even a smaller minority of the voters.

It cannot be pleaded that the subsequent elections would afford an opportunity for defeating the undesirable nominees of primaries. In the first place, as we noted above, the man who would refuse to support the nominee of a primary in which he had taken part would be a sort of revolutionist or anarchist. Revolutions may be necessary and defensible under exceptional conditions, but it would seem to be ill-advised to adopt deliberately a system of government which would invite and encourage revolution. But the nominee of the opposition party under the primary system would probably not often be of such a character as to win the support of a voter who was displeased at the choice of his own party. There are two political groups that exist to a greater or a less degree in all parties in almost every community, and one of these groups would select the candidate in a party primary in almost every case in which there was opposition. One of these groups is controlled by professional politicans who are primarily seeking to advance their own personal interests in one form or another, and no party has a monopoly of persons of this sort. The other group is composed of individuals who may be termed ultra-radicals, persons who hold views to which the majority of conservative opinion in the community has not yet assented. The first of these groups would always take part in a primary and would usually concentrate its strength on some one

candidate. This group would naturally have the most efficient organization, since its members would have a greater immediate practical interest in the outcome than any other group. The second group, the radicals, being enthusiasts by nature, would, under ordinary circumstances, be more likely than any other to rival the professional politicians in efficiency of organization and in the positive activity necessary to command support. In a majority of cases one of these two factions would probably select the candidates of all parties; and, in either case, the candidate selected would not correctly represent the views of the unorganized, sane, conservative majority of substantial citizens. The legalized primary, therefore, seems calculated to put the reins of government into the hands either of professional politicians or of advocates of various radical departures from the existing order. In any case, it is a cumbrous device, ill adapted to the task of selecting the most available party candidates and of formulating a programme that would approximate to the consensus of partisan opinion.

The truth is that the nominating primary is a departure from our traditional, representative system of government. If the candidates are to be selected by a direct vote, the platforms ought also to be submitted to a partisan referendum. And in that case it would be illogical not to provide a place for the initiative, as well, in the internal party government. Certainly nobody but the wildest democratic enthusiast would advocate such a scheme. Yet the nominating primary has widespread support, in spite of the fact that the selection of a candidate and the formulation of a platform are equally tasks for competent and experienced hands.

But there must be something wrong with the nominating convention. What are the defects, from the point of view of the supporters of the primary, which make the abandonment of the convention so imperative? Perhaps a consideration of these defects will enable us to understand the favor with which the primary is now received. In the first place, however, it is well to note that the soundness of the theory of the nominating convention is seldom or never disputed. In truth, the reformers are usually so much occupied with the obvious evils which have grown up in the working of the convention system that a fundamental question like this is almost invariably ignored. Since these undeniable evils have arisen, the supporters of the primary reason that the

convention system itself must be at fault. Instead of seeking a diagnosis of the disease and a remedy for the patient they would have us take the life of the convention system forthwith and substitute the primary, a device which, as we have seen, is not without its shortcomings in theory and which may develop other defects in practice. It would seem to be the part of wisdom at least to give the convention system a hearing before dismissing it in such a summary fashion. It is pertinent, therefore, to inquire into the nature of the defects in the convention which the primary is designed to remedy.

In the first place, it is alleged that under the convention system "bosses" have been able to dominate the parties, to name the candidates, and to frame the platforms. The nominating primary, by restoring the power to the individual members of the party, is to rid the country of "bosses." A "boss," in the parlance of present-day reformers, seems to be a professional politician who exerts himself to control the government of his community in order that he may promote his own private interest. There are usually associated with him a group of henchmen with similar views and aims. This group has a very obvious reason for acting together and a correspondingly stronger reason for compromising minor differences of opinion than have citizens who act from loftier motives. However great a lack of interest the citizens at large may manifest in political questions, the professional politician will share none of this apathy. It is a matter that concerns his daily bread. For that reason he has in the past been willing to spend both time and money in order that he might have influence in nominating conventions. It was by such means he hoped to find reward in the spoils of office. In a like manner, for the same reasons, the "boss" will seek to influence the results of nominating primaries. And the view we have taken of primaries will have to be proved entirely without foundation, or one would have to be more of an optimist than existing political conditions justify to imagine that the boss will not as easily dominate the primary as he has the convention.

We are told, in the second place, that large corporations and men of great wealth have been able to control nominating conventions and thereby to impose on political parties policies that were in the interest of favored business organizations rather than for the advantage of the whole

people. Doubtless such things have been done many times in the past under the convention system. And these same corporations and men of great wealth, unless in the mean time they experience a change of heart, will quite likely attempt to influence primaries in a similar manner; and he is an optimist indeed who believes that under existing conditions they will not succeed in their undertaking. The necessary money cost may be greater, and the manipulation required may be of a more complicated sort. But if the interest of the business organizations seems to justify the effort it will doubtless be made, and with every prospect of success.

What, then, are the alleged advantages of the nominating primary over the convention? It is not unfair to say that the primary is represented by its advocates as a sort of patent medicine for curing political ills. It is an automatic device for taking political power out of the hands of the financial interests and the professional politicians and restoring it to the people at large. The trouble is that social, like bodily, diseases are seldom benefited by such easy remedies, and the machinery of a self-governing state is not adapted to the use of automatic devices. Granted that the nominating primary is a political device sound in theory, it will not work in practice unless the people develop sufficient interest in public questions to cause them to go to the polls regularly and cast their votes intelligently. Granted the last condition, and there does not seem to be a very good reason why a nominating convention would not work as well or even better than a primary.

After all, the " bosses " and the " interests " have dominated our party conventions in the past for one of two reasons. Either they have represented the wishes of a majority of the people; in which case, according to the principle on which our government is established, they ought to have triumphed. Else they have been able to dominate our politics because a majority of citizens were too busy with their own affairs or too heedless of the welfare of the State to assert their rightful voice in shaping the character of their government. The preponderance of evidence seems to be in favor of the latter view. What we need, therefore, is not a device for rendering the duties of citizenship less onerous. The trouble is not with the " bosses " and the corrupt business organizations, but rather with the respectable citi-

zens who shirk their duties. The situation demands an awakening of the average citizen to a consciousness of his privileges and powers as well as of his obligations to himself and to the community in which he lives. He needs to learn anew that on his shoulders rest the responsibilities of government. If this class of citizens had sufficient practical patriotism to cause them to attend nominating conventions they could name any candidate and formulate any platform they pleased. Until their conscience is quickened the reins of party government will rest in the hands of those whose interests cause them to lay hold of them. The need is for a political revival and a very practical sort of political education rather than for an automatic device to make self-government easier. The truth is that the movement in behalf of primaries is a disadvantage in solving this fundamental problem of education in as far as the primary is represented as a device calculated to make it more difficult for men with selfish interests to get control of the government. The citizen is to that extent led into a false sense of security and, therefore, takes even less trouble than before about the government of his party.

Now it does not follow from all of this that the nominating convention, as it exists to-day, is not itself an imperfect contrivance or that some of its imperfections may not be remedied. Certainly some of our conventions in the past have been so large that they were unwieldy and, consequently, have not been workable deliberative bodies. This defect has probably arisen from a mistaken effort to make the convention more representative in character by making its membership more numerous. But that is a difficulty easily remedied. It is probable, also, that a better system of selecting delegates to conventions than is now customarily practised could be devised. There is much to be said in favor of electing the delegates to a nominating convention in a definitely prescribed election participated in by the members of the party. The delegate so chosen would represent to a certain degree the prevailing sentiments of a majority of his constituents. However, the sole duty of a delegate so elected would be to attend the convention and consult with his colleagues in an effort to name the most available candidate for his party and to formulate the programme for which it seemed right to stand. This task completed, the work of the delegate would be over, and it would be for his constituents

as individuals to decide whether it had been well or ill done and to cast their votes accordingly. To vote against the nominee of a convention to which you helped to send a delegate would be quite a different thing from voting against the nominee of a primary in which the candidate you supported for the nomination had been defeated.

But the main point, and the one on which the political reformers of to-day put too little emphasis, is that no political contrivance will insure good government to a self-governed community unless the better class of citizens have sufficient patriotism to cause them to take the trouble necessary in exercising the prerogatives of citizenship.

William Thomas Laprade.

SOME OLD-TIME OLD-WORLD LIBRARIANS

BY THEODORE W. KOCH

Mr. Herbert Putnam, in an address before the Ottawa meeting of the American Library Association, expressed a hope for a recognition, a re-cognition, in our library organization of that type which gave personality to the old-time libraries. However indifferent the old-time librarians may have been, or might be to-day, to the mere mechanism in our modern library organization, Mr. Putnam said,

> they succeeded in producing an atmosphere which had a potency of its own. It was that which at once took the visitor out of himself, away from affairs, and gave him touch with a different world, a sense of different values. Does he not miss it now? I think he does; and that, however he may respect the efficiency of the modern librarian as administrator, his really affectionate admiration turns back to the librarian of the old school, whose soul was lifted above mere administration or the method of the moment, or the manner of insistent service, and whose passionate regard was rather for the inside of a book than the outside of a reader—even the librarian to whom a reader seemed indeed but an interruption to an abstraction that was privileged.

The prevailing ideas concerning librarianship have changed so radically within the last generation or two that it may be worth while to study a few types of the old-fashioned librarian. The modern librarian has been so concerned with schemes of classification, card catalogues, and new methods of housing the present-day avalanche of books that he has not had time to familiarize himself with his forebears.

I must resist the temptation to go back to antiquity as a starting-point for our study, and simply allow myself one illustration to show that the ancients knew a good librarian when they saw him. For the library of Pergamos, Eumenes the Second tried to secure the services of Aristophanes of Byzantium, librarian to Ptolemy the Fifth. To assure his

remaining in Alexandria the librarian was cast in prison, a simple device for keeping an efficient worker when he had a call elsewhere. But in this paper we can concern ourselves only with librarians who have come on to the scene since the invention of printing. In 1475 Pope Sixtus the Fourth made Platina librarian of the newly organized Vatican Library. Platina's account-book has been preserved and published, and from this can be seen the varied nature of his duties. The librarian had to attend to the purchase of books, send out copyists, procure skins for binding, and supervise the making of books as well as their use. He had charge of the reading-room in which the books were chained to the desks, and was allowed discretionary power in the lending of books to high officials of the Church, to scholars, and even to strangers sojourning in Rome. His account-book shows that he looked very carefully after the comfort of the readers, and that he knew the men whom he could trust. Platina and his three pages slept in a room adjoining the library, and they were diligent in the use of juniper in fumigating the rooms, in sweeping the library with brooms, and dusting the books with fox-tails. Montaigne, in the Journal of his travels in Italy in 1581, says that he inspected the Vatican Library without any difficulty. "Indeed," he adds, "any one may visit it and make what extracts he likes; it is open almost every morning. I was taken to every part thereof by a gentleman who invited me to make use of it as often as I might desire." Des Brosses, in his letters on Italy, published at the end of the eighteenth century, in writing of the Vatican Library says that "as Cardinal Quirini, the librarian, is also Bishop of Brescia, he is always away in his diocese. His portrait in the antechamber has to do duty instead." The copyists, he added, are ignorant and dear.

The most picturesque figure in the annals of Italian librarianship is undoubtedly Antonio Magliabecchi. While his official position as librarian to Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, gave him considerable prominence, he is remembered more especially for his personal characteristics and his vast store of self-acquired learning. He has been described as a literary glutton, and the most rational of bibliomaniacs, inasmuch as he read everything he bought. His own library consisted of 40,000 books and 10,000 MSS. His house literally overflowed with books; the stairways

were lined with them, and they even filled the front porch. Many stories are told of his marvelous memory that was "like wax to receive and marble to retain." One of the best known of these stories is that when Cosmo asked him for an extremely rare book he replied, "Signore, there is but one copy of that book in the world; it is in the Grand Signore's library at Constantinople, and is the eleventh book in the second shelf on the right hand as you go in."

In worldly matters Magliabecchi was extremely negligent. He even forgot to draw his salary for over a year. He wore his clothes until they fell from him, and thought it a great waste of time to undress at night, "life being so short and books so plentiful." He welcomed all inquiring scholars, provided they did not disturb him while at work. He had a hearty dislike for the Jesuits. One day in pointing out the Palazzo Riccardi to a stranger he said, "Here the new birth of learning took place," and then turning to the College of Jesuits, "There they have come back to bury it." The Jesuits, on hearing of this, characterized him rather cruelly as "*Est doctor inter bibliothecarios, sed bibliothecarius inter doctores.*" Magliabecchi rejoined with this sally:

> Some say that, after all, his learning is not so great;
> The learned allow him but librarian's state;
> And yet in sober truth it must be said
> All go to him for flour to make their bread.

Unlike some scholarly librarians of the past, ever watchful and jealous of manuscript material, which they themselves planned to edit, Isaac Casaubon, the humanist, was only anxious to read the manuscripts under his charge. For the most part, he was ready to leave the printing to others. Casaubon, too poor to buy books of his own, said of his father-in-law, Henri Estienne, who jealously kept him from gaining access to his books and manuscripts, that he guarded them "as griffins in India do their gold."

When Casaubon visited the library of the learned historian De Thou, of which he had heard so much, he found it far surpassed his expectations, and his heart sank at the thought of the little that he knew. In 1604 Casaubon was appointed sub-librarian in the Royal Library under De Thou, with the title *garde de la librarie du Roi.* His years there were the happiest of his life; his ideal was to read from

early morning till late at night. In his *Ephemerides*, a diary in which he recited the progress of his studies day by day, there are such entries as: "To-day I got six hours for study. When shall I get my whole day?" And again, "This morning not to my books till seven o'clock or after; alas me! and after that the whole morning lost—nay, the whole day." When he was able to have a whole day for his studies he gratefully recorded the fact in his diary in the words *Hodie vixi.* Frequently the only entry is: "My daily task, thanks be to God!" Not knowing how long he should remain in Paris, he early resolved to read all the books in the Royal Library which he might not be able to find elsewhere. Consequently he did nothing in the way of classifying or cataloguing the material under his charge. When any one asked for a particular book he tried to find it. In 1608, four years after Casaubon entered the library, Hoeschel wrote him, asking whether the library contained any manuscripts of Arrianus. Casaubon replied that he did not know, but would look, and upon searching found two. In reply to Scaliger's request for manuscript fragments of a chronological nature, he says that he will have a thorough search made through all the cases. No wonder that Mark Pattison in his life of Casaubon said that "the librarian who reads is lost."

Casaubon was forcibly reminded that he was the King's librarian, and as such shared the obligations which the court imposed on all its entourage. He was not permitted while librarian to write a critical review of the Annals of Baronius, for fear of offending the Church, and Roman influence was paramount at the French court. When Casaubon visited Oxford he was hospitably entertained, but he succeeded in reserving many hours of each day for his studies in the Bodleian, an over-indulgence for which he paid the penalty during the second week in a sudden sense of dizziness which seized him one day while on his way to the library. "None of the colleges have attracted me so much as the Bodleian, the work rather for a king than for a private man," said Casaubon. He describes his own feelings when he writes Saumaise, who was reveling in the treasures of the Palatine, that he "must be suffering the torment of Tantalus, not being able to read all the books at once."

A younger contemporary of Casaubon, Gabriel Naudé

by name, was destined to build up for Cardinal Mazarin a library which outstripped the one belonging to the King. In 1642 Naudé was invited to return to his native city of Paris and begin the task of laying the foundations of a new public library. Naudé had previously catalogued the library of Descordes, a Canon of Limoges, who had died, leaving his collection of 6,000 volumes to be sold, and Naudé prevailed upon Mazarin to purchase the entire lot. Then all the bookshops of Paris and all the waste-paper dealers were canvassed for possible treasures. Naudé had been at his task but little more than a year when there was opened in the Mazarin Palace a public library larger than anything that had been seen before in the French capital. The reading-room was open once a week on Thursdays, from eight until eleven and from two until five. Naudé himself counted as many as from eighty to a hundred readers, among whom were such scholars as Hugo Grotius, Aubrey, the historian, and René Moreau, Professor of Medicine at the University of Paris. Before long the number of volumes reached the respectable total of twelve thousand, thus exceeding the royal collection at that time by approximately two thousand volumes. Naudé was still far from satisfied, and undertook a book-hunting journey in Flanders, which brought such good results that in April, 1645, he went to Italy in search of additional volumes. This last trip brought into the library fourteen thousand books. An Italian friend, Vittorio di Rossi, who met him in Rome on this trip, has left an account of Naudé's method of book-buying. According to this writer, Naudé would enter a bookshop with a foot-rule in hand, and without going too much into details about the titles, would ask the bookseller to name a price for certain piles of books. The bookseller, taken aback by this sudden influx of wholesale business, would name a price at random, which Naudé would beat down by degrees, and eventually buy in the books at such a low figure that the bookseller, seeing too late how he had been duped, would regret that he had not sold the lot to a grocer or a butter-man, who would surely have given him a larger sum for so much paper. After a visit from Naudé, the bookshops, says di Rossi, appeared to have been swept by a hurricane rather than visited by a bibliophile, and when one met him with a smile of satisfaction beaming through the dust and cobwebs that covered him, his lean figure

swelled by the volumes which filled his pockets, one might readily conjecture that he had just come from a particularly satisfactory victory. Naudé claimed that in book-collecting, as in love and war, all means were fair. He was famous for his ability in driving a hard bargain. There is on record, however, one instance of his having been outwitted in the buying of a book, but it will not be laid to his discredit when it is known that the other party to the transaction was a Scotchman.

Perhaps the most extraordinary librarianship was that enjoyed by Diderot, who about 1765 decided to sell his library in order to provide a dowry for his daughter. The Empress Catherine of Russia heard through Grimm of the straits to which Diderot had been reduced, and instructed her agent to buy in the library at the owner's valuation. In this way Diderot received not only sixteen thousand livres, but he was graciously requested to consider himself the librarian of the new purchase at a salary of one thousand livres a year. Moreover—and this begins to sound like a fairy tale—Diderot was paid the salary for fifty years in advance! Needless to say, this was only a pension in disguise. Catherine wrote to Madame du Deffand:

> I should never have expected that the purchase of a library would bring me so many fine compliments; all the world is bepraising me about M. Diderot's library. But now confess, you to whom humanity is indebted for the strong support that you have given to innocence and virtue in the person of Calas, that it would have been cruel and unjust to separate a student from his books!

Lessing may be taken to typify one class of old-fashioned librarians, the men of letters who regarded an appointment to a library position as a sinecure. Installed as librarian of the ducal library at Wolfenbüttel, Lessing took advantage of the privilege of the librarian of his day by substituting the writing of books for the less attractive duty of classifying and cataloguing them. His successor in office, Langer, was very bitter in his criticism of Lessing's administration, claiming that he had left much of his work undone. He even offered a reward to any one who could show him a trace of Lessing's handwriting in the library. To this day the only scrap of it is a note attached to a collection of engravings. Geissler wrote Langer in 1781, saying "that Lessing left you far too much to do was natural, because he was a genius, and this class seldom do their

duty, but always follow their inclinations." While Lessing was confessedly weak in matters of routine, he was strong where the general welfare of the library was concerned. He proposed a good plan for disposing of duplicates and filling the gaps in the library. It was also specified that " to the mere mechanical duties, the librarian was to attend to just as much or just as little as he pleased. For these he was to have two assistants and a man-servant. His main function would be to investigate thoroughly the library and to bring to light its chief treasures." This last was Lessing's principal concern. " A catalogue of treasures," said he, " is good enough, but it is no new treasure," which is a point hardly conceded by the librarian of to-day who is in the midst of making over an old card catalogue.

So much for the old-fashioned librarian on the Continent. Let us now look at a few of his class in Great Britain and gather some illustrations of early ideas of library management in that country. The Bishop of Worcester in 1464 stipulated that his librarian be a graduate in theology and a good preacher, and in addition he was expected to explain hard passages in the Bible, make lists of books in his keeping, and take an inventory of the library each year on the Friday after the Feast of Relics.

Sir Thomas Bodley, in the first draft of the Statutes which he drew up for the administration of the library founded by him, explicitly states that the keeper shall open and close the library doors at certain hours, varying with the season, and that

> at these prescribed hours he shall cause to be rung the warning bell of his ingress and egress, that men may shun the discommodities of repairing thither oversoon, or abiding there too long, which the difference of clocks may occasion very often, to the prejudice and hindrance of himself as well as others.

The keeper is to see that a register of gifts shall be kept,

> written with a special, fair, and pleasing hand; and withal to be exposed where it may be still in sight, for every man to view, as an eminent and endless token of our thankful acceptation of whatsoever hath been given, and as an excellent inducement for posterity to imitate these former good examples.

The founder ruled that before any graduate or any person of note would be given the privilege of the Bodleian Library he should appear before the Vice-Chancellor or his substitute, and there in the presence of the Library

Keeper he should take the oath of fidelity to the library, which was to be administered with these words:

> You shall Promise and Swear in the Presence of Almighty God, That whensoever you shall repair to the Publik Library of this University, you will conform yourself to study with Modesty and Silence; and use, both the Books, and everything appertaining to their Furniture, with a careful Respect to their longest Conservation: And that neither your self in Person, nor any other whatsoever, by your Procurement or Privity, shall either openly or underhand, by way of embezzling, changing, razing, defacing, tearing, cutting, noting, interlining, or by voluntary corrupting, blotting, blurring, or any other manner of mangling or misusing, any one or more of the said Books, either wholly or in part, make any Alteration: But shall hinder and impeach, as much as lieth in you, all and every such Offender or Offenders, by detecting their Demeanour unto the Vice-Chancellor, or to his Deputy then in place, within the next Three Days after it shall come to your Knowledge: so help you God by Christ's Merits, according to the Doctrine of His Holy Evangelists.

King James I. was so appreciative of the work of Bodley that he granted letters patent the year after the library was opened, naming the library after the founder, whom he later knighted, and whose name, said he, should have been not Bodley, but Godley.

Richard Bentley was an intellectual prodigy who in early life fell heir to the cloak of librarianship. He coupled with his genius for scholarship a large enthusiasm for the advancement of learning, and with a daring almost insolent he shook off the "clamors of the half-learned who are always noisy against their betters." This ever-pugnacious determination to carry all projects through a maze of falsities is seen even in his career as royal librarian. At thirty-one, already well on the highway of scholarly recognition, he was induced to take the vacant office of King's Librarian. His first step was characteristic. To such good use did he put the few months left before the evaded Licensing Act expired, that the significant record remains that he "exacted near a thousand volumes." Bentley's next step was to endeavor to secure some vacant rooms to relieve the cramped condition of his library at St. James's Palace. The Duke of Marlborough, his neighbor across the hall, with obliging diplomacy, undertook to plead his cause, with the result that the future hero of Blenheim "got the closets for himself." Not disheartened by this perfidy, the young librarian, after declaring that the royal library was "not fit to be seen," started on what Lord Evelyn warmly called his "glorious

enterprise " of building a new library. The Treasury consented to the proposal, but the bill to Parliament was shelved, owing to the press of public business. In the mean time Bentley took the library's chief treasure, the Alexandrine MS. of the Greek Bible, to his own rooms in St. James's Palace in order that " persons might see it without seeing the library," thereby establishing a new and original precedent in library economy. Out of one incident in his early tenure of office grew a quarrel resulting in several curiosities of literature and one masterpiece of scientific criticism. Dr. Aldrich, the dean of Christ Church, had induced a young Oxford man, the Honorable Charles Boyle, to edit the *Epistles of Phalaris,* and, in preparing his work for the printer, Boyle desired to consult a manuscript in the King's Library. Accordingly he wrote to a bookseller in London, asking him to have some one collate it for him.

When Bentley took charge of the library, in May, 1694, he granted the loan of the manuscript for the purpose, and allowed ample time for the work to be done, but the collator failed to complete his task before the expiration of the time of the loan. The bookseller then very unfairly represented to Boyle that Bentley had acted churlishly in the matter, and Boyle, without verifying the story, said in his preface: " I have also procured a collation as far as epistle No. 40 of a manuscript in the Royal Library; the librarian, with that courtesy which distinguishes him, refused me the further use of it." Bentley happened to see an early presentation copy before the bulk of the edition was issued, and he at once wrote to Boyle, saying that the statement was incorrect, and gave him the true facts. Boyle sent an evasive reply, but let the statement stand as written. While Bentley was urged to refute the slander, he remained silent. " Out of a natural aversion to all quarrels and broils," he wrote, with what later seemed refined irony, " and out of regard to the editor himself, I resolved to take no notice of it, but to let the matter drop." A few years later Bentley reviewed Boyle's work in a way that incited Boyle, with the aid of half a dozen Oxford wits, to publish the book popularly known as *Boyle against Bentley,* in which insults were heaped upon the royal librarian.

In 1699 Bentley was appointed Head Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and, though still continuing to hold the office of King's Librarian, he removed to Cambridge.

Here he continued the policy displayed in connection with the Alexandrine manuscript. When Dr. Conyers Middleton became librarian of Trinity College he published a plan for the classification of the books, and took occasion to attack Bentley for retaining some manuscripts, including the precious Codex Bezæ, in his own house. But Bentley was always able to fight his own battles, and he inaugurated, by what his enemies were pleased to call his "insolent erudition," that famous series of bitter college feuds which ended only with the death of their vigorous and valiant instigator. Even the admiring, kindly Pepys was brought to admit that "our friend's learning wants a little filing," while Bishop Stillingfleet was heard to agree that did his friend Richard but possess the "gift of humility he would indeed be the most extraordinary man in Europe."

The name of Bentley brings to mind that of a later classical scholar who was an interesting misfit in the library world of a century ago, Richard Porson. His professorship of Greek at Cambridge paid only forty pounds a year, and so he welcomed the additional appointment of librarian to the newly founded London Institution in 1806, at a salary of two hundred pounds per year, with a suite of apartments thrown in. "I am sincerely rejoiced," wrote Richard Sharp, one of the electors, in notifying Porson of the appointment, "in the prospect of those benefits which the institution is likely to derive from your reputation and talents, and of the comforts which I hope that you will find in your connection with us." To-day the only existing indications of his tenure of office are the acquisition during his time of some Greek and Latin classics, and some manuscript notes in a few volumes in the library. He made no attempt to catalogue the books. The managers of the Institution wrote him to the effect that "they only knew him to be their librarian by seeing his name attached to the receipts for his salary." He reciprocated by characterizing the managers as "mercantile and mean beyond merchandise and meanness." While Porson had three essentials of librarianship—a good memory, a knowledge of books, and imagination, and was always willing to dispense information to such as called upon him for it—yet he was lacking in methodical attention to work. Dr. Parr once remarked that "if the Duke of Brunswick at the head of his Huns and Vandals were to burn every book of every library in Cam-

bridge, Porson, being as Longinus was said to be, a living library, would make the University hear without books more than they are likely to read with books."

In 1752 David Hume was appointed librarian of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh. Hume described it as "a petty office of forty or fifty guineas a year," and again as a "genteel office." He accepted it because it gave him "the command of a large library." A member of the Faculty was a candidate at the same time, but Hume got the majority of votes. "Then," says Hume, "came the violent cry of Deism, atheism, and skepticism. 'Twas represented that my election would be giving the sanction of the greatest and most learned body in this country to my profane and irreligious principles." The ladies sided with Hume, and one of them broke with her lover because he voted against the philosopher-historian. After he had been in office two years, Hume was censured by three of the curators of the library for buying the *Contes* of La Fontaine, Bussy-Rabutin's *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules,* and Crébillon's *L'écumoire,* deemed indecent and "unworthy of a place in a learned library." The absurdity of the resolution of censure is shown by the fact that these works are now in almost every library which makes any pretension of being classed among the learned. Hume wrote to Lord Advocate Dundas, claiming that in his opinion the impropriety did not matter if it were executed with decency and ingenuity! "Being equally unwilling to lose the use of the books, and to bear an indignity, I retain the office, but have given Blacklock, our blind poet, a bond of annuity for the salary. I have now put it out of these malicious fellows' power to offer me any indignity, while my motive for remaining in this office is so apparent." The assistant librarian, Goodall, who was seldom sober, was busied with his *Vindication* of Mary, Queen of Scots, while Hume was writing his history of England, and the library was left to run itself.

The director of the British Museum formerly had only the title of Principal Librarian, which was, to a certain extent, a misnomer, as he has always had as much to do with the antiquities as with the books. To him is intrusted the custody of the entire museum, his duty being to look after the welfare of the whole institution and to see that the respective duties of the various officers and subordinates are

properly performed. The Principal Librarian, as housekeeper, had also the nomination of the housemaids, until the doubtful privilege passed, in Sir Henry Ellis's day, to the principal trustees.

The head of each department is called its "Keeper," and in most departments there is also an Assistant Keeper. These titles are reminiscent of the prime duty of the old-time librarian. One of them once consulted the trustees on the question of the acceptance by the Museum of a certain anti-Christian manuscript by a learned Jew — which he argued would not be pernicious, as the ignorant would not read it, and the souls of the learned were of little importance.

Dr. Templeman, the first superintendent of the Reading Room, seems to have found his duties rather onerous. After occupying the position eight months he asks to be relieved from what he considers the excessive attendance of six hours each day, as this "is more than he is able to bear." Under date of March 18, 1760, it is recorded that "last Tuesday, no company coming to the reading-room, Dr. Templeman ventured to go away about two o'clock." Twenty readers per month during the first few months was a high average, and after the novelty had worn off the average dropped to ten or twelve.

The early librarians at the British Museum were little more than guides appointed to show visitors around the institution. In 1802, three attendants were appointed to relieve the "Under and Assistant Librarians from the daily duty of showing the Museum," and they were given an increase in pay. As late as 1837 no less a person than the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, Keeper of Printed Books, gave poor health as an argument for his promotion to the Principal Librarianship, which, as he said, would give him less to do.

Sir Henry Ellis, when he was Principal Librarian, defended the closing of the Museum for three weeks each autumn, and argued that if that were not done the place would become "unwholesome," and that to open it during the Easter holidays would be dangerous, as "the most mischievous portion of the population is abroad and about at such a time." He further argued for the closing of the institution on public holidays, on the ground that "people of a higher grade would hardly wish to come to the Museum at the same time with sailors from the dockyards and the

girls whom they might bring with them." From this it can be clearly seen that he was not in touch with the growing liberality in the administration of public institutions and the influx of democratic ideas.

In the opinion of many, modern librarianship begins with Sir Anthony Panizzi's administration of the British Museum. An Italian carbonaro, under indictment for the publication of a pamphlet attacking the judicial system of Modena, he escaped to London, where, in 1831, he had an opportunity to enter the service of the Museum. The administration was then at its lowest ebb. The Elgin marbles and the King's Library had just been acquired, but the régime was antiquated and the policy very narrow. Panizzi was put to work at cataloguing the pamphlets in the King's Library. Owing to dissatisfaction with the progress of the subject catalogue, the trustees, in 1834, outlined a plan for an alphabetical catalogue. The plan was an unsatisfactory one, but Panizzi was put in charge of the work. As he did more work than any two of his colleagues, the trustees raised his salary, and when there was an investigation of the administration of the British Museum it was Panizzi who contributed the most important evidence. Valuable reforms were introduced, and Panizzi became Keeper of Printed Books in 1837. This appointment brought out a certain British anti-foreign prejudice against Panizzi which pursued him throughout his official career. There were meetings held to arouse sentiment against the promotion of this "foreigner," and a speaker on one of these occasions made an open statement that Panizzi had been seen on the streets of London selling white mice! At the time of his appointment, the collections were just being removed from Montague House to the new quarters, serious attempts were being made to fill the gaps in the collections, and the catalogue was being attacked in real earnest. The transfer of the collection was accomplished with remarkable expedition, but the progress of the catalogue was less satisfactory. The responsibility for accepting or rejecting the supervision of this work was left by the trustees to Panizzi, and with his usual courage he decided to undertake the task. With the assistance of Jones, Watts, and others, he framed a set of catalogue rules which in many respects have never been superseded. An insufficient staff and an unfortunate decision of the trustees (overruling Panizzi's advice) to pro-

ceed in strict alphabetical order, occasioned a good deal of trouble and criticism. The attempt to print one portion of the catalogue while another part was in preparation, before it had been definitely decided as to what the main entry for many items would be, was responsible for the breakdown of the scheme. After the publication of one volume in 1841, the decision to print the catalogue was abandoned, and Panizzi persuaded the trustees to engage an efficient staff of transcribers to copy the titles on slips, and he was thus enabled to put before the public a plan for a comprehensive catalogue. He failed to see the advantage of a printed catalogue over the slip catalogue, and was more concerned in supplying the deficiencies of the library, a task in which he had no rivals. By submitting a list of the needs in nearly every branch of literature, he procured, in 1845, an annual grant of ten thousand pounds, and through the judicious administration of this fund the Museum rose in rank from the sixth or seventh to the second, if not the first, place among the libraries of the world. In 1848 dissatisfaction with conditions in the Museum, due to lack of space, was so great that a royal commission of inquiry was instituted, and as a result of Panizzi's success, the administration of the Museum was put into his hands.

In temperament Panizzi was strong and masterful, but his nature was warm and generous. "He governed his library as his friend Cavour governed his country," said Dr. Garnett, "perfecting its internal organization with one hand while he extended its frontiers with the other." When traveling abroad he always rushed to visit the chief libraries first. At Bologna he found a manuscript catalogue so carefully made that he at once asked whose work it was, and when told that it had all been done by one man who had written every title with his own hand, Panizzi insisted upon seeing him. A tall, thin-faced, threadbare individual appeared whom Panizzi plied with questions, and then, to the astonishment of the attendants, Panizzi in an outburst of Italian enthusiasm hugged and kissed the timid cataloguer on both cheeks.

Panizzi was one of the most conscientious of officials and was rarely absent from his post. Sydney Smith wrote him several times inviting him to dinner on a certain date. "Receiving no answer," the wit wrote later, "I concluded you were dead, and I invited your executors. News, how-

ever, came that you were out of town. I should as soon have thought of St. Paul's or the Monument being out of town, but as it was positively asserted, I have filled up your place."

Next to Panizzi, the most attractive personality in the annals of the British Museum, to us at least, is Richard Garnett. Like another native of Lichfield, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Garnett will be remembered more for what he was than for what he wrote. To carry the comparison still further, both were interpreters and left volumes of critical biography, both were poets of no mean order, both were story-tellers and entertainers of repute, famed alike for their friendships, their love of learning, and their erudition. While Dr. Johnson's most enduring monument is his famous dictionary, Dr. Garnett left behind a printed catalogue of the British Museum containing four and a half million entries, thereby earning the gratitude of scholars throughout the world. The British public never quite forgave Panizzi for claiming that a printed catalogue of their national library was too big a task to undertake.

Richard Garnett may be said to have spent his whole life in the British Museum. His father was an assistant keeper, and at the age of sixteen the young man was made an assistant in the Printed Book Department. Promotions came rapidly until in 1875 he was made Assistant Keeper and superintendent of the reading-room. Garnett's work as "placer" or classifier, combined with his rare memory, gave him a remarkable command of the resources of the library. There seemed to be nothing that he had not read and few subjects that he had not studied intimately. Few men of his time knew both the inside and outside of books as he did. Whatever the subject, he gave the impression that his knowledge of it was fresh and waiting for use. Only one fall from grace is recorded. Mrs. Garnett had brought home, after a country holiday, what she believed to be a squirrel's nest which she placed on the drawing-room table to show her friends. A dispute arose as to whether squirrels made nests. Mrs. Garnett appealed to her husband. "Richard, do squirrels build nests?" He hesitated, then replied: "I really do not know; I do not think so. I must look it up."

Dr. Garnett was so endowed with a sense of good humor that he was never perturbed by the chronic fussers who frequented the place. A blank-book in which the public can

jot down suggestions for the improvement of the service or of titles recommended for purchase has for years been found to ease the public mind. The authorities make a practice of entering in the margin a reply to each suggestion made. When a reader entered a request that somebody's life of Satan be obtained, the official comment read: "Purchase not thought necessary." Another suggestion was: "Best sixpenny cookery by Josiah Oldfield does not appear in the catalogue, but should, I think, be procured, as it is a useful vegetarian work." This was applied for on December 26th — note the date — and was promptly ordered. There is a class of beings to whom it is a great joy to discover a book title that is not in the British Museum, or, if there, cannot be found for the time being, or is wrongly described, as they think, in the catalogue. "So you see, sir," said Dr. Johnson on an occasion of this kind, "when it was lost it was of immense consequence, and when found it was no matter at all."

Garnett's administration of the reading-room was characterized by a large increase in the number of readers, the placing of special bibliographies in the room to supply as far as possible the want of a subject catalogue, the formation of a second library of reference in the gallery in the reading-room, and the introduction of electric light. The mere mention of electric light shows that we have come down to our own day, and we must take leave of the old-time librarian. Naturally the atmosphere of the modern public library, with its rush and hustle, proved uncongenial to the old-fashioned librarian. The less rapidly changing college and university libraries harbored him much longer, but with modern efficiency tests I suppose that he, too, is to be driven even from that last resort. The following has been suggested as an appropriate epitaph for him:

"He loved his library and his books more than the service of his fellow-men."

Upon the librarian of to-day devolves many problems not dreamed of by his forerunners. But the success of the library and its utility always have been and always must be measured, to quote Lord Goschen, largely by the "affability and competence of the librarian." What is wanted, according to this wise old statesman, is a librarian who will suffer fools gladly and who, when asked foolish questions, will guide the questioners aright. THEODORE W. KOCH.

THE CLOSING DOOR

BY M. E. CROCKER

I AM apart, and yet, you do not know
That Death has marked me.

Great knowledge have I now, of life, of birth,
Of marvels of the earth I've loved so well;
Of wonders of the sky, the sea, sun's shine,
And how the little flowers have grown and died.
I know all these as you, you cannot know them,
For Death, wise, old, revealing Death,
Most ancient Death, has marked me.

I walk apart, and you—you do not know
How far away from all warm fireside ease
My feet are turned. Fenced by this high black hedge
I hear your voices, clear, and yet removed
As hear the deaf, a faint, a distant sounding.
Ah, it is narrow, cold, and lonely here!
And though to your eyes and your touch I am
Still close and present, yet the shadowed wall,
Invisible to you, is thick, impervious,
Since Death, Death single-eyed for me,
My Death, has marked me.

So do I walk beside you, still apart.
Hear what I know, more than you ignorant:
I know how all your old loves died, and how
All lovely laughing children went with him;
How all your mothers and your fathers wept
When they, too, felt his hand;—and so
Am well taught how they died, those who of old
Heard warning first, so brief or long as mine.
I know—and am made very free of souls,

Of all those thronged companion souls who watch
To see how we die, doing well or ill
Before we reach their habitations. All
This wisdom do I learn, apprenticed thus
To their acquitted tasks, their lessons said.
Ah, do you grudge it, plodders? Let me change
With your safe ignorance, who lack my skill!
My teacher's face is very stern and hard,
Grim Death, harsh Master Death
Austerely marks me.

But not yet has he taught me how to say
Farewells that bear no thinking, lest with thought
I scream at the inevitable blade—
He has but granted a release and gift
That sets me free from grievance slight; unscarred
By nettles in the path; aloof and cool
With knowledge that I live but half in life,
Freed from the torments that small wounds once made.

. . . . . .

And yet, it is the little things I've loved
That bring the hot tears to betray my eyes,
To catch my heart, as warmly beating on
And easily, as if it never heard
Its beats were numbered, told.
The thousand daily acts and plans, that turn
And look at me, and say—No, nevermore.
It is the sudden stopping thought that falls
As this—that shuts the year's door in my face
To leave me standing, cold, forlorn, without
Belovèd gates, where gardens wide shall hold
Their tall sword leaves of iris, mounting guard
O'er royal standards, where lost Rhine-gold gleams,
And the court purple's velvet tempts my touch,
And I—shall be away! Where blooms the soul
Of April's beauty, streams the heart's eye sees
Where pure white moonshine on the greensward flows—
Narcissus pouring scented loveliness
From lavish blossoms to the spring's white night;
Or daffodils' rich caskets filled to brim
With sunlight, warming to a living glow
The cold north pathside with a June-time gold.

. . . . . .

Oh, where shall I see these! On what wide fields
Shall I, O snatching Death, be set to till!
In what way shall I find the tender souls
Of all belovèd flowers blooming there!
They—they have learned and found
Their resurrection yearly—I learn now
My burial with their brown hearts comes too.
Shall there come resurrection in a flower
Flaming a soul of beauty? I will learn,
I can go down with him, my Death—and yet,
How can I learn what comes, what comes—again!
O mighty shrouded Death, tell me but this,
What comes, since you—you, dark, and very still,
Most silent gardener Death,
Have marked me!

M. E. Crocker.

THE NEW PARENTS' ASSISTANT

BY STEPHEN PAGET, F.R.C.S.

I

A LITTLE BRIEF AUTHORITY

All of us know what it is to have to keep up appearances: how it ages man and wife, and cuts into the mutual society, help, and comfort that the one ought to have of the other. It is a most obstinate skeleton, hiding in every cupboard, present at every feast. Our motives to friendship, our choice of a neighborhood, our enjoyment of holidays—all of them are perverted from their proper lines. There are growing-pains and there are labor pains; but the pains which we take to keep up appearances bring nothing much either to growth or to birth. Yet they are so strong, these pains, that if they could be turned to mechanical force they would suffice to move the Admiralty Arch out of London. It is true that the keeping up of appearances accustoms us to endurance and alertness: it gives us ingenuity; but we are longing, all the time, for some reduction of armaments between those two great friendly powers, the neighbors and ourselves. We desire not more Dreadnoughts, but an Ark: a quiet family Ark, with six bedrooms, dressing-room, and good bathroom, moderate rent, and a lease terminable with the emergence of Ararat. And, I think, there is some evidence that appearances are becoming less urgent, less compulsory. The raven came back; the dove came back twice, and is gone again; not a sign of the glint of her wings; and the sky promises fair. We are beginning to be less afraid of what people will say: we venture to drop this or that conventional habit, and nobody is offended: we plan our leisure on unexplored ways, and have no fear that we are trespassing. Any old Londoner can recall the time when lives as fine as ours, and finer, were subject to a more strict rule of appearances than that which is laid on us.

But my theme is the keeping up of appearances, not in society, but at home. Society can look after itself; but home—

> There, where I have garnered up my heart,
> Where either I must live, or bear no life—

we must not leave home to look after itself. If we would play the fool, let us do it in society; which will not mind if we do, but will just open its mouth and swallow up little Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. Let us not play the fool in our own house; for the children will mind if we do; and they notice everything. The disregard of social appearances may be justified: the disregard of domestic appearances is a more serious offense.

For the keeping up of appearances before the children, we must take into account, first, their opinion of our conduct in their presence. Next, their insight into our dealings with the servants—on whose side, mostly, they are; and that, in many cases, with justice. Next, their verdict on the books we read, the plays we admire, the level of our talk, and the range of our Sundays. Last, their sharp sense, when either of us is cross with the other. It was over a dead child's grave, in the poem, that " we kissed again with tears ": it is dreadful to " fall out, my wife and I," if the living children hear us. Nothing could be worse for them. And I consign to perdition, along with tiffs—a properly ugly word—all snaps and snarls, such as " Don't tell me what your mother said," and "Well, you know what your father is." In these pungent homes, the children, up-stairs, make the golliwog and the teddy-bear fall out, they know not why, and kiss again with tears, at the expense of the Fifth Commandment.

It follows that the children like to see us clean and neat, and of blameless manners at the table, noiseless over our food, and careful not to spill. That we must show sympathy and courtesy to the servants, lest the children should apologize to them for us, saying that we did not really mean it, and they hope it will not happen again. Then we set their teeth on edge if we eat sour grapes, calling them our taste. That they feel our jarring voices as we feel the east wind, or the smell from Crosse and Blackwells on a raspberry-vinegar day. All these abandonments of appearances, they are quick to note and to censure; or, what is worse, to imitate.

Like a moth round a lamp—and I wish that some man or

woman of science would tell me why moths fly at lights—I have been circling round the subject which attracted me. Of all domestic appearances, we most jealously guard the appearance of our authority. We claim authority over our children: we fear to lose it: we call on them to recognize it. Yet, in that Parent's Catechism which will some day be written, there is the question, "My good parent, what meanest thou by this word?" And the answer is difficult.

But the difficulty, mostly, is of our own making: we have not given thought to the meaning of the word. We have contented ourselves with a vague notion that our parental authority is a natural product; that we get it, ready-made, by merely having children; that we possess it, as we possess bodily organs and worldly goods; that our power over the children is founded and built on the bare fact that here the children are, just as a man's digestive power is founded and built on the bare fact that here his insides are. And this notion of our authority as a natural product, developed in all of us alike, is not only vague, but downright false. It appeals to Nature: therefore, unto Nature it shall go, and hear what she has to say to it.

The further I trace back, in Nature, the power of parents over their children, the less I like what she tells me. For I find the whole business tainted with savagery—"Oh Jephthah, Judge of Israel, what a daughter hadst thou"—I trace it back to the power of brutes over their young, and to worse than that. At the end of the track of my thoughts, if they can be called thoughts, I see Moloch, Juggernaut, Chronos devouring Zeus, and cats devouring their kittens. So much for the origins or development of parental authority in Nature. But why should we be scared by the origins of ourselves? For we are not origins, but results. The origins all left off before we began; they had to, or we never could have begun. As Mr. Balfour says of the origins of music, in that magnificent second chapter of *The Foundations of Belief*—"How does the fact that our ancestors liked the tom-tom account for our liking the Ninth Symphony?" If my ancestors—I take Mr. Balfour's word for it—did like the tom-tom, I am not surprised that they had to come to an end before I could begin to begin. So it is with all origins: the more we inquire of them, the less we admire them: it is not origins that explain results, it is results that explain origins. Let us limit our inquiry to here and now.

What do we believe, touching our authority over the children, really believe, in our hearts, you and I, my dear? What do we really believe, when we sit together of an evening, and think it over, when the children are asleep? Take what happened only to-day. Boanerges—he is named after his godfather, not me—was extremely difficult, all to-day; we had to be very determined with him: we had to assert our authority. We pulled that cracker, and the noise of it silenced him; and we are left, man and wife, each with one end of a spent cracker. Was it, or was it not, the best way to manage him?

Surely it was, with a child so young as that. But they soon outgrow and resent all such explosive displays, and are stimulated to resistance by our efforts to be irresistible: for they detect in us, or imagine that they detect, ill-judged and intemperate and theatrical behavior. The older they are, the more careful we must be to avoid a masterful high-handed course of action, with scenes, and what are called *strong curtains*. We do them wrong, being so majestical, to offer them the show of violence. Such methods, long ago, kept the Fairchild Family straighter than straight; but the families of this generation are made of other stuff. Indeed, as things are now, Mr. Fairchild might find himself watched by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. His methods remind me of the story of the Siege of Jericho: how the insistent procession, ultimate and fearsome, bringing the Irresistible along with it, went round and round, till the walls themselves could not stand any more. No wise parent now would thus besiege his children, nor would they thus be captured: they would hardly trouble to look over the edge of their walls; they would merely say, "Oh, of course; Father, as usual." Or they would come forth out of the city, with hosts of arguments, and give battle, and their parents be defeated, in the very presence of the Irresistible.

Against the risk of such disaster, each of us ought to know what right we have to our rights, what authority for our authority. We get no help here from Nature. The primal origins of our authority are hopelessly disreputable; and the nearer past has nothing to tell us, save that everything is always changing. From generation to generation the standard is shifted, the rule is modified. Again and again the sum has been done, and the answer each time has come different. *Iuis custodiet custodes.* Take a dozen

homes, to-day: parental authority is enforced in one, disdained in another. The modern stage, mostly, displays the authoritative parent as a hard-willed fool: Sir Anthony Absolute enslaved to chapel-going, old Capulet run to seed, and Lear, no longer tragic, refusing to his daughter not a kingdom, but a latch-key. Only, Heaven be praised, there was *Milestones*: it had insight, it had distinction. It will need a new act, of course, every thirty years; and I know some good critics who, at the fall of the curtain, planned one, then and there, in a restaurant over the way. Still, to my thinking, the play ends well where it ends now, with the death of old Authority, after a wearisome period of slowly failing strength. Nothing is here for tears: death came so quietly, at the last, hand in hand with honor and with love. *Le Roi est mort.* But the children, none the less, are in need of us. For they are fond of loyalty, they fear and hate anarchy. They desire a king, some sort of a king: they are waiting outside the darkened palace to cry *Vive le Roi*: and we must not keep them waiting. Somebody must be at the head of their affairs, if it be only to earn the money and have charge of the household. And, after all, there is nobody, my dear, but you and I. Not even the most emancipated child can suggest an alternative scheme. We have no power to lay down the cares of state; parental authority may be a thing of the past, but parents are not. It is impossible to doubt that you and I are still expected, if not to govern, yet to reign. Come, your hand; strike up, trumpets and drums; let us at once assume our thrones:—

> Here you see the monarch sit,
> With his consort opposite—

For we ought always to try to do what the children want, so long as it is nothing which can do them any real harm.

But we must adapt ourselves, carefully, to the new order. We are king and queen under this proviso, that we make no unconstitutional use of our royal supremacy, consult our advisers, and commit no tyrannical act. Amen, so be it. Now let us examine, with purged vision, the purpose and the workings of parental authority, new style. But please let us mind our own business, and leave the neighbors out of the question; for there is plenty to learn in *this toy kingdom of ours,* without going outside. Also, let us forget those

occasions when your authority and mine have been at variance:—

> And while Papa said "Pooh, she may,"
> Mama said, "No, she sha'n't."

For it is facts that we want, not casuistry. And I say that parental authority is not a free or unconditional grant or subsidy from Heaven. We get it not all at once, but by instalments; we are paid, not for having children, but for looking after them; there is no covenant between Heaven and us, only a general understanding that we may hope to receive what we have earned, but must earn something before we receive anything.

Mark how we set to work; observe the initial ways of a mother with a baby. There are two words—"Naughty Baby"—which mothers of large families may well be tired of saying. These are the first words of parental authority; and all our later exercises of authority are nothing more than variations on this theme. The earliest use of these words is to teach the baby to keep itself clean; that is, when it is about six months old, but not before. His mother's authority over Boanerges, therefore, was born about six months after him. My authority drew its first breath a few weeks later, on the day when he was trying to swallow my watch. Nothing of authority could pass from us to him till he was able, more or less, to attend to the sound of us. For the first few months we were impersonal to him, for he was impermeable to us; we were just like the two sides of his cot, let up to keep him in. Till he was old enough to be naughty, we had no authority over him. She nursed him; I looked at him. So long as he was too young for me to say "Naughty Baby" to him, I was powerless.

Slowly, year by year, with pleasure and pain, success and failure, pride and shame, comes that good understanding between parents and children which we call our authority. It is innumerable acts of parental care and filial acceptance; and so quick is the sequence of them that we get the impression or sense of continuity, as with a film at a picture-palace. We see our authority not as a series, but as a fixture; we talk of it as if it were always there, like a policeman at Oxford Circus. It is just a name for the children trying to be obedient to us and us trying to be wise with them. We cannot lock it up, as if it were the check-book; nor send it to the Bank, during our holiday, as if it were the silver tea-set; nor

flourish it all of a sudden, as if it were the poker, and the children were a noise in the basement. It is nothing that we have, it is only what we are. It is ourselves feeling our way to the children, and they to us.

Truly, here is a kingdom to be proud of. What can be better for us than to try to be good? What more suitable gift could Heaven devise for us parents? But we must be always deserving it, or it will stop coming. It is not handed to us, once and for all, across Heaven's counter, along with a baby, like a sugar-basin with a pound of tea. *Mancipio nulli datur, omnibus usu.* As with all other gifts, so with this gift of authority, the only hold that we have on it is the use that we make of it. That is the rule under which we get our gifts; and quite right, too.

It follows that we are at any rate as safe on our thrones as we are anywhere else. We must play no fantastic tricks before high Heaven. None the less, we are king and queen *Dei gratiâ;* that is, on this divine condition that we keep on trying to do the best thing for the children. So long as we are thus employed, we are in authority over them.

I wrote *Dei gratiâ;* and it occurred to me to turn out the coins which were in my pocket, that I might assure myself of the accompanying words, *Defensor Fidei.* Penny, sixpence, shilling, florin—they all implied to me that they who reign by the Grace of God are thereby bound to be Defenders of the Faith. I put the four coins on the mantelpiece, in a row, and looked hard at them; but I could not stare them out of countenance, nor make them change their opinion. They were unanimously agreed that parents, to be deserving of authority, ought to defend the faith of their children. This resolution was sent up to me from the mantelpiece; and it shall receive my serious consideration.

(To be Continued)

STEPHEN PAGET.

THE GENIUS OF JOSEPH CONRAD

BY JAMES HUNEKER

I

In these piping days when fiction plays the handmaid or prophet to various propaganda; when the majority of writers are trying to prove something, or acting as vendors of some new-fangled social nostrums; when the insistent drums of the Great God Réclame are bruising human tympani, the figure of Joseph Conrad stands solitary among English novelists as the ideal of a pure and disinterested artist. Amid the clamor of the market-place a book of his is a sea-shell which pressed to the ear echoes the far-away murmur of the sea; always the sea, either as rigid as a mirror under hard, blue skies or shuddering symphonically up some exotic beach. Conrad is a painter doubled by a psychologist; he is the psychologist of the sea—and that is his chief claim to originality, his Peak of Darien. He knows and records its every pulse-beat. His genius has the rich, salty tang of an Elizabethan buccaneer's and the spaciousness of those times. Imagine a Polish sailor who read Flaubert and the English Bible, who bared his head under equatorial large few stars and related his adventures in rhythmic, sonorous, colored prose; imagine a man from a landlocked country who "midway in his mortal life" began writing for the first time and in an alien tongue, and, added to an almost abnormal power of description, possessed the art of laying bare the human soul, not after the meticulous manner of the modern Paul Prys of psychology, but following the larger method of Flaubert, who believed that actions should translate character—imagine these paradoxes and you have partly imagined Joseph Conrad, who has so finely said that "imagination, and not invention, is the supreme master of art as of life."

He has taken the sea-romance, which in the hands of

Smollett, Marryat, Melville, Dana, Clark Russell, Stevenson, Becke, Kipling—in his extraordinary *The Island of Dr. Moreau*—and to its well-worn situations has added not only many novel nuances, but invaded new territory, revealed the obscure atavisms and the psychology lurking behind the mask of the savage, and shown us a world of "kings, demagogues, priests, charlatans, dukes, giraffes, cabinet ministers, bricklayers, apostles, ants, scientists, Kaffirs, soldiers, sailors, elephants, lawyers, dandies, microbes, and constellations of a universe whose amazing spectacle is a moral end in itself." In his *Reminiscences* Mr. Conrad has told us, with the surface frankness of a Pole, the genesis of his literary career, of *Almayer's Folly*, his first novel, and in a quite casual fashion throws fresh light on that somewhat enigmatic character—reminding me in the juxtaposition of his newer psychologic procedure and the simple old tale, of Wagner's Venusberg ballet, scored after he had composed "Tristan und Isolde." But, like certain other great Slavic writers, Conrad has only given us a tantalizing peep into his mental workshop. We rise after finishing the *Reminiscences* realizing that we have read once more romance, in whose half-lights and modest evasions we catch fleeting glimpses of reality. Reticence is a distinctive quality of this author; after all, isn't truth an idea that traverses a temperament? Safer it would be to apply to him the epigraph of Huysmans' "Marthe": "I set down what I see, what I feel, what I have lived, writing as well as I am able, *et voilà tout!*"

That many of his stories were in the best sense "lived" there can be no doubt—he has at odd times confessed it, confessions painfully wrung from him, as he is no friend of the interviewer. The white-hot sharpness of the impressions which he has projected upon paper recalls Henri Taine's dictum: "*les sensations sont des hallucinations vraies.*" Veritable hallucinations are the seascapes and landscapes in the South Sea stories, veritable hallucinations are the quotidian gestures and speech of his anarchists and souls sailing on the winds of noble and sinister passions. For Conrad is on one side an implacable realist. . . . Unforgetable are his delineations of sudden little rivers never charted and their shallow, turbid waters, the somber flux of immemorial forests under the crescent cone of night, and undergrowth overlapping the banks, the tragic chaos of

rising storms, hordes of clouds, sailing low on the horizon, the silhouettes of lazy, majestic mountains, the lugubrious magic of the tropical night, the mysterious drums of the natives, and the darkness that one can taste, smell, feel. What a gulf of incertitudes for white men is evoked for us in vivid, concrete terms. Unforgetable, too, the hallucinated actions of the student Razumov the night Victor Haldin, after launching the fatal bomb, seeks his room, his assistance, in that masterpiece, *Under Western Eyes.* But realist as Conrad is, he is also a poet who knows, as he says himself, that " the power of sound has always been greater than the power of sense." (Reason is a poor halter with which to lead mankind to drink at the well of truth.) He woos the ear with his singing prose as he ravishes the eye with his pictures. In his little-known study of Henry James he wrote: " All creative art is magic, is evocation of the unseen in forms persuasive, enlightening, familiar, and surprising," and finally, " Fiction is history, human history, or it is nothing." Often a writer tells us more of himself in criticizing a fellow-craftsman than in any formal esthetic pronunciamento. We soon find out the likes and dislikes of Mr. Conrad in this particular essay, and also what might be described as the kelson of his workaday philosophy: " All adventure, all love, every success, is resumed in the supreme energy of [an act] renunciation. It is the utmost limit of our power." No wonder his tutor, half in anger, half in sorrow, exclaimed: " You are an incorrigible, hapless Don Quixote."

I suppose a long list could be made of foreigners who have mastered the English language and written it with ease and elegance, yet I cannot recall one who has so completely absorbed our native idioms, who has made for himself an English soul (without losing his super-subtle Slavic soul), as has Joseph Conrad. He is unique as stylist. He first read English literature in Polish translations, then in the original; he read not only the Bible and Shakespeare, but Dickens, Fenimore Cooper, and Thackeray; above all, Dickens. He followed no regular course, just as he belongs to no school in art, except the school of humanity; for him there are no types, only humans. (He detests formulas and movements.) His sensibility, all Slavic, was stimulated by Dickens, who is the true creator of the so-called " Russian pity " which fairly honeycombs the works of Dostoïevsky.

There is no mistaking the influence of the English Bible on Conrad's prose style. He is saturated with its puissant, elemental rhythms, and his prose has its surge and undertow. That is why his is never a "painted ship on a painted ocean"; by the miracle of his art his water is billowy and undulating, his air quivers in the torrid sunshine, and across his skies—skies broken into new, strange patterns — the cloud-masses either float or else drive like a typhoon. His rhythmic sense is akin to Flaubert's, of whom Arthur Symons wrote: "He invents the rhythm of every sentence, he changes his cadence with every mood, or for the convenience of every fact; . . . he has no fixed prose tune." Nor, by the same token, has Conrad. He seldom indulges, as does Théophile Gautier, in the static paragraph. He is ever in modulation. There is ebb and flow in his sentences. A typical paragraph of his shows what might be called the sonata-form: an allegro, andante, and presto. For example, the opening pages of "Karain" in *Tales of Unrest:*

> Sunshine gleams between the lines of those short paragraphs [he is writing of the newspaper accounts of various native risings in the Eastern Archipelago]—sunshine and the glitter of the sea. A strange name wakes up memories; the printed words scent the smoky atmosphere of to-day faintly, with the subtle and penetrating perfume as of land breezes breathing through the starlight of bygone nights; a signal fire gleams like a jewel on the high brow of a somber cliff; great trees, the advanced sentries of immense forests, stand watchful and still over sleeping stretches of open water; a line of white surf thunders on an empty beach, the shallow water foams on the reefs; and green islets scattered through the calm of noonday lie upon the level of a polished sea like a handful of emeralds on a buckler of steel.

There is no mistaking the *coda* of this paragraph, selected at random, beginning at "and"; it suggests the author of *Salammbô,* and it also contains within its fluid walls evocations of sound, odor, bulk, tactile values, the color of life, the wet of the waves, and the whisper of the wind. He has the cult of the cadence. Or, as a contrast, recall the rank ugliness of the night when Razumov visits the hideous tenement, expecting to find there the driver who would carry to freedom the political assassin, Haldin.

II

Invention he has to a plentiful degree, notwithstanding his giving it second place in comparison with imagina-

tion. His novels are the novels of ideas dear to Balzac, though tinged with romance—a Stendhal of the sea. Gustave Kahn called him *un puissant rêveur,* and might have added, a wonderful spinner of yarns. Such yarns — for men and women and children! At times yarning seemingly for the sake of yarning—true art-for-art, though not in the " precious " sense. From the brilliant glare of the East to the drab dirt of London's mean streets, from the cool, darkened interiors of Malayan warehouses to the snow-covered *allées* of the Russian capital, or the green parks on the Lake of Geneva, he carries us on his magical carpet, and the key is always in true pitch. He never saves up for another book, as Mr. Brownell once said of Henry James, and for him, as for Mr. James, every good story is " both a picture and an idea "; he seeks to interpret " the uncomposed, unrounded look of life with its accidents, its broken rhythms." He gets atmosphere in a phrase; a verbal nuance lifts the cover of some iniquitous or gentle soul. He contrives the illusion of time, and his characters are never at rest; even within the narrow compass of the short story they develop; they grow in evil or wisdom, are always transformed; they think in " character," and an ideality unites his vision with that of his humans. Consider the decomposition of the moral life of Lord Jim and its slow recrudescence; there is a prolonged duel between the will and the intelligence. And the force of fatuity in the case of Almayer—a book which has for me the bloom of youth. Sheer narrative could go no further than in *The Nigger of Narcissus* (" Children of the Sea "), nor interior analysis in " The Return."

What I once wrote of Henry James might be said of Joseph Conrad: " He is exquisitely aware of the presence of others." And this awareness is illustrated in *Under Western Eyes* and *Nostromo*—the latter that astonishing rehabilitation of the humming life on a South American seaboard. For Nostromo nothing is lost save honor; he goes to his death loving insensately; for Razumov his honor endures till the pressure put upon it by his love for Haldin's sister cracks it, and cracks, too, his reason. For once the novelist seems cruel to the pathological point—I mean in the punishment of Razumov by the hideous spy. I hope this does not betray parvitude of viewpoint. I am not thin-skinned, and *Under Western Eyes* is my favorite novel, but

the closing section is lacerating music for the nerves. And what a chapter!—that thunder-storm driving down the valley of the Rhône, the haggard, haunted face of the Russian student forced, despite his convictions, to become an informer and a supposed anarchist (curious students will find the first hint of the *leitmotiv* of this monumental book in *An Anarchist—A Set of Six;* as Gaspar Ruiz may be looked on as a pendant to Nostromo). But *Under Western Eyes* is a masterpiece of irony, observation, and pity. I once described it as being as powerful as Dostoïevsky and as well written as Turgenieff. The truth is it is Conrad at his best, although I know that I may give offense in seeming to slight the Eastern tales. It has the color and shape and gait of the marvelous stories of Dostoïevsky and Turgenieff—with an absolutely original motive, and more modern. A magical canvas!

Its type of narrative is in the later style of the writer. The events are related by an English teacher of languages in Geneva, based on the diary of Razumov. It is a favorite device of Conrad's, which might be described as, structurally, progressing from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. His latest novel, *Chance,* is a specific instance of his intricate and elliptical method. Several personages of the story relate in almost fugal manner, the heroine appearing to us in flashes as if reflected by some revolving mirror. It is a difficult and elusive method, but it presents us with many facets of character and is swift and secular. The color is toned down, is more sober than the prose of the Eastern stories. Sometimes he employs the personal pronoun, and with what piquancy as well as poignancy may be noted in the volume *Youth.* This contains three tales, the first, which gives the title-key, has been called the finest short story in English, although it is difficult to discriminate. What could be more thrilling, with a well-nigh supernatural thrill (and the coloring of Baudelairian cruelty and bloodlust) than "The Heart of Darkness," or what more pathetic—a pathos that recalls Balzac's *Père Goriot* and Turgenieff's *A Lear of the Steppe,* withal still more pity-breeding—than "The End of the Tether"? This volume alone will place Conrad among the immortals.

That he must have had a "long foreground" we find after studying the man. Sailing a ship is no sinecure, and for Conrad a ship is something with human attributes. Like

a woman, it must be lived with to be understood, and it has its ways and whims and has to be petted or humored, as in "The Brute"—that monstrous personification. Like all true artists, Conrad never preaches. His morale is in suffusion, and who runs may read. We recognize his emotional caliber, which is of a dramatic intensity, though never overemphasizing the morbid. Of his intellectual grasp there is no question. He possesses pathos, passion, sincerity, and humor. Wide knowledge of mankind and nature he has, and in the field of moral power we need but ask if he is a Yes-Sayer or a No-Sayer, as the Nietzschians have it. He says Yes! to the universe and of the eternal verities he is cognizant. For him there is no "other side of good and evil." No writers of fiction, save the very greatest, Flaubert, Tolstoy, Dostoïevsky, or Turgenieff, have so exposed the soul of man under the stress of sorrow, passion, anger, or as swimming, a midget, in the immensities of sky, or burrowing, a fugitive, in suffocating virgin forests. The soul and the sea—they are the beloved provinces of this sailor and psychologue. But he also recognizes the relativity of things. The ineluctable vastness and sadness of life oppresses him. In "Karain" we read: "Nothing could happen to him unless what happens to all—failure and death." His heroes are failures, as are heroes in all great poetry and fiction, and their failure is recorded with muffled irony. The fundamental pessimism of the Slavic temperament must be reckoned with. But this pessimism is implied, and life has its large as well as its "little ironies." In *Chance,* which describes the hypertrophy of a dolorous soul, he wrote:

> It was one of those dewy, starry nights, oppressing our spirit, crushing our pride, by the brilliant evidence of the awful loneliness, of the hopeless, obscure magnificence of our globe lost in the splendid revelation of a glittering, soulless universe. . . . Daylight is friendly to man toiling under a sun which warms his heart; and cloudy, soft nights are more kindly to our littleness.

To match that one must go to Thomas Hardy, to the eloquent passage describing the terrors of infinite space in *Two on a Tower.* However, Conrad is not often given to such Hamlet-like moods. The shock and recoil of circumstances, the fatalities of chance, and the vagaries of human conduct intrigue his intention more than the night side of the soul.

III

It has been said that women do not admire him. This I have never been able to verify, but according to my limited experience I believe the contrary. (Where, indeed, would any novelist be if it were not for women!) He has said of Woman: "She is the active partner in the great adventure of humanity on earth and feels an interest in all its episodes." He does not idealize the sex, as did George Meredith, nor yet does he describe the baseness of the Eternal Simpleton, as do so many French novelists. He is not always complimentary: witness the portrait of Mrs. Fyne in *Chance*, or the mosaic of opinions to be found in that story. That he succeeded better with his men is a commonplace of all masculine writers, not that women always succeed with their sex, but to many masters of imaginative literature woman is usually a poet's evocation, not the creature of flesh and blood and bones, of sense and sentiment, that she is in real life. Conrad opens no new windows in her soul, but he has painted some full-length portraits and made many lifelike sketches, which are inevitable. From the shining presence of his mother, the assemblage of a few traits in his *Reminiscences,* to Flora de Barral in *Chance,* with her self-tortured temperament, you experience that "emotion of recognition" described by Mr. James. You know they live, that some of them go on marching in your memory after the book has been closed. Their actions always end by resembling their ideas. And their ideas are variegated.

In *Under Western Eyes* we encounter the lovely Natalie Haldin, a sister in spirit to Helena, to Lisa, to any one of the Turgenieff heroines. Charm is hers, and a valiant spirit. Her creator has not, thus far, succeeded in bettering her. Only once does he sound a false note. I find her speech a trifle rhetorical after she learns the facts in the case of Razumov (p. 354). Two lines are superfluous at the close of this heart-breaking chapter, and in all the length of the book that is the only flaw I can offer to hungry criticism. The revolutionary group at Geneva—the mysterious and vile Madame de S——, the unhappy slave, Tekla, the much-tried Mrs. Haldin, and the very vital anarchist, surely a portrait *sur le vif,* Sophia Antonovna, are testimonies of the writer's skill and profound divination of the human heart. (He has confessed that for him woman is "a human being, very much like myself.") The dialogue between

Razumov the spiritual bankrupt and Sophia in the park is one of those character-revealing episodes that are only real when handled by a supreme artist. As an etching of a vicious soul, the Eliza of *Chance* is arresting. We do not learn her last name, but we remember her brutal attack on little Flora, an attack that warped the poor child's nature. Whether the end of the book is justified is apart from my present purpose, which is chiefly exposition, though I feel that Captain Anthony is not tenderly treated. But "there is a Nemesis which overtakes generosity, too, like all the other imprudences of men who dare to be lawless and proud. . . ." And this sailor, the son of the selfish poet, Carleon Anthony, himself sensitive, but unselfish, paid for his considerate treatment of his wife Flora. Only Hardy could have treated the sex question with the same tact as Conrad (as he has done in *Jude the Obscure*). *The Duel* (published in America under the title of *A Point of Honor*) is a *tour de force* in story-telling that would have made envious Balzac. Then there is Winnie Verloc in the *Secret Agent,* and her cockney sentiment and rancors. She is remarkably "realized," and is a pitiful apparition at the close. The detective Verloc, her husband, wavers as a portrait between reality and melodrama. The minor female characters, her mother and the titled lady patron of the apostle Michaelis, are no mere supernumeraries.

The husband and wife in "The Return" are nameless, but hold your interest. The man discovered in his judgment of his foolish wife that "morality is not a method of happiness." Not always. The image in the mirrors in this tale produces a ghastly effect. I enjoyed the amateur anarchist, the English girl playing with bombs in "The Informer"; she is an admirable foil for the brooding bitterness of the ruined Royalist's daughter in that stirring South American tale, "Gaspar Ruiz." Conrad knows this continent of half-baked civilizations; life grows there like rank vegetations. *Nostromo* is the most elaborate and dramatic study of the sort, and a wildly adventurous romance into the bargain. The two women, fascinating Mrs. Gould and the proud, beautiful Antonia Avellanos, are finely contrasted. And what a mob of cut-throats, politicians, and visionaries! "In real revolutions the best characters do not come to the front," which statement holds as good in Paris as in St.

Petersburg, in New York, or in Mexico. Both *The Nigger of the Narcissus* and *Nostromo* give us the "emotion of multitude."

A genuinely humorous woman is the German skipper's wife in "Falk," and the niece, the heroine who turns the head of the former cannibal of Falk—this an echo, doubtless, from the anecdote of the dog-eating granduncle B—— of the *Reminiscences*—is heroic in her way. Funniest of all is the captain himself. Falk is almost a tragic figure. Amy Foster—in the same volume—is pathetic, and Bessie Carvil, of "To-morrow," might have been signed by Hardy. In *Youth* the old sea-dog's motherly wife is the only woman. As for the impure witch in "The Heart of Darkness," I can only say that she creates a "new shudder." How she appeals to the imagination! The soft-spoken lady, bereft of her hero in this narrative, who lives in Brussels, is a specimen of Conrad's ability to make reverberate in our memory an enchanting personality, and with a few strokes of the brush. We cannot admire the daughter of poor old Captain Whalley in "The End of Tether," but she is the propulsive force of his actions and final tragedy. That particular story will rank with the best in the world's literature. Nina Almayer shows the atavistic "pull" of the soil and opposes finesse to force, while Alice Jacobus in "'Twixt Land and Sea" (*A Smile of Fortune*) is half-way on the road back to barbarism. But Nina will be happy with her chief. In depicting the slow decadence of character in mixed races and the naïve stammerings at the birth of their souls, Conrad is unapproachable.

His most buoyant and attractive girl is Freya Nelson (or Nielsen) in the volume alluded to; she, however, is pure Caucasian, and more American than European. Her beauty caresses the eye. The story is a good one, though it ends unhappily—another cause for complaint on the part of the sentimentalists who prefer molasses to meat. But this is fiction which is also literature. Conrad will never be coerced into offering his readers sugar-coated tittle-tattle. And at a period when the distaff of fiction is too often in the hands of men the voice of the romantic-realist and poetic ironist, Joseph Conrad sounds a dynamic masculine bass amid the shriller choir. Let us close with the hearty affirmation of Walt Whitman: "Camerado! this is no book, who touches this, touches a man."

James Huneker.

A CONSTRUCTIVE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.—III

1.—UNION PACIFIC-SOUTHERN PACIFIC MERGER CASE

THIS case was decided by the Supreme Court December 2, 1912. It was held (1) that the Union Pacific Railroad Company and the Southern Pacific Company are substantial competitors in interstate transportation, and (2) that the acquisition by the former of a controlling stock interest in the latter created a combination in restraint of trade (226 U. S., 61).

How to dissolve the combination was one of the first problems which the present Administration had to meet. It was insisted for the Government that the dissolution should be effectual, and especially that it should be free from the fundamental defect in the plans adopted in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, where the separate parts into which the businesses were divided were left under the control of the same stockholders. Several proposals by the Union Pacific Company were rejected because they did not adequately guard against a similar result. Through conferences between the Attorney-General and counsel for the defendants a plan satisfactory to the Government was finally worked out and submitted to Circuit Judges Sanborn, Hook, and Smith at St. Paul, on June 30, 1913, and by them embodied in a decree. Briefly stated, the plan was as follows:

1. Of the $126,650,000 of Southern Pacific stock held by it, the Union Pacific Company was authorized to sell $38,292,400 to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in exchange for $42,547,200 of the capital stock of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company. This aided in separating the Southern Pacific from the Union Pacific and at the same time divested the Pennsylvania Railroad Company of a large amount of the capital stock of an active competitor—the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company—thereby dissolv-

ing, without the cost and delay of litigation, another unlawful combination. No new combination in restraint of trade was created by the exchange, since the Pennsylvania and the Southern Pacific Systems are non-competitive, and the same is true of the Union Pacific and the Baltimore & Ohio.

It was recognized, however, that whilst at present no Federal law forbids one railroad company from owning stock in another non-competitive line, Congress may hereafter deem it advisable to change the National policy in that regard. Therefore, in order that any future legislation by Congress on the subject of the holding of stock by one railroad company in another, and also any new interpretation of existing laws, might certainly apply to the holdings which the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Union Pacific Railroad Company would acquire by the proposed exchange, the following condition was inserted in the decree on the insistence of the Government:

> *Provided, however,* That neither such approval and leave nor anything contained in this decree shall ever be taken or construed as affecting the obligations, powers, rights or duties under present or future laws of any person or corporation not a party to this cause, nor be taken or construed as an adjudication that any defendant herein has the right to acquire or hold the shares of stocks so sold or exchanged, nor as an exemption of any defendant in respect of such acquisition or holding from the operation of any law now in force or which may hereafter be enacted.

2. After this exchange there was left in the ownership of the Union Pacific $88,357,600 of Southern Pacific stock. This was transferred in trust to the Central Trust Company of New York—an independent institution—which became a party to the suit and completely subject to the direction of the court. The trust company was authorized to issue certificates of interest representing this stock, and these were offered to Union Pacific stockholders. The holder of such a certificate, however, has no right to vote or receive dividends in respect of the stock; but he may convert it into Southern Pacific stock by making affidavit that he owns no Union Pacific stock and is not acting on behalf of any Union Pacific stockholder, or in concert, agreement, or understanding with any one to obtain control of the Southern Pacific Company in the interest of the Union Pacific Company, but in his own behalf and in good faith.

Pending such conversion the trust company was authorized to collect the dividends accruing on the stock, and to

vote the same only when and as directed by the court. Upon conversion of a certificate of interest into Southern Pacific stock the holder becomes entitled to receive the accumulated dividends. Of course, the purpose in withholding the dividends is to accelerate the distribution of the Southern Pacific stock among persons not Union Pacific stockholders.

If by January 1, 1916, any certificates of interest have not been converted into Southern Pacific stock, the court may order the sale of the Southern Pacific stock represented by such certificates.

The plan effectually prevented the Union Pacific Company or its stockholders who were parties to the combination from continuing in control of the Southern Pacific. The great advantage of the course pursued over a compulsory and immediate sale of the $126,650,000 of Southern Pacific stock is that, whilst as effectually dissolving the combination, it saved the stockholders of both companies from unnecessary losses and avoided the very serious financial strain which such a sale would have entailed.

In actual practice the plan has worked successfully. Up to July 1, 1914, through conversion of the certificates of interest or of subscription receipts issued by the trust company, $81,606,000 of the $88,357,600 of Southern Pacific stock transferred to the trust company by the Union Pacific Company has passed into the hands of persons who made the required affidavits.

Summed up, the plan adopted in this case not only effectually dissolved the particular unlawful combination therein complained of, but also dissolved without further litigation the unlawful combination resulting from the ownership by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company of over $42,000,000 of the capital stock of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company.

The principle established by this decree, namely, that in the dissolution of combinations in restraint of trade the separate parts must not be left in control of the same stockholders, has since been strictly adhered to.

2.—THE TELEPHONE CASE

For a long time there had been persistent complaints made to the Department by the so-called independent telephone companies that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated companies, commonly known as the Bell System, were attempting to bring under one control

the means of communication by wire throughout the entire country, not only through the expansion and extension of their own system, but by the acquisition of competing lines, in violation of the Federal Anti-trust Laws. The American Company, indeed, had frankly admitted its purpose in this regard in its annual report for the year ending December 31, 1910, in which it is stated:

> This process of combination will continue until all telephone exchanges and lines will be merged either into one company owning and operating the whole system, or until a number of companies with territories determined by political, business, or geographical conditions, each performing all functions pertaining to local management and operation, will be closely associated under the control of one central organization exercising all the functions of centralized general administration.

The Department investigated these complaints and found that they were not without basis. The Bell System had already so far accomplished its purpose that considerably more than half of all the telephones in the United States were under its control, and it also had acquired through stock ownership practical control of the largest of the two principal telegraph companies of the country.

In July, 1913, a suit was instituted under the Anti-Trust Act at Portland, Oregon, against companies comprising the Bell System and others, charging them with having entered into a combination to monopolize the means of telephonic communication in and between the States of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. It was alleged that in pursuance of the combination the Bell companies acquired control of the Northwestern Telephone Company, owning competing long-distance lines from Port Angeles, Washington, to Corvalis, Oregon, and of the Interstate Telephone Company, owning competing long-distance lines from Spokane easterly into Northern Idaho, and of the Home Telephone Company of Spokane, owning a competing exchange at that point; and also purchased competing exchanges in Seattle, Tacoma, and Bellingham.

Some time after the institution of this suit the Department was informed that the officers and directors of the Bell System were desirous of bringing its organization and business throughout the country generally into harmony with the Anti-Trust Laws, and to that end conferences were held between officers of the Department of Justice and officers of the Bell System.

In compliance with the suggestions of the Attorney-General, formulated in the course of these conferences, the Bell System committed itself to the course of action set forth in the letter to the Attorney-General dated December 19, 1913:

First. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company will dispose promptly of its entire holdings of stock of the Western Union Telegraph Company in such way that the control and management of the latter will be entirely independent of the former, and of any other company in the Bell System.

Second. Neither the American Telephone and Telegraph Company nor any other company in the Bell System will hereafter acquire, directly or indirectly, through purchase of its physical property or of its securities or otherwise, dominion or control over any other telephone company owning, controlling, or operating any exchange or line which is or may be operated in competition with any exchange or line included in the Bell System, or which constitutes or may constitute a link or portion of any system so operated or which may be so operated in competition with any exchange or line included in the Bell System.

Provided, however, that where control of the properties or securities of any other telephone company heretofore has been acquired and is now held by or in the interest of any company in the Bell System and no physical union or consolidation has been effected, or where binding obligations for the acquisition of the properties or securities of any other telephone company heretofore have been entered into by or in the interest of any company in the Bell System and no physical union or consolidation has been effected, the question as to the course to be pursued in such cases will be submitted to your Department and to the Interstate Commerce Commission for such advice and directions, if any, as either may think proper to give, due regard being had to public convenience and to the rulings of the local tribunals.

Third. Arrangements will be made promptly under which all other telephone companies may secure for their subscribers toll service over the lines of the companies in the Bell System in the ways and under the conditions following:

(1) Where an independent company desires connection with the toll lines of the Bell System it may secure such connection by supplying standard trunk lines between its exchanges and the toll board of the nearest exchange of the Bell operating company.

(2) When the physical connection has been made by means of standard trunk lines, the employees of the Bell System will make the toll-line connections desired, but in order to render efficient service it will be necessary that the entire toll circuit involved in establishing the connection shall be operated by, and under the control of, the employees of the Bell System.

(3) Under the conditions outlined above, any subscriber of any independent company will be given connection with any subscriber of any company in the Bell System, or with any subscriber of any independent company with which the Bell System is connected, who is served by an exchange which is more than fifty miles distant from the exchange in which the call originates.

(4) The subscribers of the independent company having toll connec-

tions described above, shall pay for such connections the regular toll charge of the Bell Company, and in addition thereto, except as hereinafter provided, a connection charge of ten cents for each message which originates on its lines and is carried, in whole or in part, over the lines of the Bell System.

The charges incident to such service shall be made by the Bell Company against the independent company whose subscriber makes the call, and such charges shall be accepted by the independent company as legal and just claims.

(5) Under this arrangement the lines of the Bell System shall be used for the entire distance between the two exchanges thus connected, provided the Bell System has lines connecting the two exchanges. Where the Bell System has no such lines, arrangements can be made for connecting the lines of the Bell System with the lines of some independent company in order to make up the circuit, but such connections will not be made where the Bell System has a thorough circuit between the two exchanges.

(6) Any business of the kind commonly known and described as "long lines" business offered for transmission over the lines of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company shall be accepted for any distance, that is, on such "long lines" business calls shall be accepted where the point of destination is less than fifty miles from the exchange where the call originates as well as where the point of destination is greater than fifty miles therefrom.

(7) Any business of the kind commonly known and described as "long lines" business offered for transmission over the lines of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company shall be accepted at the regular toll rate and no connecting charge shall be required. But such calls shall be handled under the same operating rules and conditions as apply to calls over the local toll lines.

The President expressed his approval of the negotiations and of the result.

This mode of stopping the attempt of the Bell System to monopolize all the means of communication by wire met with very general approval.

Of course, the interpretation of the Anti-Trust Act on which was based the action taken by the Department in respect of the Bell System does not mean that where there are two telephone systems in a city or town there never can be a consolidation into a single system. It does mean that where competition has been established in long-distance telephony between points in different States it cannot be destroyed by contract or consolidation. This interpretation leaves local communities generally free to have one telephone system, if they desire, subject to the condition that in the event of a consolidation the consolidated company will make connections with all long-distance interstate lines and thereby preserve competition in interstate communication.

It should also be kept in mind that the requirement that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company relinquish its control of the Western Union Telegraph Company does not mean that they cannot continue to co-operate where their services are complementary rather than competitive. In other words, the action of the Department, while requiring these two companies to be under separate control and management, so that in so far as they perform like services the public may have the benefit of competition between them, also leaves them entirely free to co-operate for the benefit of the public in so far as their services are complementary.

There was left to be disposed of the before-mentioned suit instituted at Portland, Oregon, against the companies comprising the Bell System for attempting to monopolize the means of telephonic communication in and between the States of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho.

After extended negotiations, the defendants finally consented to the entry of a decree in favor of the Government.

The decree adjudges that the defendants combined to monopolize the means of telephonic communication in and among the States named in violation of the Anti-Trust Act, and forbids them to form any like combination in the future. The Bell companies are ordered to dispose of their holdings in the Northwestern and Interstate companies (the two long-distance companies) and are prohibited from acquiring hereafter any interest in those companies.

The decree further orders the Bell companies to sell their holdings of the stock and bonds of the Home Company of Spokane; but it is provided that if the City of Spokane within three months shall determine it to be in the interest of the people of that city to consolidate the exchanges of the Home Company and of the Bell companies under the control of the latter, application may be made to the court so to modify the decree as to permit that to be done, such modification to be upon condition that the Bell companies open up all their telephones in Spokane to the Interstate Company, operating long-distance lines from Spokane into Idaho, thus giving to the latter an opportunity to do business not only with all the Home Company's subscribers in Spokane, now about 7,000, but also with all those of the Pacific Company, now about 22,000, under conditions that preclude discrimination. In this way the people of Spokane are left free to

regulate their local telephone system, while the duty of the Federal Government under the law to preserve competition in interstate communication is fully discharged.

The property purchased in Seattle, Tacoma, and Bellingham, having become inseparably commingled with the other property of the Bell companies in those places, is not ordered to be sold, but a plan of connections is adopted which will produce sharper competition in furnishing facilities for interstate telephonic communication than existed before the purchases, or would be brought about by a sale.

This plan gives the patrons of the Northwestern Company the right to interchange communications with the patrons of the Sunset Company in Tacoma, and with the Pacific Company in Seattle, Bellingham, and Portland, thereby permitting the Northwestern Company to do business with all the patrons of the Bell companies in those places on equal terms with its rival, whereas before the purchases the Northwestern Company had access to less than one-third the number it can reach under this plan. Further, it allows the Home Company of Portland access to the Pacific Company's long-distance lines on terms the same as those on which the Pacific Company may use its own long-distance lines.

The decree condemns as unlawful all contracts by which local companies agree to give their long-distance business to the Bell companies exclusively, and prohibits the latter from accepting any benefits thereunder. The right is also reserved to the Government to apply to the court for any additional orders that may be necessary to carry out the decree, and any party may submit to the court any dispute which may arise touching the arrangements provided for in the decree.

3.—THE CASE OF THE METROPOLITAN TOBACCO COMPANY

By dealing with it exclusively and upon preferential terms, the old Tobacco Trust enabled the Metropolitan Tobacco Company to acquire complete control of the jobbing trade in tobacco products in the area between Trenton, New Jersey, on the south, and Stamford, Connecticut, on the north, embracing the entire metropolitan district. The purpose of the Trust was to enable the Metropolitan Company to drive all other jobbers out of business and thereby close

the avenues of distribution against independent manufacturers of tobacco products.

After the business of the Trust was dissolved as a result of the suit instituted by the Government into substantially four parts, controlled by the American Tobacco Company, the Lorillard Company, the Liggett & Myers Company, and the R. J. Reynolds Company, respectively, these companies continued to sell their products in the metropolitan district exclusively to the Metropolitan Tobacco Company, thereby perpetuating its control of the jobbing trade in that territory.

Complaints were made to the Department in respect of this condition, and the companies were notified that the Department regarded the condition as a violation of the Anti-Trust Laws. As yet no final action has been taken by the Department. However, the mere bringing of the matter to the attention of the companies complained of, with the statement that the Department regarded the condition as an unlawful one, has resulted in each of the four manufacturing companies agreeing to sell their products to all jobbers in the metropolitan district upon the same terms that they sell to the Metropolitan Company.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

THE last decade of the nineteenth century, according to Mr. Holbrook Jackson, was a period of renascence, marked by a quickening of the imagination, an eager search for novelty, and the destruction of old ideas and conventions. Its three chief characteristics were: The "so-called Decadence; the introduction of a Sense of Fact into literature and art, and the development of a Transcendental View of Social Life." People felt that they were living in an era of hope and action and that anything might happen. To the young any new thing was irresistible and the snapping of apron strings was heard in the land. A new value was placed on "personality" and young people whom Nature had plainly designed for quite ordinary purposes were everywhere hoisting themselves by their boot-straps in an endeavor to "lead their own lives."

Decadent minor poets sprang up in the most unexpected places. The staidest of Nonconformist circles begat strange, pale youths with abundant hair, whose abandoned thoughts expressed themselves in "purple patches" of prose, and whose aim in life seemed to be to live "passionately" and in "scarlet moments." Life-tasting was the fashion and the rising generation felt as if it were stepping out of the cages of convention and custom into a wider freedom full of tremendous possibilities.

In a transport of "modernity" writers applied the term *fin de siècle* to everything they had not happened to see before, and the word "new" became as common as an exclamation point. There was the "new hedonism," "new paganism," "new remorse," "new voluptuousness," "new realism," "new humor," "new spirit," "new drama," and of course the "new woman." In short, the British people, according to Mr. Jackson, suddenly woke up one day in the

[1] *The Eighteen-Nineties.* By Holbrook Jackson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1913.

early nineties and found itself changed from a stolid into a volatile nation, and this new-born freedom

seemed to find just the expression it needed in the abandoned nonsense chorus of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!" which, lit at the red skirts of Lottie Collins, spread like a dancing flame throughout the land.

It was the day of the "esthetic movement," the *Yellow Book,* the *Savoy,* Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, the Rhymers' Club, *The Green Carnation,* the Decadence, the bicycle, the "new urbanity," the "new dandyism," and of new and strange forms of wickedness, well advertised for the purpose of shocking the middle class.

Certain artists and minor poets gained repute by their alleged association with vice. It was fashionable in "artistic" circles to drink absinthe and to discuss its "cloudy green" suggestiveness, and other hitherto exotic drugs were also called into the service of these dilettanti of sin. Certain drugs seemed to gather about them an atmosphere of romance during these years, and all sorts of stimulants and soporifics, from incense and perfumes to opium and hashish, and various forms of alcohol, were used as means to extend sensation beyond the range of ordinary consciousness, along with numerous well-known and half-known physical aids to passionate experience. . . . Nothing is more remarkable, in looking back at the Nineties, than to note how Death has gathered to himself the majority of the period's most characteristic and most interesting figures. All of these men "lived their own lives," and when whim or Fate led them along perilous paths they suffered the consequences. Most of them died young, several of them were scarcely more than youths; some died of diseases which might have been checked or prevented in more careful lives; some were condemned to death at an early age by miserable maladies, and some were so burdened by the malady of the soul's unrest that they voluntarily crossed the borderland of life. . . . Oscar Wilde died in 1900 at the age of forty-four; Aubrey Beardsley died in 1898 at the age of twenty-six; Ernest Dawson, in 1900, aged thirty-three; Charles Conder, in 1909, aged forty-one; Lionel Johnson, in 1896, aged thirty-five; Hubert Crackanthorpe, in 1896, aged thirty-one; etc.

What Mr. Jackson calls the "new dandyism" may be summed up in Oscar Wilde's dicta: "Art is our spirited protest, our gallant attempt to teach Nature her proper place," and "To expect the unexpected shows a thoroughly modern intellect." It was a dandyism of the intellect and ran inevitably to epigram, paradox, and pose. But when so many young writers were struggling to seem remarkable it was natural that they should end by looking about the same. Thus it was necessary to revolt against their own revolution. "Heterodoxy took the sting out of its own tail by becoming orthodox," and many an ardent soul, failing to attract

attention by excess, fell back on the device of moderation. There was a sort of distinction, they hoped, in merely not trying to seem queer, for the time had come when the public was likely to be surprised by any writer who was not manifestly attempting to surprise it. Max Beerbohm, if I remember aright, scored splendily on this occasion by the masterstroke of not having any ideas. It was in fact rather a monotonous time even at its heyday, though Mr. Jackson is too good to say so, and literary shop was getting itself taken much too seriously and people were disputing whether you could write as good a poem about a scent-bottle as about a violet, believing apparently that it was the scent-bottle or the violet that made the poem good. The " idea " or the " tendency " of an author prevented the detection of his essential mediocrity, and while there were " movements " by the score, the individuals in motion were by no means numerous. Mr. Jackson is very misleading as to the number of giants there were in those days.

Of attitudes, of course, there was no end. " The first duty of life is to be as artificial as possible." " Whenever people agree with me I always feel I must be wrong." There was something pathetic in this thirst for distinctiveness and fear of being caught in the class to which one really belonged. " Nothing, not even conventional virtue, is so provincial as conventional vice; and the desire to ' bewilder the middle classes ' is itself middle class." The strain of the fine phrase and the purple patch was terrible, and strong men wept when others said a complicated thing ahead of them. So a " rose shook in a woman's blood " and " a quick breath parted the petals of her lips," and heroes sat among " olive-green chrysoberyls," and " cymophanes," and " pistachio-colored peridots " and " violet spinels " and London " spread out like a black velvet flower " and " fingers wandered, quelling the little mutinies of cravat and ruffle," and young men displayed the " décolleté spirits of astonishing conversation " and many of them nearly died in the attempt. Which matters and many others are admirably set forth in chapters on " The New Dandyism," " Shocking as a Fine Art," " The Decadence," and " Purple Patches and Fine Phrases," but in so kindly a spirit that they seem the pious relics of a quite important generation. I venture to say that for all his air of benignant reminiscence the raking up of these things was no light matter. It was a work of actual excavation. He

recalls fifty books in a single chapter which no self-indulgent reader would ever dream of looking for again. He is sympathetic, even enthusiastic, from beginning to end.

As to the Decadence, he argues reasonably that the term is a misnomer. Many of the writers and artists concerned in it have since "become harmless classics, and some almost forgotten."

> It should not be forgotten that the effort demanded by even the most ill-directed phases of decadent action suggests a liveliness of energy which is quite contrary to the traditions of senile decay. During the Eighteen-Nineties such liveliness was obvious to all, and even in its decadent phases the period possessed comic qualities. But the common sense of the matter is that where the so-called decadence made for a fuller and brighter life, demanding even more and more power and keener sensibilities from its units, it was not decadent.

He is amazingly susceptible and quivers in the very lightest literary breeze. Authors so diverse or incompatible that a liking for one would naturally involve a loathing for the other receive an equal welcome in his hospitable soul. There are urbane chapters on Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, Max Beerbohm, Francis Thompson, Bernard Shaw, John Davidson, and Kipling, and none of them contains anything that the author himself would not have liked to read. Only his diligence and his keen eye for characteristic features save his work from the blighting effects of an altogether too sweet disposition. It is not criticism; it is a literary chronicle in *couleur de rose,* but entertaining, informing, and suggestive, and as thoroughgoing a piece of work as can be found within its field.

He is embarrassed, no doubt, by the nearness of his objects, for in large part his book applies to the writings of to-day. The acids of criticism are hard to handle in dealing with contemporaries, for the author squirms and the critic loses his head; so reviewers choose the line of least resistence—that is to say, praise. Mr. Jackson has evidently been steeped in current reviews and "appreciations" and that is not an invigorating immersion. The reviewer in our day, now that the period of Bludyer and Slasher has gone by, is a very busy person whose mind has been seriously impaired by the habit of reading with intent to forget. He soon loses, as a rule, all sense of personal distinctions and sees authors in schools or groups. Books go through a reviewer's mind like coals down a coal-chute and wear it perfectly smooth. In the

long run reviewers' minds look as much alike as the coal-chutes and you are no more likely to find anything indigenous sprouting there. That is why it is so often impossible to detect any essential difference between the writer of an appreciation of Mr. John Galsworthy, in the London *Spectator,* and the writer of a bird's-eye view of Mr. Eden Phillpotts in the back part of an American monthly magazine, although, seen in the flesh, one might prove to be a grizzled old reprobate and the other a young girl graduate. Current literary "appreciation" seems to level all minds. The effort to be impersonal in literary criticism resolves itself generally into an effort to be multi-personal, to think in herds, to substitute a composite, universally acceptable, book-made entity, for that not necessarily guilty or dangerous thing, your own point of view. That is one reason why the results are generally so tremulous and ineffective.

That Mr. Jackson can do more difficult and intimate writing than that which sets forth the "central thoughts" of authors and quotes appropriately from their books is shown by his chapters on Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Wilde. Of the latter he says:

> Dandy of intellect, dandy of manners, dandy of dress, Oscar Wilde strutted through the first half of the Nineties and staggered through the last. So pleased was he with himself, so interested was he in the pageant of life, that he devoted his genius, in so far as it could be public, to telling people all about it. His genius expressed itself best in stories and conversation, and he was always the center of each. The best things in his plays are the conversations, the flippancies of dandies, and the garrulities of delightful, shameless dowagers. His best essays are colloquies; those that are not are dependent for effect upon epigrams and aphorisms, originally dropped by himself in the dining-rooms and *salons* of London and Paris. When he was not conversing he was telling stories, and of these stories, perhaps the "Prose Poems," "The House of Pomegranates" and "The Happy Prince," will outlive, even his wittiest paradox. "Salomé" is more a story, a "prose-poem," than a play, and it is more, to use for once the method of inversion in which he delighted, an epigram than a story. One can imagine the glee with which Oscar Wilde worked up to the anti-climax, to the moment after Salomé has kissed the dead mouth of Jokanaan, and Herod has turned round and said, "Kill that woman." One can taste his own delight while writing the final stage instruction: "The soldiers run forward and crush beneath their shields Salomé, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judæa." But more easily still can one imagine this remarkable man for ever telling himself an eternal tale in which he himself is the hero.

But in the main he is merely an absorbent of current literary criticism with all its exaggeration of momentary

values. He is a passive reader on whom almost any nonentity may hang his thoughts, as on a clothes-line. The chief difficulty, of course, is that amid the hubbub of the present moment he is looking for signs of the times, schools, movements, literary tendencies, and the criteria of permanent classification; and he has fallen among whims and passing fashions. There is a periodicity in light literature, but so there is baggy trousers, women's skirts, commercial crises, and spots on the sun. What is the law of baggy trousers? They may be baggy next year or somewhat tighter. It is pleasant not to know. It is the same way with what are called literary tendencies in the critical reviews of to-day and yesterday. Many of them stop tending altogether after a year or so, and some of them never even began to tend. I do not really know whether Mr. Holbrook Jackson is right or wrong as an interpreter of the literary tendencies of a dozen years or so ago, but I do know from this volume that he is quite admirable and interesting as an archeologist of whims.

F. M. Colby.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE CONQUEST OF MOUNT MCKINLEY. By BELMORE BROWNE. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1913.

Quite apart from the value of the increase in geographical knowledge won through such feats as the attainment of the North and South Poles, or the ascent of the highest mountains, the motive that prompts these undertakings is felt to be profoundly human and in a sense ethical. The conquest of the highest peak in North America appeals to one not merely as a manifestation of the spirit of sport raised to a heroic pitch and dignified by its connection with the most awe-inspiring grandeurs of nature, but also as a phase of man's everlasting conflict with the physical world. In reading the story of this exploit, we feel ourselves responding to the elemental "call of the wild," to the fascination of discovery—that fascination which the topographer feels as he watches the growth of rivers and mountain chains on his plane-table—to the mysterious attraction which dominates the mind of the explorer when he travels over the snow at night, strangely stirred and yet quieted by "the clean, cold smell of the night air, the loom of great peaks against the sky, the bigness and freedom of the everlasting snow-fields." To most of us, also, the tense, overwhelming emotions that spring from the perils of big adventures are enviable; and from such a narrative as Belmore Browne's we learn to appreciate something of that tonic effect which the explorer feels as the result of successful resistance to hardship—the sense of well-being, of readiness for almost anything that may turn up, which is almost a spiritual asset. Moreover, in this, one of the last of the geographical wonder stories that have remained to be written, there is a continuous panorama of impressive scenes. To the appeal of mountains that smoke with avalanches or of ice walls and gorges that would "make a Gustav Doré throw down his brushes in despair" few can be indifferent; for through the pictorial imagination is satisfied that craving for fuller experience which, as Max Eastman has pointed out, is at the root of both the love of poetry and the zest for adventure. But to these various sources of interest—sources which have perhaps a greater psychological depth than is generally recognized—there is added a feeling that is deeper still. Such is our fundamental attitude toward nature that undoubtedly we would feel that something was lacking in humanity if there were no one to accept the challenge of the great peak.

To the mountain-climber Mount McKinley presents unusual difficulties—difficulties which are quite unconnected with its altitude of 20,300 feet above the sea. To begin with, the mountain is placed "in the most inaccessible position obtainable," forming the apex and geographical center

of the great wilderness south of the Yukon and west of the Tanana rivers. The problem of reaching the mountain at all, as readers of Mr. Browne's story will soon perceive, is no small one. On the south the nearest salt water is Cook Inlet, 140 miles distant in a direct line, and the route from this southern side lies over glaciers thirty miles in length. Then, too, the actual ascent is much more toilsome than that of equally high, or higher, peaks in South America or Tibet; for the latter rise from plateaus as much as 10,000 feet above sea-level, and it is only when these have been reached that the real work of climbing begins. Mount McKinley, on the other hand, descends on its northern face to a point as low as 3,000 feet. By whatever route the mountain is approached, it is necessary to take to the ice at a low level, which necessitates polar equipment and the transportation of large quantities of provisions.

Belmore Browne, with Professor Herschel Parker, made three attacks upon Mount McKinley, in 1906, 1910, and 1912, respectively, of which only the last was successful, though the earlier trips are not the less interesting from the point of view of exploration and adventure. Associated with Browne and Parker in the 1906 expedition was Dr. F. A. Cook, who, in view of his previous experience in the region, was allowed to determine the route. The party was equipped with a shoal-draft motor-boat and a pack-train of twenty horses. In accordance with Dr. Cook's plans the expedition was divided into two parts, of which one was to ascend the Yentna in the motor-boat, while the other marched overland with the horses to the head of navigation on the same river. The reunited party was then to search for a pass in the unexplored part of the Alaskan range. "In view of Dr. Cook's having already failed on the northern approach of the mountain," writes Belmore Browne, "I am to this day unable to understand why he was willing to risk the finding of an unknown pass when there was a good pass at the head of the Kichatna River on the line of march that the pack-train was to follow." This plan, however, was adhered to. The route up the Yentna beyond the head of navigation lay up a great glacier valley four miles broad, swept bare to rock and sand by the spring overflow, and crossed and recrossed by the river, broken into dozens of snarling streams. Ultimately the party reached the cañon of the Yentna and explored it, but found no egress. Quicksands, high water, the toil of trail chopping, and scantiness of rations made this trip and the return to base camp as remarkable in its way as anything the explorers accomplished. Nearly fatal accidents in swimming the horses across the swift streams were of frequent occurrence, and every hour the party had to attempt the seemingly impossible. From the base camp a trail was next chopped across to the East Fork of the Yentna, and thence the journey lay northeast across Mount Kliskon and toward the Tokositna glacier. After much toil the glacier was surmounted and a mountain upon its farther side was scaled, but the near view thus obtained only proved the impossibility of reaching the southern face of Mount McKinley. Between the eager explorers and their goal lay "a tangled, chaotic mass of rugged mountains and glaciers." Food was scarce, and with the coming of the frost the horses would die. The party, therefore, returned to the coast, where, after an interval spent in hunting, Mr. Browne was surprised to hear the report that Dr. Cook, who had departed avowedly on a reconnoitering expedition to the north, had ascended Mount McKinley. Later he was astounded by hearing Cook him-

self confirm the rumor. The author's testimony in regard to this singular affair is both clear and reserved.

In 1910 Browne and Parker decided to make a second attempt upon Mount McKinley's southern face. In their choice of a route they were determined partly by the desire to map the unknown peaks and glaciers of this region and partly by the hope of reaching the southern northeast ridge of the mountain, viewed in 1906. But the ruling motive was the desire to follow Dr. Cook's route and duplicate his photographs, thus settling the polar controversy—in other words, the question of Dr. Cook's veracity. In a specially designed motor-boat the explorers ascended the Susitna and Chulitna rivers to the mouth of the Tokositna. Turning up the latter stream, they reached at length a great glacier leading toward McKinley. After struggling up this ice river for many miles they came to a point where two tributaries entered it, while the main glacier stretched up through a tremendous gorge to the north. Near the boundary of the eastern tributary occurred the dramatic and convincing discovery of Dr. Cook's "fake" peak, which was identified not only by its individual appearance, but by various landmarks, as the photographs show. The journey up the main gorge was then resumed, only to terminate in a mighty struggle with great seracs whose towering, pinnacled ice walls turned the explorers back after several desperate night attacks—adventures which involved Herculean labor and were as weird sometimes as anything that can well befall a man in his senses.

"It is seldom realized," remarks Mr. Browne, "that the most dangerous and difficult trips are usually those that end in failure."

When in 1912 plans were made for a third expedition, it was decided to approach the mountain from the north, as the surest means of reaching the southern northeast ridge which previous experience and observation had designated as the most likely ladder up the mountainside. The logical route would have been by way of Fairbanks on the Tenana, which is separated from Mount McKinley by only one hundred and sixty miles of easily traversable country. But the fever for discovery led to the adoption of another course. It was determined that the ranges to the east should be explored and, if possible, a pass should be found between the well-known Broad Pass and Mount McKinley. A new element of interest enters the narrative with the beginning of the 1912 wilderness trail, for this time the journey was made in the winter and with the aid of dogs. Up the frozen Susitna and Chulitna the party traveled until they reached a point some miles north of the mouth of the Tokositna, where the deadly work of packing freight and breaking trail had to be begun. An unnamed tributary of the Chulitna led the explorers to a glacier, and a reconnaissance of this resulted in the discovery of a pass—a chaos of rock and ice through which for seventeen days the party wormed its way. After many vicissitudes they reached the Muldrow glacier; on April 12th they pitched their tent beside it, and on April 17th reached timber line, having crossed the Alaskan range "from wood to wood."

There follows the tale of the heart-breaking advance up the mountain and along the great glacier that runs up to a high altitude between the central and northern northeast ridges. At a height of 11,000 feet it was necessary to return to base camp with the dogs, and some notion of Alaskan glacier travel at its worst may be gained from the fact that the descending band covered only six miles in seven hours, sounding every

foot of the way for crevasses. The last period of the climb was like "an evil dream"—a desperate combat with wind, ice-mist, and deadly cold. Half blind and in momentary danger of freezing, Browne, Parker, and La Voy were forced to turn back at the beginning of an easy incline across which, under favorable weather conditions, they could have walked in five minutes to the absolute summit.

Throughout the narrative the author takes his readers unreservedly into the spirit of the enterprise—its exultations and disappointments. One is made to understand the naïve joy of the explorers in the discovery of "pemmican pudding," as well as the elation inspired by the tremendous views that rewarded some of their hardest efforts. The story is always adequately colorful and at the same time obviously honest in every detail—never so suffused with "literary" atmosphere as to lose the effect of rugged actuality. In substance, *The Conquest of Mount McKinley* is an epic of American mountain-climbing, in which every-day cheerfulness and courage take the place of poetic fervor, while the perils encountered are no less impressive than that of Odysseus when the Cyclops hurled half a hilltop at his little boat.

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THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By ROLAND GREENE USHER. New York: The Century Company, 1914.

Mr. Usher's book about the meaning of American history is extremely compact, readable, and enlightening—a book of the soundly and broadly instructive kind which is precisely suited to the needs of the thoughtful general reader who prizes intellectual grasp and lucidity above the niggling details of specialized learning. Now and then one finds a treatise upon a subject of common and vital interest—such a treatise as President Lowell's book on *Public Opinion*—which seems fitted to fulfil for popular culture as large a part as has been performed in the special sciences by certain notable text-books. But the genus is rare. To this class, however, *The Rise of the American People* may be, without much hesitation, assigned. Through it runs a genuine nexus of ideas; it supplies a true, and not merely a formal, framework, useful alike in unifying and in interpreting the more or less chaotic mass of facts which make up the substance of our history.

Mr. Usher's true theme is the process through which American nationality was born. His main thesis is that the real birth of nationality did not occur until the Civil War. "The 'creation' of a new nation in this particular instance," he writes, "consisted in the achieving by the majority of a consciousness of facts and tendencies that had always been true. As a child takes form in its mother's womb and exists before it makes its entry into the world, so a nation grows, all unconscious of its own existence; and, as with the child, we date its life from the first moment of consciousness." Thus while, in conformity with the modern historic method, economic causes are regarded as fundamental, the book is saved from being a mere economic treatise because the psychological, the spiritual factor is always reckoned in.

In discussing the periods of settlement and of colonial growth, stress is clearly laid upon the economic and geographical elements, although other forces are not ignored. A brief chapter suffices to sum up the

causes of Spanish and French failures. It is the control of the Atlantic acquired by England in 1588 that really made possible the genesis of the United States. Emigration to the English colonies was the result not merely of religious beliefs, but more largely of economic forces which made people willing to come. The Pilgrims left Holland "not because they could not worship there as they pleased, but because they found it hard to make a living, saw their children losing their English speech and habits, and feared that a renewal of the war with Spain might actually put their lives in danger." The permanence and growth of the English colonies are explained as due primarily to the geographical advantages of the Atlantic coast, to the absence of powerful Indian tribes, and to the existence of maize, tobacco, fish, and furs. In the continued economic growth of the colonies is found the most fundamental cause of the Revolution—this, taken in connection with the early acquired ability of the colonists to govern themselves, and their generally successful policy, adopted from the beginning, of resistance to English interference, places the war in its true perspective. The effects of such conditions as the dependence of the colonies upon Europe through trade with the West Indies, and the existence of a creditor and a debtor class, are clearly traced down to a late period. In general, Mr. Usher's discussion is sufficiently full to give large and substantial meaning to his rather impressive summing-up sentences. The reader is made to feel all that is implied in the remark that "the Declaration of Independence was in very truth merely the statement of an existing political and constitutional fact," or in the conclusion that the real issues of the Revolution were "not constitutional, but economic and administrative, and concerned not law, but expediency." That the resistance to English demands was neither national nor spontaneous; that the Revolutionary movement derived great strength from the adhesion of the "debtor party"; that the war was not won by superior force or generalship; that during and immediately after the Revolution the colonies grew in wealth and population; that the Constitution was based upon an actually existing equality of condition—these are some of the more striking of those conclusions which the author regards as the essential and elementary "facts" in history. As the narrative proceeds attention is drawn to the gradual growth of national spirit. In 1830 we see the nation beginning subconsciously to "try to think, act, and believe." From this point onward nationality rather than the absence of it becomes the keynote of the story. In dealing with the period of sectional divergence, with the Civil War, with the Reconstruction issue, and in his final chapter upon national problems, Mr. Usher succeeds in giving sharp outline to essential truths. His imaginative grasp of ethical and social, as well as economic, causes makes his work the truer historically and the more edifying from the standpoint of intelligent patriotism.

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Democracy and Race Friction. By John Moffatt Mecklin, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

Dr. Mecklin's careful study of the relation of the negro to American civilization, though broadly philosophical in its point of view and scientific in its scope and language even to the point of over-elaboration, adds, on the whole, but little to the common stock of ideas regarding the

difficult subject of which it treats. In the upshot a comparison of opinions and facts confirms the prevailing rather pessimistic view—the view of the negro as heavily if not hopelessly handicapped by heredity, by lack of adaptability to the white man's world, and by the operation of a race antipathy which cannot, and perhaps should not, be eradicated. After determining as accurately as possible the traits that are really racial, the author finds ample grounds for concluding that the negro is "not merely an Anglo-Saxon with a black skin," but affirms that the facts prove not so much racial inferiority as racial difference. There is a possible error in condemning the negro as mentally inferior "because of his alleged inability as a class to enter at once and readily into the social heritage of the white." On the other hand, racial *backwardness* in both moral and intellectual development seems established beyond dispute. In the somewhat dubious distinction between "inferiority" and "backwardness" the hope of the negro as a race seems to be summed up. Typical of his maladjustment to his "social setting" is his difficulty in attaining an intelligent mastery of the English tongue—a difficulty which disappears, of course, in the case of the exceptionally intelligent few. "The negro," writes Dr. Mecklin, "is born heir to forms of speech back of which lie race traditions differing widely from his own. Yet his deepest feelings and aspirations must in some way find expression through this medium. His social consciousness must conform at least externally to the ideas, the conventionalities and social traditions which it embodies." This and similar disabilities we may regard either as in the nature of a fortuitous "handicap" or as deep-seated and unchangeable limitations. The former alternative is perhaps the more logical, and otherwise preferable. But unfortunately the optimistic view seems to have little bearing upon the immediate problem. For the negro's real and serious handicap lies in his exclusion from the social life of the dominant group. It is this that hampers the growth of his personality and makes it difficult for him to appropriate his social heritage. For this, however, there is no real remedy, thinks the author, short of that degree of social intimacy which implies intermarriage, and against intermarriage, racial antipathy—an instinct of evident evolutionary value—bars the way. While approving the spirit of Booker T. Washington's phrase—"In all things purely social as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress"—Dr. Mecklin credits with deeper insight another negro, Professor Kelly Miller, who has said, "Without social equality, which the Teuton is sworn to withhold from the darker races, no other form of equality is possible." Since Reconstruction days, the Supreme Court, reflecting public opinion, has sanctioned the principle of race segregation. Here, then, is the crux of the problem; the negro must work out his salvation within his own group. In so doing he is constrained to attempt the making of "bricks without straw," and there are few signs that he is really succeeding. One possible way of dealing with the situation would be the maintenance of an artificial state of equality looking toward final assimilation, and another, the establishment of a caste system; but, for obvious reasons, neither of these methods is feasible. In the end the negro, with equal consideration before the law, must be left to undergo a stern process of social selection. "Apart from the sympathy and occasional helping hand of his white brother, he must tread the wine-press alone." Dr. Mecklin's book is logically firm and not lacking in sympathetic insight. It will repay reading.

MEMOIRS OF YOUTH. By GIOVANNI VISCONTI VENOSTA. Translated by WILLIAM PRALL. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

The particular value, as well as the distinctive charm of Visconti Venosta's *Memoirs* lies in the fact that through self-revelation and the description of social groups they impart a singularly lively and vital understanding of the spirit that pervaded the Italian struggle for liberty throughout the period from 1847 to 1860. In all the profusion of intimate and even gossipy detail which the narrative contains there is nothing that is really irrelevant to the time-spirit. Venosta, too, is at once an emotional and a logical thinker—that is, in his mind, enthusiasm, according to what is perhaps the natural sequence, seems always by a little to precede reflection, but is invariably followed and modified by a notable love of intellectual order and of practical reason. He is wholly rational, but never inhumanly analytical, and his temperament, engaging in itself, admirably reflects the spirit of the time of which he writes.

For coherence and picturesqueness the account of the Five Days—the expulsion of Marshal Radetzky and his Austrian troops from Milan in 1848—is remarkable, and it is enlivened by curious incidents such as a Victor Hugo might choose for their fictional and human value—the story, for instance, of how, during the excitement of the first uprising, Visconti Venosta and other perfectly sane persons unquestioningly obeyed for some time the orders of a madman, without in the least suspecting his crazed condition. But more deeply interesting than the Five Days are the ensuing ten years of passive resistance to Austrian rule—years during which "the Lombardo-Venetian provinces with Milan at their head gave an exhibition of how a country can exist separated from its rulers." Throughout this period we seem actually to see the workings of those ideals and unselfish enthusiasms which in ordinary life play for the most part a submerged or invisible part. "The Five Days," writes Visconti Venosta, "fill a splendid page of Milanese history, but he who studies the facts of our revival must conclude that, in the decade of resistance the Milanese wrote a yet more glorious page. It is easier far to be a hero in battle than to keep a brave heart during ten years of imprisonment." Through a multitude of recorded acts, words, observations, the reader breathes in the atmosphere of tense hopefulness, of feverish conspiracy, of high-minded and sometimes quixotic patriotism.

With none of the three great leaders of the *Risorgimento*—Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Cavour—was Visconti Venosta associated in any very close or personal way. He was, however, especially in touch with the policies of Cavour, of whom he gives a definite and consistent impression as a far-seeing statesman, at once moderate and audacious, and as truly "the great artificer of the new kingdom of Italy." Toward Mazzini and the Mazzinian plottings his attitude is unprejudiced and indeed sympathetic; but, beginning with fervid faith, he, like others, at length lost his "illusion in regard to the people that Mazzini had taught us to place next to God," and, wearying of too many vain enterprises, came to regard the idealist leader as a rather dangerous mischief-maker. Garibaldi figures in the narrative the least of the three, but we get a glimpse of him now and then, and we meet with one very interesting illustration of the extraordinary personal magnetism with

which even his simplest speeches were fraught—an illustration best given in Venosta's own words: "'Thank you, my children,' I heard him say one evening to a crowd that was making a demonstration before his window, 'thank you. I am tired, and it rains. Do you go to bed also. Good night to all.' A delirium ensued, and the people scattered, commenting upon the words of the general with tears in their eyes."

Although Visconti Venosta was, at the beginning of the period of which he treats, a mere youth, he was from the first an ardent patriot and a keen observer. Among his friends were some of the most active revolutionists, and his elder brother, Emilio, was in the thick of political plotting. The young man was, therefore, in a position to understand the motives behind events, while his social disposition and the interest in humanity which made him always curious to know "what was said and done during the chief events of history by that part of the public which has not the honor of being recorded in books," helped him to see into and appreciate all that went on. In the later years, especially, he himself did good service, helping to carry out in the Valtellina the policy of Cavour, who wished that the French "should find a country in insurrection and not seem to be the liberators of a submissive people."

The strongest final impression left by the *Memoirs* is that of the solidarity of the Italian people during the ten years of resistance. "There was no permanent conspiracy," Emilio Visconti Venosta told an Austrian minister, years after the struggle was over; "there were some especial ones, but they were of short duration, and were composed of but few persons. There was a great natural conspiracy of all"—an apt summing up of the whole matter.

French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century. By Albert Leon Guerard. New York: The Century Company, 1914.

Embodying in a highly abstract form the results of a long-continued and profound study of later French history, M. Guerard's book, the outcome of a series of lectures delivered at Stanford University in 1913, is designed to interest the reader already well-versed in the general topic, and to guide the student desirous of extending and deepening his knowledge. The treatise is not an exposition, but a commentary. The author's original aim, he tells us, was to supplement the usual university courses in French literature, and this in part explains his method. He evaluates each period from that of Napoleon I to the present time with respect to its political temper, its social conditions, its culture, describing those intellectual influences that are common to life and literature.

M. Guerard reveals a brilliant power of descriptive generalization, but keeps clear of the dogmatism to which the faculty of seeing things in the abstract too commonly leads. In his introductory chapter he warns us against following too far any one theory—either that of environment or race or historic ethnography or collective psychology—in the interpretation of history. France, he points out, though she possesses a real geographical unity, includes within her territory an extreme variety of climates and aspects. As a people, too, the French are "a racial medley." There is no depth of meaning in such terms as "the Teutonic race, the Anglo-Saxon race, the Latin races." French unity is not of blood, but of

will. There is, to be sure, a national character comprising several marked traits, among which cheerfulness, a nervous temperament, sociability, and a passionate love of abstract ideas are the most prominent. So far, the author is upon the same ground with the commonplace observer; he gets upon higher ground by virtue of his philosophical recognition of the limited truth of any list of attributes, and through the sure skill with which he picks out the true French qualities as distinguished from the corresponding qualities in other nations, so far as that may be done. Of French cheerfulness, for example, he writes that "it is not exuberant and spasmodic, but gentle and suffused through the daily routine. It neither implies nor excludes true happiness and genuine good-nature. There is no mixture of sentiment in it, and it has a decided bent toward mockery. In all these respects it is different from Italian joyousness, English good humor, or German *Gemüthlichkeit*. Most of all does it differ from the outbursts of sheer animal spirits which alternate in the Anglo-Saxon with long stretches of intense earnestness." Such analysis is satisfying, but the author hastens to qualify still further. Each trait, he reminds us, is accompanied by its reverse and complement. The dominant characteristics vary greatly with the region and for the very reason that they are collective, superimposed, they must not be taken too absolutely. "Originality of thought, intensity of feelings, power of imagination, may be veiled under conventionalities and abstractions: they are not destroyed. . . . In the same way, under the polished veneer of French society and the attractive generality of French thought we should remember that there are men and women with the same feelings as their brothers and sisters all the world over. The part of 'collective psychology' is not so much to offer positive explanations as to remove causes of misapprehension."

In effect, the rôle assigned to the general philosophy of history is also negative. The reader will look in vain for any artificial or theoretic unity in the narrative. It is enough for M. Guerard to prove that French history, despite its dramatic and apparently capricious course, represents a steady evolution. "However sudden and tragic French revolutions in the nineteenth century may have been, it is a question whether in point of actual performance any of them meant more than an average general election in Great Britain." Even the great Revolution is not to be regarded as an "indivisible block." Viewed in proper perspective, it is seen to have actually carried on and completed the work of the Capetian dynasty; nor in other respects was it a mere volcanic upheaval. It included the application of philosophical principles, it accomplished the transfer of a vast amount of landed property from clergy and nobility to bourgeoisie and peasantry; finally it was characterized to a much greater degree than is commonly thought by a willingness to temporize and compromise. While no logic can make the history of a nation appear as the simple evolution of certain inherent tendencies, the absolute cutting off of a tradition at a given point is not to be too easily credited.

That M. Guerard's historical point of view is scientific in the modern sense—admitting the element of continuous causality, but not overworking it in such a way as unduly to narrow the scope of the subject—deserves emphasis because of the rather dazzling success of his generalistic method. He impresses one, in fact, as a sort of Taine with the dogmatic assurance left out. Dealing in turn with Napoleon I, constitutional monarchy, Napoleon III, the Third Republic, with socialism, the Dreyfus affair, educa-

tion and religion in modern France, he builds us clear and colorful general conceptions of each phase—frames of thought into which may be fitted a more detailed knowledge of events and of literary or artistic accomplishments, and by which these are interpreted. In this there is no mere formalism, but always there is a recognition of the underlying concreteness and variety of the phenomena considered.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. By MARY THACHER HIGGINSON. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

Moral earnestness is the phrase that first occurs to one as expressing the keynote of Colonel Higginson's life, and, next to that, zest. Seldom are these traits so fully blended in the character of an active reformer as they were in this instance—blended and rounded out to completeness of personality by the most engagingly human qualities. Throughout Colonel Higginson's career his activities, however strongly directed by principle, seem never forced, but always spontaneous, and even in his willingness to carry personal principles to extreme conclusions, he showed none of the ungracious enjoyment of mere protest. Men in whom conscience is a real force are none too common; those in whom conscientious action seems but one aspect of joyous self-expression are rare indeed.

Heredity is invoked to throw light upon the motives of his life, with more success than is often achieved in this way. Among his ancestors was the Rev. Francis Higginson, with whose career his own presents at least one striking analogy. "I was amused yesterday," he wrote in 1850, soon after he had left his church in Newburyport, "by reading in a note of Dr. Young's *Chronicles* that when Francis Higginson, the ancient, became a non-conformist, 'he was accordingly excluded from his pulpit; but a lectureship was established for him, in which he was maintained by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants'; so I have good precedents." His paternal grandfather, Stephen, proved himself a bold and successful shipmaster, was later a member of the Continental Congress, and became a political writer of some note. T. W. Higginson's father, also named Stephen, was a merchant and philanthropist, prominent in civic affairs. From the mother's side of the family came a reinforcement of the forces that tended to vigorous action. Colonel Higginson's maternal grandfather was Captain Thomas Storrow, whose life "reads like a romance"—almost like an old ballad, in fact. In the descendant all the ancestral tendencies seem to have been reflected—the non-conformist bent, the love of action and of letters, eager interest in affairs and in political questions, the kindly, philanthropic disposition, and, not least, the ardent love of adventure.

As a youth, we find him like others of complex nature, a little slow in finding himself. At sixteen or seventeen he seems to have been as vague a creature as are most boys of that age—somewhat awkward and shy, full of unsettled aspirations, and sentimental to excess. But with him complexity did not imply futility or endless inner conflict, but merely the possession of impulses and capacities sufficient to equip several different kinds of successful men. The literary tendency developed first, but not in the first instance with sufficient power to determine his career. For a time after graduation from Harvard he turned to teaching, first

as instructor in a private school and later as a tutor. His success was considerable: his powers of stimulating interest and of attracting personal affection were evidently great. But disciplinary requirements were a burden, and purely intellectual responsibilities did not satisfy him. "I shall never love to teach—anybody," was his final verdict. Neither did any profession appeal to him. Instead of preparing for the law or medicine, he planned to obtain a proctorship, estimating his necessary expenses for the year at $250, part of which was to be supplied by the labors of his pen. As a matter of fact, the proctorship was not forthcoming, and in time the young man felt the call to preach. Even so, his instinct warned him that the ministerial career might confine too closely his need for action and for free intellectual expression: "I crave action . . . unbounded action. I love men passionately, I feel intensely their sufferings and shortcomings, and yearn to make all men brothers." In spite of such doubts, he did, however, eventually complete his studies in the Divinity School, and subsequently became pastor of the First Religious Society of Newburyport. So great was his popularity, based upon obvious capacity and a winning personality, that for a long time he had no inkling of the fact that his political views offended his parishioners. If he had been earlier warned, the result doubtless would have been the same. In his case, abolition was not merely a sincere belief, but a formative influence. It furnished the center round which his instincts for action and independence clustered; for better or worse it was evidently the impulse that gave most meaning and direction to his life. In reading this part of Colonel Higginson's life-story one feels the actual tossing of the waves of passion and opinion in the period preceding the war—feels it with a singular sense of unsafety. His account of a slave-dealer's establishment still stirs the reader as it was meant to do. On the other hand, it is almost shocking to the minds of this war-deprecating, compromise-loving generation to read in the words of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, scholar, minister of the Gospel, and kindliest of men, these words relating to a recent conflict in Kansas: "I almost hoped to hear that some of their lives had been sacrificed, for it seems as if nothing but that would arouse the Eastern States to act. This seems a terrible thing to say, but these are terrible times." They were. Which of us can say precisely what he would have thought or done in times like those?

Surrendering his pulpit in Newburyport, the Rev. Mr. Higginson went to Worcester, where he became minister of the Free Church. In this position he had success enough to turn the heads of some men, yet we find him, despite an "incorrigible optimism," longing now and then for bigger, harder tasks. In his diary is the entry: "All I ask of fate is—Give me one occasion worth bursting the door for—an opportunity to get beyond this boy's play. . . . Till then my life, frittered away in little cares and efforts for the sick, sad, and sinful, is not worth chronicling." The craving for larger opportunities was sometimes relieved by lecturing in other towns or by speeches at Free Soil, Temperance, and Anti-slavery conventions. Later there came abundant opportunity for action. Colonel Higginson's part in the attempted rescue of the fugitive slave Anthony Burns, his mission in Kansas, his relations with John Brown, are incidents in one of the strangest of historic dramas.

We are surrounded by an atmosphere of high ideals and conspiracy; we are plunged into a situation in which men of the noblest principles seem infected with something of the madness of desperate intrigue.

It is interesting to note how exactly through these troublous times the man of letters balanced the man of action. "There comes over me at times," he wrote, "a strange wonder whether greater and better persons in times past have taken their life as quietly while it was contemporary and forgotten all about the hubbubs in the little events of every day. . . . No affairs in which I was ever engaged excited me so much as it would have excited me to hear the thing well told in story or history." And always writing evidently afforded him the joy of action in another form.

But when all is said, nothing seems to have afforded Colonel Higginson so much delight as his war experience. Not only did he feel highly honored by the command of the first colored regiment, not only did he take a high satisfaction in its successful organization and discipline, but he wrote of the military life in an ecstatic strain that is almost disturbing: "Nothing can ever exaggerate the fascination of war. . . . I never can write about those wakeful yet dreamlike nights of moonlight; it was all too good." And again: "How great the charm of military life; it makes me almost unhappy to see men form in line and think of the happy time when it was the daily occupation of my life." While he was convalescing from a wound, his doctor reported that he had been "thrust through and through with malaria without knowing anything about it because of temperament!"

The biography is rich in reminiscences of notable people, although these of course are less full and savorsome than they would have been if Colonel Higginson had told the story of his own life. On the whole, the anecdotes are more varied than pointed or substantial; but there are interesting glimpses of Whittier and Thackeray and Holmes, among many others, and there is a first impression of Mark Twain that has a value like that of a first impression of Lincoln. Thomas Wentworth Higginson's biography appeals to us as the life-story of a man who always did what he believed right, and did it with joy. Convictions and the courage of them, the zest of youth—these are the qualities one finds through to the very end.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A DISCOURAGING OUTLOOK

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS.

SIR,—In the blather of radicalism which has been sweeping over the country for two or three years I am greatly pleased to see you are trying to save the fundamentals of our national Constitution. There may be, and probably will be, a reaction from the wild-eyed "uplifters" and the office holders and seekers; but as an old-fashioned student of our Constitution I am greatly afraid that to catch the selfish and ignorant vote of the country, class legislation, the degradation of the courts, and confiscation of property by taxation will obtain such headway that we will not be as we were. The scramble for the honest taxpayers' vote, and for the organization vote controlled by Gompers and others, is, and has been, fierce for some time past, and the tendency to be "all sails and no anchor" is great.

It is being taught that to labor is a disagreeable necessity, and that conservatism is to be derided, and that the less real character an individual has the more valuable he is to the state. In other words, the "mob" is being deified, and its excited and ignorant members flattered until many think their uncontrolled and selfish passions make them superior to cultured and efficient citizens. Self-respecting, decent, and effective men are certainly under par, with excited reformers, zealous office-seekers, in control of the favor of the press, it looks as if some very dangerous agencies and conditions are being created.

I compliment and praise you for your work, and hope that you will reach members in Congress during the pending anti-trust legislation who will make a brave fight against class legislation and to preserve equality before the law.

H. WHITESIDE.

THE SOUTH AND THE NEGRO

CHICAGO, ILL.

SIR,—Almost all readers of *Harper's Weekly* are well aware of the fact that President Wilson would probably never have reached his present exalted position had it not been for that excellent publication. A large number of citizens of this country agree with you that some of the Wilson policies are calculated ultimately to place the Republic in a very unfavorable way.

The Mexican affair is manifestly a disgraceful commentary upon our foreign policy. There are other affairs being promoted by the President which are no credit to us, prominent among which is the Bourbon policy now being pursued with reference to the Negro citizen of this country.

The press is inclined to attribute this to the fact that the government is being managed by men of the South. I cannot see, however, why men of the South cannot run the government, provided the country desires that they do so, and provided their rule is characterized by justice and good judgment. The fact of the matter is, however, that our internal affairs, especially with reference to the Negro, is fast reaching an acute stage, while our foreign affairs in many respects have won the contempt of other nations.

If, therefore, the influence of the South is responsible in a large measure for our woes at home and abroad, all loyal citizens should use such legitimate means as are in their power to curb this influence. In view of these considerations, the writer would like to know whether or not Colonel Harvey would consider the enforcing of Section 2 of Article I.—*i. e.*, the cutting down of Southern representation—as a means of bettering the situation. As a result of the step, the writer would like to inquire also in what way the status of the Negro citizen might be affected. The disparagement between the number of voters who elect a Congressman in the South and in the North is already very large, and a standing injustice to voters in the North.

Please let me know at your convenience what your opinion would be in the matter. I am writing you because I have been a reader of *Harper's Weekly* and of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for a number of years and consider your judgment on matters of national policy unusually sound.

CHAS. S. DUKE.

AGAINST CLASS LEGISLATION

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

SIR,—Your editorials are always interesting even when one cannot agree with you.

In the case of "Equality Before the Law," permit me to congratulate you on the stand you take.

I remember very well the editorial in *Harper's Weekly* when you addressed the President on this subject before.

I wish every editor in the country not only could read "Equality Before the Law," but were free to act on what he thinks as a man instead of being compelled to follow the policy of his paper, which too frequently is adopted for ulterior motives.

H. H. RICE.

REMINISCENT

NEW YORK CITY.

SIR,—Permit me, a stranger, to say that I experienced more pleasure in the perusal of your address to Colonel Roosevelt than ever a small boy got out of the circus. It is delicious reading!

JAMES SHARON MACCOY.

THE TREATY-MAKING POWER

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

SIR,—Since THE REVIEW was unable to allot me space to answer Professor Corwin's article on the treaty-making power in the June num-

ber, 1914, in reply to my article on the same subject in the April number of THE REVIEW, I am very grateful to you for the privilege of at least a few words in reply thereto in the form of a note.

In a note to my original article I say:

"The limits of this paper do not permit the discussion and analysis of cases decided by the Supreme Court of the United States from Ware *v.* Hylton, 3 Dallas, 199, to Geofroy *v.* Riggs, 133 U. S., 258, which are claimed to be opposed to the views expressed above. It is confidently asserted that no case has been decided by the Supreme Court involving the direct question herein discussed."

My confidence in this statement is not abated by Professor Corwin's statement that it is "plainly without merit"; and into another forum more suited to this discussion I cordially invite him.

Ware *v.* Hylton has been cited for one hundred and twenty years, but rarely quoted, for the proposition that a treaty can repeal or override a law of a State. I am satisfied that it can be demonstrated to any unprejudiced legal mind that the case not only did not decide that question, *but that under the pleadings in the case it could not have decided it.*

But I submit that Professor Corwin, with a frankness which is not common to those of his school in discussing this subject, has let the cat out of the bag when he says: "On . . . the relations of the treaty-making power to the reserved rights of the States, our conclusion must be that the latter do not limit the former to any extent; that, in other words, *the United States has exactly the same range of power in making treaties as it would have if the States did not exist.*" (Italics his.) In other words, to prove his proposition that the treaty-making power is supreme over all State powers, with one stroke of the pen he abolishes the States with their powers, and then triumphantly acclaims the supremacy of the treaty-making power over the annihilated States. The victory of one party to a controversy over the other may always easily be attained by the abolition or destruction of the opposing party.

This statement is indeed of surpassing interest, for he recognizes in my article "the spread of the dissolving theories of the 'Great Nullifier.'" He is shocked at my attempted nullification of a Federal power, but suggests *the annihilation* of the States, without which the Federal power could not exist. I commend to him the words of Macbeth:

> "We but teach
> Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
> To plague the inventor! this even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
> To our own lips—"

HENRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

PROFESSOR USHER'S VIEWS

DENVER, COLORADO.

SIR,—I want to call attention to what I think is a vital error into which Professor Usher has fallen in his very readable article, "The Real Mexican Problem," in the July NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Professor Usher seems to conclude that as it was covetousness that led to the taking of the North American Indian's land away from him by the

whites, and also, in the dealings with Mexico, when the whites took Texas and the large zone included in the settlement following the Mexican War, in like manner the Indians of Mexico will be deprived of their country. While this theory may be true of the former two incidents pointed out by Professor Usher, it is not, nor cannot be true of the present situation, for the very vital reason that the land of Mexico is not now in the hands of the native Indians, but is in the hands of Spaniards, natives of both Mexico and Spain, and other whites, and in this very important fact many of us believe the seat of the present revolution to originate. It is, many contend, the beginning of the effort of the Indians to "go the other way around" and take the land away from the non-using white landlords. If the greed of the class of white people in the United States known as the privilege-seeking interests is to go so far as to now, having taken the and from the Indians within the present bounds of the United States, they are to begin to take the land away from one class of whites for the advantage and benefit of another class of whites, I grant that Professor Usher is correct in his conclusions. The underlying motive of those championing the policy of the United States conquest of so much of Mexican territory as was effected by the Texas and Mexican War was the privilege of gathering in the unearned increment, when stripped of all deceptive diplomatic falsehood.

The native Mexicans are now a people without a country, and the saying that "the men who own the land of a country own the people" is certainly pathetically true of Mexico to-day, you may truly say, for, from the best source of information, about eighty per cent. of the land of the country is in the hands of less than five per cent. of the people, and of this five per cent. over seventy per cent. are white people. No, there is the "flaw in the sapphire" in Professor Usher's deductions. The Indians own little land to be deprived of. The Indians within the present zone of the United States did possess the lands of which the whites, as he states, so unjustly and barbarously deprived them, but in the present situation the Indians of Mexico have long since been deprived of their lands. The revolution now in progress will, I fear, only be settled when the people of Mexico restore to themselves the rights of which the non-using landlords have deprived them, and by which advantage the latter are "farming" the farmers of Mexico. Nothing but an equitable laying of public burdens will settle the questions up for solution in Mexico. When an enduring and permanent civilization is established, *occupancy and use* will be the only title to land, and then the wrongs such as Professor Usher points out, and yet fears will be further enacted, will cease, not only in the dealings with the aborigines in the Western Hemisphere, but throughout the civilized world.

In some measure, I think, this feature of the subject should be brought to the attention of THE REVIEW readers. You may not fully realize it, but in its genuine democracy lies THE REVIEW'S remarkable strength with the people.

Yours respectfully,

D. D. SHIRLEY.

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

"OUR COLONEL" AND MR. ROOT

(From the Syracuse Post-Standard)

George Harvey, in his regular contribution of political punch to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which has so enlivened that staid old periodical that its circulation has doubled in six months, devotes his affectionate attention to The Colonel.

Colonel Harvey is a Democrat by inheritance, association, conviction, and habit. When he finds fault with Democratic administration or legislative practices it is because he sees some departure from party principle or tradition. He wants to keep his party in the middle of the road. He won't get outside the party to try to beat it if it goes wrong, but will stay in and try to steer it back.

He wants his party to win, even though he finds much in its record that is disappointing. The restless energy of The Colonel gladdens his heart. He tells The Colonel to do just what he proposes to do, so that the "Disconsolate Democrats" may have a fighting chance; he reminds him of his duty to his party and his policies just as Robinson and Hamlin and Wilkinson have, excepting that he bases his argument upon the need of the Democrats for his aid; and he makes his case so deftly that The Colonel when he reads it will wonder whether the fun-loving editor is satirical or merely candid to an unforgivable degree.

There is certainly no satire in the reference to the Root Utica speech in denunciation of Hearst. That speech was delivered by order of Mr. Roosevelt, as Mr. Root himself explained in it. Mr. Root was "reluctant to perform the task" of accusing Hearst of the assassination of McKinley. He at first refused, but at length, Colonel Harvey informs Colonel Roosevelt, "complied, solely from a sense of loyalty to your administration, in response to your vehement insistence." Senator Root has been bitterly assailed by the Hearst newspapers ever since. But the instigator of that scathing speech has escaped. In fact, there have been intervals of close political friendship. That there should be an eternal gulf between the agent who pronounced Hearst morally responsible for assassination and Hearst himself is natural enough; but that the real accuser and the accused should ever renew friendly relations is one of the amazing contradictions in the careers of Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Hearst.

FROM WINCHESTER TO WATERLOO

(From the New York Times)

"Macedonia cries to Armageddon for help from Gideon's band," says Colonel George Harvey in the pungent and vigorous review of the po-

litical situation which appears in the magazine section of the Sunday *Times*. Macedonia is the Democratic party, which seems to Colonel Harvey to be in desperate straits, and Gideon's band is the advancing Republican host. Armageddon is getting weaker all the time, and the only part it can play in this campaign is that of a marplot, or a rescuer, according as you view it, from the camp of Gideon or from the beleaguered fortress of Macedonia. In Pennsylvania Colonel Harvey thinks the appearance of the depleted Armageddon battalion will work to the benefit of Gideon's band and not of Macedonia, if President Wilson is foolish enough to take command of the Macedonian cohorts there. But, however Armageddon enters the contest, its activities can only result in aiding in the victory of those whom it wishes to injure. Incidentally, Colonel Harvey holds that Macedonia has deprived Armageddon of its weapons by appropriating the Bull Moose issues of 1912 and enacting, or preparing to enact, them into law.

Colonel Harvey's skill of statement is such that any argument by him seems irresistible at the time he makes it. It is a dismal prospect that he paints for Colonel Roosevelt's inspection, but perhaps the ex-President is too sagacious not to have seen already all that Colonel Harvey is to tell him. The Progressive strength, whether it has been so thoroughly wrecked as Colonel Harvey's figures indicate or not, has without question fallen off so much that the party cannot hope to carry a single State, and can only aid in putting its bitter enemies in power. Yet what are the Progressives to do! Amalgamation with the Republicans is the only alternative. That would not mean putting the prodigals in control of the reunited party; it would not even mean putting dissatisfied Republicans in control. The Old Guard controls the Republican party to-day as emphatically as it did in 1912. If the Progressives go back they will be submitting their necks to the yoke they threw off in 1912. They will be going back not to a reformed and purified Republicanism, but to the same old devil, with the same horns and hoofs. There seems nothing for them to do but to rush violently down a steep place into the sea, and that they seem to have made up their minds to do. Colonel Harvey seems fond of mixed historical metaphor; therefore we suggest to him that Armageddon has no choice except to take a Sheridan's ride to the field of Waterloo.

THE CRY TO ARMAGEDDON

(From the Milwaukee Free Press)

In his best sarcastic manner Colonel George Harvey, in the July NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, addresses "greetings" to "Our Colonel" and prays him to "Come over into Macedonia and help us."—"Macedonia cries to Armageddon for help from Gideon's band."

Lest the President's glee at the intended discomfiture of "Our Colonel" become too hilarious, a sly thrust of the rapier is occasionally directed against that interested bystander at the tilt of the two colonels.

Here are some particularly deft passes:

"Democratic action conformed precisely to the Progressive pledge. If the one was taken in error, the other was made in fault."

"The truth is that the trust problem was solved nearly a quarter of a century ago, when the Sherman Act was passed. . . . But it was not enforced. If it had been, there would be no 'trust question' now awaiting

'solution' by President Wilson or anybody else. And in truth there is none. The courts are gradually but surely undoing the work which was illegally done under a personally conducted administration which held itself under peculiar obligation to its 'very good friends.'"

"What you might do and what we wish the President would do is this: Urge the enactment of laws which would enable American manufacturers to compete with their rivals in foreign markets upon an even basis. . . . It is a wholly practicable proposition; but it seems not to have appealed or perhaps occurred to the present administration."

Colonel Harvey's thrusts are so evenly distributed against all of the three parties that any reader of whatever political opinion may get at least 66 2-3 per cent. enjoyment out of it.

"EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW"

(From the Pittsfield Eagle)

Colonel George Harvey thus entitles a NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW article which is in effect "an appeal to the press and the people" to prevent the enactment into law of the labor bill to which Wilson seems to be committed.

Colonel Harvey says that a full year ago, in *Harper's Weekly,* he appealed to the President to reject "the iniquitous proviso of the sundry civil service appropriation bill which forbade the use of money therein appropriated for prosecuting violations of the law by labor-unions and farmers' associations." Six months later the Colonel, in the REVIEW, pronounced failure to do so "the one big blot on the Wilson administration." The ground was taken that the proviso was regarded by its sponsors as a mere precursor of a definite amendment of the "substantive statutes" to exempt one class from the punishment visited upon all other classes for criminal offenses against the law.

"That the original appeal and subsequent warning were made in good faith," says Colonel Harvey, "and were fully warranted, the President can hardly fail now to realize. Nor can he well close his mind to the certainty that, in acting against his declared convictions upon the most precious grounds of expediency, he committed a political blunder of the first magnitude."

Colonel Harvey speaks of the true spirit of the politician now manifest upon the eve of Congressional elections and of "the frightened compromising constructors of the anti-trust measure," and then proceeds with consideration of the open warfare between the administration, led by President Wilson, and the American Federation of Labor led by Samuel Gompers, and organized labor's representatives in "a subservient Congress." Next comes an analysis of the "pernicious provision" and the President's bulldog determination to fight out the issue to a finish regardless of the effect upon his party and himself.

"Surely," says the REVIEW, "no plainer admission of discrimination could be desired than Mr. Gompers's own that 'the purpose of the proviso is to remove the organized workers (and no others) from prosecution.' To the question: 'Is it not clear that the purpose is not class legislation?' we have no occasion to make response. . . . Why the need of this proviso at all if its sole effect is to assure immunity from punishment of persons

who have broken no law? The Bill of Rights, the Constitution, every living statute, every court, does that. No; this proviso contains much more than mere superfluity. . . . Mr. Taft put his finger on the trickery of the device when he said in his veto measure, 'Under the law of criminal conspiracy acts lawful in themselves may become the weapons whereby an unlawful purpose is carried out and accomplished.'"

"Enact the proviso," says Colonel Harvey, "and immediately the secondary boycott will be legalized; that is, members of a labor-union will not only be privileged, as now (1) to strike, (2) to agree to strike, (3) to act under a leader in a strike, and (4) to apply the direct boycott, but they will have the absolute and exclusive right to obstruct the natural and ordinary interstate trade and commerce of the United States, contrary to the intent of the Constitution and to the purpose of the Sherman law.

"They will be empowered, moreover, to commit criminal acts without restriction and with full impunity. The Attorney-General is forbidden to prosecute any combination having in view the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the conditions of labor, 'so that,' in the words of Mr. Taft, 'any organization formed with the beneficent purpose described in the proviso might later engage in a conspiracy to destroy by force, violence, or unfair means any employer or employees who failed to conform with its requirements, and yet because of its originally avowed lawful purpose it would be exempt from prosecution by this act, no matter how wicked, how cruel, how deliberate the acts of which it was guilty.'

"A more shocking proposition from the standpoint of equality before the law cannot be imagined."

Colonel Harvey outlines the position taken years ago by such men as Edmunds, Hoar, Ingalls, Evarts, and others. Senator Edmunds is quoted as having said. "All the proposed amendments were sent to the judiciary committee, which unanimously decided that such an exemption 'would not only be unconstitutional, but would be against the fundamental principles of public policy.' Senator Hoar had this to say in 1901:

"There is a further provision that no labor organization or association shall be liable under the act to which this is an addition. I gave, as chairman of the committee, several full hearings to the representatives of the labor organizations of the country who were interested in promoting this legislation, and also to the representatives of that great organization, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and they agreed with me, all of them, that these objections were well taken and that the legislation ought not to pass."

In conclusion Colonel Harvey says:

"It is high time that public opinion should make itself manifest with increasing vigor, as between the class rule of England and the equal government of America."

The question is raised as to whether the great bulk of the honest laboring men of the country desire to profit by unjust discrimination in their behalf.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT LABOR"

(From the Bloomington Pantagraph)

Col. George Harvey, writing under the head, "The Truth About Labor," has the following sensible comment in the June number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

"What labor wants and all it wants, what it needs and all it needs, what it can profit from and all it can profit from, is equality, not special privilege; justice, not undue advantage. History proves clearly enough that capital not only can always care for itself, but that it thrives best upon uneven opportunities afforded by uneven statutes. One has but to look to England to see who are the real gainers from centuries of class control and class legislation. And one need only contrast the condition of our own steadily progressing, improving American workingmen with that of stolid, sodden foreign laborers to realize the advantages derived from free and equal government.

"It is but natural that Mr. Gompers should regard the warfare of classes as a normal condition and the domination of one over others, by whatever means acquired, an essential to its well-being. In that respect he differs from no other English-born, high or low, in whose very bones is bred the spirit of class rivalry and class seeking of class advantage. But in America still lives and rules the mighty force of intelligent and just-minded Public Opinion, whose disapproval no unduly grasping aggregation of segregated interests, whether of capital, labor, religion, or sect, can withstand for long. No one group could ever hope to check the over-reaching of greed and compel the revision of perspectives which has been wrought during the past few years by the whole people. Let Labor grasp unequal power and arrogate to itself exceptional privileges, as Capital did under the dying generation, and Labor will surely pay a yet heavier penalty, because Labor lacks the accumulated resource of Capital."

This is a clear statement of the ultimate result if the labor leaders continue to demand privileges for themselves that are not given to other classes. Class legislation is a two-edged sword which must finally wound the one who would first use it in his own behalf. There is little doubt, however, that the great rank and file of the labor organizations are to a large extent not in sympathy with these leaders in their efforts to secure class legislation. The average member of the labor-union is fully as law-abiding as any other member of the community, and he would be the first to resent these efforts to grant him privileges above his fellows.

MR. GOMPERS REPLIES

(From the American Federationist)

Colonel Harvey has been revising his psychological map. Last January he spied five clouds on the horizon. By June those clouds had grown into one black threatening mass that overcast the whole horizon. But the Colonel is brave; the Colonel is chivalric; the Colonel is tender-hearted; but he fears psychological cyclones. He yearns to gather into his cyclone cellar all venturesome, "inexperienced Congressmen"—but somehow they will not!

The condition causing Colonel Harvey's perturbation and appeal to the press and to the people is the proposal to exempt working people from the provisions of the Anti-trust laws. A shocking proposition he calls it, in his explosive manner. Now no one would needlessly or carelessly shock into action Colonel Harvey's rhetoric, which has waxed strong and facile in the weekly and monthly philippics that have gained him immunity from ill-considered editorial comment.

However, the Colonel's troubles are purely psychological, as the "true leadership of Woodrow Wilson" will dispel the clouds engendered by the Colonel's over-stimulated imagination.

Perhaps it is shocking to one who so perfectly represents the anti-reformer's attitude of mind to contemplate the fruition of a great reform. But is that sufficient reason for staying the march of human progress? To be sure, the peace of mind of this matchless inquisitorial litterateur has claims to consideration; but do these outweigh the welfare of millions of people, even though they are just common people?

But this indefatigable writer has been so encouraged by the pleasure that his words have caused many readers of "his class," that occasionally he loses that fine distinction of meaning that makes his magazine such an intellectual joy. This is the main cause of his present state of unrest.

With commendable frankness he confesses he cannot see the difference between organizations for profits and unions of workingmen. With an audacity which has won him the freedom from criticism bestowed upon a master of philippics, but which has made him less careful in distinguishing between the imaginary and the real, he declared, "Nor can anybody." Where Colonel Harvey fails to see and understand, all must fail.

Let not those who do not agree with Colonel Harvey be discouraged at thus being termed nobody. Because of the same psychological tendency toward generalization which precludes his distinguishing between organizations of things and of people, he is unable to distinguish mere individuals.

Under the spell of his stimulated imagination and the temptation of editorial space, the Colonel grows superbly anarchic in his scorn of accepted meanings of words. What's in a word, forsooth? Why should not each employ them after the manner of his own fancy? To be sure, theses, dissertations, volumes, have been written upon labor and capital that ordinary mortals might understand the two. "Pouf! What folly!" gurgles the redoubtable Colonel as his unrestricted imagination soars in psychological ecstasy. "Lo, no one can be without capital!" With a dexterous, daring sweep of his pen, editorial license invokes a metaphor to extricate him from verbal difficulties, and with joy born of creative achievement he proclaims, "Labor is the capital of the workingman."

The existence of the organizations of these *capitalistic workingmen* is not really in danger, proceeds the Colonel, encouraged by the cheer of his individual sophistical vocabulary, with eyes uplifted above the gross material things of industry, piercing overcast heavens and gazing upon a Utopian vision. Why should editorial rapture for the edification of the special interests be deterred by such realities as court decisions which declare unions can be dissolved under the Sherman Anti-trust law, the costs of litigation under that law that make organization too expensive a luxury for workingmen, or the imprisonment of labor men who venture to perform the duties of officials of the labor organizations of fellow-workers?

Colonel Harvey, like a true anti-reformer, questions the good faith of the men and women of Labor who declare that their demands aim at exemption from class prosecution and from prosecution for acts not in themselves unlawful. He "begs to inquire, since when has it been possible to prosecute lawful deeds?" Dear, trustful Colonel Harvey! Of course, it is not possible under the Constitution and the laws of our country to prosecute men for lawful deeds. It is impossible, but it has been done, and the question confronts us—what are we going to do about it?

America's working people propose to secure their rights through the labor provisions incorporated in the Clayton Anti-trust bill. Colonel Harvey possibly may have to revise his psychological map yet another time. Perchance he may join the mental mourners.

But the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW must make an immediate psychological adjustment in regard to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, whose members he characterizes as "intelligent" in order to distinguish them from the "other labor organizations" demanding exemption of human beings from laws that apply to commodities. Let Colonel Harvey but drop one eye from the clouds and behold that intelligent organization, together with all the other railroad brotherhoods, joining the American Federation of Labor in insistence upon justice for Labor at the hands of Congress.

Intoxicated by imagination and modesty, the editorial autocrat taxes even his own facile use of tropes when he announces that he will ignore with "becoming placidity of spirit" a personal attack comprising "four explicit falsehoods." Placidity—'tis a most neat metaphor that cloaks a choking tongue, and a Falstaffian imagination that triumphs over four falsehoods.

The principles of Jefferson and the interpretation of the Democratic platform cannot be left to the figurative chameleon-like vocabulary of Colonel Harvey, hot with zeal for the special interests. His placidity causes him to identify reality with pleasing tropes. We, too, are content to appeal to public opinion. Let Colonel Harvey revise his psychological map to conform to manifestations of Public Opinion. Perhaps he may receive several galvanic shocks, but he will learn the fundamental difference between "capital and labor"—that is, the products of labor and human beings.

[We reprint the above editorial as indication of Mr. Gompers's line of argument, or expression, with no comment other than that his statement that our perturbation is attributable to "the proposal to exempt working people [or, strictly speaking, a small proportion of them] from the provisions of the Anti-trust law" is correct.—EDITOR.]

IS SURRENDER INEVITABLE?

(From the Bloomington Pantagraph)

Colonel George Harvey, writing in the July number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has little hope that President Wilson will do otherwise than continue his attitude of subserviency to Samuel Gompers and other leaders of the American Federation of Labor, first noticed when he signed the sundry civil appropriation bill which had been vetoed by President Taft on the ground that it was the most vicious of class legislation. Colonel Harvey points out that the sundry civil bill now pending before Congress contains the following sweeping proviso:

"Enforcement of anti-trust laws: For the enforcement of anti-trust laws, including not exceeding $10,000 for salaries of necessary employees at the seat of government, $300,000; provided, however, that no part of this money shall be spent in the prosecution of any organization or individual for entering into any combination or agreement having in view the

increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering of hours, or bettering the conditions of labor, or for any act done in furtherance thereof not in itself unlawful."

Here is the same provision that made the former sundry civil bill so obnoxious and which President Wilson himself admitted at that time was undesirable, but he signed the bill on the ground that there were other funds available for prosecuting this class of cases.

Colonel Harvey refers to the facts that the House has meekly acquiesced in everything Gompers and his crowd have demanded and the Senate committee has approved of the above proviso in the sundry civil bill. He asserts that if the President would simply say that he would veto the bill when it should come before him there would be nothing for the Democratic Senators to do but strike out the provision. But Colonel Harvey feels that he will do nothing of the kind. Having shown the white feather to the labor leaders, the President is more than likely to make his surrender complete and sign the bill, with possibly another word of apology for doing so, as was the case when he signed the first sundry civil bill.

Colonel Harvey has more than made good as a prophet in matters concerning the destiny and acts of President Wilson, and his prediction that the President will make his surrender to the labor leaders complete also seems destined to be fulfilled. Probably nothing that President Wilson has done has so disappointed and disgusted his well-wishers, both within and without his party, as his apparent insincerity on the question involved in the rider to the sundry civil appropriation bill and the labor exemptions in the anti-trust bills. Such a policy may be politically expedient for the time being, but political expediency is a poor excuse in a matter involving such a fundamental principle as equality before the law.

GOOD AND BAD BUSINESS MEN

(From the Johnstown Tribune)

It must compel a melodious gurgle from Colonel George Harvey, discoverer of Woodrow Wilson, as he reads and rereads the President's formal proclamation exempting certain rich men from the pains and penalties of his displeasure. It may be recalled that Mr. Wilson, when a candidate for President, requested that Colonel Harvey ease up a bit in his pro-Wilson eulogies, the reason assigned being that the erudite Colonel was regarded as the representative, in letters, of the organized and predatory rich.

Well, it so happened that Mr. Wilson was elected President; not so much through his own energies or vote-getting as it was due to the political larcenies of the Barneses and Penroses of the Republican party. Mr. Wilson plodded along, using post-offices and other pie to complete a programme of legislation, occasionally delivering some grammatical rot with reference to the "new freedom" and other discoveries of Noah and Moses. All the time the awful rich and the vicious men of big business were held at arm's length.

Comes along one Theodore Roosevelt with a profound and sensible argument for big business, little business, and all sorts of legitimate business. Instead of the Wilson plan of forcing cutthroat competition, Roosevelt argues that we should take business of all kinds as we find it and by proper

regulation bring about fair trade and a fair division of profit, a reasonable and proper share to go to those who create wealth, the wage-earners.

Immediately our friend Wilson sends for the men of big business. With proper bulletining of their visits to the White House, the men of big business come and go. Then comes the hold-up of the nominations of Jones and Warburg, Jones of the Harvester and Zinc Trusts, and Warburg of all the trusts. Evidently peeved, just a trifle, the President gives his personal certificate that not all the men of business are vicious or bad, the ones whom he favors being all of the very, very good kind

So we imagine the chucklings of Colonel Harvey, who said of the Wilson foreign "policy," "As a policy, well, as a policy it is such as it is." The Harvey idea that business men may be patriotic and honest is clearly proven. We have the President's word for it.

AS SEEN IN TEXAS

(From the Waco Times-Herald)

But for George Harvey not more than one American in a thousand would ever have heard of the man who now occupies the White House. Harvey was at the time the editor of *Harper's Weekly* and he boosted Wilson something after the manner employed by the *Times-Herald* in behalf of good old Waco dirt. It took in New Jersey and later spread to the whole country, although let us not forget that but for the two-thirds rule in the Democratic convention at Baltimore Champ Clark would now be the President of the United States. It will be recalled that Mr. Wilson broke somewhat with Colonels Harvey and Watterson at a conference held during the campaign, but it did not involve the integrity of either of the three—rather a difference of methods. Colonel Harvey seems to think that the Democrats will need all the help they can get in the Congressional elections. Consequently, in the July North American Review, he makes an impassioned appeal to "Our Colonel" Roosevelt to come to the rescue, beginning with the text, "Macedonia cries to Armageddon for help from Gideon's band!"

So endeth Colonel Harvey's greetings to "the Colonel." Reading between the lines is not necessary to a revelation of Colonel Harvey's opinion of what's to befall the Democratic party in the event "the Colonel" doesn't interfere with its descent into Hades, so to speak. Much depends on the situation at the time the electorate goes to the polls.

Mr. Bryan went to the Baltimore convention, it is generally believed, expecting to pick up the nomination, but it got away from him. The Democrats went ahead with their tariff programme, revising downward and free-listing quite extensively. They later revised the banking and currency law, thereby rendering it practically impossible for "the interests," as they are called, to start another panic. But there has been depression in the business world. The charge comes from the opposition that tariff-tinkering has done it. The fairest thinkers insist that the depression comes from the weight of uncertainty which rests on the business world by reason of proposed anti-trust legislation. Be the cause what it may, the outlook at this time is gloomy for the Democrats, clearly indicated in such elections as have been held in various parts of the country. George Harvey comes on the scene to tell "the Colonel" that it is in his power to save the

Democrats from almost certain defeat; all he has to do is to go on with his Progressive performances and thus render innocuous the G. O. P. elephant. Had Mr. Wilson and the Congress quit with the passage of the banking and currency law, "the Colonel" would now be a negligible factor in American politics. But they have been playing with fire these past six months, and it's up to "the Colonel" to determine their fate, unless there should be a quick revival of business on the adjournment of the Congress, which should occur before the arrival of the first September morn. The two intervening months could work a wonderful transformation. But without a decided business revival, Mr. Wilson will suffer the fate of Cleveland during his second term and of Taft during his only term, to wit: an opposition House midway of his term.

THE RATIONAL VIEWPOINT

(From the Springfield, Missouri, Republican)

In the current issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW Editor Harvey takes occasion, in extending "Greetings to Our Colonel," to impress upon the latter two things that, in the hurry and flurry of getting himself re-established for the summer at Sagamore Hill, he possibly has overlooked, namely, the almost total disappearance of the Bull Moose, what time they were left to shift for themselves during his wanderings in the wilds of South America, and the awakening of Republicans to the fact that his leadership no longer is regarded as indispensable to Republican success in 1916.

It takes Harvey to tell it.

We know Colonel Harvey is right as to the decline in numbers of the Moosers—the facts and figures support him—but whether Republicans are so offended at Colonel Roosevelt for his folly and faithlessness in bolting the Republican party and organizing the Democratic Aid Society in 1912 that they will have none of his leadership in future national campaigns time alone can determine, though from every rational point of view it would appear as if Colonel Harvey has the correct dope.

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THE AWAKENING OF AUSTRIA
(April, '13) Mrs. Bellamy Storer

EUROPE AND THE WAR (January, '13) Sydney Brooks

THE BALKAN SITUATION

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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EUROPE AT ARMAGEDDON

BY THE EDITOR

"And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them."

EUROPE stands to-day at Armageddon. On every hand its proud peoples are rising in their virile strength and are rushing with earth-shaking tread to that frightful holocaust which may check our civilization: giants grappling to the death in a modern "Twilight of the Gods." For forty years old Europe has known no war, and in those years its ambitious sons have labored without ceasing to the conquest of the world. No province of the material or mental realms but has felt their devouring energy. The semi-rural Europe of a scant three generations ago has been transformed as by an enchanter's wand into a swarming hive of industry vibrating to the hum of its machines, its sky-lines blurred by the smoke of its countless factories, its wrinkled face everywhere blotched and speckled by a myriad of towns and cities spreading like huge fungi over the green meadows and fields. Deep into its vitals Europe's sons have delved for the coal and iron to feed their roaring furnaces; deep into the unexplored regions of science its savants and inventors have plunged to wring from brute matter its secret hoards. Further, Europe's narrow boundaries have not

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sufficed a moment for the insatiable appetites of its children, and from the broad quays of its busy ports numberless merchantmen have sailed forth to scour the seas for markets and have returned laden with the produce of the Orient and the New World. No quarter of the earth has been too barbarous or remote to escape the ambition of its colonists, and every unclaimed region of the globe has long since been pre-empted for one or other of its rival flags. Africa and the far-off archipelagoes of the Pacific are wholly under European sway. Only the extreme Orient has succeeded in guarding its political identity, while Latin America, though maintaining its freedom, has become one of the richest fields for European economic exploitation. To outward seeming Europe has become the master of the world.

Yet beneath this fair exterior of power and glory a canker has long eaten into Europe's very heart—the canker of jealousy and internecine hatred, which threatens to put all in jeopardy and which menaces its warring children with a sudden fall to the dead level of a common ruin. Europe has long been sick—perhaps sick unto death. The forty years' peace has been no peace, only a feverish truce wherein national rivalries and racial hatreds have intensified and deepened until the day of reckoning was bound to come. That mad piling up of fleet upon fleet and army upon army against which so much rhetoric has been expended these later years has been but the most striking symptom of a disease curable only by a fundamental change in the European state of mind, a malady which no machinery of arbitration could reach—only the conversion of the European soul.

And of late this disease has plainly been growing worse. Four times in the last nine years Europe's feverish frame has been racked by an acute crisis portending the inevitable end. "1905," "1908," "1911," "1912": the crises have been becoming more frequent, more violent, more general. It really could not have gone on much longer. Therefore it is not at all surprising that the little war on the middle Danube should have sent all Europe forthwith into the supreme convulsion; the miracle would have been had it been put off another year. Consider all those raucous notes which have long since transformed into a hideous cacaphony the boasted "Concert" of Europe:—hatred of Germany festering in every

French heart, with the wild thirst for vengeance for 1870, "The Terrible Year," and fixed resolve to win back the lost provinces of Alsace-Lorraine; fear and hatred in English breasts for that Germany successfully competing for the markets of the world and openly challenging Britain's lordship of the sea; hatred of England in German hearts for Anglo-Saxon pre-emption of the good things of this world and veto upon Germany's strivings for a "place in the sun"; reckless stirrings of young Italy, fired with dreams of Imperial Rome; fresh crises of the eternal Eastern Question convulsing the Balkans with ferocious grapplings of half-barbarian peoples; worst of all, throughout Central Europe, recrudescence of the age-long struggle between Teuton and Slav. Here alone is fuel heaped high for a mighty conflagration, even disregarding entirely the brands blown from external points of friction in Morocco, on the Congo, at Bagdad, in Persia, in China, and over every debatable economic area of the four quarters of the earth.

Well, the great conflagration has come at last, and to-day all Europe is wrapped in flames. With what frightful swiftness the little spark upon the middle Danube has flashed the huge tinder-box of an entire continent and set alight a dozen by-fires in Africa, Asia, and the Far-Eastern seas! Think of it! Only a short month ago the world was settling down to its midsummer siesta, wholly unconscious of impending ill. Kings and Presidents were off yachting or paying party calls, diplomats were "taking the waters" after the winter's gastronomic campaign, the people at large were making ready for their summer outings on seashore and mountain, while the annual stream of American tourists was fully under way. Suddenly a cloud appeared on the southern horizon, a cloud at first no bigger than a man's hand, but swiftly covering the entire heavens and wrapping the earth in darkness, shot only by lurid lightnings. Then what a change came over the face of Europe! Its several peoples, steeled from their cradles to this very eventuality, sprang to arms, each man in the place marked out for him in his young manhood, made ready for the grim work by years of training beneath his country's flag. Smoothly and silently the well-oiled machinery of mobilization has set the stage, and the myriad players are already acting their respective parts in "Europe in Arms"—the greatest tragedy of all recorded history.

Imagine the spectacle of Europe at this very hour. Gone are the multitudes of pleasure-seekers from their summer haunts; the sea-beaches are deserted, the shuttered villas and empty hotels await their possible destruction by the war-craft whose smoke trails black along the ocean horizon. Gone are the tourists and trampers from the Swiss mountains; these picturesque slopes are to-day scaled by a sterner breed of climbers—the blue-clad Swiss riflemen with their mountain batteries, prepared to defend at all costs the neutrality of their beloved country. In the gorgeous casinos of a hundred summer resorts card-room and concert-hall alike stand empty, while the valetudinarians have fled their favorite "Spas" and "Kurorts," forgetting their physical ailments in the overpowering grip of the universal moral ill.

And if pleasure's realm be thus paralyzed, the workaday world is in almost as sore straits. The fields are yellowing with the harvest, but the sturdy reapers are gone and this year's grain must be garnered by weeping women, wide-eyed children, and men already bowed beneath the accumulated weight of years. The steel-works and arsenals are, it is true, busy enough—busier than they have ever been before, and pulsating with feverish energy both day and night; but elsewhere the wheels of industry have almost ceased to turn, for the best workers are gone and there is no work for those left behind—the nation's coal-supply must be hoarded for the arsenals, the gun-foundries, and the fleets. In Europe's great cities stores are closing, business offices are shutting, Bourse and Exchange are down. Idle crowds cheer the regiments marching to the railway stations, or hang feverishly about the bulletin-boards, hungry for tidings of victory. Furthermore, a very real domestic peril threatens many of these cities. That same lack of coal which has already closed the factories will presently shut down the municipal lighting-plants as well. The cities will soon be dark at night, and with a police force depleted of its best men the "apache" and the hooligan, insensible to patriotism, will swarm forth with darkness to their vermin's work.

But even though partial paralysis has settled upon the realms of industry and pleasure, other branches of human activity are pulsating with hectic life. Every railroad line is working to its full capacity. The first wave of young

reservists has, it is true, already passed, but the long troop-trains still coil along the valleys or grind across the plains, for the barracks are beginning to fill with "Landwehr"—second reservists brushing up their half-forgotten military duties and making ready to support the field armies already melting beneath the wastage of war. Perhaps before very long, should the tide set strongly against one or other of the combatants, still other troop-trains will traverse the endangered lands—trains filled with grizzled "Landsturm" answering their country's last call.

Troop-trains, however, are but one of the components to the vast masses of rolling-stock which overflow into every railway yard and siding. The fighting millions at the front must not only be reinforced, but must be fed, supplied, and munitioned as well. Wherefore, countless freight-trains of box-cars filled with foodstuffs and equipment, cattle-cars with cavalry remounts, flat-cars piled high with bulky, tarpaulined artillery. Also, as one nears the hostile frontiers, the roads vie with the railways in their press of feverish life. The broad, beautiful European highways are jammed with a swift-flowing human tide—endless infantry marching to right and left, cavalry, gun-batteries, and traction-engine trains clattering and grumbling along the middle of the road; the byways choked with grain-carts and with herds of cattle for the feeding of the armies. Think of the thousands of miles of road and railway bearing such scenes, in the smiling border country of Germany and France, amid the wooded Ardennes, on the flatlands of Austrian Galicia and Eastern Germany, through the rugged defiles of the Carpathians, along the middle Danube, and far out on the vast Russian plains, and we may then form some conception of this stupendous spectacle of Europe going forth to war.

Furthermore, this is but half the tale. Europe has long since overflowed its bounds, and its conflagration has accordingly spread to every European sphere of influence in its colonies or on the sea. At the uttermost ends of the earth men prepare to-day for the fight. On the plains of western Canada, on the South-African veldt, in the towns and villages of the Australian antipodes, volunteers are mustering for transportation to European battle-fields. On the bastions of Tsing-Tau sweating Chinese coolies are strengthening the lonely German outpost in the East. Amid

the fever-haunted swamps and jungles of Africa savage negroes who by no possibility could ever have heard tell of Servia or Alsace-Lorraine stand ready to fight the white man's internecine war.

The pathways of the ocean likewise present a strange and ominous spectacle. A short month ago they were crowded with shipping; now they are almost deserted. A few neutral steamers keep to the accustomed track, but all belligerent shipping not safely tied up in port scatters for the lonelier reaches of the ocean, rushing along under forced draught with hooded lights at night, ever fearful of the swift commerce-destroyers ranging the seas for prey. No friendly chit-chat flies from ship to ship as but a month ago; only some rare code message breaks, mysterious, menacing, upon the silence of the wireless operator's room. The ocean has, indeed, become very lonely now.

However, one part of ocean's broad domain is the reverse of lonely at the present moment. The North Sea is very much alive, though with a life monstrous and terrible almost beyond the stretch of our imaginative powers. On this restricted bit of boisterous sea float hundreds upon hundreds of complex fighting-machines, ranging in size from the huge super-Dreadnought to the waspish torpedo-boat and the venomous submarine. The angry, gray-green waters are sown thick with deadly mines, ready at the slightest touch to burst into frightful explosion. The low coasts are studded with German big-gun batteries from Borkum near the Dutch frontier to the Danish border beyond the mouth of the vital Kiel Canal, while far out at sea stands Heligoland, a German Gibraltar, ready to smite with its long-range batteries or sting with submarines shot out from its hidden caves. Strange sounds reach the straining ears of landsmen on these North Sea shores—dull booming of heavy guns, muffled concussion of torpedo or contact-mine. At night the flickering play of searchlights on the horizon. For the rest, silence and mystery.

From the land-areas of war the same lack of news. Behind the impenetrable veil of censorship millions of men are wrestling in the death-grapple, but only curt official announcements, ambiguous when not intentionally deceiving, whet the appetites of a breathless world tormented by the wild lucubrations of "war correspondents" far from the outermost fringe of actual hostilities. Only the trains of

wounded and the convoys of prisoners bear eloquent testimony to the titanic struggles going on behind the veil:—crashing duels of fortress and siege artillery, desperate infantry assaults strewing glacis and counterscarp with dead and dying, captured forts blown bodily into the air, fierce cavalry charges, hand-to-hand combats in forest and on mountain-side, crouching battle-lines torn and harried by raining shrapnel. High over all the silver glint of a war Zeppelin or the swift dart of a monoplane showing like a black vampire amid the evening mists against the western sky. This—and the prophecy of a leading army surgeon in the late Balkan wars that a month after the outbreak of the present conflagration a million and a half of men would be dead.

"For there fell down many slain, because the war was of God." A holy war! the kings, the divinely appointed kings, proclaim.

"And now," says the Kaiser from his balcony to the people in the street, "I commend you to God; go to your church and kneel before God and pray for help for our gallant army."

"We, Nicholas II., by God's Grace Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias," the Czar responds.

"With God's help," echoes Francis Joseph.

Even the Poet Laureate sings:

> It is God's answer. Though for many a year
> This land forgot the faith that made her great,
> Now, as her fleets cast off the North Sea foam,
> Casting aside all faction and all fear,
> Thrice armed in all the majesty of her fate,
> Britain remembers, and her sword strikes home.

All in the name of the Lord! But the reckoning! Our own Scollard asks:

> What do they reck who sit aloof on thrones,
> Or in the chambered chancelleries apart,
> Playing the game of state with subtle art,
> If so be they may win, what wretched groans
> Rise from red fields, what unrecorded bones
> Bleach within shallow graves, what bitter smart
> Pierces the widowed or the orphaned heart—
> The unhooded horror for which naught atones!
>
> A word, a pen-stroke, and this might not be!
> But vengeance, power-lust, festering jealousy

Triumph, and grim carnage stalks abroad.
Hark! Hear that ominous bugle on the wind!
And they who might have stayed it, shall they find
No reckoning within the courts of God?

If the minds and hearts of humans comprise "the courts of God," there need be no doubt that full penalty will be exacted; but cautiously and with surety of understanding. Was it within the power of man to stay the cataclysm? Was not the crash inevitable? Could Wilhelm have averted it? Or Nicholas? Each accuses the other. Both seek exculpation from America. What have they to say? The Czar speaks through his letter to King George:

I would gladly have accepted your proposals [of mediation] had not the German Ambassador this afternoon presented a note to my Government declaring war. Ever since the presentation of the ultimatum at Belgrade, Russia has devoted all her efforts to finding some pacific solution of the question raised by Austria's action. The object of that action was to crush Servia and make her a vassal of Austria. The effect of this would have been to upset the balance of power in the Balkans, which is of such vital interest to my empire.

Every proposal, including that of your Government, was rejected by Germany and Austria, and it was only when the favorable moment for bringing pressure to bear on Austria had passed that Germany showed any disposition to mediate. Even then she did not put forward any precise proposal. Austria's declaration of war on Servia forced me to order a partial mobilization, though, in view of the threatening situation, my military advisers strongly advised a general mobilization, owing to the quickness with which Germany can mobilize in comparison with Russia.

I was eventually compelled to take this course in consequence of complete Austrian mobilization, of the bombardment of Belgrade, of concentration of Austrian troops in Galicia, and of secret military preparations being made in Germany. That I was justified in doing so is proved by Germany's sudden declaration of war, which was quite unexpected by me, as I had given most categorical assurances to the Emperor William that my troops would not move so long as mediation negotiations continued.

In this solemn hour I wish to assure you once more that I have done all in my power to avert war. Now that it has been forced on me, I trust your country will not fail to support France and Russia. God bless and protect you.

And the Emperor responds through his Imperial Chancellor:

The war is a life-and-death struggle between Germany and the Muscovite races of Russia, and was due to the recent royal murders at Serajevo.

We warned Russia against kindling this world war. She demanded the humiliation of Austria, and while the German Emperor continued his work in the cause of peace and the Czar was telegraphing words of friendship to him, Russia was preparing for war against Germany.

Highly civilized France, bound by her unnatural alliance with Russia, was compelled to prepare by strength of arms for an attack on its flank on the Franco-Belgian frontier in case we proceeded against the French frontier works. England, bound to France by obligations disowned long ago, stood in the way of a German attack on the northern coast of France.

Necessity, therefore, forced us to violate the neutrality of Belgium, but we had promised emphatically to compensate that country for all damage inflicted.

Now England avails herself of the long-awaited opportunity to commence war for the destruction of commercially prosperous Germany. We enter into that war with our trust in God. Our eternal race has risen in the fight for liberty, as it did in 1813.

It is with a heavy heart that we see England ranged among our opponents.

Notwithstanding the blood relationship and close relationship in spiritual and cultural work between the two countries, England has placed herself on the side of Russia, whose instability and whose barbaric insolence have helped this war, the origin of which was murder, and the purpose of which was the humiliation and suppression of the German race by Russian pan-Slavism.

We expect that the sense of justice of the American people will enable them to comprehend our situation. We invite their opinion as to the one-sided English representations, and ask them to examine our point of view in an unprejudiced way.

The sympathy of the American nation will then lie with German culture and civilization, fighting against a half-Asiatic and slightly cultured barbarism.

Neither of these explanations rings true. The one is an apology; the other an excuse. No discerning mind can fail to read between the lines a conviction that now was the time to strike, regardless of pretexts, and the consequence was irresistible. While, moreover, it is undoubtedly a war of monarchs and unwanted by the masses, we cannot but suspect that even to the peoples the final outbreak bore relief, if not enthusiasm, in no small measure. The burdens of mighty armaments had become too heavy for the shoulders of the toilers to bear. Their bodies were being crushed, their minds benumbed, their souls deadened. To make way for better things a clash was as essential as in our own land it was necessary to free the slaves. Back of all, underneath all, may be the onrush of democracy, designed, indeed, by God to sweep despotism from the face of the earth and open the eyes of His children to their rightful heritage of that "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" whose winning through conflict constitutes to-day the greatest boon of humankind. Perhaps, in reverent truth, a Holy War!

When and how will it all end? No man can say. The

factors are so numerous, the combinations so infinite, that the boldest prophets must stand abashed. But the ultimate possibilities are so tremendous as fairly to take away one's breath. The British Empire may crumble into ruin, with Germany master of the sea and lord of Europe; the German Empire may be crushed beneath the weight of its enemies and come forth a bleeding wreck, shorn of its colonies and its border provinces, its wonderful industrialism and merchant marine hopelessly destroyed; defeat will almost certainly spell the break-up of Austria, and this, coupled with the corollary of a Russian triumph, may mean a Slav ocean stretching to the frontiers of Italy and endangering Western Civilization.

Consider also the momentous social possibilities involved in the Great War. The existing social order may break down utterly beneath the frightful strain; the governments, with shattered armies and empty treasuries, may crumble in a combined military and financial bankruptcy before the sudden attack of a desperate, hunger-stricken proletariat already fired by the Syndicalist gospel of violent social revolution, and the old Europe may disappear in a welter of anarchy. On the other hand, bloodshed and battle may intensify the national consciousness of the European peoples, deepen the hatreds between race and race, plunge the world into a whole cycle of wars—a new Iron Age in which the finer flowers of our civilization would be ruthlessly trampled under foot, and the present era of free thought and individual liberty be replaced by the hand of military despotism.

Again, consider the possible reactions of this European conflagration upon the world at large. Up to a month ago the white race was master of this planet. Africa was absolutely beneath European sway, while in Asia only the island Empire of Japan had made good its position, and this only by the grace of European disunion and the alliance of the European British Empire. But in these last ten years a strange breath has passed over the Asiatic world. The victories of Japan have awakened the dormant spirit of the East, and the countless millions of the Orient, once so passive, to-day chafe sullenly at the European yoke. India is seething with unrest at the British "Raj"; "unchanging" China is changing at last, and their teeming populations are beating fiercely against the white man's own frontier and answering his exclusion laws with threats and menaces

which may portend still mightier race struggles in the years to come—struggles beside which even the present battle of the nations might seem tame indeed. Also, the recent movements in Turkey, Egypt, and Persia prove that in the Mohammedan world as well a new spirit is abroad. Islam is not dead, its fires of fanaticism are banked but are not cold, and its two hundred millions of adherents extend from Morocco to China, from Siberia to the Congo and the Celebes. Should these new spirits continue to walk abroad, what would be the situation of a Europe bled to the point of death by a modern "Peloponnesian War"?

Finally, what of the New World? From the immediate military struggle itself America fortunately stands aloof. A few thousand Canadians may shed their blood in Flanders or on the lower Rhine; a few hundred conscripts from the French Antilles may die in Alsace or beneath the walls of Paris; a small fraction of our foreign population will return to pay its patriotic debt to the mother continent. Aside from these things America can to-day suffer no appreciable drain either in men or in war material. For a short time, indeed, the pressing needs of war-stricken Europe will powerfully stimulate both American industry and American agriculture, although the general liquidation of losses following a stupendous consumption of the world's capital, together with the decreased purchasing power of a semi-bankrupt European continent, will soon more than offset this abnormal stimulus and will presently engender a prolonged period of economic reaction. However, America will lose infinitely less than any other part of the civilized world and will be relatively stronger than she is to-day. Indeed, by a quick grasp of present opportunities, aided by the inevitable rehabilitation of our long-lost merchant marine, we should be able to gain a secure foothold in many foreign markets hitherto virtual European monopolies, especially in Latin America.

Nevertheless, the tremendous possibilities which may arise from the final outcome of the present European conflagration may engender problems vital to our whole future. Suppose a German Empire, rising triumphant over a ruined England, lord of the sea, hungry for markets and colonies to recoup its losses. Suppose an aroused and aggressive Asia, with the United States the sole unscathed member of the white world. Suppose, even, a firmly welded British

Empire, united by successful war, militarized by the intoxication of victory, and allied to a hungry and bellicose Japan. We assert our hegemony of this hemisphere, we are in possession of earth's greatest prize, the Panama Canal. And—the Anglo-German death-grapple proves that blood is not always thicker than water.

All these eventualities, it is true, still lie in the unknown future, but one among them may lie in the very immediate future. At any rate, one lesson seems to lie fair for our reading: on this day of Armageddon America should neglect nothing for the sure maintenance of her position in a quaking world.

"The United States," says the President in his moving appeal to his countrymen, "must be neutral in fact as well as in name during these days that are to try men's souls. We must be impartial in thought as well as in action, must put a curb upon our sentiments as well as upon every transaction that might be construed as a preference of one party to the struggle before another. My thought is of America. I am speaking, I feel sure, the earnest wish and purpose of every thoughtful American that this great country of ours, which is, of course, the first in our thoughts and in our hearts, should show herself in this time of peculiar trial a nation fit beyond others to exhibit the fine poise of undisturbed judgment, the dignity of self-control, the efficiency of dispassionate action, a nation that neither sits in judgment upon others nor is disturbed in her own counsels and which keeps herself fit and free to do what is honest and disinterested and truly serviceable for the peace of the world."

Noble words fitly spoken! So let be the thoughts and conduct of all, to the end that, when the time shall come, as assuredly it will come, to act for the restoration of peace and good-will among distracted peoples, no bar shall cross the path of a Chief Magistrate who would crown the Republic with glory by striving as a friend among the nations of the earth!

THE FIRST TUMBLING-BLOCK

Austria attacked Servia; and then Russia menaced Austria; and then Germany attacked Russia and France; and then Great Britain attacked Germany. It was for all the world like a set of the tumbling-blocks with which children

play; or used to play before they became too sophisticated for such simple joys. You stood them all on end, in a row. Left alone, they stood securely. But if you toppled over the one at one end of the row it fell against the next, and it against the next, and so on until they all went down. It was your touch that started the process, by upsetting the first block.

What was it that started this European cataclysm? What was the first block that fell, and what upset it? There has been such a clamor in the down-crashing of all the row that the initial disturbance is in danger of being overlooked and forgotten.

The fatal touch was Austria's, given because of Servia's unsatisfactory reply to her ultimatum. To apprehend correctly, then, the circumstances of the beginning of the war, it is necessary to keep in mind the character of that ultimatum, and of Servia's reply. Austria demanded:

First, that Servia should give formal assurance of its condemnation of the Serb propaganda against Austria-Hungary. This Servia agreed to do.

Second, that Servia should publish such assurance conspicuously in its Official Journal. This, also, Servia agreed to do.

Third, that Servia should express regret for the participation of Servian officers in the propaganda. This was agreed to.

Fourth, that the Servian Government should proceed rigorously against all guilty of such machinations. To this Servia agreed.

Fifth, that the King of Servia should issue these declarations to his army in an order of the day, and in the Official Bulletin of the army. This demand was granted.

Sixth, that all Servian publications which incited hatred or contempt of Austria-Hungary should be suppressed. This Servia agreed to do.

Seventh, that the Servian society known as the National Union be dissolved. To this Servia agreed.

Eighth, that a stop be put to the teaching of enmity to Austria in Servian schools. This was agreed to.

Ninth, that all Servian officers guilty of propaganda against Austria be dismissed from the service; Austria being privileged to name them. To this Servia agreed, with merely the stipulation that in naming the officers for dis-

missal Austria should furnish satisfactory proof of their guilt.

Tenth, that Austrian agents should assist the Servian Government in suppressing the anti-Austrian propaganda in Servia itself, and that Austrian judges should sit in judgment upon offending Servians in Servia. To this Servia demurred, unless the required action could be taken without impairing Servian sovereignty and independence.

Eleventh, that Servia should give explanations of the utterances of certain of her officials concerning the Serajevo murders. This Servia agreed to do.

Here, then, were eleven demands, of which nine were unconditionally and unhesitatingly granted; a tenth was granted with only a single condition of the most obvious and reasonable character; and the eleventh was objected to merely until a way should be shown by which it could be granted without destroying the national sovereignty and independence of Servia. Yet, apparently, because of the conditions of Servia's reply to these two, Austria deemed the reply to her ultimatum unsatisfactory and declared war.

We shall perhaps more clearly appreciate the circumstances if we consider what would have been the effect of unconditional acquiescence by Servia in these two Austrian demands. The one, the ninth, would have meant the placing of every Servian officer at the mercy of foreign malice. It would have meant that any Servian officer would be liable to proscription and dismissal upon the demand of an alien power, without conviction of guilt, and without even the showing of cause for such action. The other, the tenth, would have meant that the most important function of government on Servian soil, the administration of justice, would be arbitrarily performed by the quite irresponsible officials of an alien power. It would have meant that the property, the liberty, and the very life of Servians would be at the disposal of aliens. In brief, the granting of these two demands would have meant the abdication of Servian independence.

In what manner the Austro-Hungarian Government would have exercised the extraordinary control of Servian affairs which it thus sought may be judged from occurrences of a few years ago in Croatia. In 1909 some fifty-three persons were arrested at Agram for high treason, and the government demanded death sentences for five of them, and twenty years of penal servitude for others. The evidence against

most of them proved to be of the flimsiest character, largely manufactured by agents of the Austro-Hungarian secret police, and the court consequently acquitted twenty-two of the accused, and imposed comparatively light sentences upon the rest. A little later the Supreme Court quashed all the sentences, set all the accused at liberty, and scathingly condemned the government for false prosecution of innocent men.

It will be recalled, also, that in 1908–09 the Vienna *Reichspost* and the *Neue Freie Presse,* the most authoritative papers in that city, both of them " inspired " by the government, published charges of treasonable conspiracy against several prominent Slavs of the southern provinces, supporting them with " official documents." The men thus accused promptly brought suits for libel against the two papers, which they won. It was admitted by the defendants that the " official documents " were sheer forgeries, and the alleged " conspiracy " was found to be utterly mythical.

It was because Servia demurred at placing her officers and people at the mercy of such practices that Austria declared war upon her. That was the first tumbling-block in the disastrous series which has now involved nearly all of Europe in the most tremendous cataclysm since the fall of Rome. Or if that was not it, and if there were other and more weighty causes for the war, then it rests with the aggressive belligerents to show what those other causes were. The world has not yet been informed of them. As the case stands, the war was begun because Servia was reluctant to repudiate her own sovereignty, and Austria was unwilling to have an international dispute composed according to the terms of a treaty of which she was herself a signatory.

BELLIGERENT DISREGARD OF TREATIES

" Leges silent inter arma," said Cicero, counsel for the defense in the famous Milo-Clodio murder trial. War automatically abrogates or at least suspends all treaties is the modern diplomatic version; which, like many diplomatic sayings, is not altogether true. A British statesman tried to enforce it at Ghent, a hundred years ago, saying that the War of 1812 had completely voided the Treaty of 1783. " Then you no longer recognize the independence of the

United States, but regard us as your rebellious colonies?" inquired Adams; at which it was conceded that war did not, after all, abrogate all treaties.

There are other exceptions to the rule, two of which are pertinent to present circumstances. War surely does not abrogate, even as between the actual belligerents, those treaties which prescribe the method of waging or of not waging war, the rules of battle, the treatment of the wounded and prisoners, and the like. Such treaty obligations are of value only in time of war, and it would be stultifying to enter into them if they were to be disregarded the moment they became useful.

Neither, of course, does war abrogate or suspend treaties between belligerents and neutrals.

One other point needs to be added, and to be kept clearly in mind. That is, that the treaty-abrogating effect of war, so far as it prevails, is not anticipatory. It is one thing to abrogate treaties the moment when war is declared. It is or would be another and a very different thing to abrogate treaties in advance of war, as a preparation for it.

These propositions and some others are suggested by the extraordinary disregard of treaty obligations which marked the opening of the present European war.

The historic and logical prelude to the war was the Austro-Hungarian seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina, as a sort of Reichsland, in October, 1908. That it was which incited the Balkan League to undertake the conquest of Turkey in Europe. That it was, moreover, which so enormously increased Servian fear and hatred of Austria-Hungary as to give rise to the conditions which the latter power this year complained of and made her pretext for trying to intervene in Servian affairs. Now that extension of the Emperor-King's sovereignty over those provinces was a direct violation of the Berlin Treaty of July 13, 1878, to which Austria-Hungary was a party, which recognized continued Turkish sovereignty over the provinces, and which assigned them to Austria-Hungary merely for "occupation and administration" and not for annexation or the exercise of actual sovereignty.

A second violation, or ignoring, of the same treaty occurred at the beginning of the present war, when Austria-Hungary presented her ultimatum to Servia. It was legitimate to demand the cessation of a propaganda hostile to Aus-

tria-Hungary, the dismissal of officers guilty of breaches of international amity, and the punishment of criminals. But when Austria-Hungary demanded that she should be permitted to name the officers who were to be dismissed, and that Austro-Hungarian prosecutors and judges should enter Servia to accuse, try, sentence, and punish whom they saw fit, she practically demanded Servia's renunciation of her own essential sovereignty and independence; in disregard of that same Berlin Treaty, in which the independence and sovereignty of Servia were explicitly recognized by Austria-Hungary and the other powers.

The first act of Germany in the war involved, as the German Chancellor has since practically admitted, a double violation of treaty. Germany asked Luxemburg for permission to occupy her territory for belligerent purposes, promising her full indemnity. That was a request that Luxemburg should make herself a party to violation of the London Treaty of 1867, by which that Grand Duchy was constituted and guaranteed a neutral state. On Luxemburg's refusal thus to compromise her neutrality, Germany invaded and occupied her territory, thus herself forcibly violating that same treaty, to which she, or at least Prussia, had been a party.

Following that, Germany pursued precisely the same course toward Belgium, another neutral state. First she asked permission to violate that neutrality, which meant for Belgium herself to connive at the breaking of the Treaty of 1831–32, of which she was a signatory. On Belgium's refusal, Germany proceeded forcibly to violate her neutrality, thus breaking the treaty named and also the treaty of August, 1870, between Great Britain and Germany, or Prussia, by which that neutrality was again guaranteed.

These German violations of treaties differed in one respect radically from that of Austria-Hungary. For the latter power looked upon Servia as her potential if not actual belligerent, while Germany had no quarrel whatever with Luxemburg and Belgium, but for the sake of more effectively striking at an enemy voided treaties with non-enemies.

In another way another treaty was grossly ignored by both Austria-Hungary and Germany. That was the Treaty of The Hague, first made in 1899 and specifically renewed in 1907. Of that treaty all the belligerents and many other

powers were signatories. In entering into it they declared themselves to be

"Animated by the sincere desire to work for the maintenance of general peace; resolved to promote by all the efforts in their power the friendly settlement of international disputes; desirous of extending the empire of law and of strengthening the appreciation of international justice."

In view of this exalted profession of ironic faith, the signatory powers adopted an elaborate treaty, the first three articles of which provide as follows:

"In order to prevent as far as possible the recourse to force in international relations, the signatory powers agree to employ all their efforts to bring about, by pacific means, the solution of the differences which may arise between states. The signatory powers agree that in case of grave disagreement or conflict, before appealing to arms, they will have recourse, so far as circumstances allow it, to the good offices or mediation of one or more of the friendly powers. Independently of this recourse, the signatory powers consider it useful that one or more powers that are not concerned in the conflict should offer, of their own initiative, so far as the circumstances lend themselves to it, their good offices or their mediation to the disputing states . . . even during the course of hostilities."

Now of all the powers of Europe which made those lofty professions and took upon themselves those solemn obligations, how many and which made good their words with deeds? Servia is understood to have invoked the terms of the treaty, and to have asked for mediation of the issues between herself and Austria-Hungary; an appeal which was unhesitatingly denied. Great Britain and France both urged upon Germany and Russia the desirability of deliberation and of mediation; but in vain. There is no indication nor pretense that Austria-Hungary, Germany, or Russia ever for a moment contemplated such a course, or seriously considered acceding to the requests of those that did suggest it. They went to war precisely as they would have done if The Hague and its congresses and its treaties had never existed.

The recommendation of the treaty, that powers not concerned in the conflict should of their own initiative tender their good offices, has not so far as the world knows been acted upon by a single European power; for Great Britain

and France, when they made their appeals, were already potentially concerned in the conflict. Perhaps this neglect is to be excused on the ground that all the great powers were more or less directly involved in the issues, as either actual or potential belligerents or as allies of the belligerents; and such offers of mediation from minor powers were hardly to be expected, and would have been made with little or no prospect of being regarded otherwise than as impertinent.

Practically, then, the United States was the only power in a position to fulfil that part of the treaty, and it is gratifying to know that it undertook to do so. It might be wished that the offer had been made more promptly; but there were three cardinal reasons for the delay. One was, of course, the characteristic dilatoriness of the Secretary of State. The second was the complications in Mexico with which we were still troubled. The third was the crushing burden of domestic calamity which the President was enduring. It must always be remembered to his honor that from the shadow of his own inconsolable woe he spoke a word in noble effort to avert the woe of nations. Nor was that offer altogether belated, since the treaty explicitly provided that it might be made at any time, before or during actual hostilities.

This war of 1914 is thus not greatly encouraging for the establishment of international law and the confirmation of the sanctity of treaty obligations. Seldom if ever before have such obligations of so grave a character been so summarily and flagrantly shirked, ignored, repudiated. Yet we should not be altogether discouraged, either, since never before has such treaty-breaking been so generally condemned by the moral sense and voice of the world.

THE NEW HAVEN SETTLEMENT

It is with peculiar gratification that, in concluding the account of the work done by the Department of Justice under the direction of Attorney-General James C. McReynolds, we are enabled to record a settlement which permits a "peaceful dissolution" of the New Haven railway monopoly. The cost of bankruptcy proceedings involving receiverships of more than two hundred corporations would have been incalculable, bearing heavily not only upon the

sixty thousand shareholders, but also upon the traveling public and shippers whose interests are so vitally concerned in the prompt rehabilitation of the great property.

It seemed for a time as if, in this particular instance, the general policy of conservation and reconstruction adopted at the outset and pursued undeviatingly by Mr. McReynolds must fail, as the inevitable consequence of an *impasse* for whose existence nobody could well be blamed. The original agreement assumed that the Massachusetts Legislature would co-operate with the Government and the corporation to the extent of permitting the sale of the large block of Boston & Maine railway stock held by the New Haven company without restriction, but for some reason, possibly political, Governor Walsh declined to advocate this procedure, and the enabling act failed of passage. Excuse for this refusal was found in the apprehension of the State that the control of the entire Boston & Maine system might be acquired by one of the great Canadian railway companies, to the disadvantage of the community. In view of the fact that, in any event, the property would continue to be subject to local jurisdiction, the Attorney-General perceived little cause for alarm, but he quite properly refused to place the Federal Government in an attitude of interference with the prerogatives of a sovereign commonwealth. On the other hand, the withholding of the right of the State itself to take over the shares in question at any future time upon adjudicated value rendered the stock practically unsalable, and the ensuing deadlock made necessary the resumption of court proceedings by the Department. It was but natural that, in the circumstances, charges and counter charges of responsibility should find vent through personal criticism and official communications, but these need not be considered in the light of the amicable adjustment now happily achieved.

Under the arrangement, the company is allowed two and one-half years in which to dispose of the stock in question and is practically assured an extension of time upon presentation of reasonable cause. This affords ample opportunity to appeal to the people to elect a Governor and Legislature better informed and more considerate of the real interests involved and, that attempt failing, to turn to the courts for review of the hampering existing laws. In other words, says the *Springfield Republican,* voicing the unanimous judgment of the New England press:

The whole matter of the dissolution is now to pass into the judicial atmosphere, with the government, the company, and the state of Massachusetts maintaining a pacific instead of a belligerent attitude. And this is a consummation most fortunate upon which the *Republican* congratulates the Government and the stockholders and directors of the New Haven company. The courts may be depended upon to do justice to property rights in the enforcement of law.

There is no occasion for wonder at the evidences of rejoicing at an unexpected outcome which averts a real calamity, and it was most fitting and becoming, in view of previous animadversions, that the Board of Directors should officially declare their "high appreciation of the courtesy of the Attorney-General and of his hearty co-operation in their endeavor to solve the problem without inflicting unnecessary loss upon the shareholders and to effect a rehabilitation of the property in the interests of the public." It is easy to imagine how a resentful or narrow-minded or popularity-hunting official—a Folk, for example—might have taken a quite opposite course, heedless of the disastrous consequences certain to ensue. For ourselves, then, as we have said, we feel particular gratification in this justification of our firm faith in the high purposes, exceptional breadth, and perfect fairness of the Attorney-General whose promotion to the Supreme Court Bench reflects the highest credit upon the Administration.

To Mr. McReynolds and Mr. Thomas W. Gregory, who managed the Government's case with exceptional ability, and to former-Senator William Murray Crane, who conducted the negotiations on behalf of the company in equally commendable spirit, the people of New England and indeed of the whole country owe an incalculable debt of gratitude.

WE CRY FOR NEWS

War would be less like hell if it were not so noisy. One can hardly hear oneself think these days, and the newspapers are so replete with no news from the front that it is quite impossible to find out what is going on. Fortunately the conservative *Congressional Record* has not yet yielded to the impulse which has swamped its contemporaries, and so we learn that Congress is still staggering along under pressure from above with so little prospect of relief that all

Senators and Representatives, except the optimistic Mr. Smoot, seem to have abandoned hope.

Discussion of the Clayton Anti-trust Bill, we may inform our readers, is proceeding along the customary lines and may be concluded at some future date unless a Senator shall object.

In the House of Representatives Mr. Underwood is giving his best thought to questions of revenue. Somewhat, perhaps, to his relief, the actual producing capacity of the new tariff under normal conditions will remain a matter of conjecture for some time to come. Nobody, of course, could have been expected to foresee the present contingency, but here it is, and provision must be made for war taxes just as inevitably as if we were really fighting. The immediate problem is how to add a hundred millions or thereabouts to our National revenues without letting the voters know anything about it. One Representative who proposed to tax incomes as small as $1,500 was removed to a hospital as a probable victim of the heat, but he proved to be a mere Republican wag. Some think more revenue could be derived from whisky, but experts say whisky is already yielding all the traffic can bear, and that if the tax should be increased even Prohibitionists would stop drinking altogether. Somewhat more, it is believed, might be extracted from beer, but the standard price makes it difficult to reach the ultimate consumer, even with the co-operation of the brewers, who are not unfriendly to the party in power. The suggestion of a stamp tax, of course, is always with us, but there is question in many minds of its popularity at this particular time.

Representative Fowler undoubtedly struck the key-note of true political aspiration when he repeated these verses, composed by himself in the dark watches of a humid night:

Locate the dividing line between
  Toil and treasure and pain and pleasure:
On one side of this line may be seen
  Pride and plenty and lust and leisure,
Controlling the policies of state,
  While on the other, trouble and tears,
Wail and want, doubt and despair, debate
  Grave problems of state for coming years.

Look! Spread out o'er this magic domain,
  Wealth, a hundred thirty billions lie,
Piled, like the ir'n ore in fair Lorraine,
  In heaps, while from hunger millions die.

Here begin, but with caution proceed,
Taxing large fortunes most steadily,
So that hereafter there'll be no need
To tax breadwinners so readily.

Our Alert Colonel voiced the same idea when he declared in Hartford that there is "not the slightest need of any income tax or inheritance tax on small or even moderate fortunes," but there should be "a heavily graded and heavy income tax and inheritance tax on large fortunes." It is not a novel scheme, and is, of course, wholly practicable, but can the rich be mulcted in time to meet the immediate pressing needs? That is the question which vexes Mr. Underwood. If the Government could be informed in advance precisely when each millionaire is going to die, it could make arrangements accordingly; but even the marvelous anticipatory statistics of the Treasury Department do not contain this information. When all is said and done we see nothing for it but to tax the railroads or such of them as are earning operating expenses. However, let Mr. Underwood guess and the President decide.

But it is not Washington alone whose voice is lost in the din of warfare. We can account for the strange stillness which has settled like a pall over the Secretaries of State, Navy, and Commerce, and even the American Ambassador to St. James's. But what has become of Albert Jeremiah Beveridge? Is he or is he not walking for Senator? And Hiram Johnson? Is he for or against Our Colonel? And William Sulzer? And the Boy Scout Malone? Where are they? Are their tongues tied? Or have they ceased to think they are thinking?

We cry out for information of Our Own Heroes on the Firing Line. Has no newspaper sufficient enterprise to get and print the real news of the day and generation?

COMMENT

WHAT basis of reason is there in the common assumption that this will be a short war? It is inconceivable that Germany should triumph, and it is no less credible that she will hasten her own discomfiture. Never before in the history of the world has a nation so fully equipped technically and so strong in ultimate resource engaged in a struggle for existence. The reverses reported to date are slight at best, and

in their sobering effect are probably working to advantage among the German people. Once let them realize to the full that their fight is less for the throne than for the Fatherland and their homes and families, and no limit can be placed upon their capacity for courage, endurance, and sacrifice. Our own revolutionists, the Boers, and the Belgians have left no room for doubt that one patriot defending his country is the equal of three members of an attacking force. Surely the Emperor and his advisers need no information on this score, and to anticipate that they will not shape a policy to put their antagonists in the light of aggressors is to question their intelligence. Hence we regard the heralded prospective great and decisive battle as a mirage. It may not take place in a year or in three years. Since meeting with unexpected resistance in Belgium the German Army seemingly has settled down to cautious but insistent and scientific campaigning and, according even to prejudiced reports, is slowly but surely forcing its way forward in pursuance of a well-designed plan which contemplates protracted conflict. The French and Russian forces are proceeding along the same lines, and the British Navy can do only patrol work till the Kaiser gives the word for battle. Even though the present total cost of the war does exceed twenty millions a day, there exists no certainty and, to our mind, little probability that it will not continue for many months.

Of the various pretexts put forth for engaging in warfare Japan's is not only the most flimsy, but is so solemnly disingenuous as almost to evoke a smile. "We consider it highly important and necessary to take measures to remove the causes of all disturbances of the peace in the Far East," etc. Wherefore respected Germany will kindly remove all warships from the Pacific forthwith and turn over to respectful Japan the entire province of Kiau-chau "without condition or compensation." Kind response requested quite soon. As ever, most humble and obedient Mikado. Peace Brother Bryan please forward most amicable suggestion to gracious Emperor Germany at early convenience.

When Prince Henry came to America he informed the Emperor that his purpose was "to preach in foreign lands the

gospel of Your Majesty's consecrated person," and we listened politely, but, judging from remarks heard nowadays, we should hesitate to advise even the ingratiating Prince to repeat his evangelizing endeavors. The American people may err in holding the Kaiser chiefly responsible for wanton warfare, but they are right in manifesting impatience at the impudence of a very human being's claim to partnership with God. All kings take notice!

From the *Congressional Record:*

Mr. ASHURST. These are the words of the late Senator Hoar, a distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, a statesman of untarnished public and private character and of highly cultivated mind, yet conservative withal.

Mr. KERN. And who wrote every word of the Sherman Anti-trust law as it was finally passed.

What an extraordinary statement! Can it be possible that the Democratic leader of the Senate is as ignorant as this ridiculously inaccurate assertion indicates?

Now, what the Progressive party proposes to do is to have a commission where the changes recommended shall be made schedule by schedule, not all at once, and by deliberate action, the reasons for which can be given in detail not only to Congress, but to the public.

So declares Our Colonel. We trust that all Progressive candidates for Congress will uphold their leader's pledge to reopen the tariff schedules forthwith.

August 15, 1914, will be celebrated in history as the highly opportune day on which the Hon. William Jennings Bryan presented to each Senator of the United States two volumes of speeches on Peace.

WHY AUSTRIA IS AT WAR WITH RUSSIA

BY DR. CONSTANTIN THEODOR DUMBA, AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

THE war between Austria-Hungary and Russia may well be said to be the outcome of conflicting civilizations and conflicting aims. The controversy between the Dual Monarchy and the Servian kingdom is only an incident in the greater struggle between German civilization as represented by Austria-Hungary, and Russian aspirations as represented by Servia, the Russian outpost on the southern frontier of the Dual Monarchy. To a proper understanding of the conflicting trend of these two forces—Austria and Russia—a realization of the respective interests of the two powers in the Near East is essential.

Austria's interest in the Near East is economic, and not at all nationalistic. Russia's interest is solely sentimental or nationalistic. Austria was the dominant trade factor in the Balkan states. Russia has no trade worth mentioning, either in Servia or in any other Balkan state. The Gagarin line of steamers on the Danube, which Russia maintained at great cost, carried hardly any freight to Belgrade, except supplies for the Russian minister in the Servian capital. Austria sent merchants and commercial travelers into the Balkan states. Russia, on the other hand, sent priests, consuls, agitators, and apostles of the Slavic idea.

The natural expansion of the German empire of Austria toward the Near East began after the permanent expulsion of the Turkish hordes by the victories of Prince Eugene of Savoy. Parallel with the Austrian expansion southeastward went the Russian advance toward the Black Sea. In an effort to avert a clash in this parallel but gradually concentering expansion, the Emperor Joseph and the Empress

Catharine met late in the eighteenth century—1787—in the Crimea and reached an agreement for the dismemberment of Turkey. Under this project of monarchs the western part of the Ottoman Empire, including Bosnia and Herzegovina, now the bone of contention between Austria on the one hand and Russia and Servia on the other, were apportioned to Austria. To Russia's share were allotted the regions now known as Rumania and Bulgaria. It was at this period that the Russian dream of the possession of Constantinople, first broached in the form of a mythical will of Peter the Great, began to assume reality as a governing principle of Russian policy in southeastern Europe.

In the nineteenth century Prince Metternich in vain tried his conservative policy for the maintenance of the territorial integrity of Turkey. Austria's championship of Turkey as a permanent territorial and political entity in Europe failed because of Russia's persistent aggressions. At the Congress of Berlin, in 1878, which adjusted the boundaries of the Balkan Peninsula after the Russo-Turkish War, Count Andrassy abandoned this policy of Prince Metternich. Under the treaty negotiated in Berlin, the independence of the kingdoms of Servia and Rumania was recognized and the tributary principality of Bulgaria was created. In these arrangements the principle of nationality was the predominant consideration. Count Andrassy's chief interest in the proceedings of the congress on behalf of Austria-Hungary was commercial, as Russia's was sentimental or nationalistic.

Andrassy sought to secure to Austria an outlet for her industrial products. This attitude was in accord with Austria's previous dealings with Balkan peoples. He first concluded a commercial treaty with Rumania before it was an independent kingdom. Accordingly, one of the clauses which were incorporated into the Treaty of Berlin at Austria's behest placed Servia under the obligation to reach a commercial understanding with the Dual Monarchy. But even this obligation Servia carried out only under great pressure from Vienna.

Another outcome of the Congress of Berlin—and a fateful one, as now appears—was the mandate of the Powers for the occupation of the provinces of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria for purposes of pacification and administration.

The relations between Austria and Servia in the first years

of the new order of things were satisfactory and harmonious. Hand in hand with the economic dependence of Servia upon Austria as the main and almost exclusive outlet for Servian commerce, went a political intimacy between King Milan's administration and the government at Vienna. But against this friendly relation the Radical Russophile party carried on an energetic campaign. This campaign was supported at much cost by Russia, which conferred scholarships upon hundreds of Servian students in Russian universities, and educated many Servian military officers in Russian army schools. In addition to these cultural efforts of the Russian Government, the so-called Slavic Benevolent Society in Moscow and St. Petersburg always stood ready with ample funds to give material support to all poor Serbs who should show a desire to avail themselves of the educational facilities of the Russian Empire. Such were the mild beginnings of the Russian propaganda in Servia, which was destined to lead to a tragic climax in Sarajevo a few years later.

After the assassination of King Alexander, son of King Milan, and Queen Draga in June, 1903, the Russophile radical party under Nikola Pasitch, the present premier, came into complete and almost undisputed control in Belgrade. Under King Peter, the successor of King Alexander, the Russian minister at Belgrade assumed the rôle of a sort of viceroy. Russian dominance over Servian affairs was especially conspicuous under the late Baron Hartwig, who was at the head of the Russian legation in the Servian capital during the two Balkan wars and until his death a few weeks ago.

Under the influences set at work by Russia, the attitude of Servia toward Austria-Hungary underwent a complete reversal. As Austrian minister to Servia in the last part of the reign of King Alexander, I often discussed with the King or his ministers the destiny of Servia. They all seemed to take it for granted that the door to the west had been closed to the Servian nation by the Austrian occupation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and only the door to the south—in Macedonia—was open. Servia had given up the dream of a Servian expansion at the expense of Austria, and was considering conquests to the south, in Old Servia. Accordingly the activities of the nationalistic societies under the department of propaganda at the Servian Foreign Office were cultural. They took the form of the establishment of

schools and churches in Macedonia for the spread of the national ideal, very often at the expense of the Bulgarians. This purely educational campaign lasted until the sudden end of the reign of Alexander. Under King Peter began the propaganda of action which was destined to have a tragic counterpart in the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his consort in Sarajevo.

Bands of raiders, or comitadjis, were organized, armed with bombs and rifles, and sent into the debatable territory of Macedonia to convince Bulgarians and other nationalities that they were really good Serbs. These methods, until the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was announced by Austria in 1908, were applied only to Macedonia. After that event the activities of the propaganda under the inspiration of Russia were transferred to Austrian territory.

The active interest of Russia in the new Austrian crown lands came in the wake of two rebuffs for Russian arms and Russian diplomacy. During Russia's struggle with Japan, Austria had maintained the friendliest relations with Russia, in the hope that the colossus of the North would succeed in retaining its outlet in the Far East. With the triumph of Japan in Manchuria, Russia swung back to a keen revival of interest in the affairs of the Near East. But the second disappointment—this time a failure for Russian diplomacy —was to come.

It is the custom to speak of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina as having been carried out by Austria to the accompaniment of profound secrecy. Such is not the case. Austria, before the formal act, had exchanged several friendly notes on the subject with Russia. It is not generally known that Russia had even given her conditional approval of the plan of annexation in advance of its execution. At a conference in the Castle of Buchlau, in Moravia, in the autumn of 1908, Baron von Aehrenthal, the Austro-Hungarian minister of Foreign Affairs, had obtained the consent of Iswolsky, his Russian colleague, to the prospective step. In return for Russia's friendly attitude in the matter, von Aehrenthal pledged to the Russian Foreign Minister Austria's consent to the opening of the Strait of Constantinople to the Russian fleets.

When Iswolsky, on continuing his trip, presented this plan to the British Foreign Office, he was quickly convinced that the agreed-upon *quid pro quo* was impracticable. Then be-

gan the violent opposition of Russia to the annexation by Austria of the country which had been rescued from anarchy and placed upon the road to progress by Austrian arms and statesmanship, and in which Austria had expended vast sums for essential public improvements. This opposition was voiced by the Russian press in a series of violent utterances, and by Servia in a campaign of incendiary and indecent attacks upon the Dual Monarchy. Servia's defiant attitude lasted from October, 1908, until the following March. Austria was then compelled to proceed at great cost to a partial mobilization as a defensive measure.

In point of fact, the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina was neither a stealthy nor an unforeseen event. On the eve of the opening of the Russo-Turkish War, Austria, like England, had set down conditions for its neutrality in the coming conflict. Austria, among other considerations, stipulated for the acquisition of control in Bosnia, and Great Britain for the inviolability of the Strait of Constantinople. Both these conditions Russia sought to evade after the defeat of Turkey. England enforced the performance of Russia's promises by the dramatic appearance of its fleet in Besika Bay, and Austria obtained the performance of Russia's part of the bargain with the Dual Monarchy at the hands of the congress of Berlin.

Despite the double assent which Russia had given to Austrian control in Bosnia-Herzegovina, Russia picked out the Bosnian issue as the key-note of a wide appeal to all Slavic nations as an example of the "Austrian peril." Russia is extremely reactionary in its domestic policies and extremely revolutionary in all its foreign policies. The character of the Russian agitation carried on in the Austrian Slavic provinces may well be designated as revolutionary. The courts in Hungary only recently finished consideration of a characteristic method of Russian propaganda on Austrian territory. Several Ruthenians, whom the Russians call Malorussi—"Little Russians"—were convicted of high treason under the cover of religion. The chief witness for the defense was the Panslavist leader Bobrinski, a member of the Russian Duma, who had come from Russia to appear before the court under a pledge of immunity. It was shown in the course of the testimony that a swarm of Bobrinski's paid agents had agitated among the Austrian and Hungarian Ruthenians, ostensibly in an effort to detach them from the

Uniate Orthodox to the Russian Orthodox Church, but actually in an attempt to develop anti-Austrian sentiment among these "lost children" of Russia. Bobrinski's guilt of the charge of plotting against the peace of a friendly state was proved with sufficient conclusiveness, but it was impossible to convict him because of the promise of immunity under which he had consented to appear on Austrian soil.

The trial and the disclosures which it brought about created a profound feeling of resentment throughout Austria-Hungary. The Austrian Government had caught Bobrinski—and behind Bobrinski something that loomed like a menacing shadow in the North.

Any approach to the bold methods of Kaulbars could not be endured with patience by a great Power. Kaulbars was the Russian diplomatic envoy who terrorized Bulgaria during the period of uncertainty that followed the abduction of Prince Alexander by Russian agents from his bed in the palace on the ninth of August, 1886 (old calendar). With Alexander out of the way, Kaulbars, assuming the powers of a viceroy under suspended constitutional guarantees, attempted to browbeat and intimidate the Bulgarian regency, and actually made a deliberate and systematic attempt to promote a revolution against the Government, by informing the people, in a fiery proclamation and by a series of speeches throughout the country, that the Government had incurred the displeasure of the Czar, and that, therefore, Bulgaria would suffer untold evils unless it quickly compelled its rulers to obey the mandate of Alexander III.

The extraordinary methods of Kaulbars and of his masters at St. Petersburg produced such a strong wave of indignation in Vienna that Austria at that early stage was brought to the brink of war against Russia in defense of the independence of Bulgaria.

The strings that led from Prague, the capital of Bohemia, to St. Petersburg and Moscow, the center of the Panslavistic movement, were estimated as ominous and significant symptoms. The frequent pilgrimages of prominent Slavic leaders—like Kramař and Klofac, the Czechs, to St. Petersburg or Belgrade, and the numerous Sokol congresses and conferences, within and outside of the limits of the Monarchy, were outward signs of the intense character of a determined and dangerous agitation.

The Government of the Dual Monarchy has been taught

by experience that the Servian kingdom is the torpedo which Russia has launched at the body of Austria. That is why the Austro-Hungarian Government, in its dealings with Servia after the crime of Sarajevo, found no alternative to insistent and uncompromising action. Any quibbling, any half-measures in repressing such intolerable activities as have characterized the Russo-Servian propaganda on Austrian territory, would have perpetuated the peril and made the situation worse than it was. It would have been tantamount to abdication by Austria of its sovereignty on its own soil. And such an abdication Austria is not yet prepared to make. It must vindicate its sovereignty and insure order within its boundaries, even at the risk of incurring the accusation of undue aggressiveness from those who do not realize that the patience of the Dual Monarchy has been long and its desire for peace constant.

CONSTANTIN THEODOR DUMBA.

THE EMPEROR WHO MADE WAR

BY DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER

ALTHOUGH it is the general belief that Francis Joseph only came to the plenitude of his popularity in the latter half of his long reign, this is not in accordance with the facts, for from the day that he entered Vienna, a youthful, gallant figure riding through crowded streets in which the din of civil strife and battle had only just been stilled, to bring his people a new constitution, he held a very special place in their hearts. The storms of 1848 had brought Austria face to face with dismemberment. They had wrecked the Metternich system, and they had threatened not merely to terminate the reign of Ferdinand, but to subvert his dynasty as well. But the excesses of the Viennese mob and of Hungarian rebels produced a reaction. With Ferdinand's abdication in December, 1848, disloyalty disappeared. The natural attachment of the Austrians to the ruling family revived, and it was amidst scenes of indescribable emotion and enthusiasm that his nephew, Francis Joseph, assumed at eighteen years of age the responsibility of governing the most heterogeneous empire in Europe. He was practically unknown, but his handsome face and gallant bearing won the spontaneous support of his subjects, and on all sides faith was proclaimed in the new era. Seventy years more or less of wise rule have justified that faith.

It is not easy to bring before the reader's mind the state of popular commotion that prevailed in Austria-Hungary at that period, or the chaos to which the rival pretensions of Magyar and Slav, Croat and Czech, had brought the administration; but a few facts will be useful for reference and elucidation. The primary cause of the trouble was the dissatisfaction of Hungary with its position in the Empire. Hungary regarded itself as an independent kingdom possessing its own constitution and joined to Austria by its own free will. The Hapsburg ruler was King of Hungary,

and Hungary had been a free party to the Pragmatic Sanction in 1723 on that basis. The Empress Maria Theresa had been crowned "King" amid enthusiastic cries of "*moriemur pro nostro rege, Maria Teresa!*" But her successors had unwisely departed from her example, the separate coronation was not repeated, and Austria displayed an increasing intention to treat Hungary not as an allied kingdom, but as a dependent province. In Vienna, at least among the governing circles, the only conception of government was the Emperor's will and unswerving obedience to the laws of the Church of Rome. While the Austrian capital was swathed in the bonds of Absolutism the Hungarian was full of agitation for the modernizing of the old constitution.

It had taken a novel form. From time immemorial the classic and official language of Hungary had been Latin. The speeches in the Diet were delivered in Latin; it was in Latin that the oath was taken to the King. A resolution was suddenly formed to remove this anachronism. The Diet passed a law that Latin was to give place to Magyar, but the Hungarian magnates had not taken into account the Slavs who formed the majority of the population in the trans-Leithan kingdom. The Slavs and Croats were willing enough to talk in Latin, an acquired language, but they would have nothing to do with Magyar. "*Nolumus Magyarisari!*" became their battle cry, and in the crisis of 1848 it was Croat and Slav loyalty that preserved the Hapsburgs against Hungarian disaffection. When the Hungarians revolted in March-April, 1848, the Croats, under their Ban Jellachich, marched to the Leitha to defend the approaches to the capital.

It was amid these scenes of internal commotion that Francis Joseph took up the heavy task of government with which he has grappled for more than sixty years. The circumstances of the hour were not favorable to good relations with Hungary. That country was in open insurrection and had repudiated the authority of the Hapsburgs. It was only brought back to a state of obedience by the intervention of Russia, which sent an army across the Carpathians in the interests of what was euphemistically called general order. For the first twenty years of the Emperor's reign the name of Hungary was taboo in Viennese circles, and there was no reason for thinking that Francis Joseph

had different views about that country than those held by the people around him. In his first reforms, then, Hungary had no place. It was to Austria alone that he addressed his first proposals. They were rendered remarkable by the fact that they were issued on his own initiative. A committee had been sitting at Kremsier for some months in solemn deliberation on the different forms of constitution that might be suitable, but there was no sign of any result being forthcoming when early in March, 1849, the Emperor took the matter into his own hands and promulgated his own constitution. Its terms were not so very liberal, but it was none the less the death warrant of the old autocratic principle and it was the Emperor's own act.

The young Emperor's advent to power was marked by external as well as internal complications. In Italy the Milanese seemed lost till the genius of the aged Radetzky turned the scale in favor of the Austrians. In Germany itself Prussia had been watching with unconcealed satisfaction the troubles of her southern neighbor which promised to facilitate the transfer of the leading influence in Germany from Vienna to Berlin. But her time had not come yet, and for a moment it seemed that despite his domestic troubles Francis Joseph would be accepted as the true German leader. All the German rulers lived in fear of revolution, and Austria had thrown herself into the breach and arrested its progress. When the Elector of Hesse got into trouble with his subjects it was to Austria he appealed against Prussia's coquetting with his rebels, and Austria with the assurance of Russia's support presented for the last time an ultimatum at Berlin. Prussia gave way and accepted the terms of the Convention of Olmutz. But this triumph was brief, for all Austria's efforts to obtain recognition from the Frankfort Diet for her non-German elements were successfully defeated by the efforts of Prussia. Nor was this all, for the dangerous principle received general acceptance that no German Prince could rule non-German subjects save by a personal title, and it was also insisted upon as a natural corollary that it was the first duty of a German Prince to Germanize his subjects. Herein lay the secret of all Austria's trouble. A so-called German ruler with subjects of whom three-fourths were non-Germans found himself in a strange dilemma.

Two personal as distinct from political incidents of this

early period claim our notice. In 1853 the life and reign of Francis Joseph were almost cut short by the knife of a journeyman tailor named Janos Libeny, who, watching his opportunity, sprang out on the Emperor from a recess whilst taking a walk on the old ramparts of Vienna. The Emperor owed his escape to the stoutness of his collar and to the energy displayed by his companion, Count O'Donnell, who seized the assassin and held him until help arrived. Describing the occurrence to a relative, the Emperor said, briefly, "O'Donnell saved my life." It was not the first nor the last occasion on which the representative of an exiled Irish family had the opportunity of displaying his loyalty to the Hapsburgs. To the end of his life the Emperor will show the trace of the wound in a slight droop of one of the eyelids.

It was soon after this incident that the question of the Emperor's marriage began to attract attention, and it was not unnatural that an alliance with the House of Bavaria, the only ruling family in Germany which could rank in antiquity with that of Austria, should suggest itself as the most appropriate. There were several eligible princesses—the daughters of the Duke Max and the Duchess Louise. Their beauty and grace had become matters of general talk; two of them had made their début in court life at Munich. It was decided, so far as the acts of a free man can be determined, that in one of these Francis Joseph should find his partner and Empress. The tale has often been told how the young Emperor went to choose his bride, and how in the midst of his conversation a radiant and high-spirited girl not out of her teens burst into the salon and eclipsed her sisters. The Emperor had seen his fate; he came away and sent in his formal application for the hand, not of either of the young ladies who had entertained him, but for the young Princess Elizabeth who had gained his heart. Old Viennese still tell with tears in their eyes how the girl-bride was welcomed by her lover when she came to be married in the Hofburg of Vienna. The Emperor lifted her out of the carriage, and, placing her arm under his, led her into the palace, of which for thirty years till the dark shadow of Meyerling fell across their paths she was to be the bright and central star.

Neither the imminence of personal danger nor the distractions of domestic felicity gained for Francis Joseph any respite from his troubles. The Crimean War, which at a

cursory glance seemed only a struggle between Russia and the Western Powers, provided a crisis for Austria. She was under a deep obligation to the Czar for his aid against Hungarians and Prussia. But the menace to the integrity of the Ottoman dominions aroused anxiety at Vienna, and, as Schwarzenberg predicted, "Austria astonished the world by her ingratitude" to Russia. She took the Danubian principalities under her protection. After the war had continued for some time she exerted all the pressure she could at St. Petersburg to secure peace, and she succeeded in her object by allowing Russia to see that if the war went on she would take the field against her. Austria was ungrateful, and if the general peace of Europe gained it is very doubtful whether from the strictly Austrian point of view the policy was wise. It broke up the Holy Alliance, or, rather, the survival of it in the Austro-Russian league, and it left Austria without a supporter in 1859 and 1866. If Russia wanted to see her neighbor punished for her ingratitude she could not have prescribed a more severe chastisement than fate reserved for her.

There is no need to dwell here on the details of the Italian war. Its chief and most durable influence was as part of that chastening experience which not merely molded the character of the young Emperor, but which involved his country in the throes not of dissolution, but of a new birth. The retreat of the Austrian armies across the plains of Lombardy, after a series of sanguinary reverses at the hands of the French army, was witnessed by the Emperor in person, who endeavored to inspire his lieutenants by his presence; but military genius cannot be made to order, and on this occasion the Austrian plan of campaign was as badly conceived as in the worst days of the Aulic Council. The sight of the Austrian wounded after Solferino caused the Emperor the deepest grief and disgusted him with war, a sentiment which became intensified with the lapse of time.

But unfortunately for her future, Austrian diplomacy was no better than her strategy. The Italian possessions had always been a source of weakness to Austria. As far back as the treaty of Utrecht, Prince Eugene had urged on the Court of Vienna to drop them and to concentrate its efforts on the development of the Netherlands. Another chance of ending the fatal entanglement presented itself in 1859 when Italy offered to buy back Venetia. The retention of

the famous Quadrilateral counted for more than the sacrifice based on the exercise of common sense which would have averted the deep humiliation seven years later. The treaty of Villafranca left Austria beaten; Italy unsatisfied and ripe to be the ally of Prussia in the great duel for the first place in Germany.

Peace restored, Francis Joseph again took up the question of internal reform and with the more earnestness, because he had lost faith in his ministers. During the war some of the Czech regiments had displayed what may be called a halting loyalty, and in Bohemia the peasants joined in a sort of refrain: "If we are beaten we shall get a constitution, but if we win we shall never have one." The Emperor did not delay in proving them right. In 1860 he not merely enlarged with new powers the archaic State Council, but he intrusted the portfolio of chief minister to Count Goluchowski, a Pole. This was the first occasion on which he resorted to the plan he chiefly favored in later years of choosing his principal advisers from one of the other races instead of among Austrians or Magyars. But the readjustment of administrative powers in 1860 was only the precursor of the new constitution proclaimed in the next year. By an Imperial decree two chambers were created, and for the first time the government was framed on liberal lines and with the acceptance of ministerial responsibility.

But large as were the concessions made, they were accompanied by certain conditions and qualifications which greatly diminished their effect on the public and detracted from their value. For instance, the apportionment of seats to the electorate largely favored the German element at the expense of the rest. The Chamber of Representatives was to contain 343 members, of whom 85 were to be elected in Hungary, and it was considered that the system had been so manipulated as to give the German minority a preponderance of seats over the joint Slav-Magyar constituencies. No one could have imagined that Hungary would rejoice at the gift sought to be forced upon her, but the Austrian public was unprepared for the vehemence with which it was rejected. The Hungarians declared that they already possessed a constitution of their own and that they would not accept the new one. They refused to elect representatives, and some of the more extreme leaders reminded the Em-

peror that, as he had not been crowned their King, disobedience to his orders would not amount to high treason.

A new crisis was thus sprung upon the country. The Hungarians would not send deputies to Vienna, the Austrians in return suppressed the Hungarian Diet, and the trans-Leithan kingdom passed under the rigorous régime of martial law. But after a little of this commotion and after watching the development of the strife of the nationalities in what he loved, despite appearances, to term his "united and undivided Empire," Francis Joseph stepped into the breach himself. He dismissed his Chancellor, Schmerling, who had shown a bitterly anti-Hungarian spirit, and, to the astonishment of his German subjects, he went to Pesth in person to arrange terms with his Magyar lieges. This event occurred in 1865 and was followed by an extraordinary revival of loyalty among the Hungarians to the throne. Francis Joseph had touched the chord in their hearts which Maria Theresa had been the last to sound. The Emperor's visit did not in itself solve a grave political difficulty, but it opened the door to a new prospect.

Once again the question of internal reform was interrupted and had to be laid aside by the occurrence of a serious external difficulty culminating in war. The rivalry of Austria and Prussia for the lead in Germany, which may be said to have begun in the Seven Years' War, had gone on in one form or other for the better part of a century. The assumption at Vienna was that Prussia would never succeed in accomplishing what was regarded as a piece of presumptuousness, and there was at least one solid justification for this view in the fact that Austria possessed the sympathy of most of the minor German powers. Yet the fact that it was only Russia's support that averted war at Olmütz ought to have been remembered. In 1861 Prussia passed under a new king and a new minister. The period of blood and iron had arrived.

In 1863 Francis Joseph summoned the German princes to a diet at Frankfort, and all accepted with the exception of Prussia. Various changes in form were to be discussed, but it was well known that Francis Joseph had larger designs and a more ambitious programme. The old Empire of Germany—derived from the Empire of the west and Charlemagne—had disappeared after Austerlitz, but it was hoped that the German Diet would by a new decree recognize

the House of Hapsburg as possessing a right to preside over its meetings in perpetuity. There is no doubt that the majority of the smaller German states would have passed such a vote, but Prussia, by astutely refusing to be present, reduced the proceedings of the Diet to a nullity. Francis Joseph went out of his way to meet King William and to invite him personally to attend, but there was a strong will behind the Hohenzollern, and Bismarck declared with cynical frankness, in words which should always be treasured:

"The principle always followed in the Prussian monarchy demands that resolutions be not taken in a completed plan concerning the interests of the State except after a thorough examination of all possibilities by His Majesty."

The Frankfort Diet held its meeting and Francis Joseph made an excellent speech on his plan of reform, but so far as the relations of Austria and Prussia went it was barren. It was at this point that Francis Joseph made one of the great mistakes of his life. He allowed himself to be drawn into the war with Denmark, and he thus destroyed the best chance he ever had of curbing Prussian ambition by arraying against it England and France. It is no historical secret that even against Prussia and Austria combined those two powers were on the point of intervening, and the declaration of the British Government stands on record that it would always regard the war over Schleswig-Holstein as an unnecessary one. If Austria had refused to join Prussia in the most brutal act of force that Europe had witnessed since the partition of Poland, Bismarck's plans would have been balked at the start. The petty sentiments of the Frankfort Diet—a medieval court swayed by prejudices of the most exclusive nature—prevailed over the larger considerations of statecraft that should have guided the policy of Austria.

The Danish war ended and the usefulness of Austria to Prussia for the accomplishment of Bismarck's designs having disappeared, it was only to be expected that bickerings should ensue between the late partners over the plunder. Austria took Holstein; Prussia, Schleswig. The latter offered to pay twelve millions for the former duchy, and once more, as in Venetia, Austria haughtily rejected a profitable money transaction. In the end she lost it without recompense, and the money she refused was devoted by Bismarck to the object of equipping Italy for war. In June, 1866,

Francis Joseph found himself involved in a struggle with his two neighbors, one claiming the lead in Germany, the other the recovery of Venetia for a reunited Italy.

This essay would have to run to the size of a volume if any attempt were made to describe the six weeks' war. The Austrian army, despite the fact that it had only the old muzzle-loader as against the needle-gun, never fought better than it did on the field of Sadowa, and with a little superior judgment in the strategy of the campaign the result might have been different. In Italy it defeated Victor Emanuel's troops at Custozza, and the young Austrian navy gained an imperishable renown at Lissa. But on the main scene of conflict the God of Battles had pronounced his award, and Francis Joseph decided with admirable promptitude to make all the sacrifices to obtain immediate peace. He gave up Venetia to France for transfer to Italy; he assented to the exclusion of Austria from the German Diet, which was reconstituted as the North German Confederation under the leading of Prussia. For fifteen years Francis Joseph had striven, not without hope of success, for that lead himself, and now he had to resign it without chance of recovery. It was a bitter pill to swallow, but if Austrian statesmen had then and there decided that, excluded from Germany, their country should also cease to be a German power, the future might have held some compensation.

If it was mainly due to the Emperor's influence that peace was so promptly made, the impression of this sanguinary struggle, completing that of 1859, on the Emperor's mind was to increase his horror of war. In a military state the head of the country cannot pronounce himself against the army, but Francis Joseph resolved that so far as he could help it there should be no more wars for his people in his time. He succeeded in giving his country over forty-five years of unbroken peace, and on several occasions, as everybody knew, war was only averted by his personal intervention and fixed determination.

After Villafranca, Francis Joseph had turned to internal reforms; after the treaty of Prague, to do so was still more politic. In 1865 he had visited Pesth and raised Hungarian hopes; the time had come to justify them. For the purpose the Emperor took into his service the Saxon minister, Count Beust, who had always been a good friend to Austria. Beust was convinced that the only way to save the

Austrian Empire was to settle all difficulties with the Magyars. The same year that was marked in red characters by Sadowa witnessed the signing of the Ausgleich by which Hungary came into repossession of her ancient and never-abandoned rights. Hungary was recognized as a separate kingdom, a Hungarian ministry was created, and the Emperor of Austria proceeded to Pesth to be crowned King of Hungary. It was then that the dual state of Austria-Hungary was born.

But the concession to the Magyars had only stimulated the other races to demand national and autonomic rights, and among the other races the Czechs of Bohemia were not less vehement and formidable than the Magyars of Hungary. But the Czechs were the more exasperating critics of the upholders of the *status quo,* because they wanted an enlarged Bohemian kingdom which would include large districts under Prussian authority. Their ambition led them to play with the idea of joining hands with either France or Russia, and thus they were disloyal, at least in their thoughts, by looking for aid beyond the common frontier. But as the greater Bohemia was an idle dream, so, too, were the proposed measures for attaining it. The Czechs refused to recognize the Austrian Parliament or to send deputies to it and for a time Bohemia was administered by martial law. The triumph of Prussia in the war with France exercised a calming influence in Bohemia, for it ended the prospect of external aid from the most hopeful quarter.

This moment was adroitly seized by the Emperor and the new principle of federalism was adopted in the teeth of the opposition of the German members of the Reichsrath. In 1871 the Bohemians were given the promise of their separate Diet at Prague, and Francis Joseph declared his readiness to inaugurate the new constitution by a fresh coronation. But unfortunately the forces arrayed against the scheme were too strong and it could not be carried out, yet the principle of federalism became the motive force in the dual state. The Emperor felt deeply his inability to fulfil his promise; his minister resigned; but one of the main reasons for his subsequent support of Count Taaffe, a Bohemian nobleman of Irish descent, was his conviction that he would discover some way of propitiating Czech opinion. In this hope he was not disappointed. The Czechs, deprived of their own constitution, would not send deputies to the

Reichsrath. This left the German element supreme in that assembly, and no ministry could retain office if it failed to please that party. But in 1881 Taaffe succeeded in inducing them to adopt a more reasonable attitude. The deputies were elected to restore the balance of parties in the Reichsrath at Vienna, several prominent Czechs were admitted into the cabinet, and the long-disputed Prague University question was settled by the Czech and German languages being placed on an equal footing. For the first time the people of Bohemia had some reason to think that Austrian policy approximated to the ideal laid down by Francis II.: "*Justitia ergo omnes nationes est fundamentum Austriæ.*" The old ideal of a distinct Bohemian kingdom remains a living hope, but it is no longer associated with any desire for separation from Austria.

In Galicia it was easier to gain adhesion for federalism because there was no claim of separate sovereignty or inherited constitution to be brought into the opposite scale. The Austrian Poles were happy and lightly treated in comparison with their kinsmen under Prussia and Russia. Indeed, it was one of the ironies of history that at the moment when Gladstone denounced Austria as having done no good anywhere the Germans were complaining of her indulgence toward her Polish subjects. Federalism also gained popular sanction in the minor provinces or divisions of the Empire, each of which possesses its own Diet and also sends representatives to either the Austrian or the Hungarian Reichsrath. Whatever critics of Austrian stability may say to the contrary, federalism, for the inception of which the whole credit belongs to Francis Joseph, has solved the worst of Austria's internal difficulties. The parliamentary troubles relating to the use of the guillotine, the reconciling of free debate with the progress of the practical work of an administration, which are more or less common to all legislatures at the present time, are not to be magnified into the serious national dangers that confronted Francis Joseph at his accession and that were aggravated by two disastrous wars. Even the language question in the army is not of that profound and disintegrating nature. From one point of view it is a final effort by the German element to retain the old German privileges; from another it is merely a question of detail which could easily be manipulated with a little mutual goodwill and good temper.

The great and distinctive change wrought in the Austrian Empire between the time of Francis Joseph's accession and the present time is that he found it a purely German power, and he leaves it one in which the German influence has sunk to a force of the second order. If a simple test of the truth of this statement were required it would be found in the fact that since Beust his principal ministers and advisers were Magyars, Poles, and Czechs. Indeed, but for two facts—the uniformity of the German language in the army and the close alliance with Prussia—it might be plausibly contended that Austria-Hungary was no longer a German power. Francis Joseph had the wisdom to allow this tendency to develop and to leave events to shape themselves. Only a violent effort, on the part of the Pan-Germans, utilizing Court and Church influences for their own ends to arrest or divert the natural course of affairs, would revive the racial peril in its original grave form. But whether successful or not, in the end it is clear that the attempt would produce a long and bitter struggle during which the value of Austria as an ally would be seriously diminished for Prussian purposes. The Pan-Germans, therefore, are not likely to receive much outside encouragement to carry on a vigorous propaganda until the hegemony of Prussia and its satellites is placed on a much securer basis than it is at present. In 1866 the victorious Bismarck excluded Austria from Germany. A waning of German influence on the Danube has necessarily followed, and the process cannot be arrested, although for many years the international situation and a formal alliance will compel Austria and north Germany to act together. The un-Germanizing of Austria has none the less been in steady and unarrested progress for nearly half a century.

But if the growth of racial equality is a feature of the reign of Francis Joseph, that of individual liberty is still more remarkable. In 1848 the Austrian subject of all states was amenable to a law that belonged to the Middle Ages. Maximilian and Charles V. would have seen in it their own handiwork. Cardinal Granville would have pronounced it strictly orthodox, but the reasons that can be pleaded against Motley's strictures on the sixteenth century do not apply to the nineteenth. Ferdinand's system was an anachronism. Francis Joseph gradually cut away from it the privileges and the prejudices of Church and caste. All

traces of feudalism have gone. The noble has the same obligations as the peasant. The tiller of the ground is no longer a vassal. In the courts all are equal, cases must be heard in public, the right of appeal is admitted, torture has been abolished, corporal punishment is no longer inflicted in the army. In social relations Church law has been displaced by that of the state. The civil, not the religious, authorities grant divorce. The admission of the Jews—that great people who have neither dynasty nor constitution to hold them together, and yet who set an edifying example of union to the whole world—to an equal position as men with Christians provided the final proof that Austria had shaken off the bondage of an age gone never to return. Some critic has said that liberty in Austria is not perfect or complete because of the police supervision; but the same thing exists not merely in north Germany, but in Belgium, which is, in my opinion, a country where individual liberty stands higher than in England. All states are mainly composed of honest people who have nothing to fear from reasonable police supervision.

But there is another molding and creative process through which Austria has been passing—more especially in the last thirty years—that has exercised on what we may call home questions a moderating influence which was not dreamed of by the elder Kossuth and the other fiery minds of 1848. This is nothing more or less than the growth of prosperity and of what is known as material comfort. In 1848 Austria and its dependent states formed a poor country, backward in all the essentials of national well-being. The proletariat was badly fed, badly housed, a beast of burden not indeed driven by a Russian knout, for in Austria the national character in high and low has always possessed a kind of *bonhomie* which has arrested official severity on the brink of tyranny, but still not at liberty. There was no commercial class, such industry as went on was restricted to the petty home kind of the handicraftsmen, and capital was to all intents and purposes non-existent.

Sixty years have produced a complete revolution. The Austro-Hungarian Government, instead of having to deal with a revenue of about twelve millions sterling as in 1848, and with a budget always in deficit, now ranks with those that attain the hundred millions, and if the aid of the market is often needed, that is an operation to which in some form

or other even Anglo-Saxon institutions have to condescend. But the most remarkable development of all has taken place in respect of the development of the natural resources of the country. In agricultural and mineral wealth it not only stands to-day in the first rank of European countries, but it is the one which, Russia excepted, holds forth the most brilliant future prospects. It produces all the minerals from gold to lead, and there are extensive proved but unworked coal-fields which only require the necessary capital to exploit them. The visible but unexploited mineral wealth of the country is beyond estimation and little realized outside Vienna. It justifies the belief that the progress of the last fifty years will be far exceeded in the course of the half-century that is to come.

Another question has been placed on the way to solution; this is the improvement of internal communications. In 1848 they were of the most primitive order, and some of the provinces were as completely cut off from the capital as if they were in China. Under Francis Joseph's guidance the two states have been endowed with a network of railways, and the Government has even felt rich enough to indulge in the luxury of making some railways for no other than strategical considerations. But the bulk of them can justify their existence on material grounds, and as a whole the railways pay the state a handsome surplus. Internal navigation has also been developed, and that magnificent river, the Danube, carries along a total in transport and traffic which entitles it to vie with the Rhine. While Austria by explosion and cutting has made a navigable channel at the Iron Gates and thus gained access to the Black Sea, she has also laid the basis of commercial and naval power in her ports on the Adriatic. Trieste is a successful rival to Venice; Pola and Fiume are among the chief naval stations of the Mediterranean; and if a nation ever dreams of the future, Austrians may be excused for thinking of Salonica. Finally, Austria is making enormous strides in population. Sixty years ago the Empire had less than half the population of France; to-day it contains thirteen million more people. France is stationary; the dual state adds three-quarters of a million of new subjects to its total population each year. The growth and development of the country in the time of Francis Joseph would provide a wide and fruitful field for interesting and instructive research if it

could be explored without the old prejudice and seemingly ineradicable conviction that Austria-Hungary possesses no stable and assured existence.

That doubt brings us to one of our closing points—Francis Joseph's personal influence on the external policy of his Empire. For the first eighteen years of his reign his foreign policy was the one he had inherited. For over one hundred years the dominant sentiment in high circles in Vienna had been distrust of Prussia, and he showed that he shared it. Events justified it and the only ground for censure would lie in Austria's neglect to provide against them. In addition to his views about Prussia, Francis Joseph had the desire common to every one to retain what he possessed—hence his tenacity in clinging to so much of northern Italy. We have seen how he lost the Italian provinces and the first place, or even the claim to it, in Germany. But a few words are required as to the effect produced by those humiliations on the mind of Francis Joseph and through it on Austria's policy.

After Sadowa two courses lay at the choice of Francis Joseph. He might quite naturally have allowed his memories to rankle and devoted himself to the task of preparing for his revenge. He would have replaced the muzzle-loader in the hands of his soldiers with a breech-loader as quickly as possible, he would have armed the Czech people, which he had refused to do in 1866, and finally he would have entered into an alliance with France. He did none of these things, not because they were not suggested to him, but because he rejected altogether the old policy of jealousy, rancor, and rivalry toward Prussia. These sentiments are even now far from being dead in some Austrian circles, but Francis Joseph stifled them in his own breast after the peace of Prague. The whole truth about the pseudo negotiations of 1870 has not yet been given to the world, and whatever certain Austrian ministers may have said or promised to French representatives, it is indisputable that when words had to be translated into acts Francis Joseph would have imposed his veto.

Francis Joseph had done with the past. His visit to Berlin in 1872 to meet the Emperor of Russia was in itself a revelation of timidity, as if protection might be found in the association of three Emperors against the avidity of any one of them. The Emperors' league was a very

good arrangement for fair weather, but it could not hinder the natural march of events or prevent political problems from reaching a critical phase.

In 1876 the Eastern question became once more acute, and in the following year war broke out between Russia and Turkey. Austria took steps to safeguard her interests in the lower Danube, and Russia gave assurances at Vienna that her troops would not enter Servia. When the Russians were stopped at Plevna they suggested that they might send a force through Servian territory, but Austria did not accede to the request, and when the treaty of peace was made she occupied Herzegovina and Bosnia with a force of 200,000 men and 450 guns. It is true that for this step she obtained a European mandate, but none the less it was a vigorous assertion of Austria's right to take action beyond her frontiers. The step was judicious as well as vigorous. It was not, as many critics thought, to prove a drain on Austria's strength; it was destined to add a new nationality to the "United Men" under the Hapsburg throne. Thirty years after this temporary occupation in the interests of Europe Herzegovina-Bosnia had become contented and assured members of the Austrian federation.

It is, therefore, clear that, despite his desire for peace and his unswerving personal resolve to do everything in his power to maintain it, the Emperor Francis Joseph has been more than once confronted with the prospect that he might have to draw the sword. It is the inevitable accompaniment of having a foreign policy at all that a ruler or Government must be prepared to support what is done with strong measures. Yet the Emperor's well-known aversion to war and horror of its consequences long counted for much in the maintenance of peace. It deterred his own ministers from forcing war-like counsels on him, and it provided a moral support for those who pleaded for the gentler way. Nor was this the end or limit of his pacific influence. The conviction that Francis Joseph favored peace under almost any circumstances produced a corresponding sentiment in other capitals, and in some we do not doubt that there grew up a desire that the closing years of the august peace advocate should not be pained by the horrid din of war. That hope has not been realized; let the believers in universal peace take warning.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

THE HORRORS OF PEACE

BY EDGAR STANTON MACLAY, A.M.

ADVOCATES of disarmament and universal peace have said and written so much about the "horrors of war" that it will be interesting to inquire what those horrors were and how they compare with the "horrors of peace." It may develop, possibly, that horrors, even greater than those of war, have been avoided by well-fought battles and by the maintenance of an efficient military service.

One of the greatest military disasters in modern history was Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. In truth, it was one of the greatest horrors of war within the ken of man; yet recent research shows that the dreadful features of that campaign have been systematically and persistently exaggerated. It is known that Napoleon started with 400,000 or more men, and that he returned with a mere "remnant," variously estimated from 10,000 to 30,000 men—leaving the inference that the rest of the army perished in the rigors of a Northern winter or were slain by Cossacks and Russian peasants.

This inference has been encouraged by French, German, and Russian painters, who depicted wholesale butcheries of the retreating soldiers. Evidently these artists seized upon extreme instances of inhumanity (and, without doubt, there were such instances), having in view a more satisfactory sale of their canvases. From a business viewpoint these painters were right. With many people there is a craving for the extreme, the unusual, the sensational. Had these artists selected the commonplace incidents of that retreat, their pictures would have been of less financial value, and copies of them would not have been so industriously circulated all over the world by peace advocates—misleading the public into the belief that these unusual instances of horror were the rule rather than the exception, and that of Na-

poleon's magnificent army of 400,000 or more men only 10,000 to 30,000 survived.

Recent investigation shows that fewer than 20,000 Frenchmen were killed in this entire campaign, and that fewer than 40,000 perished in the cold. A better acquaintance with the Cossacks shows that they were not "blood-thirsty wolves." It would be difficult to find to-day a more simple, kind-hearted class of men in all Europe, and there is every reason to believe that the Cossack of 1814 would be just as hesitant in slaying a defenseless foe as any American soldier of to-day. The Russian peasant has been persistently represented as butchering whole squads of helpless French officers and troops. Undoubtedly there were rare instances in which villagers, roused to fury by outrages perpetrated by the soldiers, slaughtered groups of Napoleon's men; but the very fact that these were exceptional and sensational cases led the artists to seize upon them as subjects for more salable pictures. Like the Cossack, the Russian peasant was imbued with all the natural kind-heartedness so characteristic of Europeans of the "lower class." That they should suddenly become fiendish butchers of defenseless men is as improbable as it is libelous on their well-known disposition for hospitality toward the stranger within their gates.

It is now well established that thousands upon thousands of Napoleon's troops, on being made prisoners by the Russians, were treated humanely. Great numbers of the wounded were taken into peasant homes, carefully nursed, and well provided for. Indeed, thousands of these soldiers were so pleased with the treatment they received from their captors that they remained in the country of their captivity —marrying into Russian families, as is shown by the large number of family names in Muscovy to-day which are unmistakably of French origin. Many other thousands of these French prisoners, after the permanent cessation of hostilities, when they felt sure that they would not again be "conscripted" into French armies, gradually made their way back to France—not much the worse for their detention in the Land of the Czars. In the light of these facts, we can see how the horrors of the Moscow campaign have been monstrously exaggerated.

But, even when divested of its exaggerations, the Russian campaign was a scene of the greatest war horror in modern

history. Yet there have been vastly greater horrors which can be directly attributed to the results of disarmament, which universal peace advocates make no mention of. For centuries the original Chinese and Hindus have been practical advocates of non-preparation for war and for the concentration of their energies in the arts of peace. In the latter effort they have been conspicuously successful, exceeding Europe in many specialties. Centuries ago they discovered gunpowder and reduced it to practical non-military use. They invented the immovable block type; they dressed in silks and fine linen, manufactured the finest porcelains and bronzes, made exquisite embroideries, carved marvelous designs on ivory—but consistently and persistently neglected the art of war. The result has been that for centuries the original Chinese have been the victims of unnumbered foreign invasions which, in most instances, were attended with wholesale butcheries of men, women, and children vastly exceeding in horror any incident of European warfare. It is of record that, in the seventeenth century, one of the cities in southern China was captured by the Manchu invaders, and 800,000 natives were slaughtered in cold blood. The Manchus advocated giving part of their energies to the art of war; the original Chinese advocated the concentration of their energies in the arts of peace.

Even more horrible than these foreign invasions was the devastation wrought in China by famine, plagues, and the practice of infanticide—all the result of over-population. When a race puts aside all preparation for war and concentrates its energies in the walks of peace, the inevitable result has been a rapid increase of population. For centuries China has been subjected to the horrors of a congested population, which periodical famines, plagues, and the practice of infanticide (whereby millions upon millions have been exterminated) have failed to permanently relieve. The horrors of war in western Europe have been many times exceeded by the horrors of peace in eastern Asia.

Without doubt the greatest war horror in which the United States has been involved was that between the North and the South in 1861–65. The following casualty statistics bearing on that struggle are taken from the compilation made by Thomas L. Livermore, of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, as published in 1900:

One of the best-known battles of that war was Gettysburg, in which 3,155 Northerners and 3,903 Southerners were killed, a total of 7,058. During the half-century following the Civil War there have been many times that total of men, women, and children killed in railway and street-car accidents. Indeed, if peace advocates will as elaborately compile the total of railway fatalities in the United States since 1865, it will be found that the "horrors of railroading" exceed all the "horrors" of the Civil War—and these "horrors of peace" are being repeated many times every year. We have celebrated the hundred years of peace between the United States and Great Britain—a peace made possible by two hard-fought wars between these nations. When will the advocates of peace celebrate a hundred years (or even one year) of no "railway horrors" in the United States?

In the desperate fighting at Chickamauga, September 19, 20, 1863, the Federals had 1,657 killed, and the Confederates 2,312, or a total of 3,969—a figure that by no means is equal to the number of men, women, and children who, in the last fifty years, have lost their lives amid the "horrors of aquatic pleasures" like boating, fishing, swimming, and yachting.

In the two days' battle of Antietam, 2,108 Northerners and 2,700 Southerners were killed; total 4,808—a smaller number of men than those who have perished in coal and metal mine disasters in the United States since 1865. In the seven days' battle of June 25 to July 1, 1862, the Unionists had 1,734 killed and the Confederates 3,478; total, 5,212. More than that number of men, women, and children have perished during the last half-century in Sunday-school picnic and church-structure disasters. At the battle of Fair Oaks the Northerners had 790 killed and the Southerners 980, total 1,770; which by no means surpasses the number of young Americans killed in athletic games (collegiate and professional) since 1865.

Mr. Livermore has computed the total fatalities of the Civil War as follows: total number of Unionists killed, mortally wounded, or died of disease, 359,528; and of Confederates, 153,297! making a grand total of 512,825. A ghastly summary, and one that may well be described as one of the greatest horrors in modern history. It meant that there were thousands upon thousands of newly created

widows, and thousands upon thousands of fatherless children in the United States, suffering all the attendant and consequent miseries resulting from a violent severance of the tenderest of human ties. It must not be forgotten, however, that from the close of the Civil War to this day an even more ghastly total has been added up, a greater number of widows have been created and a much larger number of innocent children have been rendered fatherless or motherless in the " horrors " of our divorce courts. From 1867 to 1906 a total of 1,274,341 divorces were granted in the United States. This means that 2,548,682 American husbands and wives have been arrayed against one another in legal battles for the " violent severance of the tenderest of human ties." The half-million of men who sacrificed their lives in the Civil War were contending over a great principle of government and the question of slavery. The records of our divorce courts show that eighty-eight per cent. of these two and a half million husbands and wives were contending over questions of cruelty, desertion, adultery, and drunkenness. Which is the more deplorable, the " horrors of the Civil War " or the " horrors of our divorce courts "?

In the history of the United States Navy we find that the horrors of war were reduced to a minimum, while the material benefits to this country and world-wide civilization—as a result of the achievements of American sea forces—reached the maximum. It has been clearly demonstrated that, without the assistance of American and French seapower, our struggle for independence would have been greatly prolonged if not permanently baffled. It was solely by means of our swift-sailing craft (manned by the most daring and skilful seamen of their day) that American produce was carried to the West Indies and Europe, exchanged for indispensable military supplies, and those supplies brought back to the United States. It was solely by means of our sea forces that American agents were able to reach Europe, plead the cause of the Colonies, and raise loans for carrying on the struggle.

It was the American sea-fighter who carried the war into the enemy's country, throwing their coasts into alarm and causing unprecedented losses to the all-powerful English mercantile classes. Fully 800 English vessels were captured, more than 10,000 British seamen, and 1,000 English

and German troops were made prisoners on the high seas. All these vitally important services were accomplished with the loss of only 474 men killed in the Continental Navy, which was composed of about three thousand officers and enlisted men. This would be an average of 68 men killed in each of the seven years of the war—a death-rate considerably below that arising from natural causes.

In the two and a half years' war against France, all the work was done by the navy—and most important work it was. Had not French depredations on American commerce been firmly checked, the development of our new nation would have been seriously impeded. Since the close of that war, France has not materially interfered with American commerce. In that struggle our navy was engaged in eight sea fights, in which a total of 24 Americans were killed in a service employing about 2,000 officers and men. It is more than probable that a larger number of Americans in private life, in this same two and a half years, were killed through accidents in saw-mills, in felling trees, hunting, or fishing.

In the four years of our navy's operations against the piratical states of Barbary, the total number of Americans killed was 53, or an average of 14 for each year of the war. As a direct result of these operations a death-blow was given to a system of white slavery which had disgraced Europe for centuries. Even in the then short career of the United States, hundreds of American men, women, and children had been subjected to the horrors of Mussulman bondage, while untold thousands of Christians had been held in hopeless captivity. Thirty thousand Christian slaves, under a burning sun and negro task-masters, were engaged for twenty years in building the mole in the harbor of Algiers. Surely the horrors of peace with those piratical states were vastly more horrible than the horrors of our four years' war against them.

The war of 1812–15 may justly be called the "war for the maintenance of American independence." Although nothing was mentioned in the Treaty of Ghent about Great Britain's "right" to interfere with American vessels on the high seas, it is significant that for the succeeding hundred years we have had little cause for complaint on that point, and in all that period the American commercial flag has been duly respected by civilized nations in every part of the navigable globe. Also it is significant that from 1815

our commerce entered upon an era of prosperity which at the beginning of the Civil War made the United States the second commercial power of the world. Not only did this war firmly establish our commercial position among the nations of the earth, but it prevented Great Britain from carrying out her well-defined plan of confining the United States east of the Mississippi and the Great Lakes. British operations on Lakes Champlain, Ontario, and Erie, and, finally, the naval and land attacks on New Orleans, were undertaken with the avowed purpose of merging the Canadas and Louisiana into one vast domain, thereby cutting the United States off from the great West.

That our sea forces were the principal factors in frustrating this far-reaching scheme must be admitted by any fair-minded person who impartially considers the situation. Disaster after disaster overwhelmed our land forces, while a most unexpected series of brilliant victories was won by our sea forces, both on the ocean and on inland waters. That England then regarded the Great Lakes as belonging exclusively to her is shown in the following extract from the London *Times* of November 18, 1813:

> We must again and again call upon them [the ministers] to make arrangements for retrieving the temporary subversion of our superiority on the American lakes. They are a portion of our marine dominion which must on no account be yielded.

In this war the navy, manned by about 5,000 men, was engaged in thirty-one battles, and had a total of 313 men killed, or an average of 105 for each of the three years of the struggle—which is considerably below the normal death-rate for that number of men under peace conditions. There have been flood disasters in the United Sates whereby more lives were lost than the total fatalities in both the American and British land and sea forces engaged in the War of 1812.

In the Mexican War the United States Navy was engaged in thirteen battles on land and sea, sustaining a total loss of only 54 killed in a force of about 4,000 men. It was principally through the energetic efforts of Captains Thomas ap Catesby Jones, John Drake Sloat, and Robert Field Stockton, and the sailors and marines under them, that that enormous territory now occupied by the States of California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico became part of the United States. Captain Sloat took possession of the harbor of Monterey only a

few days before Admiral Sir George F. Seymour arrived there in the 80-gun ship of the line *Collingwood* on the same errand.

In the four years of the Civil War our navy, manned by 55,000 men, was engaged in 67 battles, and sustained a total loss of 943 men killed, or an average of less than 250 for each year of the war. Many ocean-steamship horrors have occurred since 1865 which represent a larger loss of human life. The Civil War settled a great principle of government and brought about the abolition of slavery in the United States. Without the assistance of our sea forces, it may well be doubted if the North could have prevented the disruption of the Union.

More than 130,000 square miles of territory came under the control of the United States as a result of the war with Spain, the total number of men killed in our navy being only 16 out of the 60,000 engaged. The number of automobile fatalities in this country in the year 1898 exceeded the total number of Americans, in army or navy, killed in the Spanish War.

From the foregoing it must be evident that the "horrors" of war have been greatly exceeded by the "horrors of peace." While due prominence has been given to the latter at the time of their occurrence, the tendency on the part of the public has been to forget them, or at least to recall them with diminishing thrill as time passes. As to the horrors of war, a number of circumstances have united in keeping them prominently before the people. It is natural for the man returning from war to recount the perils and privations he has been through. As a rule, the men who were actually on the firing-line have been modest, moderate, and even reticent in their narratives. Not so, however, with their friends, relatives, and business or political associates. A good war record always has proved a valuable and legitimate personal asset. In all countries and in all ages it has given the returned hero a well-earned and properly accorded distinction in commercial, professional, ecclesiastical, social, and all other circles; and, very naturally and commendably, his friends see to it that the horrors of war shall be kept before the public with as much of their original freshness as possible.

Ably seconding these worthy efforts are the artists, novelists, and narrators of war, who, recognizing the public taste

for the sensational, have seized upon extreme instances as their subjects—in some cases " coloring " them beyond actualities. The portrayal of the many less repulsive features of war would not be as profitable, financially, as the " limit of horror " scenes.

Now that we have organized societies advocating disarmament and universal peace—some of them endowed with a million dollars or more and paying desirable salaries to their agents—we can expect that the horrors of war will be paraded on a larger and more horror-inspiring scale than ever before. We will arrive at a clearer comprehension of the situation, however, if we keep in mind that all these powerful agencies for keeping the dark side of war fresh in the public mind are almost wholly lacking in recording the many times more numerous and greater horrors of peace. It is further to be remembered that our horrors of war arose in struggles for some principle of government—liberty, religion, social and political equality, for the defense of homes against foreign invasion, for the acquisition of more territory for a great and growing people, or for some definite objective looking to the permanent good of the nation.

Were the half-million men who lost their lives in the Civil War sacrificed in vain when that struggle resulted in the Union remaining intact and the wiping out of human slavery in the United States? Northern women and children who suffered the keenest anguish, through the loss of husbands, sons, brothers, and fathers in that war, would be the first to declare that they would make the sacrifice again for such a cause. Could such a noble answer be expected of the thousands upon thousands of women and children who have lost husbands, sons, brothers, and parents in mining and steamboat disasters?

The American public does not feel that the comparatively small number of men who have perished in all our wars have been sacrificed in vain when great principles have been maintained and territory has been acquired in which to spread a higher civilization. The horrors of peace have resulted in a vastly greater loss of life and the entailment of immeasurably greater domestic sorrow than the horrors of war—and all this without the saving grace of having attained a distinct national advance or advantage.

It is far from the purpose of this article to advocate war or to minimize its horrors. War is horrible, and no class of men

has pronounced more emphatically against it than those who have been actively engaged in it. Sherman said, "War is hell"; Grant exclaimed, "Let us have peace"; and the great Farragut wrote, "I would that wars ceased forever." When Decatur boarded the British frigate *Macedonian,* after the naval battle of October 25, 1812, he witnessed "a scene so horrible of my fellow-creatures, I assure you, deprived me very much of the pleasure of victory." It is contended, however, that so far back as the knowledge of man goes, wars have occurred, and that, so long as there is nothing to justify the belief that wars will cease in the immediate future,[1] earnest attention should be given to the most scientific, advanced, and complete preparation for immediate war in order to insure the continued advance of the world's highest civilization. Even the peace-loving Puritans and Quakers so far overcame their scruples as to take up arms and forcibly sweep the savages of North America from the paths of progress.

We must not close our eyes to the fact that there are fewer than thirty million square miles of land suitable for the support of mankind on this globe. Centuries of experience show that this land will not support more than an average of 100 persons per square mile; so the world's population would seem to be limited to three thousand millions. Already the earth's population exceeds half this limit. If all nations are to cease preparations for war and concentrate their energies in the pursuit of peace and happiness, the world's population will be more than three thousand millions in a single generation.

Obviously, if the world's population is not kept down by war, it must be restricted by other means. It is for the advocates of disarmament and universal peace to decide whether or not war is more horrible than the practice of infanticide, the burial alive of widows with their deceased husbands (now modified by the prohibition of widows marrying again), the periodical extermination of millions of men, women, and children by ruthless foreign invaders or by famine, pestilence, and floods, or by the wholesale prevention of children before they have had a chance to demonstrate their fitness to survive.

[1] This article was written before there was any indication of the present European outbreaks.

EDGAR STANTON MACLAY.

AUTOCRACY AND BUREAUCRACY IN RUSSIA

BY NEVIN O. WINTER

"We, Nicholas II., by God's Grace Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias," etc.

This is the official style of all imperial proclamations, or *ukases,* of the Czar of Russia. It is a big job, this matter of being the Little Father to one hundred and sixty millions of people, of many diverse nationalities, and spread over almost one-sixth of the landed surface of the globe.

"You will find the burden heavy," said Nicholas I. to his son Alexander, as he lay dying. And, indeed, it is a weighty load that rests on the shoulders of the Czar. It has caused the untimely death of more than one of the predecessors of Nicholas II. His father, Alexander III., was strong and vigorous when the nihilist bomb brought about his accession in 1881. Attempts upon and threats against his own life, and the unceasing efforts made to combat the revolutionists, broke him down after thirteen short years. His death was doubtless as much the result of his terrible experiences as if he had fallen by the hand of an assassin. Nicholas I., who ruled from 1825 to 1855, welcomed the approach of death while his country was almost rent asunder by the Crimean War. Alexander I. (1801–1825) started out with liberal impulses, and did more than any one else to free Europe from the domination of Napoleon, but his later years were filled with unhappiness over what he considered the ingratitude of his people.

It is needless to give more examples of the unfortunate Autocrats of Russia. The five who have held that title within the past century have all been men of honest intentions, and gifted with a genius for hard work, but less happiness

has been their lot than that of the majority of peasants within the empire. So do not envy the Czar his autocratic power, for he himself is the victim of a system and circumstances.

Russian autocracy was not a spontaneous development, but was rather a growth. A study of history clearly shows that the Russian autocracy was a product of the people themselves. Furthermore, it may be said that in after years, when the people might have thrown off this yoke, they preferred to re-establish it. In the early days of Russian history, before the consolidation of the petty principalities, the death of each Grand Prince brought about a struggle among his various heirs until the strongest came into control of all that his father had governed. In the years 1228–1462 Russia suffered no fewer than ninety internecine conflicts, and almost twice as many foreign wars.

Beggars cannot be choosers, and a people who had endured so many troubles, as well as a hard alien yoke—that of the Tartars—would be thankful for any change that promised betterment and came from Moscow. That city had already become the home of the head of the Russian Church, and the Prince of Moscow was looked upon as the eldest son of the Church. Ivan III. married Sofia Paleologa, a niece of the last of the Byzantine emperors. Sofia never gave up her title of Byzantine Empress, and she left to her descendants an unquenchable longing to establish themselves again at Constantinople. In so far as it was possible, Sofia transferred her prestige to Moscow and shared it with her husband. From this time the Byzantine coat of arms, the double eagle, appears on the Russian Imperial seal. At the same time the outward ceremonial and pomp was increased. His son, Ivan IV., known as the Terrible, took the full Cæsarean title—Czar is a corruption of Cæsar—and proceeded to eclipse all Byzantine records in cruelty, treachery, and superstition. Peter and Catharine, both called the Great, the first real reformers, accomplished even more for the ultimate benefit of autocracy than for the profit of the people.

In theory autocracy, as represented in Russia, means that all the functions of power, the legislative, the administrative, and the judicial, are concentrated in the hands of the sovereign. In other words, the three functions of government into which our own country is divided are settled

absolutely upon the Czar. As a matter of fact, none of the Czars have ruled alone, unless it was Peter the Great. They have always had the support of a powerful ruling caste, or oligarchy. In addition to the functions of the secular government the Czar is also the official head of the Russian Orthodox Church—the Pope, so to speak. According to the school of sentimentalists, who uphold this form of government, the Czar is mystically commissioned and inspired not only from the bosom of his own people, but even from a higher source. The proclamations from the throne always have this semi-religious tone, as though the Autocrat and Divinity were in some way linked together.

Even a slight consideration of the subject will show that such a government in reality is an impossibility, unless the sovereign should be gifted with the omniscience of the Almighty. It would be a physical impossibility for one man to decide all the details of government over the Russian Empire. For comparison, consider all of our state governments wiped out; state governors, who were merely appointees of the central government; county and township officials, who were responsible only to the head government and not representatives of the people; every detail over our entire country ruled from Washington by a single executive. And yet we have neither so many people nor so many problems to meet as Russia. In addition to the primary acts of government, not a single charitable institution can be founded, a business corporation formed, a school established, or a bed endowed in a hospital, without the solemnly registered consent of the Autocrat. No man, even though he might be superhuman, could make himself even superficially acquainted with more than a small fraction of the acts which are every day done in the name of the Czar of all the Russias.

Where the oversight of the Autocrat ceases, the power of the oligarchs, the men who have been able to capture the prestige of the Autocrat, begins, and they use it in such ways as they think necessary or desirable. The system results in no responsibility and no individual competency. It strikes where it would not strike, is too late in being lenient, and never foresees what is under its very nose. In this twentieth century, with the accession of immense Asiatic territories and their many complicated questions, it is impossible for the Autocrat to rule even as did Peter the Great in

his time. But Peter the Great himself was an unusual man, gifted with almost superhuman energy and endurance, while the present Czar, Nicholas II., is, according to those who have made the closest study of modern Russia, the weakest emperor that Russia has had for at least a century. "In Russia," says a writer, "the Emperor is often officially described as the 'Supreme Will,' but what is to happen if the Supreme Will ceases to will, that is, disappears? At that moment Autocracy disappears too, and gives place to wholesale oligarchy."

The Russian supporters of autocracy would say that the exercise of the various functions of government is delegated to special departments, whose powers are rigorously determined by law. One less in love with the government would sum it all up in the one word Bureaucracy. There are bureaus for this, bureaus for that, and bureaus for the other. The bureaus are grouped under departments. At the head of each of the bureaus is a chief, and at the head of each department is a Minister. Under the chiefs are subchiefs, and so on down to the humblest clerk. Everything must be referred to an upper official; that official refers it to the one next higher; this official passes it on to his bureau; the bureau official relieves himself by submitting it to the department, and so on. It is little wonder that every department is months behind with its work. At the head of this system there is generally some commanding figure, who exercises the real power of government through his ascendancy over the man who, by the accident of birth, occupies the throne.

With a man who is himself rather weak and vacillating, it is much more easy for some strong personality to acquire such ascendancy than if the sovereign himself were a man of indomitable will. This man—or these men—not only exercise the ordinary function of an executive, but also have heretofore done all the acts which are ordinarily left to a legislative assembly by means of decrees and official *ukases*. The Duma has as yet not greatly changed this condition of affairs. Through their control of the Judiciary they also practically exercise this most important function of the government, which should dispense justice impartially to the many millions of subjects. Although the Emperor is officially regarded as its head, he does not take part in judicial decisions. The Senate, however, which is appointed

and can be removed at any time by the Autocrat, is now the Supreme Court. It is divided into nine sections, of which two render judgment in political cases and charges against officials. Its members are generally men of rank and substance.

At the head of the Bureaucracy, until the advent of the Duma, stood the Council of the Empire, which was composed wholly of nominees made by the Emperor and his Ministers. Some of the members are now elective. The initiative in all legislation was and still is supposedly left to the Czar, or at least is promulgated in his name. After being thus launched, these projects are supposed to be studied by the Ministry interested, or by special commission appointed for this purpose, and afterwards in a general meeting. After this formality had been gone through with, under the old order, they were presented to the Emperor, together with the opinions of the Council, if it should be divided in opinion, and it was at this point that the strong will of the master-mind was exercised. The decision arrived at became the law. The Emperor might ignore the opinions of the Council, might refuse to listen to any suggestions, and proceed to legislate independently. Regardless of the Duma, and promises made to the people for it, such an act was promulgated not more than a couple of years ago. There are a number of instances since the meeting of the first Duma in 1906.

At the head of the civil administration are two bodies. One of these, the Council of Ministers, which consists of all the Ministers and any person whom the Czar likes to call to his aid, appears only occasionally. The Committee of Ministers, a larger body with wider and undefined powers, has taken its place. The Minister of the Interior, who has control over the police, press censorship, provincial governors, and the Zemstva, and the Minister of Finance, who has control over taxation, the tariff, and the liquor monopoly, together with the Procurator of the Holy Synod, are the governing chiefs. The other ministers are those of War, Marine, Justice, Foreign Affairs, Agriculture, Commerce, Ways of Communication, Public Instruction, the Imperial Household, and Imperial Domains.

In local affairs there are two important centers of popular power—the Zemstva and the Mir. In the central government there is no representative of the people, and no tie,

excepting that which would bind a master and subject. The Autocrat is a law unto himself, acknowledging no responsibility. But the fact that contradictory decrees have appeared in recent years, one closely following the other, shows that either his own mind is very unsettled or there is at least a temporary master over him. It is little wonder that with this arbitrariness and vacillation, the hatred of Bureaucracy is a sentiment that is rapidly growing among all classes of Russians. If some satisfactory vent is not given to this feeling, or the Duma made a freer body, the same resentment will eventually be directed against the throne. The influence of the Church, and the natural conservatism of the agricultural peasants, have up to this time crushed such sentiment. The laboring classes in the cities are not so conservative.

The central government, it may be said, is an unwieldy body, with a hopeless confusion of functions. An unfortunate dualism of control and overlapping of authority likewise limits the efficiency in many instances. The most noticeable overlapping is in the police service. The local police are under the control of the provincial governor, who is subject to the Minister of the Interior. The political police receive their orders direct from St. Petersburg. The political police have the authority to order the local police to help them. Hence the orders of the governor are inferior to those of the political police. The political police themselves are divided into the Defense Section and the gendarmes, but they are under dual control.

Between the various ministries there is no affection, and the officials are frequently personal enemies as well as rivals for the Imperial favor. The most noted instance in recent years was during the incumbency of Witte and Plehve. Both of these were men of strong will, great energy, and remarkable ability. The efficiency of each was lessened by the antagonism of the other. Add to the faults of the central body those of provincial administration, and the complexity increases. In most countries local government is self-government; in Russia, it is the field of the worst tyranny.

Along administrative lines the Empire is quite artificially divided into many governments; these are subdivided into districts, which are again parceled out into "stations." At the head of each of the governments stands a governor,

who acts for the central government in general by promulgating laws and making decisions which have the force of law in matters of public decency and safety. He also represents the Ministry of the Interior, which makes him practically chief of police of the province. It is a powerful position, and is more often than not held by a soldier, who knows little about civil affairs, and is used only to the arbitrary methods of the army. If the governor does not become a tyrant, it is because there is a despotic superior over him.

Each Ministry likewise has its own bureau in each province, which is independent of the governor, and these still further complicate the situation. The minor districts into which the government is divided are practically ruled by police colonels nominated by the governor. Each official is an autocrat in a way, subject only to the autocrats over him. The " stations " are each under the control of a police captain. These men receive small salaries, and aim to recruit their finances by perquisites and " tips " of many kinds. There are many more officials than will be found in similar offices in the United States or England. The city of Moscow has a Governor-General, and there are some other local variations to the general rule. Absolute autocracy might be expected to result in a simple, even if rigid, form of government; as a matter of fact, in Russia it is one of the most complicated systems of government to be found anywhere.

" There are thousands of laws in Russia," says one writer, " but there is no law. The country is cursed with over-legislation of the most freakish and mischievous kind." The official *ukases* of the Czar and other officials, which have the force of law, fill scores of volumes. This condition would probably exist even if the autocracy was little less than divine, as it is in theory, because the Czars themselves differed much in temperament. " Obedience to the sovereign power of the Emperor," says the Russian code, " is commanded by God himself, not only by fear, but in conscience."

" What does religion teach us as our duty to the Czar?" is a question in the catechism imposed on all schools.

" Worship, fidelity, the payment of taxes, service, love, and prayer; the whole being comprised in the words worship and fidelity," is the prescribed answer.

Complete freedom of religion is granted by the same code,

but should a non-Orthodox church admit to its membership an Orthodox Russian, it would not only submit itself to reprisal, but will subject the Russian himself to a loss of all civil rights, and even imprisonment or exile. A recent law has granted a little more of religious freedom. Permission is now given to erect an edifice wherever there are fifty members of any denomination. But there is a clause forbidding all propaganda, and this clause is wide and vague. Propaganda is not defined, and would be left for interpretation to local authorities. Laws governing the Press fill a large volume, but special secret circulars are issued from time to time covering the petty details of journalism.

For a considerable period prior to the present national and international troubles the matter to be published in newspapers was not censored before publication, but the owner was held responsible for what appeared. If the proprietor overstepped the bounds, he was punished by forbidding the publishing of advertisements for a period, thus taking away the principle revenue; by prohibiting the public sale of the journal; or by entirely suspending his publication for a limited period, or absolutely. This method does not always prove successful, for a journal suspended one day will appear a day or two later under another name, and oftentimes in a still more virulent tone. The governor in any province can issue a standing order forbidding a newspaper to say anything abusive of the government or publish any false news. A violation will bring a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars. The decision as to what comes under these heads lies with the governor. A series of such fines will soon ruin the average newspaper. One can justly say that the freedom of the Press is still only comparative. The circulation of written or printed documents calculated to create a disrespect for the Czar are subject to severe penalties. Any disrespecting cartoon or slighting statement about the Czar in a foreign periodical will be blacked out before it is forwarded to the person to whom it is addressed.

An American living in Russia told me of a recent experience. A certain issue of *Life* reached him with a paragraph blacked so that it could not be made out. Curious to know what it was that aroused the ire of the censor, he wrote to the publishers and inclosed the page. This blacked paragraph, the original article, and the American's letter were

then printed. When this copy reached the subscriber in Russia, the whole article, explanation and all, had been treated as before. The original article was simply a cartoon and harmless joke about the Czar.

An absolute ignoring of the rights of the individual is a natural development of such a bureaucracy. They seem to have transposed the common axiom of a democratic government to read that it is better for ten innocent men to suffer than one guilty man to escape. Conditions have not changed much in spite of recent official *ukases* guaranteeing the rights of individual freedom. On May 1, 1912—Labor Day—all men without collars were chased off the Nevski Prospect in St. Petersburg on to the side streets, in order to prevent a demonstration of working-men. A few days later, while memorial services were being held in one of the cathedrals of that city for the victims of the *Titanic,* the Cossacks, four abreast, rode down the sidewalks of the Nevski with their terrible whips in their hands, in an effort to antevert a meeting of the students who wanted to hold a memorial for some two hundred miners recently killed in the Ural Mountains. No one was hurt, as they got out of the way. This whip, called the *nagaika,* is heavy and solid, and made from twisted hide. At the butt is a loop for the wrist. Near the end is a jagged lump of lead firmly tied in the strands. When a Cossack rises in his stirrups to strike he can break a skull, and an ordinary blow is sufficient to slit the face or cripple for life. It is no wonder that the people run when they hear the cry " The Cossacks are coming."

The passport system has not been modified. When in Moscow, just prior to the Czar's memorable visit in June, 1912, the police made a house-to-house search for persons without passports, I saw squads of twenty and thirty persons — men, women, and children — marched through the streets between a solid phalanx of soldiers—poor peasants without these important papers. Most of them had come to the city in search of employment. Thousands were thus placed under arrest—as many as three thousand in one night, according to an account that I saw in London papers. Most of them were sent back to their villages, while others were held in confinement until the visit had ended. It was certainly a record " round-up." Cellars and attics were searched; the attics of houses along the line of march were

locked up, for fear some one might get out on the roof and throw a bomb. The manager of one large establishment told me that he was obliged to board up a fire-escape which he had built for the protection of his employees. A special police officer called on me and put me through a searching category of questions. It was done very politely and considerately, and even apologetically, as if doing an unpleasant duty; and every stranger had the same experience.

"The people have as good a government as they deserve," said several foreigners to me. I cannot believe it in the face of the facts set forth here.

It is little wonder that in such a government official venality is not only a very ancient but a present evil in the Empire of the Czar. It is aggravated by the fact that officials are above the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts, and are only open to prosecution by their superiors. As these officials may be guilty of the same offense, how can they be expected to take the initiative against the minor official? The Crimean War opened the eyes of Alexander II. to the corruption which had pervaded every department of the government. That sovereign began the seemingly impossible task of cleaning his Augean stables. Much reform was undoubtedly accomplished. The war with Turkey, a little more than twenty years later, showed that the same abominable conditions had grown up right under the eyes of that astute monarch. Officialdom was reeking with depravity.

A quarter of a century later another great awakening came to Russia with the opening of the Russo-Japanese war. Like a deadly virus, corruption had spread throughout the entire political anatomy of the nation. The scandals in connection with the incompetency of the navy have been set forth by many writers. Some of the armor plate on vessels built in Russian ship-yards was made of wood instead of steel, an English authority states. Externally the fabric of Russian military and naval power was more imposing than it had ever been. The nominal expenditure had been increasing at the rate of fifty million dollars each year. The bugaboo of a powerful Russian navy and a nation with a million soldiers under arms had been frightening many governments prior to that time. The menacing shadow of the Russian bear had caused many a European monarch to shudder. But the corruption reached down to the very lowest officials.

The ordinary police are notably inefficient. "Every policeman," said more than one foreigner to me in Russia, "has his price." Their method was explained to me by one fellow-countryman, who represents large American interests. The offices of the company were robbed one night, and the police were promptly notified. Everything was left in the disorder in which it was found for their inspection. No policeman appeared for two hours or more, and then they came in droves. The first question the officers asked was, how much loss had occurred. This the manager told them he was unable to say until he balanced the books. The police then began to look through every paper and envelope that they could find, opening up those which were sealed and scattering the contents about. When protest was made at this useless annoyance, they said that the matter was now in their hands and they would make investigations in their own way. Other droves of police continued to come in, and it was several hours before they left to endeavor to find the robbers. The matter was never heard of again officially until protest was made through diplomatic channels, and then only an assurance that a proper investigation would be made.

The Russian officials are usually pleasant gentlemen. There is generally an air of indolence and indifference present in the office. There are many people about, smoking cigarettes and sipping at their tea. While this is being done, there may be a crowd awaiting their attention or that of the chief. It takes about three men to do the work of one. Each one waits for orders from some one else; if orders do not come, it is safest to do nothing. Initiative will likely be punished. Each one feels that he is only bound to loyalty to his chief. In the government itself he has no part. If he is ambitious, obsequiousness is an excellent quality. But salaries are small, money is necessary, and opportunities for making money out of his office open up. The official is only human. Were local self-government established, there would undoubtedly be less corruption, for there would be responsible officials near at hand. The bureaus in St. Petersburg would not have to be consulted. The bureaus and ministries would not only be freed of much detail and annoyance, but blame would not be placed on them for every fault or neglect of a lower official.

Nevin O. Winter.

CONVERSATIONS WITH PRINCE BISMARCK

Friedrichsruh, 1887–1890

BY W. B. RICHMOND

What I am about to write is an arrangement of notes made, and from letters written, at Friedrichsruh in November and December of 1887. My going there came about thus: I was staying with Sir Edward Malet, then British Ambassador at Berlin, and painting his and Lady Ermyntrude's portraits. To paint a head of Prince Bismarck was my ambition. Sir Edward very kindly wrote to the Prince and told him so; he acceded to our joint request. I was joyous, though, I confess, not a little nervous at the idea of presenting myself, quite unknown to him personally, before the Iron Chancellor. Iron, no doubt, when it was needful; but that side of his character I did not see. I saw a singularly distinguished, highly cultivated, courteous gentleman, whose disposition was kindly, nervous, and sensitive.

While making the journey from Berlin, I resolved to write down every evening the conversation of the day, and to do so as far as possible verbatim, a matter of no great difficulty, because the Prince not only spoke English very well, but very slowly; a habit, I am told, he maintained when speaking German. He spoke clearly, and his manner was most impressive; so it was not difficult to recall his words as well as the matter of them.

I was forewarned that his duties were so many and so exacting that I should be lucky if I persuaded him to give me an hour's sitting during a day, and that, being a martyr to neuralgia, it was imperative for his health's sake he should be much in the open air. The Prince kindly permitted me to be his companion during his drives and his walks and during his hours of relaxation after dnner.

Arrived at Friedrichsruh, I was met by Count Rantzau, the Prince's son-in-law. He took me to the house—I say house, for it is not a palace—and to my bedroom, where he left me, and I began to unpack.

Presently a sound of slow and shuffling footsteps was arrested before my door, which was thrown open somewhat abruptly without a previous knock. A very tall, pale man, whose head appeared to be small for the huge scale of his body and limbs, swathed round the neck with a white silk handkerchief ending in a loose bow, and dressed in black, stood in the doorway, erect and dignified. It was the Great Chancellor. I approached him and made my bow, whereon he removed his slouch-hat, and without the slightest inclination of his head he put out a small, delicately formed, white hand which warmly shook mine. That was sufficient; instantly I was at my ease. Speaking in a remarkably soft, mellow voice and of vibrating *timbre,* he said in perfect English: "I am delighted to welcome you. But I fear you will find me a tiresome sitter; for I am old, very tired, and I suffer; the affairs of State take up all my time, and my hours of strength are few—alas! But I will do what I can to meet your wishes. I need to be much in the open air, and I shall be glad if you will accompany me in my walks."

That was the introduction, and what could be kinder, more thoughtful, or more hospitable? Rather abruptly, as we were going to lunch, Bismarck said: "You know Mr. Gladstone, I believe? Give him a message from me, please. Tell him that while he is busy cutting down trees I am busy planting them." For Bismarck was devoted to forestry and arboriculture. Consequently I delivered that message to Mr. Gladstone, who either did not see, or did not desire to recognize, the double meaning contained in it. Anyhow, the message fell quite flat. Anent Mr. Gladstone, Bismarck made a remark, whether true or not, was very characteristic of his epigrammatic style of criticism: "Your Prime Minister is poisoned by the venom of his oratory; if his facility of diction and his command of words were more restrained, he would not be so great an orator but a more reliable statesman." The two great politicians would, I believe, have struck few chords of sympathy; they would have hardly come into touch at all excepting upon one subject, where they would have been in perfect agreement—their deeply religious reverence for the Great Unseen Power.

I offered to present Bismarck with an engraving of my portrait of Mr. Gladstone, for which he thanked me. "I shall be glad to receive it, for while I do not agree with his statesmanship, I have a deep admiration for his extraordinary versatility." Whether it was ironical or not, I cannot say. "If God spares him, Mr. Gladstone will ruin England." This was said in conjunction with some remarks upon Home Rule for Ireland: "No government could afford to grant it now; it is too late. It would wreck a Tory or Radical ministry to do so, especially now when Imperialism has been so deftly established in the public minds of Englishmen by Disraeli," speaking of whom Bismarck said: "I like him; he is a great statesman and he takes his port like a man. Your politicians do not drink enough. Think of Pitt and Fox—whom have you now to compare with those 'two-bottle men,' whose decisions were prompt, decisive, and virile? Now you have given your drink to the lower classes, who are becoming your masters, and dangerous ones, too, by and by, when the franchise is extended practically to universal suffrage. Every Southerner is born with a bottle of champagne in him; to be quits the Northerner must drink one." With Bismarck's eulogiums upon the value of alcohol there is likely to be little sympathy among us. I suspect that his statements should be taken figuratively; he had no sympathy with apathy or procrastination. "Strike swiftly and strike well" was probably his motto.

Of Disraeli he spoke with something like personal affection. The facile Hebrew enchanted the intense and patriotic Saxon. Bismarck's consideration for his colleague Disraeli at the Berlin Conference is verified by the following story. "The diplomatic language to be employed was French," said Bismarck. "Disraeli refused to speak in it, a tongue with which he was not familiar. He spoke in English. Prince Gortschakoff, who knew and spoke English perfectly, took exception to that proceeding; but I, as President of the Council, determined to back up Disraeli, and made my reply also in English, whereon Gortschakoff replied in it; so we won."

Bismarck's acquaintance with our literature was very wide. He quoted Shakespeare constantly; of Browning he said: "I am sorry not to have followed his literary career as a poet so closely as I should have wished to do, for he is a great poet and a great thinker." Horace was

his favorite classical author. He repeated many of the "Odes" and "Epodes" in a very magnificent style. His beautiful and sympathetic voice made his recitation a real delight to listen to. Thackeray was his ideal novelist. "His characters are men and women; each, as in Shakespeare, stands out from its background; is solid, clearly cut out, and finished *ad unguem*." Fielding's style enchanted him, and *Tom Jones* he pronounced to be "a real classic."

He was somewhat down on Dr. Johnson's manners to women. He reproved the great lexicographer's habit of mingling his admirations and disapprobations to ladies in too personal a manner. "Courtesy," said he, "costs nothing; a little of it would have saved Dr. Johnson from some rudeness and not a little acrid ill-humor." Talking of the arts, he said: "Of music I am very fond, but now I have to abstain from hearing it, because tears come only too readily into my eyes. My heart is stronger than my head. Indeed, what self-control I have has been bought by experience." Many instances occurred during our conversations which gave the truth to this assertion.

The extreme mobility of his countenance and the various shades of expression which passed over it told of a sensitive, emotional temperament. "But I have a fire within me still which burns at times with fury." Upon that I asked, "Are you in reality the Iron Chancellor?" "No," he said, "not naturally; the iron I have created to use when necessary." And that I believe to be true.

I asked him if he knew Wagner personally. "Yes," he answered; "but it was quite impossible for me to care for him or to encourage his society. I had not time to submit to his insatiable vanity. Before breakfast, at breakfast, before and after dinner, Wagner demanded sympathy and admiration. His egotism was wearisome and intolerable, and his demand for a listener was so incessant that I was obliged to avoid his company. I was too busy with my affairs to be able to give him all or even a portion of the demands he would have claimed upon my time. But I admire his music greatly, though I have been compelled to give up going to the opera, because the beautiful and touching melodies I cannot get out of my head; they cling to me, and I find it difficult to release myself from them, and now it tires me to be so much moved."

Speaking of his young life, he said: "I do not know that

it was a bad thing for me that I led a fast life; it burned out a lot of useless fire which, had I retained, might have rendered the restraint of ardor and rashness of impulses more difficult than has been the case with me. My busy, complicated, and arduous duties have obliged me to exercise self-control vigorously and constantly." Talking about education and of what it was forty years ago and is now, he remarked: "Boasted as it is, and truly, perhaps, that education is more generally supplied and wider in its scope, it is not so solid or so sound as it was in my young days. We were taught fewer subjects, no doubt, but what we learned we learned thoroughly. My sons had far greater advantages of general education than I had; but they returned from the Lyceum very ignorant. I must say that my Greek I have forgotten; but my Latin I keep up and still enjoy."

I had with me and was reading at the time Professor Mahaffy's *Greek Life and Customs*. He took up the book, looked at its title, and said: "What the devil have we to do with Greek Life and Custom? It is German and English life that you and I should study. The Greeks are dead; but England and Germany are alive."

Upon the evening of this day, a learned doctor, Dr. Chrysander, an authority on Handel, dined at the Prince's table. The conversation turned upon Helmholtz's theories of acoustics and vibration. Upon this, as upon every other subject, Bismarck was evidently extremely well informed.

It is not out of place here to tell a story about Bismarck which relates to his apparent want of interest in the conduct of the King's Museum. At a party at Dr. Lippman's, the distinguished Keeper of Prints in the Museum, upon the previous evening of my going to Friedrichsruh, the conversation turned upon the almost entire lack of interest which the Prince took in regard to that institution. It was stated that he had only once entered the building, getting no farther than the hall, and that that visit was occasioned by a sudden heavy shower of rain which overtook him umbrellaless. I was asked to tell Bismarck the story and to inquire if it was a true one. Upon the first evening of my sojourn at Friedrichsruh I fulfilled the promise and told him the story current about him, at the same time begging him to tell me if the story was reliable. He smiled, and, puffing vigorously at his pipe for a few seconds, a habit of his when not quite sure of his answer, he said: "The story

is quite true, and I regret that it is so; there is a reason for it, though perhaps it may not be thought to be a sufficient one. For twenty-five years," he went on to say, "but few moments of my time I have been able to call my own, and I can take no rest while my master lives." I determined to push the question further, and said: "Then, sir, you have but little idea of the minute and elaborate machine which is constantly in motion for the benefit of the History of the Graphic Arts, and of an organization as complete and systematized in all its ramifications of details as your great army system is. To keep an elaborate extension up to date by the provision of examples of the fine arts in their various classes and branches so as to worthily represent the culture of Germany, I am told that the state grant to the Museum is very inadequate." "I know that it is; but how can we vote more than we do at a time like the present? Germany is a new empire and it must be protected from possible assault by one or two or both Powers, one to the east, the other to the west of us. You must remember that the next war between France and Germany will mean extinction for one. We lie between two lines of fire: France is out bitter enemy, and Russia I do not trust. Peace may be far more dishonorable than war, and for war we must be prepared. Therefore, while Germany's very life as a nation is at stake, I cannot give the attention that I should otherwise wish to do as regards the encouragement of the arts of peace, however much I may believe them to be, as you say, necessary to the highest development of a nation as a whole." The answer was conclusive; what more could be said?

Though the coming story is the result of a visit to Berlin in 1890, it is characteristic of both Bismarck and Mommsen. I had gone to Berlin to fulfil a promise to the great historian to make a drawing of that most interesting man, a keen wit, too, if somewhat caustic, and whose memory was phenomenal. I was drawing; he was quoting Byron—his favorite English poet, as, oddly enough, he is of so many Germans—when a telegram was brought in to me from Friedrichsruh. "That is from Bismarck?" "Yes, Professor." "Does he want you?" "Yes." "When?" "To-morrow." "But you cannot go, for you are engaged to Mommsen." "I am, and I will telegraph to say so." "No—stop. You shall go and see that *great maker of his-*

tory. But you will tell me all about him on your return. So!" I told Bismarck the story of the telegram and what followed. His reply was: "Tell Mommsen that if I make history, he is the greatest historian in the world." When I repeated this epigram to the Professor later on, he smiled one of those inimitable smiles, and his bright black eyes sparkled with humor: "Bismarck never told the truth with greater veracity." It was most interesting to have the opportunity of comparing the minds of those two giants of intellect, the one a Cæsar in theory, the other in practice—hating each other's political standpoints with savage intensity, but each holding the other in the highest esteem intellectually.

To go back to '87, during one of our short sittings, Bismarck turned suddenly to me and said: "I wish to appear to the English *myself.* The English regard me too much as the man of Iron. I think you see something else than that in me." As indeed I did.

Speaking of our system of government officials, he asked: "Why do you not have a permanent Minister of War who does not change with the incoming of each Ministry?" I replied that I thought it arose from the fact that our system was founded upon party government. "That seems so strange to me," he answered. "Everything in England appears to be regulated by amateurs, not specialists, who with each change of government have to learn their business afresh. Parliamentary government is an excellent thing when all goes well; but war is a serious affair. All that appertains to the organization for it can only be managed satisfactorily by a permanent expert always at the head, not by fluctuations of opinion, either Radical or Tory. The whole management of the army system should be under one permanent and responsible head, who can put his finger upon a wire and at any moment set it vibrating." Of our unpreparedness for war he spoke with emphasis; he was "despondent" about England's neglect of that matter. "War," he said, "would solve many of your internal difficulties. It would bring classes and parties together. You have too many coteries and factions; you are so split up as regards both politics and religion; you have grown to be so anarchical." I said, "Socialistic—do you mean?" "No," he said. "Socialism is a power, and one that must be met somehow by wise legislation. I meant anarchical."

He proceeded: "War would teach England that she must be one of the strong military Powers, not perhaps so much as naval, and this for the sake of the peace of Europe. The natural alliance is," he said, "England, Germany, and Italy; these three Powers, if placed upon a permanently strong war footing, would insure the peace of the world against France and Russia. In the event of war with France and Russia we could place three millions of men into the field, one million upon the Russian frontier, one million on the French, and still retain a million reserves. We can raise, clothe at a short notice, all told, four millions of reserves, inclusive; and," repeated the Chancellor, slowly, reverently, with emotion and force, "indeed, I believe that unless God Himself commands the French forces in the next war, Germany must be victorious.

"My great-grandfather was killed in the French wars under Frederick; my grandfather fought in '92; my father in '15; and I have fought the French since '70. But in the next struggle with France, which God forbid, we shall wait till her armies come to us. The French have raised such strong and so many fortifications since '70 that our advance would be out of the question, and we could not entertain the possibility of a successful advance as we did then. We should wait and attack them in the field; and if God gives us a chance we will deal with them as we did then."

For the French nation Bismarck had contempt, though he had personal friends in Paris. He liked Napoleon; he spoke of him as an agreeable and courteous man; but he thought that the Empress had not a good influence over him on account of her strong Catholic sympathies, which he thought were dangerous to the State. "Napoleon had a good heart, but he was too easily influenced by women. That is a great mistake; women and the serious facts of life should never come into touch." I ventured to disagree with him, and quoted our Queen as an instance to the contrary. "In a constitutional government such as yours, it does not matter if the throne is occupied by a king or a queen." I again ventured to say that much of England's prosperity during this century was due to the example set by Her Majesty, and that although the Queen is in all essentials a constitutional monarch, her political and personal influence are widespread and all for good. "Probably that is so. But I think that the English place woman on a

higher scale of intelligence than Germans do." We did not pursue the subject further.

Again, speaking of Home Rule, the Chancellor said: "However unwise to my thinking it would have been to have granted Home Rule to Ireland at all, it might have been granted when it was first proposed; but now, after the subject has been so widely discussed, so applauded on one side, and so abused on the other, any Government that gave it would be weakened in the eyes of Europe, and the colonies of England would be in danger by such a concession. It would certainly weaken England's hold upon India; Russian spies and Russian influence would exert themselves and aid any agitation started by the Indian press, with a view to obtaining a like concession for India."

Apropos of Russian designs in the East, he spoke confidently: "Russia means to get to the Persian Gulf. She will annex Persia; but," he said confidently, "I do not think that India as a whole, Mohammedans or Hindus, will prefer Russian to English rule. But if they do, it will be the fault of the English, who have unwisely given freedom to the Press; for I know how dangerous an experiment that is, and how men educated, but wholly without principle and a sense of truth, can and do distort facts to a most dangerous degree. And if this applies to educated persons and a well-informed people, how infinitely more dangerous it is to grant such like license to be used or misused by a people both unenlightened and ill-informed. It was, to my thinking, a most perilous latitude for you to have granted to India."

Of the Russian language Bismarck spoke with enthusiasm. "It is," he said, "like the Greek, full of niceties of gradation and form." But how it had grown to such perfection he did not know, for every peasant speaks the same language as the Emperor does, as pure and as good; and he instanced this fact as a proof that the civilization of a nation does not of necessity keep pace with the developments and perfections of its language. A remark of mine that the Slav races were not "effete" and that their barbaric elements were a backbone and stand-by against their falling a too easy prey to the defects which civilization so often carried with it, drew from him a long and interesting sketch of the luxury of Rome under the later empires which finally fell under Teutonic races. I was much struck by a laconic remark which the Chancellor made after a long

pause, accompanied by slow but violent puffs at his pipe: "Who shall say, perhaps the East holds the future keys of Europe—China, Russia, or both."

In 1848 Bismarck was in England—that is, at the time of the revolution in Germany. He said he had thoroughly enjoyed himself. His love of the English beer and his ready wit made him popular. Of this time he told me the following interesting story. "It was, I think, to Greenwich that I was invited to dine. We went on board a steamer at Waterloo Bridge, and passed some time going down the river. I forget the names of the English on board, but I well remember the excellent wine and beer and the genial company. After-dinner speeches were made; my health was drunk, to which I responded. At the end of the repast I rose and proposed the following toast: 'For England a fleet that shall command the seas, and an army for Germany that shall defy Europe—hence Peace!'" And turning to me he said: "And I think so now."

I was anxious to make a drawing of Moltke, and I told Bismarck so. "It might be done," he said. "You would find him very reserved. He is a very quiet, grave man, good and religious, but extremely fond of money. He lives with the parsimony of a sergeant; that is his one defect. Otherwise he has a great nature."

Of his early life Bismarck spoke very unreservedly, and also of his own nature and the difficulties which it had occasioned him. "It was my original intention as a young man to travel, and between the age of twenty and thirty I intended to see the world. But when the time came, I did not like to leave my father, whom I loved and respected deeply. I was soon caught in the meshes of politics; whoever gets into them escapes with great difficulty. My father would not permit me to go into the army. If I had done so, the discipline would have kept me away from riotous living; and so in my old age my health would have been stronger." I said: "That might have been so; but you were caught in the meshes of politics in time and you created an empire." "Yes," he said, "that is so. But still I regret that my time has been my own to such a limited extent."

Speaking of self-control, he said: "I have had to *drill* myself; under circumstances of pain of mind or body work is my great object and chief solace." Indeed, during the

time that I was at Friedrichsruh I saw the Chancellor hard at work over State papers while suffering agonies from neuralgia, both his eyelids having been drawn down over his inflamed and swollen eyes by the acute pain.

"Often as a young man, when drunkenness, shouting, and all kinds of riotous ways were going on, which were in those days thought part of a gentleman's inheritance, and after drinking six bottles of wine while every kind of disturbance was going on, I was able to abstract my mind so as to find the cube roots of two or several given numbers.

"My childhood was wretched; my mother was harsh and ambitious; but my father was a great and good man." We talked about the education of children, of whom the Chancellor was extremely fond; and he spoke most feelingly regarding the kindness which ought to govern all our approaches toward their highly wrought and sensitive natures. "Children are excellent judges of men; their instincts as regards character are rarely at fault. The family life is the fatherland upon a small scale. It has been a principle of my life never to permit my hot temper to find an outlet within my own home."

Indeed, no one who has enjoyed the privilege of sharing the simple and noble family life in Friedrichsruh could ever forget the atmosphere of peace and tranquillity that reigned there. To his servants, to his dependants, to his cottagers, the Prince was both friend and counselor. I have seen him go into a peasant's hut, pat the *frau* on the back, take her hand, encourage her children, and even engage in a little delicate chaff and banter. The answer to such spontaneous goodness of heart was a respectful, though by no means a timid, reception of it. I remember that one evening the head woodman for the estate came in to talk forestry; he was received by the Prince and his family as a friend. He seated himself without the least ceremony, smoked and drank and discoursed with every one upon equal terms, quite simply, quite unostentatiously. The mixture of courtesy and an almost rustic straightforwardness and dignity of bearing rendered Bismarck an ideal master, landlord, and host.

Continuing to speak of his youth, and while we were talking of the value of prayer, he said: "When I was fourteen, I remember thinking that prayer was useless or irrelevant, for it struck me that God knew better than I; and I still

think so, except that now I hold that the value of prayer is that it implies submission to a stronger power than our own; and I am convinced of the existence of that Power, which is neither *arbitrary nor capricious.*"

We talked of the probability of a future life. "I do not doubt it," he said, earnestly, "even for a moment. This life is too sad, too incomplete, to satisfy our highest aspirations and desires. It is meant to be a struggle to ennoble us. Can that struggle be vain? I think not! Final perfection I believe in; a perfection which God has in the end in store for us."

Roman Catholicism he did not like at all. He regarded it as most dangerous, not only to the State, but to real progress. Of the Pope, however, as a personality he spoke with great respect. "I find him very intelligent; his Latin verses are delightful, and he is a statesman. His position as Head of the Catholic Church is far stronger now than it was as a temporal sovereign. The States of the Church had by the natural sequence of events become so small that they were not worth the wrangle to keep them. And," he added, with a touch of humor, "you know that His Holiness conferred upon me the highest honor which it is within his power to bestow upon a *heretic.*"

Of birds, as well as of animals (we all know of his great affection for his dogs), Bismarck was extremely fond. "I love my birds, but I want my squirrels also. You see," he said, pointing up to the branches of trees in an avenue near the house, "those little boxes fixed in the spurs of the branches. They have a swing door which a bird can easily push open; and it shuts behind her. So when in her little house, the bird and her eggs are safe, and Herr Squirrel is hoaxed. Thus I keep him as well as my birds."

One day, after having received a very short sitting in the morning, I went down to the dining-room rather late for luncheon. The Prince was seated and had already begun his meal. Somewhat impulsively, but also persuasively, I put both my hands upon his shoulders and begged him for ten minutes more of his time that day. In a moment the huge boar-hound, always with his master, mounted on his hind legs and intercepted my familiarity, giving an ominous though not savage growl, only to serve as a warning. It was enough; the reprimand was sufficient, and I respect the beast for his loyalty to his master's dignity.

And now I will relate two or three stories which Bismarck told me with his characteristic terseness, point, and brevity.

"At the battle of Königgratz I had great difficulty in keeping my Master out of the range of fire. The bullets filled the air with song. I told His Majesty so. 'Oh,' he replied, 'is that the noise of bullets? I thought it was made by the chirping of sparrows.' Presently I persuaded him to ride out of danger, and he did so, but very reluctantly, and only at a slow canter. I knew that the Austrian outposts were firing from a copse not more than three hundred yards away; therefore the King was in imminent danger. I released my right foot from its stirrup, keeping my horse a little to the rear of the King's, and kicked its rump, which took effect. The horse sprang forward at a gallop. My Master turned round and gave me a reproachful look; but he took the hint and rode out of danger. That same evening he telegraphed to Queen Augusta, 'Bismarck took me somewhat rudely from the field.' Upon another occasion at the same battle a shell burst within ten paces of the King and his staff. They felt the earth heave as in an earthquake, but no one moved. Fortunately the shell did not explode; if it had exploded the King and his staff would probably have been killed. My Master did not know what fear meant."

During the last evening of my stay at Friedrichsruh Bismarck was at his best; he was in excellent spirits. After dinner we lit pipes, and well-filled tankards of beer were handy. The Prince seated himself in his long arm-chair, put his feet upon a leg rest, and evidently he was settled down for a good talk.

He asked me what I should like him to relate. I said: "Pray, sir, tell me any story that comes into your head." Puffing vigorously at his pipe, the following story was slowly developed.

"My grandfather served for three years under Frederick the Great, and told me this anecdote: An ensign made a blunder during the manœuvers of troops at a review. The King, as was his wont when annoyed, fell into a violent rage and pursued the terrified ensign stick in hand. The young soldier ran for very life, and jumped a ditch, leaving the King upon the other side shaking his stick at him in a fury. Shortly after the escape of the ensign the Colonel of the regiment came up to the King and said, 'Your Maj-

esty, the young man committed a blunder, doubtless. I have just received his resignation from Your Majesty's service,' placing the document into the King's hands. 'I am sorry for it, for he was a good officer; but he can take no other step under the circumstances.' The King answered, 'Send him to me.' The ensign was sent for, and came trembling, lest this time the stripes should in reality fall upon his shoulders, or, still worse, he might be sent to prison. Without any preface the King replied, 'Here is your captaincy, sir, which I endeavored to give you this morning; but you ran away so swiftly that my old legs could not catch you up.' One can imagine the delight of the ensign when he found that he was the recipient of promotion and not of blows."

The Prince then gave me a graphic account of the capitulation of the Emperor of France, which contained details which I have not found recounted elsewhere. I give this story, I believe, almost word for word.

"Upon the day after the battle of Sedan the French Emperor sent for me at five in the morning. I had had but three hours of bed, and much did I need rest; for forty-eight hours I had taken no food. Immediately upon the receipt of the summons I mounted my horse and rode at full gallop for some four English miles to the appointed meeting-place upon the Donchery road. It is customary in Germany, when an officer or official is sent for to meet a crowned head in the open, to ride up to him at full speed, whether he is on foot, horseback, or in a carriage, and to rein one's horse in suddenly and immediately upon nearing him. I did so, and my horse slid several feet along the road before I finally pulled it up short at the side of the Emperor's carriage. During my ride I resolved to treat the Emperor with the like deference which I should have shown His Majesty at Versailles. I dismounted and held my horse, for I was alone, without groom. The Emperor took off his cap to me, and I saluted him in the ordinary military fashion. Raising my hand, it passed over my revolver, and I noticed that the Emperor became deadly white; for what reason at that moment I cannot say. I said, 'What are Your Majesty's orders?' He replied, 'I wish to see the King!' I informed him that the King was twenty miles away. Napoleon said, 'Is there no place to which we can retire and talk without being disturbed?' We

were near Donchery; upon the roadside was a weaver's cottage, to which we walked. The housewife was at work at her loom. Her husband, a great big Frenchman with a huge mustache, entered the cottage immediately after us. He did not remove his hat. I said to him: 'Take your hat off; this is your Emperor.' He obeyed, but did not seem to be the least moved. His manner was entirely apathetic. Speaking to the housewife, I asked her if there was a room to which we could adjourn; saying nothing, she pointed to a rickety staircase, up which we walked. At the top of it was a chamber furnished with a pine table and two chairs. We sat down, and the Emperor immediately began to discuss the question of the capitulation of the army. I told the Emperor that I could not treat with him upon that subject; it was out of my province. He replied: 'I cannot go back to Sedan. I have given myself to you as a prisoner.' I asked him if he would make proposals for peace. He answered: 'How can I? I am a prisoner. Such proposals can only go to your King from Paris.' I did not then know that the Republic was upon the eve of being proclaimed. At this time we could and would have reinstated the Emperor; the army might have received him back. The authorities in Paris kept me waiting for a whole fortnight. I could wait no longer, and I signed for the Republic. And I do not now regret that I did so, though at the time I did not feel at all sure that it would not be wise to restore the Empire. For perhaps an hour I remained making conversation, but avoiding the subject of the capitulation of the army. As I have said, I had been forty-eight hours without food; my clothes were mud-stained; I was black with the atmosphere of battle, and I made those facts a plea for going to find suitable lodgings for the Emperor, and so I took my leave of him. Afterwards the King and Emperor met, and there were tears shed on both sides. I did not see Napoleon again except as he was passing through Cassel. The train containing him and his suite was at the station. I noticed that his carriages were in perfect order and clean, as though they had just come out of the coach-house of Versailles instead of having passed through three months' campaign. I took off my hat to him, and he saluted me in like manner. Napoleon was a brave man. He was in ill-health all through the war, and his nerves were completely shattered. He had

lived too much under the dominion of the Empress, who had a great deal to do with his entering upon the war. I would have put him back on the throne; the opportunity occurred for me to do so, but, as I said, I do not now regret the turn which politics took."

I asked Bismarck if the moment of his capitulation was not a terrible one to Napoleon. "No," he said, "I think not. There had been seditious meetings in the French army the night before the battle, and I feel sure that he felt safer with us than he would have done among his own people. I regarded the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine with misgiving. Moltke insisted upon it as a necessity. Russia made a great mistake when she created another Poland for herself by taking Bessarabia."

And now I have come to the end of the space which the Editor has granted me. Indeed, I fear that I have exceeded it. Bismarck, as he appeared to me, was not only the strongest personality that I have met, but was among the most courteous and attractive.

W. B. Richmond.

THE PANAMA CANAL AND THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE FLEET

BY REAR-ADMIRAL A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

THE question of the proper distribution of a national navy is not only of great importance, but often of much perplexity to a State having large external interests; especially if these be not only extensive, but divergent. Great Britain, despite her enormous fleet, has for two centuries past illustrated this, owing to her wide-spread commercial system and scattered dependencies. To use the strong expression of a French admiral, "In the midst of riches she has felt all the embarrassment of poverty." The British official who answers to our Secretary of the Navy wrote to the celebrated Rodney, "It is impossible to have a superior fleet in all quarters." Upon this followed the corollary, that the fleet must be ready to move in force from one quarter to another, according to the turn of the struggle; a readiness which can be perfectly assured only by keeping it together. The difficulty, in short, is one that cannot be removed entirely, because the causes cannot cease to exist; but it can be met with good prospect of success, provided well-settled principles, based upon past experiences, are duly and steadily observed in practice.

Fundamental among these principles is that of concentration, a word which may be said to include the whole of military art as far as a single word can, as it comprises also the secret of successful purpose in any enterprise and in any calling. But concentration is a general term, the application of which is determined by the specific circumstances of each case. Of such circumstances, position is among the most decisive. War, said the great Napoleon, is a business of positions. The point of concentration, as well as the

necessity for it, has to be considered. Concentration itself might be considered a species of position, in that it decides that the position of the fleet shall be single, not dual.

It is purposed here to apply these remarks to the case of the United States Navy, under the conditions consequent upon the completion of the Panama Canal. One first essential to be noted is that any general disposition adopted should have direct reference to a state of war, and as far as practicable should conform to that which the opening of war requires. Independent of the fact that such an arrangement accelerates mobilization, there is the further very important consideration that a change of dispositions, when political relations are strained, may, by the impression produced on another government or people, precipitate the very issue which diplomacy is seeking to avert. Since these words were written, the persistence of Russia in mobilizing —not any hostile action on her part—is alleged by Germany as her reason for declaring war. Not military readiness only, but sound civil policy also, dictates that the dispositions of peace anticipate the demands of war.

The case of the United States, with two seaboards so widely separated in water distance as the Atlantic and Pacific, is not unprecedented. It is only an extreme instance of conditions found elsewhere. Spain, and still more France, have known inconvenience, and at times have experienced disaster, from the division of naval force between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. Constrained by interests on both coasts, and by the administrative necessity of providing navy-yards on both, because either might be the chief scene of a war, the fleet was distributed between the two. The effort subsequently to concentrate, whether in one home port or at some external position, led to many strategic mishaps, entailing at times not only failure, but destruction. Trafalgar is a signal instance of a massive catastrophe, the prelude to which was a series of abortive attempts to combine several squadrons previously divided between the two seaboards of France and of Spain.

An example of the same, more striking to us because contemporary, was the fatal policy which led Russia in her recent war with Japan to dally with concentration, and to permit her fleet to remain divided between the Baltic and the Far East, while peace still existed. Two years before the war began, the larger part of the Baltic fleet was already

in the Far East, in force substantially equal to the Japanese Navy. But it might have been superior; and the practice of sending reinforcements in detachments enabled Japan, noting the course of events, to declare war at the critical moment when one was on the way which might turn the scales. It could not proceed, because the Japanese fleet barred the junction, and Russian equality was prevented from becoming superiority. The effort to concentrate at an improper position, instead of assembling in home waters and proceeding thence together, drew the jealous attention of the enemy, who not only was enabled, but necessitated, to strike before the meeting was effected. A consummate master of the art of war, commenting on a similar military conjuncture a century before, wrote, "What complicated pains to concentrate in the face of the enemy, when it could perfectly well have been done beyond his reach!"

Undoubtedly, conditions arise which necessitate division of effort. For example, Great Britain is compelled now to a concentration of war shipping in home waters, more imposing than any she has had to maintain since the navy of Holland rivaled that of England two hundred and fifty years ago. The cause, too, is the same; substituting the German Empire of to-day for the Holland of the seventeenth century. But while this position of the British main fleet covers, as against Germany, all approaches to British shores by the Atlantic, it does not equally guard routes using the Mediterranean, whether for commerce, or for access to political interests in Egypt and India. These remain exposed and must be protected; for a very large fraction of British trade originates in the Levant and Black Sea, while still more comes from the Far East, passing by the Suez Canal through the Strait of Gibraltar. Either by her own power or by secure alliance, it is essential to Great Britain so to control the Mediterranean that her communications throughout should be safe against the possible action of Germany's Mediterranean allies, Austria and Italy.

When such widely divergent yet indispensable interests are at stake, there are two principal means of defense. One is to be superior on both scenes; the other is such a distribution of aggregate force as to give a probable chance of concentration in superior numbers at the point where danger is imminent, before the enemy can himself act. It is evident,

however, that for Great Britain no distribution is permissible which will deprive her home waters of superiority over a possible antagonist so near as Germany. She is compelled to the first alternative,—superiority on both scenes, either by her own ships or by those of an ally.

It will be noted that the nearness of Germany to Great Britain herself, and that of her allies to British vital interests in the Mediterranean, form a combination of simultaneous perils, constituting a peculiarly menacing situation. If Great Britain were equidistant from both, she would have a central position, which might afford opportunity to meet first one and then the other, in successive encounter; while if there was little probability that war would spring up in both quarters at the same time, conditions would be still further modified. But in each case concentration, to the extent of assured superiority at the point of contact, is the one thing needful. That such concentration should be the controlling factor in peace dispositions,—should be the normal state then,—is evident from the rapidity with which modern wars develop, and from the political fact that, when relations are strained, significant movements may precipitate hostilities.

Whatever change in international relations the remoter future may have in store, it is fairly sure that the present outlook makes improbable any conjuncture of simultaneous dangers for the United States, in both Atlantic and Pacific, such as hangs over Great Britain in her home waters and the Mediterranean. If Panama be held securely, no one naval enemy can threaten both our coasts at the same time, without great and undue risk to itself. Concerted action to the same end, by an Atlantic naval power in co-operation with one in the Pacific, is unlikely. This may be inferred from the terms of the treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Japan; and still more from the apparent acquiescence in the general principles of the Monroe Doctrine on the part of the naval states of Europe. Although not formulated, this acquiescence has been shown very practically in more than one connection; notably in the still pending Mexican troubles. Europe indeed has in the Balkans, in Asia, and in Africa, preoccupations so critical as to disincline any single state from embarking in a policy of American adventure.

Nothing of this, however, modifies the policy of concentra-

tion, in the sense that wherever the fleet may be at a given moment it should there be in local superiority to any probable enemy. The Russian navy, being superior in the aggregate to that of Japan, it was of comparatively little importance whether it was concentrated in the Baltic or in the Far East; but it was of immense importance that it should be concentrated, not divided. As a general proposition, this evidently implies more than the formulation of a mere strategic requirement. It applies equally to national naval policy: that the navy, as constituted by legislation, should be big enough to assure such superiority. Naval policy is essentially and supremely a question of foreign relations.

Granting a superiority based upon properly calculated estimates of international relations, concentration of the battle-fleet of the United States is a matter of much more consequence than its precise position. Not that position is of less than great importance. The Russian battle-fleet would have been much better placed in the Far East than in the Baltic. It was not adequate to both, as the event proved; but, if it had been united, its remoteness—in the Baltic—would not have occasioned the decisive disaster which division entailed. It was the business of the Russian Executive to form its estimate of the general European situation, including therein its own secret purposes; and then, before war threatened, to assemble its battle-fleet, and send it where it should be most surely at hand, if war came; but on no account to divide it.

In point of distance, the Baltic and the Far East constituted a dilemma not very unlike that of our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards before the Canal is open for use. The Canal completed, and secured against hostile enterprise, we shall have there a central position, similar to that imagined above for Great Britain as to Germany and the Mediterranean. Even before the Canal, however, despite the immense distance and the administrative difficulties, of coal and supplies, connected with transferring the fleet from ocean to ocean, the dictates of sound policy demanded the concentration of the fleet, not its division between the two; for the plain reason that the margin of superiority was then, and is now, not large enough to permit separation. Halve the fleet, and it is inferior in both oceans. Divide into unequal fractions, keeping in one a bare superiority, and you have in the other a detachment in itself adequate to nothing ex-

cept to soothe the tremors of old women and of the childish on shore; tremors of the character which lowered rents on the south shore of Long Island during the Spanish War, because of apprehension that an enemy's ships might spend (waste) ammunition on an open beach; whereas, joined to the main body, such a reinforcement may constitute a superiority so decisive as to prevent war. It is to be remembered also that the nominal aggregate of a military force is rarely available under the stress of actual war. The "present for duty" of troops in the field represents usually considerable reductions by sickness, detachments, and other incidents of service. So in a fleet, reliefs, accidents, detachment for repairs or for recreation of the crew, cause deductions for which a margin of allowance must be made in calculation.

The Canal modifies the previous situation by minimizing all the difficulties of transfer, but it does not change the dictate as to concentration. Even if Panama were a natural waterway, like the Strait of Gibraltar, an enemy by occupying it in force would acquire advantage for keeping apart the divisions in the two oceans, if not already united. But an artificial channel, with locks, in a region like Panama, stands always in risk of interruption. Accident, surprise, treachery, a momentary lack of vigilance, other fortune of war, may effect a prolonged block of an essential line of communication, affording an enemy a strategic opportunity, through possessing decisive local superiority for whatever the period of closure may be. The provision against this is concentration. It may happen to be on the wrong side of the Canal at a critical moment; but it is better that such moment should find all on the wrong side than only half on the right, because transfer is always more feasible than junction, and the half might be annihilated while the whole could not.

The people of the Pacific coast have shown themselves from time to time sensitive, if not apprehensive, about the absence of the main fleet from their shores. They have felt themselves to be the more endangered, both by position and by the smallness of the resident population as compared with the Atlantic seaboard. This is true; and upon it they have based a claim for a proportion of the battle-fleet to be stationed in their waters, thus dividing the force, and that under conditions of very great exposure. On the other hand, the Atlantic coast communities feel the claim of

greater numbers,—the claim of a majority; reinforced, of course, by the inevitable superior national concern in the larger commercial, manufacturing, and other interests, which superior numbers accumulate. On their side also is long-standing tradition. Men have not yet adjusted their thought to the new condition, that the Pacific rather than the Atlantic holds the problem of the near future; that Europe and Atlantic America have reached fairly stable conditions, both in themselves and toward each other; and that both are looking outward, the one eastward, the other westward, toward Asia. Further, questions of administration, of supply and repair, are facilitated by the greater development of navy-yard equipment, occasioned by the hitherto usual presence of the ships in the Atlantic. These local feelings are an inevitable attendant of human nature. They carry with them the evil of sectionalism, and constitute a problem for the government, which in a democracy has to have regard to votes. The one solution, and the perfectly adequate reply, is that a military question, in this resembling all technical questions, must be settled on technical grounds; in this case on military grounds.

In naval matters, however, international relations form a part of the military problem; and while these cannot modify the requirement of concentration, they do affect the questions of position and of the necessary numbers of the fleet. Consequently, while every naval officer who respects himself and his profession should be well informed as to international conditions, for not otherwise can he form sound military judgment or give adequate counsel when called upon, the general decision as to position belongs primarily to the civil government in its executive branch; for, besides its control over the military services, it is charged with the ultimate responsibility of action, and it alone necessarily possesses the needed information. A very critical part of this knowledge is the actual state of negotiations at any moment, the temper of other governments, and of their people; upon which depends the policy of fleet movements which might be construed to indicate distrust or offensive intention. All this responsibility is civil and executive; the military adviser may contribute sound military opinion, but decision rests elsewhere; in last analysis upon instructed public opinion.

From this consideration springs the desirability of main-

taining generally such dispositions as correspond to the demands of opening war, and which from their general permanence have no particular significance at a given moment. An instance of the contrary may be recalled in the answer of the British government to the German Emperor's telegram to Kruger. An additional squadron was ordered into commission—a perfectly pronounced diplomatic utterance. However timely in the particular emergency, such action may be very untimely at another, and yet indispensable to safety. This dilemma should be forestalled.

A permanent arrangement of the character denoted would be that of planned frequent interchange of the main fleet from coast to coast. As far back as 1907, when the battle-fleet made its voyage to the Pacific by way of Magellan, and ultimately round the world, I suggested the periodic repetition of the transfer; as tending not only to general efficiency, but to increased aptitude in the administrative processes involved. To this, in my judgment, should be added a practical recognition that the Caribbean Sea and Panama Canal form together a great central position, corresponding to one before imagined for Great Britain, and the most important within the sphere of action of the United States. This can be done either by designation,—the Caribbean Fleet; or by customary presence there, as being the center, to and from which movement takes place. One effect of this, and of the interchange advocated, would be to enforce the necessity for developing dockyard equipment and supplies both in the Caribbean and in the Pacific; now less complete than they should be from the military point of view. Another gain would be the facility which practice gives in passing the fleet from sea to sea. Although the manipulation must be always under the charge of the Canal force, it is likely that, as a military measure, repetition would develop methods in the management of the fleet conducive to rapidity and security. A right of way for the whole fleet, unbroken by merchant vessels, should be guaranteed.

Above all, as a political measure, interchange would tend to appease sectional jealousy; while the assumption of the Canal and Caribbean as the main habitual station of the fleet would recognize actual international conditions, and in military calculations would form a sound habit of mind, which is possibly even more important than correct position accidentally taken,—not based on reasoned judgment.

The subject has been treated so far from the merely defensive side; from the standpoint only of national local security as involved in the distribution of the fleet. It is to be borne in mind that this may have larger—or, rather, wider—functions to perform. It may be thought necessary, even from motives of defense, to transfer the fleet to external possessions, such as Hawaii and the Philippine Islands. Under particular circumstances it may be considered that defense is best promoted by offensive action; for such action, judiciously planned and adequately executed, tends to keep the enemy's fleet where our own is, and therefore distant from our shores. "It is suggested," wrote Nelson in 1801, "that the Danish fleet will take advantage of our going up the Sound to escape and get to France; but I own I do not think they will send away so large a force while their capital and their own shores are threatened." In the days, centuries ago, when England really feared Spain, her seamen thought an attack on Cadiz, or elsewhere near the Spanish heart, the surest means to secure English shores. "Singeing the King of Spain's beard," they called it.

This is but a commonplace of military art, and of the experiences upon which that art is founded. Napoleon in 1812, having in view the protection of Badajoz, then a French fortress in Spain, wrote as follows to Marmont, commanding in that region: "Concentrate your army around Salamanca (over a hundred and fifty miles north of Badajoz), keeping ready for instant action. There you are master of all Wellington's movements. If he undertakes to march upon Badajoz, let him go. March straight upon Almeida (a principal British fortress, seventy miles west of Salamanca), and you may be sure he will quickly return. But he understands his business too well to commit such a fault [as making such an attempt] with you by your position threatening Almeida." During our hostilities with Spain, in 1898, while Cervera's squadron was still in Santiago undestroyed, a Spanish division under Cámara sailed hurriedly from Cadiz for Suez, apparently intended against Dewey in the Philippines. It passed the Suez Canal two days before Cervera left Santiago. The reply was to detach an American squadron of adequate force to operate against the Spanish coast. The squadron did not sail, but the publicity of the measure would tend to prevent Cámara

from going farther; the more so that the whole American fleet was liberated for similar action so soon after, by Cervera's defeat. It will be noted also, that Cámara and Cervera, having been separated by the primary dispositions of Spain, could not afterward unite.

Security, therefore, is not always, nor most certainly, attained by the immediate presence of the defensive force at the position to be defended. Often the purpose may be better accomplished by action elsewhere. It follows that this contingency also must be contemplated in the peace distribution of the Navy. Independently of the greater efficiency which usually characterizes a large assembly of vessels, owing to the mere stimulus of numbers and to the wider mutual competition thereby induced, the fleet when concentrated on the one coast or the other will be more quickly ready for action, sooner and more effectually mobilized, than if separated. To concentrate is more difficult than to disperse, and all administrative processes also will be hastened. It is true, doubtless, that on a coast properly provided with yards preparation is expedited by distributing the fleet among them; and if preparation has not been completed, as it should be, before war comes, such division will be necessary. Concentration, however, in the military sense, does not mean always the immediate contact of the units concerned. Napoleon's instructions to Marmont, quoted above, assigned for the several corps two marches from Salamanca, the center of movement, as a concentration adequate for the particular purpose; because, so distributed, actual junction could be effected speedily enough. "Supporting distance" is the technical expression. So a fleet may be safely dispersed among navy-yards, provided conditions are such that preparation can be made and junction effected before a concentrated enemy appears. All this, however, is better done before war can begin; while, if it has been postponed, the whole process, if the fleet is together, can be completed sooner than if at the outset part is upon the Atlantic coast and part on the Pacific. As no useful end can be accomplished by such division, there appears no valid military argument against sustained concentration in peace.

In conclusion, a word may be said as to the real military relation of the Canal to the Navy, and of the Navy to the Canal; a question not always understood, and thought by

some to have a relation to the distribution of the fleet. It is said at times, somewhat querulously, that when there was no Canal this was advanced as an argument for a larger fleet, both coasts needing naval protection; but that when the Canal became an assured certainty its protection was alleged in turn as a reason for increasing the Navy. Some eminent citizens, a few years ago, memorialized Congress against fortifying the Canal, because, "with all the fortifications possible, it is still apparent that in time of war a guard of battle-ships at each entrance would be an absolute necessity, and equally apparent that with such guard the fortifications would be unnecessary." It is not easy to cite a more egregious instance of the dangers of the ignorant dealing with technical questions.

The relation of the Canal to the Navy is that it opens a much shorter line of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and thereby does enable a given number of ships—a given strength of fleet—to do a much greater amount of work; in the sense that it is able to reach one coast from the other in so much less time as is required to go by it instead of by the Strait of Magellan. Such an advantage may be represented in terms of fewer ships, as well as of less time. It is conceivable, though not probable, that both coasts might be exposed to attack at the same moment. Without the Canal this contingency could be met only by two fleets—that is, one of competent number on each coast. With the Canal not only is transfer quicker and, as to administrative problems, easier, but a fleet smaller in numbers than the aggregate of the two, yet decisively superior to either enemy, has the chance of destroying first the one and then the other, as the Japanese destroyed first the Port Arthur fleet and then Rodjestvensky's. The value of the time element contributed by the Canal is apparent.

Under present conditions, such a combination of enemies is unlikely, although in calculation it must be contemplated. With but one enemy, the Canal saves time, if the concentrated fleet has to go from one coast to the other. In last resort, if properly fortified, the Canal affords a retreat in case of reverse, and a means of speedy return when reestablished. The Canal, in short, is a central position, from which action may be taken in either direction, and it is also a decisive link in a most important line of communications. It is possible that, in the European war that has begun

since these lines were written, the Kiel Canal may afford pertinent illustration.

That the Canal may so serve it must be fortified, and able to stand by itself, without battle-ship help against attack. The relation of the fleet to the Canal is that of every fleet to a port that has back of it no immediate resources, and must be supplied from home; for instance, the relation of the British fleet to Gibraltar. The fleet keeps open the communications by controlling the sea. I doubt if during the three years' siege of Gibraltar the navy proper fired a gun in defense of the port; it was there very rarely, at long intervals, to bring supplies. The Russian ships shut up in Port Arthur were equally useless for assistance in the defense. To detach from the fleet—to divide it—in order to assist in defense of the Canal, is not only open to the same objection as division between the coasts, but it will have the further disadvantage of being a measure inherently futile to the proposed end.

The Canal, therefore, assures the communications of the fleet, and in this respect is to be considered as a highway, as a means of transit. The fleet assures the communications, the line of supplies, to the Canal and its defenses, which from this point of view are an advanced base of operations. These services are reciprocal, but distinct. That Panama will have the unique privilege of two entrances, one on each ocean, assuring two lines of supplies, widely divergent, emphasizes its independence, and that of the fleet; which, when acting in one ocean, has thus a covered line of supply in the other. In the matter of defense, regarded as a question of mere fighting, the fleet and Canal have no essential connection with each other. The Canal should be so fortified as to be indifferent, at a moment of attack, whether the fleet is in its ports or a thousand miles away.

A. T. Mahan.

THE ART AND PRACTICE OF SUBMARINE SIGNALING

BY HENRY L. HIGGINSON

THE history of all inventions which have been important factors in the development of civilization and landmarks of progress follows strikingly similar lines. First there is the bold conception in the mind of the inventor, who has dreamed dreams and devoted long days and nights to the working out of his particular theory. In the face of jeers from his contemporaries, in spite of the discouragements of failure, he persists undaunted. He is inspired with an idea, and, ignoring all obstacles, works on with unflagging zeal and undiminished hope until at last success crowns his efforts. What men have called a figment of the imagination has at last become a tangible reality.

At this stage of development, when the inventor has pronounced his work perfect and a jury of his peers has commended it as suited to the purpose for which it is intended, the battle has been only half won, or, it may be, not won at all. Many an idea which men have worked and dreamed over for years, for which they have starved and suffered, has borne only the fruit of disappointment because of its utter impracticability. Many others, brought forth after years of unceasing effort by the inventor, have been rendered useless and have failed of their purpose through inability to convince people of their value; for an invention once perfected can only become of real use through general adoption in the fields for which it is suited, and the education of the public to this end is quite as important and essential as the preliminary work on the apparatus itself. It is on this account that I say an invention once perfected has only passed through the first chapter of its history, and it often takes years to win a public hearing, to secure its general

adoption, and thus enable it to enter on its career of usefulness to man.

Take, for instance, the history of the telephone. For many years Mr. Bell worked on the problem of transmitting sound over a wire, and men laughed at the idea. At last the thing was actually accomplished in a small way and the sneers became less audible; but even then there was no conception of the telephone as a universal necessity and accompaniment of every-day life. The Bell Telephone Company passed through years of struggle, which killed some good men, in the effort to put it on its feet and convince the public of its usefulness.

Wireless telegraphy is a more recent example. Its application was understood, but not fully appreciated for some years. Time, persuasion, even disaster, were required to force the adoption of what is now recognized as a public necessity.

For several years I have been interested in a device which can guard ships against the perils of fog. The instrument has been perfected, the apparatus has been brought to a commercial standard, and the problem now is to extend its use by its introduction on all ships and its installation at all danger points on the coast, so as to render ocean travel as safe as it is possible to make it. To persuade Government officials, ship-owners, the great public, in fact all who sail the seas, of the efficacy of this invention, and thus make possible its adoption for the sake of the welfare of humanity is the problem which now confronts us. We have now reached the stage where from the standpoint of the public good we may legitimately enlist the aid of public opinion to secure its universal adoption.

For twenty-five years men have been trying to devise methods of transmitting and receiving sounds under water, for it has long been known that water is a steadier and more constant conductor of sound than air, as well as an effective and quick conductor. Sound through the water is conveyed at the rate of about 4,400 feet per second, or four times as fast as through the air. Furthermore, the passage of sound through air is often uncertain and irregular because the air is full of currents and of "sound-holes," not being of uniform density. Ships have collided and great loss of life ensued, as in the case of the *Storsdadt* and the *Empress of Ireland* a short time ago, because the officers

could not judge the distance or direction of whistled warnings sent through the air. There are many instances where ships have gone on the rocks within hearing distance of ordinary bell buoys and sirens, because of inability to hear the warning signal or to judge of the direction whence it came. The captain of the Steamship *California* which went ashore on Tory Island in June of this year reported that, though only about half a mile from the lighthouse, he did not hear the fog-horn. Endless examples of this sort might be enumerated to illustrate the uncertainty of sound transmission through the air. The point, however, is that sounds conveyed through water are not subject to such local disturbances, are more certain, regular, and rapid, and therefore more reliable.

Submarine bells placed under water at dangerous points on the coast or hung over the side of lightships are rung by mechanism on shore or lightship, or sometimes by the action of the waves themselves, and the sound is transmitted through the water to the ship at sea. The ship equipped to receive these bell signals have "listening tanks" on each side, and by listening on alternate sides the navigator can tell the direction from which the sound of the bell is coming, and can thus locate within a point the source of the sound. Mariners are in this way able to avoid dangerous places on the coast, even in thick fog, and to enter harbor when ships not so equipped must wait until the fog lifts. The apparatus is further adapted to intercommunication between submarine ships and their tenders.

The placing of bells at dangerous points on the shore is of little use, however, unless the ships passing those points are equipped to receive the signals. One is helpless without the other, and the full benefit of this useful invention can only be obtained when all ships are equipped to receive the signals, and all danger points on the coast and in the harbors of the world have bells sending out their warnings and thus create a "wall of sound" for the protection of all who sail the seas.

A most important development in submarine signaling has lately been brought about by Professor R. A. Fessenden, who has made possible inter-ship communication by means of his Submarine Telegraph Oscillator. This oscillator is a kind of electric motor which causes a heavy steel disk to vibrate with a certain frequency and thus produces

sound waves which travel through the water for many miles. This device marks a long step forward in the art and practice of submarine signaling. With it such a disaster as that which recently occurred in the St. Lawrence, when the *Empress of Ireland* was rammed and sunk in a fog with the consequent loss of many lives, might have been averted had both ships been equipped with this oscillator. In fact, it might have been averted had the *Storsdadt* carried even an ordinary emergency bell, which, hung over the side, would have warned the ill-fated steamer and enabled her, through her receiving device, to locate the position of the *Storsdadt* and thus avoided the collision.

The oscillator is not only a powerful sound-producer, but also a sensitive sound-receiver, and with it direction of sound under water can be detected at a considerable distance—not only the sound of another oscillator, but that of a submarine bell or even the throb of a ship's engines. It is of further use in locating the direction of silent bodies such as icebergs because of the echo which a solid body of this sort gives under water. Experiments in this connection were carried out last April on board the United States Revenue Cutter *Miami,* of the Ice Patrol Service, off Newfoundland Banks. There it was found possible to ascertain the direction and distance of large icebergs. This is attested by the official report of the captain of the *Miami.* In fact, we may say with certainty that had the *Titanic* been equipped with this device she might have determined the presence and location of the iceberg, and thus the greatest sea-tragedy of modern times might have been avoided.

The only power which can force the adoption of the means of preventing accidents which I have sketched is that of public opinion. This, when sufficiently aroused, will compel ship-owners, governments, and the traveling public to demand such equipment as will prevent accidents, instead of trying to save lives after the accident has occurred. When once the fact is fully realized that very many losses of life and property are unnecessary, and therefore criminal, it would seem the duty of national governments to order the use of this apparatus on all passenger-ships.

An ounce of prevention is worth a shipload of life-boats.

HENRY L. HIGGINSON.

A SHORT METHOD WITH THE RAILWAYS—A NEW "PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE"

BY APPLETON MORGAN

WHATEVER else Henry the Eighth of England was, or was not, he proposed to be a constitutional monarch. Although a Tudor, whose will was Law, he at least never fell into the error that cost Charles the First his head—the error of helping himself to anything which he might, by a little patience, have manipulated his Parliament into begging him to accept!

When he cast greedy eyes upon the enormous hoards of the Monasteries, he proceeded with the most admirable circumspection. He caused it to be represented to Parliament that His Majesty had learned with sorrow that there were divers rumors of irregularities and even of immoralities in these Religious establishments, humbly begging that Parliament would be pleased to appoint a Commission to inquire into the truth of these most regrettable rumors.

Furthermore, the royal message suggested that, should any such irregularities or immoralities be discovered, it might be the duty of Parliament to seize upon the holdings of this, that, or the other Religious House, and that the burden of the public taxes of which England so justly complained, etc., would be mitigated to just the extent of that particular escheat!

The Parliament was not lax in taking its cue. What the Commissions sought, that they found. They reported all the irregularities and immoralities the most exacting King could desire. The Decrees of Parliament followed. Half the religious establishments in England were legally raped, ravished, and wiped out of existence.

His Majesty gracefully accepted the loot of the one half.

But there remained yet another half, against which no irregularities or immoralities had been reported.

Accordingly, there were organized what were called "Pilgrimages of Grace." These were public uprisings to protest against this wholesale spoliation of what the common people had so long held sacred. In many parts of the interior, mobs of men and women were formed, or induced to form themselves, into processions. The Riot Act was read to these processions. They did not disperse; they even burned a few hay-ricks and were guilty of other equally blood-curdling atrocities! But, even then, Henry was still the constitutional monarch. Instead of hanging, drawing, and quartering these malcontents at once (he attended to that later) he sent still other Commissioners. These Commissioners labored with the heads of these *émeutes*—convinced them that His Majesty's only solicitude was for his poor subjects groaning under the burdens of intolerable taxation, and that all he sought was the happiness of his people!

Thus procuring the disbandment of these "Pilgrimages of Grace," the rest was easy. The leaders were hung, drawn, and quartered in due and ancient form. And—to remove a possible temptation for more Pilgrimages of Grace against the peace and order of the Realm—the King proclaimed the confiscation of the remaining Religious establishments, and distributed their possessions to his favorites. That any burden of taxation anywhere was ever lightened, history omits to record. But the wealth of the Monasteries had peacefully disappeared into the Royal coffers!

Doubtless the Railways of the United States would just at present welcome a Henry the Eighth or a Pilgrimage of Grace! To be subjected to one single potentate, or even to two potentates of collateral or concurrent jurisdiction, would be at least nicer than to fall under the yokes of hundreds of potentates each one of whom hoards his edicts as precedents to brandish over the victim who shall venture to move at some tremor of his own discretion.

Forty-eight States, each with a Board of Railway Commissioners. In each of these forty-eight States a hundred, possibly two hundred, counties, each with its Board of Railway Supervisors, assessors, and collectors! In each county, perhaps, a city with its body of Railway ordinances, to say nothing of Committees of Visitation, investigation, and

emendation of Railway procedures! And then, overlording them all, the Interstate Commerce Commission (which for the first ten years of its existence carefully avoided making any decision that could possibly affect a Railway situation, but which has lately assumed Prætorian jurisdiction and permits no item of railway situation to escape its edicts)! The Sherman Law, the Elkins Law, the Hepburn Law, the Newlands Bill, and the Clayton Bill, which, as this paper is being prepared, have been debated and trimmed and contorted for the better part of a Congressional year in the quest of something they can prohibit a Railway from doing or refrain from doing which the Sherman Law, the Elkins Law, the Hepburn Law, etc., have not already forbidden that railway from doing or refraining from doing! These two bills —except that they will be declaratory and re-emphatic of their predecessors, are supposed to expend their aim mostly at " Interlocking Directorates "—that is, at providing that no Railway shall select efficient or experienced persons as directors, but that each Railway shall add to the efficiency and the economy of its public service by possessing a board of experimental directors of its very exclusively own.

Since the only possible peril to the public in an Interlocking Directorate is that such interlocking directorate might work to prevent that healthy rivalry or competition which is supposed to be to the interest of the public—when this Interstate Commerce Commission decrees (as we shall see later on that it does decree) a uniform tariff for all Railways to charge its shippers, it is rather difficult for the lay mind to perceive how, since Railways can only compete by way of their tariffs, an Interlocking Directorate or two can prevent a competition which the Interstate Commerce Commission has already forbidden, and so injure this same Public!

But the Interstate Commerce Commission, besides taking Prætorian jurisdiction of the procedure, the operation, and the revenues of the Railway, goes still further and commandeers its maintenance (" maintenance of way," to use the distribution term of Railway internal adjustments). It orders (Edict of July, 1914) that the common carrier, whether doing State or Interstate business, must report to it its each extension, betterment of physical or corporal condition, improvement, or change in character, location by actual count, weight, measurement, or extension " Distri-

bution by primary accounts, in accordance with the commission's classifications. Reports and summaries shall be made by jobs, and separately by owners and States, Territories, and the District of Columbia. The completion reports for such jobs as extend over two or more fiscal years shall be made in full detail for the entire period covered by the work, and the amounts expended in each fiscal year shall be stated in summary form, whether completed or uncompleted, accompanied by such plans, profiles, diagrams, kept by jobs in such complete detail as to units and quantities of the material and labor entering therein so as to show a unit of analysis of their cost." (The use of the word "job" indicating that not only the completed betterment, but its progress, shall be under espionage, as if one should tax, not only the new skyscraper and the new bridge, but the scaffolding and the false-works necessitated by their building!) This being by the way (for it is announced that this is only the beginning and that other edicts will follow shortly) the first step in that Prætorian jurisdiction of bond or stock issues or debenture-securities to meet all future obligations for construction of betterments of the American Railway.

This is about all up to the present time—unless we should catalogue the threat of legislation of "personal responsibility," by which is understood laws providing that a director shall be personally punished by fine or imprisonment or both for the misdeeds of his Railway, so that no criminal caught aiding or abetting the prosperity of the nation, through any Railway, shall by any possibility escape; or the device called a "Public Service Commission," which any municipality of importance can institute (and numbers of them have already instituted) to pick barer yet the already picked bare bones of a devoted Railway. The edict of the Prætorian Commission of August 1, 1914, that certain Railways may, and certain other Railways may not, raise their tariffs, is a still firmer welding of the Railway shackles, and the Railways can see the Greeks bearing gifts with naked eye in that! Like unto the "Trades Commission Bill, which creates another Prætorian Commission that shall hereafter say what is "fair" and what is "unfair" competition in any transaction between anybody and anybody else—it puts all matters of Commerce within the mercies of a Paternal Government. With Commerce *quoad*

Commerce this paper has no temptation to deal. But if it be demanded, "What then have these sinful Railways done to bring down upon their heads all this crash of legislation, what would the answer be?

Not indeed the awful condition of, say, the New Haven "looting." For, bad as it is, that "looting" has no more to do with these laws and rules than a burglarizing of Tiffany's jewelry establishment would have to do with the prices it charged its customers for diamonds or the wages it paid its employees! Not a malignant purpose on the part of these railways to overcharge somebody, for long before the days even of the Interstate Commerce Commission these Railways, at no inconsiderable disbursement, of their own motion, established what were familiarly known as "Pool Commissions" to themselves equate and mobilize and make just to all parties and all territories their rates and tariffs. (And no one who remembers the days of those Pool Commissions but recalls those vast bureaus with armies of clerks that they required and maintained.)

So far from being law-breakers or law-ignorers, these Railways maintained other armies of lawyers whose business it was to grope among the forest of laws, statutes, ordinances, rules, minutes of commissions and of commissioners, and dig into thousands of bound volumes of decisions of Courts from the Federal Supreme Court to the appeal from the veriest *piedpoudré* jurisdiction in a county, or perhaps a township, somewhere in the maze of municipal divisions! Groping in an even then bewildering maze of State statutes to find (if it pleased Heaven) what it was that a Railway should do and what it should leave undone!

And the army of clerks and the army of lawyers did at least instruct the Railways what to do and what not to do, and, more or less artlessly, placed before them their obligations to the public! But the moment the Pools ceased and disappeared before the breath of the Interstate Commerce Commission, chaos (and a rather costly chaos they found it) arrived!

In breathless succession arrived Federal rescripts: that no Railway under any conditions shall raise the price of the transportation it sells; that no Railway shall transport commodities in the value of which it, or any of its units, possesses an interest, nor alienate such interest to any save hostile purchasers; and that no Railway shall live in comity

or harmony with its rivals or competitors, but must compete to furnish the very transportation the price of which it must not raise!

The only possible way in which Railways can compete with one another is in the way of tariffs. And the Northern Securities decision thundered that Railways must compete; at any rate, they must not combine—though, if they are not to compete there seems to be no reason why they should not combine, any more than why they should not possess Interlocking Directorates! But how are Railways to compete if the Interstate Commerce Commission fixes the rates for all Railways? And where is the interest of the public (which, by the way, owns the stock of these Railways anyhow, as well as their bonds, and so is the Railway Industry itself) involved in all this maze of legislation and lawmaking? What a refuge from it all would be the simple Tudor plan of a Sequestration and a Pilgrimage of Grace!

Those lucky Religious Houses were soon at peace. With the disappearance of their possessions their obligations disappeared, too. But like the Poor, the obligations of the Railway are ever with them. There is neither respite nor Nirvana! For these criminals must still go on operating their Railways. They cannot discontinue, lock up their engines, side-track their rolling stock, and go out of business. For the law says to them, you are quasi-public institutions. You were once allowed to condemn a right-of-way before purchasing it of the owner, which act invested you with all the inconveniences and with none of the privileges of Eminent Domain! And so you must go ahead operating your line; and if what we order you to charge for your services in operating does not pay your disbursements, why, so much the worse for you!

If the reader thinks this merely flippant paraphrase of the law, let him go back as far as the month of February, 1911.

The Interstate Commerce Commission (Prouty, Commissioner) "In Re Investigation of Advanced Rates by Carriers in Official Classification," decided (February 22, 1911, page 10) that the Federal authority can regulate the price at which a producer can sell his product, if that product take the character of railway transportation, irrespective of what it cost him to produce that product. But the learned Commissioner makes a qualification, of which obviously no Rail-

way can take any advantage. He said (page 19), "At the same time the Railway rate is, in the final analysis, a TAX laid upon nearly every species of property, and upon almost every sort of activity; and there is no reason why every other kind of property should be required to pay this particular species of property an undue compensation"—(the capitals are ours).

The learned Commissioner did not state, indeed, wherein the cost of a ton of transportation is any more a TAX upon anybody than the cost of a pound of butter is a TAX upon somebody! Time was when the definition of a "tax" was a rate levied upon a community by the taxing power in that community for the purpose of meeting some expense or disbursement, first decided to be legitimate or desirable or imperative! But the learned commissioner may have used the word in its predatory (we had almost written, in its Pickwickian) sense. Or, as Mr. Bret Harte used it when he pictured his miners who needed the money levying taxes upon any Chinaman who happened to be in the vicinity!

Can anybody figure out how the Public, in whose name all this chaos has been achieved, has ever benefited by this chaos? The adjustments of Railway service are as delicate as the adjustments of a chronometer watch. One figures on the cost of moving a pound of freight over a mile of roadway per wheel and per pound of steam—of the burden of a sixth or a seventh mortgage upon a mile of discontinued siding or a discarded stub-switch, or upon a section of taken-up rails, or upon a lot of locomotive engines sent to the scrap-heap—just simple little theorems like these! And when all these delicate adjustments are further complicated by such an item as the competition of our new waterway through the Isthmus, who shall guess at the effect of the bellowing of all these Behemoths of Public Utility that bellow, "We know nothing of your problems, of the cost of coal, of wages, of strikes, and trades-unions and walking delegates, of mobs that smash your rolling-stock and put your engines out of commission — we don't want to know about your fixed charges or floating debts or disbursements for supplies! Move at your peril! Whatever you are doing—stop doing it! And do something else at your peril! Obey all the laws you can hear of at the risk of disobeying a lot more laws on columns out of sight!"

Let not this extraordinary ruling of Commissioner Prouty

be cited in any spirit of levity. Unfortunately for the Railways and for the Public which operates them, and silly as it was, it has been followed in its effect until in June, 1914, came a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States Re The Intermountain Rate Case (so called), where the Court holds, imperiously and with Prætorian impressiveness, what, up to this time, even under the silly rule of Mr. Commissioner Prouty, was hardly taken seriously, to wit: That the Interstate Commerce Commission is not limited in its jurisdiction to reviewing interstate rates under the clause in the Constitution giving to the Federal Congress the right to regulate commerce between the States, but "may" (which of course means "shall") actually say what rates the Railways shall charge, indifferently to the cost to them of the service, the price of coal, of labor, or of anything else, whether those Railways operate lines entirely within the boundaries of a single State or not!

The Railway, therefore, that arranged its tariff to enable itself to pay interest upon its bonds to the men who loaned it the capital to build itself, or to pay dividends upon the stock that was taken to enable it to operate itself (for the stockholders are partners in the business of transportation, just as the bondholders are partners who have invested in realty to be used as a Railway)—this Railway must now cease to keep its books. Its sole occupation must be to operate a Railway at such remuneration as an interesting body of doctrinaires at Washington feel disposed to elect. Compared with this, who shall say that the Monasteries that were fortunate enough to be swept out of existence were not to be envied their happy lot!

To be sure, the Minnesota Rate Case decision did for a moment hold out a word of promise to the Railway ear by inference, for it would surely be better, however despotic, to have one tyrant rather than a hundred. But on further examination this promise to the ear is broken to the hope, for it still preserves an option in the Prætorian Interstate Commerce Commission to waive its option at any time in favor of the State jurisdiction.

But, one may say, how is the Public interested in our Railways? If not an investor in Railway securities, or not in the employment of a Railway, what cares the private citizen for these problems?

The answer is, that the portion of the Public which is inde-

pendent of the transportation business carried on by this partnership of individuals called Railroad Stockholders and Railroad Bondholders would be a curiosity! Statistics of the year 1912 reveal the pregnant fact that in that year alone the Railways of the United States not only paid about two billions of money directly to wage-earners in their operation, but more than two and a half billions more for supplies and commodities used in operation and for services in connection with such supplies and commodities—this two and one-half billions not being even suggested in Railway payrolls! If there is any article of human consumption that a Railway company is not at some time or other a purchaser of in open market it would be interesting to know what that article is! If there is a person in the land who buys or sells or produces from the soil, or manufactures from the raw material, who does not buy transportation or something else of, or sell something directly to, some Railway or to some customer of a Railway, it would be interesting to know where that person could be in hiding. The physician certainly is not, any more than is his lay-brother the lawyer, beyond the employment of the Railway Company. In the year 1910 one American Railway company paid $47,862.14 for laundry-work, and another paid $36,214.04 for eggs! And even the Gospel itself is not so free but that the Railway is called upon to pay for Ebenezers, and Chapels, and Young Men's Christian Associations, for its employees, as well as the salaries of the Divines that minister unto them, especially when in arrears! So that, even in its function as a distributor, the Railway is easily the first and most important institution in our commercial prosperity. To be sure, in a large sense, anything that tends to mobilize wealth, even highway robbery, is a distributor, and the road-agent who holds us up is a public benefactor and merits his old-age pension when he can hold us up no more. But here is a Distributor upon which, if only as a Distributor, and independent of its convenience as a means of locomotion and transportation, our prosperity most largely depends.

Up to the present time, judicial regulation of the Railway industry in the United States has been purely empirical. When a law failed, the only remedy has been—Make more laws! At the present rate of accumulation of decisions, laws, statutes, and ordinances, and rulings and findings of Commissions such as we have glanced at here, it is difficult

to see an alternative for the Railways (except, of course, bankruptcy, which means the chaos of American credit in the markets of Europe as well as a general bankruptcy at home) other than a return to the old back-stairs, ante-"Gentlemen's Agreement" days of forty years ago, or Federal Ownership with its bonding of a Paternal Nation for five or six billions to buy the physical corpus of the Railways themselves and a civil-service pay-roll it staggers arithmetic to conceive of!

A Railway Code of Procedure to be framed by a consensus of all these Commissions, Boards of Survey, Regulation, and Visitation, Federal, State, and Municipal, and enacted into Law by the Federal Congress, if placed beyond the power of any authority to revise, amend, enlarge, and generally tinker with it, *ad interim,* might quiet the situation altogether, better even than a "Pilgrimage of Grace." It is not impossible but that such a Code of Procedure might be attempted. But meanwhile a fog of despair if not of desperation has closed in and about our American Railways. The horse shies at a wisp of straw in the roadway because his avatar suspected a tiger in the jungle. And the Railway balks at taking a step in any direction in dread of a hundred tigers lurking in Courts, in Commissions, and in Visitations. Then the inevitable follows—that timidity which is more fatal than error, and which leads to chaos. And chaos invites the Strong Man, the Napoleon. And when the Strong Man comes, his private judgment may not invariably run all-fours with the problematical judgment of every one of our Interstate Commerce Commissioners who may come to pass upon his work later on!

The recent passage of the Trades Commission Bill leaves us in no doubt as to the paternal—not to say, the maternal—yearnings of our Federal Government. And when the Clayton Bill shall have become law, it is difficult to see what detail—except the mere detail of physical operation—will be lacking to a complete government control of our American Railways. And for Government to legally control a Railway, and at the same time hold its merely human directors responsible for that Railway's fortuities, is not—well, to say the least, it is not exactly CRICKET! ! !

Appleton Morgan.

THE NEW PARENTS' ASSISTANT

BY STEPHEN PAGET, F.R.C.S.

II

DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH

When I said that we ought to defend the faith of our children, I meant that we ought to help them to defend it for themselves. And I was not thinking of books and arguments and evidences: I was thinking of children too young for much learning.

Children are taught to pray before they are taught to argue; and we all of us know the sort of prayers which they say, and the offhand way in which they speak of their Maker. The prayers do not concern us here, for they are formal, not offhand. All children, at first, pray much the same: that they be made good, and a blessing be on a long list of their nearest and dearest. Some pet animal may be included, and the child may pray to be taken to heaven when he dies; but I do not care for him to say that. His prayers are ritual, rather than original; he loves to be precise over them—he will go through the list again, if he has left out one of us. Our opportunity, therefore, is not in his set prayers, it is in the offhand remarks which he makes to us. And some of us, I think, are too shy of taking this opportunity. To a man or a woman who does not profoundly care for children, these offhand remarks appear to be of no more value than the formal prayers; the child says funny little prayers, and he makes funny little remarks, and there is an end of the matter. But those of us who do profoundly care for children will find, again and again, that the remarks disclose what the prayers hide. And, in this disclosure, we have an opportunity of helping the children to defend their faith.

We are apt to stop at the mere grotesquery of these off-

hand remarks. We quote them in letters, we send them to newspapers, we bring them out at parties—*I must tell you what my little boy said.* But, so soon as I have heard what the little boy said, I long to know what his mother said. Did she take the opportunity, or did she make a fool of herself, or did she only laugh at him as she is laughing now?

The laughter round the dinner-table is wholesome enough, and as free from affectation as dinner-party laughter can ever hope to be. But it has a special note, a very distinctive note. Each of us, when we hear what the little boy said, is compelled for one moment to look inside self. It does not move me to self-examination if I am told what the man said when he sat down on his hat; but these child-stories do move me to examine what there is of my own defenses of my faith. It does not take me long, but I have to do it; and so has all the company at table. That is the way of these stories; they turn us to the inspection of our own lines of defense, and in we go, and out we come again, each apart and all together, still giving our polite laughter to what the little boy said.

I wish that I could find out how parents and guardians in the ancient world handled *the religious difficulty.* A hideous phrase. Put aside Babylon, and Egypt, and Persia; they are too remote; yet, in Persia, the boys who were taught *to shoot with the bow and to speak the truth* rouse my curiosity. But, when we come to Greece and to Rome, I do wish that I knew what the children were taught about the gods. Those little Athenian, Spartan, and Corinthian boys and girls, how were they taught, at school and at home, to defend their faith? That idyl of Theocritus—the two gossiping women, who take the child to the festival, and push their way through the crowd, to hear the Hymn to Aphrodite—what did the child make of it all? I have lost my Theocritus—perhaps they left the child at home; but let it be granted that they took him. *Mother, what are they singing about? Mother, who is Aphrodite? Where does she live? Can she live where she likes?* Another time, doubtless, they took him to the theater. *Mother, was that really Apollo, or somebody dressed up like him? Have you ever seen him? What should you do, if you did see him? Who made him? What has he to do with the sun? Is he the same as Zeus? I should like to see him and Zeus together, mother.* Oh, these children, these children. At school, I suppose, he

learned Homer. What explanation was given to him by his teachers, under a Government grant, of the doings of the gods in Homer?

Ancient world or modern world or world a thousand years hence, the import of the children's offhand remarks is unchanging. It is only the setting of them which changes, not the substance. One and all, from Babylon to now, and from now onward, they are all alike; they are sprung on us, as on Praxinoe at the festival; they come of that which is in every child; they may seem different, but the more they change the more they are the same thing. She, I suppose, told her little boy to regard the Homeric stories as true in a way: it was the way that people talked of the gods long ago, and very beautiful it was—no, not exactly what you would call really true: it is very beautiful poetry, and you must learn a lot of it by heart—no, it is not only poetry, it is really true, in a way: things did really happen, of course they did; but Homer—*Never mind all that, mother, I don't want about Homer; I want about the gods—tell me about them.* As it was with her, so it is with us, and ever will be, to the last syllable of appointed time. The children want about God. We fuss over the duty of breaking it gently to them, that this or that Bible-story is not historical. The children do not care one way or the other, they leave us fussing, they race ahead, for they are wanting about God; their wild imaginings of Him rise like dust under the feet of runners, and hide them from us. The endless pursuit of the wonder of Him is upon them; the sound of His name is so loud in their ears that they do not hear us calling them to come back and let us read to them—it is not books that they are thinking of, but God. The Bible-stories were no more than a dropped flag, which started them on their course: they are gone, breathless and untidy, toward Him; and we are left here to explain the Bible-stories to each other. And we say to each other that the children, after all, are only children; they are too young to understand; we must not make them little prigs, little hypocrites; we must wait, be patient; it will be all right, in time.

But I think at the backs of our minds, while we are thus consoling each other for the absence of the children, we are wishing that we had done more for them, had missed no opportunity of helping them to defend their faith. Such opportunity they do give to us, now and again, in their off-

hand remarks. Take one of many instances. A child was told the story of the Golden Calf; how God was angry at the worship of it. She asked, "Was He angry at that?" She was told that He was. "What, angry at that?" "Yes, very angry; there it was, in the Bible." Then she said, "*Well, I should think anybody else would simply have laughed.*" Now, it is certain that the answer to this off-hand remark, the true, perfect, final answer, is somewhere in existence; the Dialogues of Plato, the writings of the Fathers of the Church, and many books which we foolishly call mystical, must have that answer somewhere about them or between them. None of us could give it extempore, it requires a long period of special reading and hard study; still, there it is, somewhere in old books of philosophy and theology, waiting, asleep, like the princess in the fairy-tale, to be found and waked by a question, as it were by a kiss.

To write the word *defense* is to think of children besieged, and of us helping them to hold on. Picture them and us inclosed in a fort, and the enemy all round it. If we are to be of help, we must immediately examine, and strengthen, the weak points of the defense. The weakest points, of course, are the poverty of the children's minds, and the poverty of ours. But there is a third weak point: it is the poverty of our words. For the defense we need weapons of precision, accurately sighted, and of sufficient range. We must not talk down to the children; we must avoid, so far as we can, the use of baby-language. It may be impossible, sometimes, to lay hand on the right word, but we ought to try, lest the habit of talking down to their level, or what we take to be their level, should land some of us in the vocabulary of "Caliban upon Setebos." It is pitiful that we should thus present their Maker to them, we who ought to raise the whole subject above grossness, cleanse it from idolatry. But I am not sure that we can do much, and what I suggest here is more visionary than practical.

To begin with, we might be more careful to use the present tense, to the exclusion of the past and the future tenses, when we are talking to the children about God. Over *He is,* we are not likely to go wrong; over *He was* and *He will be,* we are. Likewise, the indicative mood is to be preferred before the subjunctive mood—thus, *He would be and He would have been* are even worse than *He will be and He was.* This notion of variableness in time with our doings will not

help the children to defend their faith. Here may be our first exercise in the art of helping them. Let us keep to the use of the present tense and the indicative mood; let us drill ourselves to be handy with paraphrases of *was* and *will be;* let us forego the use of *would be* and *would have been.* For example, over the story of the Golden Calf we can put the past tense in its proper place, which is Horeb, not Heaven. There *was* a golden calf, and it *was* wrong to worship it. Then comes the question, Why? Then, the delightful escape into the present tense. Golden calves *are* wrong, invariably, wherever they are. In the open air of the present tense we can breathe deep and walk far, taking the children all the way with us.

From this exercise in the restricted use of one tense and one mood we advance to the much harder exercise in the use of adjectives. Is there anything that we can say, if we do not want to say *angry* or *sorry* or *glad?* These and the like adjectives are of immemorial age and universal custom; they are as natural and essential to earth as the hills; they are in the very fabric of all books of religion, and they stand for facts which we cannot translate into words for ourselves, let alone for the children. Words we must have, and the best in this kind are but shadows; we might easier try to make children understand the velocity of light, or the distance of the stars; we have no business, fools like us, to play tricks with these most sacred adjectives. Truly, the answer is, that we have no business. Still, the children come first. And we may have an opportunity, now and again, of reconciling the reverence that we owe to these words with the reverence that we owe to the children, which is *maxima.* But we must prepare ourselves for the opportunity, we must plan our sentence, rehearse our effects; the grown-up mind must be *schooled and exercised,* that it may be of service to the child's mind. If we will do that, we ought to be able to talk religion to the children without hampering it with a lot of inadjustable adjectives. I am reminded how "Saul armed David with his armor, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him." We lend the children our great adjectives, and think that we are helping them to fight Goliath; and they, less wise than David, will not put them off, but go stumbling and embar-

rassed to meet the enemy under the heavy weight of arms too large for them. Is that the best that we can do to help them to defend their faith? The armor belongs to us, and we have proved it; but the children have not. We are able to handle these adjectives; but the children are not.

Last comes the hardest exercise of all, the impossible exercise in the use of pronouns. I am thinking of children long out of the nursery, and wellnigh out of the schoolroom. We have to help them to apprehend the meaning of *He, His, Him.* We must be very diligent over this exercise, determine our programme and abide by it, foresee all exigencies, and leave nothing to chance. For we may be needed, some day, in haste. There will be an alarm of tempestuous debate in the schoolroom, or a long and grave letter on the breakfast-table, from the son at college, saying that he has ceased to believe, and thinks that we ought to be told; and happy are those parents whose son thinks that they ought to be told. We must be ready for these occasions, we must learn by heart the reason for the use of these pronouns. They are the very life-blood of that which we want the children to believe. We want them to see that they, of themselves, are more than works of Nature, for each of them is able to say *I am,* and not all the forces of Nature put together could enable them to say that. Further, we want them to see that the good in them is just as real as their food and their clothes, and is made for them, and put into them, just as food is made for their stomachs, and put there, and clothes on their backs; and, as the food in them comes from that which has nourishment in it, and the clothes on them from that which has warmth in it, so the good in them comes from that which, somehow, has goodness in it. And, as the good in them is real, so it is just as real, if not more real, in that which gives it to them. It does not wait till it gets to them to be real: it is real right away, in the beginning. So we call it, very properly, Him: because no other word would be of the faintest use. To think of the lives, and the deaths, of good men and women, is to feel quite sure that the word for that which makes them good must be not It, but He. No It could make all those hims and hers, and them so good, and each of them able to say *I am.* The disuse of *He, His, Him* would insult not only faith, but logic.

These exercises, visionary though they are, in the use of tenses, adjectives, and pronouns, may be of some slight as-

sistance to parents. For there is no denying that we tend to be neglectful of the power of each word when we talk religion to the children. Words are like the germs of malaria, which have two stations of life, one in us, the other in mosquitoes; therefore, what matters to the children is not the meaning of our words to us, but the meaning of our words to them. We tend to forget that; we give them some thin, worn-out phrase to lean on; it breaks, all of a sudden, in the child's hand; down she comes, and pulls us down with her. *Was He really angry? Anybody else would have laughed.* These breakages are bound to happen when clever children throw their whole weight suddenly on such phrases; and it is our fault. It would not happen with phrases of stronger texture. But these we leave to the last, because we think them too hard, too heavy, too philosophical.

But why should we be afraid of talking grown-up to the children? It makes them feel, to their delight, that we are trusting them, honoring them, linking them into our thoughts, and widening the horizon of theirs. Always it is like wormwood in a child's mouth, the sense that we are playing down to him, putting him off with baby-talk. Let us give him not that bitter stuff, but something more nourishing.

I have often wished that I could write a little book of philosophy for children.

Only, this juvenile version of "The Foundations of Belief" would be, like its great namesake, "Notes Introductory." It would be intended to prepare the children to think as they ought of Christianity. It would be an attempt to give them some sort of hold, according to their strength, on the assurance "that among the needs ministered to by Christianity are some which increase rather than diminish with the growth of knowledge and the progress of science; and that this religion is, therefore, no mere reform, appropriate only to a vanished epoch in the history of culture and civilization, but a development of theism now more necessary to us than ever."

For the children have so far to go, from their earliest love of pictures of *Baby Jesus* to any sort or kind of grown-up Christian faith, that they had better be off as soon as possible. Go they will, let us hope, whether we send them or not; so we might as well begin to get them ready now. For none of us knows how long we shall have them with us.

STEPHEN PAGET.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE CHIN

BY DR. LOUIS ROBINSON

In the acquirement of articulate speech man took an enormous stride upward from his brutish ancestry. Not even the adoption of the erect attitude nor the development of his versatile manufacturing hands helped his upward progress in anything like such a marked degree. Yet in attaining this power which at once put him on a higher plane of existence it must be remembered that he acquired not one single new organ or structure in his body. All had to be accomplished somehow with such bones, nerves, and muscles as his animal ancestors had passed on to him. This seems very wonderful when we come to reckon up the astonishingly elaborate physiological processes involved in articulate speech. The actions of very numerous muscles in the respiratory apparatus, the larynx, the tongue, and the lips, have been taught to work together in a way that had never been attempted before.

Perhaps the most marvelous thing of all about the functions of the organs of speech is that they are *brand-new* from an evolutionary standpoint, and are the product of one brief stage in our racial history.

In this they differ from almost all the other functions of the body, which date back through a long line of ancestry to the very beginnings of life on the earth.

The difference between human articulate speech and what takes its place in some measure among the creatures below us in the animal scale is enormous. Many creatures, the birds especially, have elaborate methods of vocal communication, and in all probability our prehuman ancestors possessed the same natural gifts; but the difference between any system of stereotyped animal noises and true human speech is so great that it seems doubtful whether the one is derived from the other at all. Probably in our modern methods of

expression we have a few fossil remnants of the old pre-human cries in the form of exclamations such as oh! and ah! which appear to be merely conventionalized groans or shrieks common to all the peoples of the earth, but scarcely any seem to have passed into our accepted vocabularies.

Now in the adoption of human speech, and in the transformation of various pieces of animal mechanism for this purpose, structural differences must have arisen which should be quite easy to point out; just as the acquirement of the erect attitude has given rise to obvious changes in the spine and pelvis. These peculiarities of structure due to a radical change of habit seem to have attracted little attention, as such, from the anatomists, who are still to a great extent under the spell of the old view that man appeared suddenly in the world with all his distinctively human attributes. Yet ever since Darwin first taught us the truth, plenty of evidence has come to light that we have become both mentally and physically what we are through a series of evolutionary changes from some form closely resembling the great apes.

In the numerous comparisons between our bodily structure and that of the other Primates to which the evolutionary theory of man's origin has given rise, the anatomical parts of the tongue and lower jaw seem to have been curiously neglected; yet a very little study of these parts shows us certain curious and suggestive points of dissimilarity which at once invite further investigation.

When we examine the lower jaw-bone of a civilized man we find that the inner surface, corresponding to the part between the lower incisor teeth and the chin, is convex from above downward, and has on it certain bony prominences or tubercles. In every current work on anatomy this is set forth as the normal condition of affairs, and certainly it is true of the higher races. Among all the apes, without exception, an exactly opposite condition is found. Here the inner surface of the jaw-bone tends to be concave in profile, and where in man there is a marked bony prominence, or tubercle, we find a pit or depression, sometimes so deep that it almost penetrates through to the front lamina of the bone.

I do not know whether any comparative anatomist has previously made out the purpose of this curious pit in 'he jaws of the apes: I certainly was not aware of it myself until a series of dissections showed that from the bottom of

the pit arose the tendon of a muscle called the genio-glossus, which spreads out like a fan along the middle line of the lower surface of the tongue and obviously assists greatly in its movements. Then it became plain that the pit served the special purpose of giving room for this little muscle, which is evidently of importance in the economy of all the lower Primates.

An examination of the jaw-bones of other animals such as dogs, cats, pigs, etc., shows no trace of this pit, and in most of them it is obvious that the tongue lies flat in the lower jaw-bone, with no room between for the working of any muscular machinery which could pull in a direction at right angles to the main plane of the tongue. Now the special purpose served by the genio-glossus muscle in monkeys is in all probability that of aiding the tongue to act as a sorter of the contents of the mouth, so that undesirable refuse such as nutshells, for example, should not be swallowed. Many of the Old World apes also warehouse a good deal of miscellaneous provender in their cheek pouches, and here the tongue plays the part of storekeeper, dealing out what is required of the stock in hand. Most other animals, such as dogs, seem to show great difficulty in getting rid of any undesirable morsel which has once been taken into the mouth, and when it is necessary to do so quite other processes are made use of. An examination of the interior of the mouths of our domestic cattle, or, better still, of camels and giraffes, shows that the cheeks are lined with a great number of long, pointed papillæ, and the animals manage to get rid of dangerous thorns or other undesirable objects by pushing them sideways and then moving the tongue backward and forward so that the papillæ take charge of them and work them out.

It is worth while to take careful note of this discriminating function of the tongue of the apes in which the genio-glossus muscle seems to play a great part, because it appears to be the basis or rough material from which our most important lingual speech machinery has been evolved.

It is, of course, obvious that the remarkable difference existing between the jaws of the apes (which almost certainly correspond with those of our prehuman ancestors) and the modern type of human jaw was the result of no sudden change.

The writer has been able to demonstrate the whole prog-

ress of this interesting piece of evolution, and also to point out the still more interesting reasons why it occurred. Some years ago when his attention was first drawn to the remarkable difference in the inferior maxilla of apes and of men, he commenced making a series of plaster casts of the parts involved for purposes of exact comparison. This was done because, even in the most complete museums, it is difficult to get a large number of mandibles side by side and carefully to examine their differences. His method was to carry about with him some pieces of wax that would soften at a low temperature and, whenever opportunities offered, to take impressions of that part of the inner side of the lower jaw which is beneath the incisor teeth. The whole family of the Primates was brought into requisition as much as possible from the lemurs to modern man, and a large collection of plaster facsimiles of jaws was so obtained. Fortunately the natural-history museums of Europe, and especially of England, afford an abundant supply of material. Most useful of all was the remarkable ethnological collection in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, which has been contributed to by numerous explorers, colonists, and missionaries from all parts of the world. A description of the whole series thus obtained would be a wearisome business to those not interested in anatomical minutiæ. Let it suffice to say that from the mass could be selected a number which showed a gradation without a single break from one extreme type to the other; that is, from the concave surface and deep pit of the lower monkeys to the convexity and pronounced tubercles of modern man.

It is the change in the general outline of the jaw in man which is the most remarkable from the anatomist's standpoint, since it involves a departure from the type that is almost universal among all vertebrates. There is a strong tendency observable throughout Nature to follow certain beaten tracks, and whenever we find a marked deviation taking place it is a pretty sure sign of special evolutionary forces conducing to the change. Naturally each creature tends to inherit the general structural features of its parents; hence where no circumstances of environment enforcing a change come into play there is a remarkable conservatism manifest throughout Nature. Conversely, if we find that one part of the body has in a comparatively few

generations undergone a complete change of shape we may be sure that it signifies some urgent adaptation to new conditions of life.

Now the shape of the lower jaw has been curiously uniform from the earliest mesozoic times, except where certain special changes have been caused by the needs of such animals as the whale, the elephant, and the dugong. Hence when we find the ordinary retreating surface of the lower jaw-bone tilted downward so as to form a human chin, we may be sure that such a change was absolutely necessary in meeting certain needs. Those students of mankind who have not, like the older type, taken the human face for granted as the product of a single creation, have endeavored to account for man's chin by saying that it is essential to the human ideal of beauty. This really does not help the solution at all, unless we know how such an ideal arose. Doubtless in every species of animal the ideal differs, otherwise we should not find the many peculiar forms of decoration which evidently, in their proper place, appeal to the admiration of the other sex. This would be doubtless true of monkeys and of man's apelike ancestor, as it is of birds and other highly decorated creatures where sexual selection evidently has such a marked influence. But if at one time an apish ideal satisfied our early forefathers, and a very different ideal appeals to us, it is evident that we have to account for the change of standard.

Now there can be no doubt that sexual selection has been a great aid to progress, because the traits which appear worthy of admiration are very often an index to higher qualities of mind and body. There appears to be an instinctive perception of the trend of things toward a higher plane, since practically every characteristic which tends to satisfy our ideal of human beauty is an index of those qualities which conduce to the prosperity of the race. If any physical change is called for to bring some animal into harmony with its environment, those creatures which vary in this direction would be more successful in life's race, and therefore more desirable as mates or comrades.

Hence if the human chin was a distinct index of qualities leading to success among human affairs we may be sure that it would become a desirable feature, and a thing of beauty, in the eyes of our remote progenitors when matrimonially inclined.

Why was the lower edge of the front of the mandible tilted further and further downward as man advanced to his distinctly human status? That such was the fact is shown by those interesting relics which have recently come to light, found near Heidelberg, and at Piltdown in Sussex.

The fact is that, when the genio-glossus muscle, so useful among the apes in aiding the tongue in sorting shells from kernels, was required for the much more exacting processes of human speech, the arrangement to give it room to work beneath the tongue had to undergo a total alteration. In anything like rapid articulate speech the tongue performs from eight to ten separate movements per second. Absolute precision is required, otherwise articulation becomes imperfect; and hence there is a need of machinery which works unhampered, and at the greatest possible mechanical advantage. Now in the human subject the genio-glossus muscle is very different from that in any of the apes. Not only is it much larger, but its wider form enables it to spread up into a number of separate bundles which act independently of one another just as if they were so many distinct muscles. One interesting proof of this is the way in which it receives its nerve supply, for the hypo-glossal nerve (in man), instead of entering it at one spot and splitting up within the muscle, after the usual manner of muscle inervation, splits up before reaching the genio-glossus and sends a separate branch to each fasciculus.

In the human subject the muscle is not only much larger than in any of the apes, but its importance among the tongue muscles is also greatly increased. Here is proof that the functions that it performs have to do with our distinctively human existence. Curiously enough, the anatomists seem to have ignored this fact altogether, and scarcely any of them make any allusion whatever to the genio-glossus as having duties in aiding articulate speech. The functions allotted to it in our books of anatomy are those of thrusting out and drawing in the tongue, and of lowering its central region as in the act of sucking. It is, of course, obvious that there are plenty of animals which do all these things as well, or better, than human beings; and yet in some of them the muscle is a barely perceptible slip of flesh.

Any one with a diagram of the muscle before him can convince himself as to its peculiar action in the pronouncing of such sounds as the letters T and K, in which certain

parts of the tongue have to be drawn away from the roof of the mouth with great precision and rapidity. In such cases the pull of certain fasciculi of the genio-glossus is, at the moment of action, practically at right-angles to the main plane of the tongue, and a mere shortening of the fibers concerned accomplishes the act in the simplest possible manner.

Now in order to get this free and independent action the separate bundles need to spread well away from their fellows from their very point of origin on the inner side of the lower jaw. When the fibers are crowded in a deep pit, as in the monkeys, it is obvious that there can be no such independent action: hence the tilting downward and forward of the lower edge of the jaw to give engine room beneath the tongue for the free working of this needful piece of machinery. Nature even goes further than this in facilitating the above arrangements, for in all the more highly developed races of mankind a little prominence appears just below the site of the ancient pit. From the summit of this the radiating fibers of the muscle can obviously spread with the greatest advantage, and no risk remains of their hampering one another.

The muscles of the tongue are of two distinct kinds. The organ is mainly made up of fleshy fibers which commence and end in the tongue itself. Broadly speaking, these consist of a longitudinal layer of fibers on the upper surface, a transverse layer through the middle, and another thin longitudinal layer underneath. These muscles may be compared to those toward the tip of an elephant's trunk. Obviously in all their movements they must be associated together, and hence are too much hampered for very rapid and precise action. Doubtless these intrinsic muscles of the tongue play a considerable part in speech, but were it not for the control obviously exercised over them by the extrinsic muscles (which are attached to firm bony points) they could not be of any great service. In the pronunciation of the letters given above it is probable the superior lingual is responsible for bringing parts of the tongue to the roof of the mouth. The limitation of this action, however, and especially the rapid movement away from the palate, must be due to some part of the fanlike genio-glossus.

Since nearly all the movements connected with articulate speech take place along or near the central line of the tongue, we need pay but little attention to the other ex-

trinsic muscles reaching it from bony points outside, such as the hyo-glossus and stylo-glossus. In apes and in some lower animals which I have dissected these appear almost as well developed as in man, whereas the genio-glossus is not found anything like so fully developed in any other creature. One chief duty of the genio-glossus appears to be to act as a *control* in exactly regulating the position of the upper surface of the tongue as regards the palate. In diagrams illustrating the position of the tongue and palate in the pronunciation of different vowels Professor von Meyer of Zurich has shown the importance of this adjustment. Strangely enough, however, it seems never to have occurred to him that the genio-glossus muscle was the only agent capable of exercising this exact control all along the upper surface of the tongue.

As I have said above, the plaster casts which I have collected show a complete gradation in the arrangements for the play of the genio-glossus muscle from the deep pit present in all the apes (which I have called the simian pit) to the prominence known as the genial tubercle in our current works on human anatomy. Of this series of specimens the first is a fossil lemur in which the ancient generalized type of jaw is beginning to manifest certain apelike characteristics. Here two small depressions are visible which are the commencement of the simian pits. As soon as we reach the monkeys, especially the catarrhine apes of the Old World, we find that the pit has become very much deeper. In the baboons, the outward shape of whose heads shows considerable resemblance to those of bears or dogs, we find an exceedingly deep hollow in the under jaw. No observer could possibly mistake the mandible of a baboon for that of one of the carnivora, in which class of animals any such provision for the genio-glossus muscle is quite wanting.

When we reach the anthropoid apes the type is beginning to change, for in some orangs and chimpanzees, and especially in certain of the gibbons, the lower edge of the jaw-bone beneath the incisor teeth is tilted somewhat downward. Whenever this occurs it eases the crowding of the structures beneath the tongue, so that the pit is no longer necessary, and tends to become shallower. In my series of specimens of apes' jaw-bones, the one with the least depression of all is that of the siamang gibbon, which has quite a respectable chin. Next in the series come the two very ancient human

jaw-bones found at Heidelberg and at Naulette, both of which show the simian pit still present in almost as marked a degree as in the siamang.

It may be as well to remark here that in the celebrated Heidelberg jaw there is a tubercle present which has been mistaken for the place of attachment of the genio-glossus muscle. A comparison with other jaws, however, at once shows that it is too near the lower border to answer this purpose, and that it represents one of the lower and lesser genial tubercles described in our books on human anatomy. These give attachment to a muscle which passes straight from the lower jaw to the hyoid bone, and has no connection with the tongue. This muscle, with its bony point of attachment, is well developed among the apes in other lower animals.

Next in the scale is a Central African Pygmy, in which the pit is as deep, or deeper, than in prehistoric man. Then come a series of very remarkable specimens consisting of all the Bushmen and Hottentot jaws that I have been able to obtain. They offer considerable variety, but all are very different from the civilized type. In the great majority no tubercles have arisen and the remains of the pit are present. In some the surface is almost smooth, and in others—especially in the Hottentot jaws—two tiny prominences are seen beginning to bulge up from the concave under side of the pit. Next above the Bushmen and Hottentots come the Andamanese, who are somewhat akin to them in race, and the Veddahs of Ceylon. These all differ very markedly from the type described in our current works of anatomy.

As soon, however, as one examines jaw-bones from the higher grades of savages one gets an approximation to the civilized type, and this approximation increases as one goes up the scale of civilization.

It is, of course, too much to say that any part of the mechanism apparent in the structure of modern men which has to do with articulate speech is absolutely necessary to enable people to talk. We know quite well that many of the savage languages consist largely of guttural noises, clicks, and other uncouth sounds in which very few elaborate tongue movements would be required, and yet such people make themselves sufficiently understood as far as their needs go. It is, however, a noteworthy and suggestive fact that in various parts of the world where elaborate languages have

been evolved independently, and now play an important part in the lives of the people, all the speech mechanism which we have been here discussing is shown in a highly developed form.

I think it is exceedingly probable that most characteristics of the human countenance in which it differs from the same parts in apes and other animals bear traces of the influence of articulate speech. For instance, the air-chambers of the nasal passages, brow, and cheek bones have an undoubted value in increasing the resonance and in improving the quality of the voice. This is proved by the fact that, when these chambers are blocked by catarrh or inflammation, the effect on the voice is disastrous. Let any one, while declaiming some impressive piece of oratory, try to continue it with the nostrils held, and the whole performance degenerates into a ludicrous farce. Now our prominent noses and the filling out of the cheek-bones beneath the eyes to give room for that large chamber called the *antrum of Highmore*, together with the heightening of the brow above and the lessening of the alveolar part of the jaw to accommodate our smaller set of teeth, account for the main differences between "the human face divine" and the animal visage of any of the apes. It would take one too far afield on the present occasion to discuss the relationship between articulate speech and these other parts of the face—so let us return to the lower jaw.

In most anatomical museums, and at many colleges where scientific dentistry is taught, are to be seen preparations of human and animal jaws with the outer wall taken away to show the growth of the teeth in the alveolar cavities. An examination of such a preparation of the jaws of one of the great anthropoid apes is exceedingly instructive. The enormous lower canines have their roots reaching down almost to the lower border of the mandible, which is evidently enlarged for the purpose. Moreover, these roots are in sockets in the bone supported by stout buttresses which approach one another on each side of the chin.

Here, I take it, we find the raw material out of which our chins have been built. Man long ago lost his great canine teeth, and it has been said that no human jaw shows any evidence of his having possessed them; yet every human mandible still appears to retain the abundant bony tissue which was developed for their support.

A survey of the functions of the inferior maxilla throughout the mammalia shows that it serves the purpose simply and solely of a holder of the lower teeth, and that any bony tissue that does not aid in this purpose is scarcely ever found. Now it is a curious and suggestive fact that the bony mass which formed the buttresses for the sockets of the lower canines of a pre-human existence has not degenerated since man lost these primitive weapons, but has rather become more developed. Here it is instructive to consider the case of the elephant, who possesses a kind of pseudo chin. When we study its evolutionary history we find that this bony prominence on the elephant's lower jaw is merely a degenerate scrap left behind by the huge projecting mandibles of the elephant's ancestors the Tetrabelodon and the Paleo-Mastodon. As soon as the projecting lower teeth of these ancient beasts went out of fashion the bony support rapidly shrank away, so that we find it in progressive stages of degeneration in the true mastodon and the modern elephant.

In man, on the contrary, the chin seems to project more and more as he progresses toward his modern civilized condition. This must imply that, immediately the huge lower canines degenerated, the part took on some other function of vital importance to the race, and that the need has increased with his intellectual and social advancement.

My theory, then, is that the chin is essentially a part of the mechanism of articulate speech.

It is tempting to theorize a little further and to suggest that the human chin perhaps bears testimony to a prehistoric change from carnal weapons to others, which, if not exactly spiritual, were such as appealed to the part of us where spiritual forces work; for apparently long ago before the pen proved mightier than the sword the tongue proved mightier than the teeth.

If one could only prove this one might show that, even before the Glacial Epoch, Parliamentary institutions (using the term in its widest sense) began to take the place of lethal weapons in settling disagreements; and that the substitution of Arbitration for War is not merely a doctrine of latter-day moralists, but is a part of the ordered march of Cosmic progress, as inevitable as the other evolutionary changes which have brought us up from among the brutes.

LOUIS ROBINSON.

HAS THE GENTLEWOMAN PASSED?

BY ELIZABETH CARPENTER

In the July number of The North American Review Mr. Herman Scheffauer predicts the passing of the Gentlewoman, and he opens his case against her in this disturbing paragraph:

In the present phases of the eternal adjustment between the sexes there are many strange signs, portents, and tendencies. These have been given scant attention by the heated and disheveled Amazons who carry on the siege against intrenched masculinity. Nor has masculinity itself pondered much upon the possible social results of this sex rebellion.

Marshaling the whole array of significant foes against the traditional "lady," the broad and scholarly treatment of the theme moves on its given way toward an inevitable close, and finally the gathered forces present this formidable front:

Humanity equips itself with a new civilization and new values or reverts in circles to the old. In either case, the asexual woman may become the industrial worker, the sexual man the artist, the hunter, the warrior—true to his esthetic impulses, his errant soul, and lust for conquest. He may degenerate and become the human drone in the beehive of a matriarchy. He may so develop himself by eugenics as to become the superman—which, contrary to usual belief, does not necessarily imply a superwoman. A mind luminous with the prophetic irony of an Anatole France, and capable of piercing through the accretion of future ages, might behold in some such state, extravagant as it may now seem, one of the inevitable results of the sexual insurrection which subordinated feminine beauty and sexuality, created a sterile third sex, and sent the gentlewoman to her doom. In destroying the lady let us beware lest we fail to rescue the real woman from the ruins.

The attack is forceful, trenchant, persistent—but, is the victory won? *Cela dépend.* Mr. Scheffauer writes:

Medieval, in fact, were her origin and attributes. She was a plant whose roots struck deep down into the soil of time, down to that stratum in the geology of our civilization known as the age of chivalry. It was this

epoch, compounded of a strange mixture of war and religion, of poetry and romanticism, which first raised woman from a mere nonentity to the position of a dominant spiritual mistress. About her trembled the pale and misty reflection of that light which gleamed from the forehead of the Madonna. Womankind in this aspect became semi-divine.

Can this position stand a charge, or sustain a siege? Was woman truly a "mere nonentity" before the age of chivalry? Let heroic shades and gentle ghosts arise from ancient history to answer the open challenge. Let Hatasu, Esther, Aspasia, Zenobia, Hypatia, Boadicea, Clothilde, Cornelia, Irene, Messalina (!) reply for themselves and for "all their kith and kin."

To the kindled imagination of historic man, the women well worth his while were of the stamp of Hecuba, of Andromache, of Brunehild, and of Sakoontala. Has not the feminine element in the human make-up been ever semi-divine to masculine comprehensions? Does it not still persist in the very heart of our very modern day? Does it not serenely face the most virulent front of the fiercest "Woman Anarch"? Are not Justice, and The State, and Poetry, and the Muses, the Arts, Religion, and Peace, yea, even Liberty Enlightening the World, still draped by "intrenched masculinity" in the flowing robes of feminism?

Was it only in medieval times that "love purged itself of its grosser elements and became a ritual of vigils, penances, etc."? Did not Jacob serve seven years for Rachel—and then seven more? Are the two Biblical Josephs not worthy of remembrance? Shall Pericles and Odenathus and Theodoric the Goth and Coriolanus and Socrates and Plato and Euripides, together with the surrounding "cloud of witnesses," all be for ever discredited and disdained?

But, let us find the gentlewoman of the later chivalric age and try to realize her worth. She was the "*Grande dame,*" "*La Belle dame sans merci,*" and she had her dulcet day; but now, let us grant it, she is dead—she is practically, finally, safely dead. *Requiescat in pace!* She lingered only a little while after her mischievous lord, the pompous Louis le Grand, and, let it be said aloud at last—may we never look upon their like again!

But these painted, powdered, puffed, and beruffled individuals were not real gentlefolk. La Vallière, Montespan, Maintenon, and all the rest, were not "ladies." Neither, in the later day, were Beau Brummel and Beau Nash "gen-

tlemen." We all know about the asexual "lady-killer" (from Greek Paris to French "cadet"), and it might be said in passing that the ladies who were so easily slain richly deserved their fate. But Mr. Scheffauer himself says:

> The realm of the true lady is still splendid, still vast. She still exerts her far-reaching and tremendous influence from within over the structure of society. Her ideals are still those postulated by George Eliot, "high veracity, delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits."

The vote here may easily be unanimous, but the context is debatable.

"The progress of her gradual effacement is something that can be read only on the dial of the generations." And again: "'What!' cry the 'broad-minded' folk, 'cannot a woman indulge in sport, in personal freedom? Cannot she do the things that men do and still remain a perfect lady?' To that ingenuous plea, mesdames, the answer must be a solemn negative."

May we call upon history once more? Charlotte Corday, Joan of Arc, The Maiden of Bregenz, Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton, and the ever-revered grand army of brave and gentle Colonial Dames—have these no reply? Were none of them "ladies," even by courtesy? But, granting for the moment that "The perfect lady is a beautiful flower fostered and developed by laws rigid and unbreakable as those of the Medes and Persians," we are glad to note the immediate sentence passed upon her. "But the very concept of the lady was reared upon something false and unnatural. Her education as a girl, especially *in erotics,* was, as Nietzsche declared, monstrous."

In the evolution of human society there is no longer any room for monsters, ergo, *this* lady is indeed doomed to utter destruction; but the modern woman is persistently inquiring: "Why all this agitation? Why this continuous turning in a vicious circle? Is there no way out of lady-like incompetence except through 'disheveled Amazons'?" Mr. Scheffauer says:

> The decline of the gentlewoman is hailed with particular joy by those feminists who believe that the ideal relation of the sexes should be based upon comradeship. But the cult of comradeship has always been peculiarly male. It postulates bluntness, fair play, absolute honesty, great mutual tolerance and equality—elements usually excluded from the formal intercourse between lady and gentleman and even between man and woman.

Let us appeal once more to reliable records. In the memoirs of the late Baroness von Suttner we read:

During his lifetime, he whom I lost said to me many dear and beautiful words which are imprinted on my heart; but the loveliest are those which he spoke from beyond the grave in his last will. It reads: "And now, My Own, one single word to thee, Thanks! Thou hast made me happy; thou hast helped me to win from life its loveliest aspects. Not a second of discontent has ever come between us, and for this I thank thy great understanding, thy great heart, thy great love. Thou knowest that we realized within our hearts the duty of contributing our mite to the betterment of the world. Though I go home, for thee this duty is not extinguished. The happy recollection of thy companion must be a support to thee. Courage, then! No hesitation! In what we are trying to do we are at one, and therefore must thou try still to accomplish much."

Here is the feminist ideal realized in full; mutual love plus stimulating companionship. If it be objected that the wife led and the husband followed, let a few lines from Thomas Huxley's pen add testimony. This dominant scientist and virile, battling man wrote to John Fiske, saying of his own wife, "I tell her everything I know or guess or imagine, so as to get it straight in my own mind."

Were not Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett close mental comrades even at a time when their marriage seemed an impossibility? Were not the Hawthornes, the Tennysons, the Wallaces, the Stevensons, George Eliot and Lewes all tangible illustrations that although the *grande dame* and her artificialties, her petty deceits, and her subtle disintegrations, all must go, surely there may survive the unchangeable, the imperishable virtues and delights, not only of personal human loves, but of wholesome, constructive human sex-companionships?

Personal love is the great human asset. All our liabilities are "trifles light as air" as long as love persists. In her "Drama of Exile," as Lucifer approaches her Adam and Eve, Mrs. Browning makes the original Mother cry out: "Hold fast my right hand firmly, Adam; we have love to lose!"

Mr. Scheffauer writes:

For the intellectual among these "rulers of kings" the tragedy of their triumphs lay in the fact that their power was accompanied by the knowledge of its source—that without physical beauty, sexual charm, or wealth their personality would have availed them little.

How did Cleopatra hold Marc Antony? Shakespeare's dictum ought to count: "Age cannot wither her nor cus-

tom stale her infinite variety." Was it not the peerless "Ninon" who said: "It is not sufficient to be beautiful; we must also amuse"?

Let it not be forgotten that George Eliot and Mrs. Browning were very homely women. Let it be revived that Catharine II. wrote of herself "Together with the force and character of a man I combined the charm of a very beautiful woman." And let us not be unwise enough to discount that the great Empress also said: "In the first place I was a beautiful woman, in which case the road to temptation is already half traced; it is in the nature of human things that the other half should not remain untracked."

"Is it wise," the modern woman asks, "to base such tragic things as marriage and social security and parentage and progress upon such very fragile foundations as feminine physical beauty and feminine submissions and surrenders?" Surely it took something more stable than sense-attractions, something deeper than physical beauty, something stronger than emotional gratification, to grip the men and the women of the past and to hold them firmly to the grave, ceaseless terrestrial task—the preservation of the race and the progress of society. At the root of all religions, at the base of all philosophies, there lies imperishably the primal human motive, best named perhaps by Rudolf Eucken's "spiritual self-preservation"; and its chief menace has ever been "La femme." From Adam's "The woman tempted me and I did eat" to the Futurists' "Scorn woman!" the cry is ever the same; and all through classic literature there echoes the dreary wail:

> Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen
> Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
> Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
> Die Lorelei gethan!

The mountainous, mournful pile of modern sex novels bears woeful witness to the ever-agitating theme, and it is small wonder that the Ellen Keys of to-day are vehemently denouncing what Mrs. Humphry Ward once named "the stale, old vices"; those demoralized, disintegrating dangers to mankind in the mass, and to womankind in particular. Is there no possible way out?

One path is cleared, but, to the average masculine view, it is a perilous road. Caroline Herschel, when she had

turned eighty-two, wrote in her journal: "I never had a proposal of marriage, and never had anything said to me that I could possibly construe into one." She and her famous brother, like Renan and "Sister Henriette," worked toilfully all their days, and honorably won the plaudits of the world for their helpful, wholesome additions to the general public wealth.

Since monogamy has proven itself to be the best basis for developing civilizations, and the woman element is a surplus one to-day—not a deficit—should not the unmarried industrial worker be hailed as a help rather than frowned upon as a hindrance? And just here let us return, for a moment, to a fallacy that still valiantly holds its own in spite of countless defeats. Mr. Scheffauer says:

> Comradeship between the sexes is possible in its purest sense only when consciousness of sex is lost. . . . Modern civilization, it is true, seems bent on crushing and leveling the sex characteristics. This has already resulted in the evolution of a colorless hybrid of both sexes.

A cultivated man once said to an equally cultivated woman, "I like to discuss things with you because I can never even guess what you are going to say." Why? Is it not because sex *is* always present, to both men and women, with its ever-enriching possibilities that it alone offers its ceaseless, changing chances for comradeship and joy? Are there not many close sex-companionships in our daily living now? Companionships that "are worth life and worth death"? Does life not perennially refresh mankind with the loves of brother and sister, of father and daughter, of mother and son, of guardian and ward, of cousins, aunts, and uncles galore, and of elderly women and valiant young boys, or elderly men and gracious young girls? Almost all the splendid tendernesses of human family life have their origins in the heaven-sent boon of sex—sex that is psychological as well as physiological; sex that is the basis of our whole individual expression; sex that so stimulatingly offers the endless variety which is "the spice of life and gives it all its flavor." Must we indeed look across the mundane path and shamefacedly admit that 1914 has nothing better to present than "an evolution of a colorless hybrid of both sexes" as a promise for the future?

It still remains true that all too often certain friendships between men and women have failed and the friends have

drifted into lovers; but sometimes success has been won, and it also remains true that comradeship between the sexes was fathered long ago, and it was an ancient Greek philosopher (not modern women) who argued first that a workable plan for association was what we call "Platonic love." Was it not also Lord Lytton who wrote, decades before the feminists were in the foreground, " We have pampered love to too great a preponderance over the other excitements of life "? Let it not be asserted too strongly that it is the women of to-day who are clamoring for a different basis of life than the dictum, " Man has sex, but woman is sex." From Buddha to Christ, from Homer to Browning, men have been overwhelmingly the teachers of our world, and all our modern ideals were well fathered before they found life. The modern woman is only " The seed of buried ancestors," and before we hold her responsible for opinions which might tend toward de-masculinizing one part of humanity, let us ponder upon these significant names: St. Augustine; St. Francis; Montaigne; Amiel; Ruskin; Emerson; Maeterlinck: Tolstoi; Lester Ward and Romain Rolland. Let us not forget the lovable bachelors of time, the virile, but tender, hearts that have helped the women of all centuries, both before and after that wonderful era when Roman domineering found itself face to face with the mysterious force of Christian gentleness and peace-compelling patience.

We cannot solve our present-day problems through sex antagonisms; we cannot harmonize differing theories through hasty criticisms. Is there not a better atmosphere in which all of us may thrive? Let us take counsel from Rabindranath Tagore: " Oh how I love this world that is lying so quietly. I feel like hugging it with all its trees and flowers and rivers and plains, noise and quiet, mornings and evenings. I often wonder if heaven itself could give us all the blessings we are enjoying in this world. How could heaven give us anything like this our treasure of such human beings in the making, so full of tenderness, weakness, and love "?

Shall we cry out and run to cover because our own particular day has bred some " disheveled Amazons," and " the boisterous, sprawling hockey-girl, large of limb and strident of voice, who yells and ramps madly across the fields, mænad-like "?

"Mænad-like"—that is, only the latest survival of a type as old as time? It has flourished like the bay-tree in each succeeding age, and, when it had its full growth, it has been carefully cut down and quietly used for domestic fuel. Delilah, Jael, and Jezebel had their tumultuous time, but Ruth, Naomi, and the three Marys are safely nestled in the heart of the whole round world. The strident cries of the present hour are only echoes from the good old Nibelungenlied which blithely recalls for our edification "How the Queens Reviled Each Other." A much-perturbed mediæval father complained of St. Theresa, "She is not a woman; she is a bearded man," and a very modern writer has set down his decision upon a great metropolis in these terse lines: "In Paris to-day the men are the women and the women are the men."[1] *Voilà!*

Who does not know George Eliot's famous gibe in the mouth of her Mrs. Poyser? "Ah" (said Bartle), "the women are quick enough—they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself." "Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser, "for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts o'errun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting 's tongue ready; and when he outs wi' his speech at last there's little broth to be made on 't. It's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. Howiver, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

Perhaps that is the most profound remark George Eliot ever made! In every age and in every clime the women of the land have simply "matched the men"! It was no light thought that came to call marriage "a match." If there is a Pericles anywhere there will surely be an Aspasia; when Rome bred an Antony, Egypt matched him with a Cleopatra; when the Western Goths raged in France, Brunehild and Fredegonde were as fierce as their grim lords.

But our Gentlewoman waits. A few years ago at a public luncheon an eminent physician introduced a modern woman to an audience of seven hundred people of both sexes. For more than an hour the speakers, masculine and feminine, had discussed in turn the delicate difficulties of the "ancient evil" in its most modern guise. The last to

[1] Whiting's *Paris of To-day.*

speak was the woman introduced. She was not strikingly beautiful; she was no longer young; she was an ardent suffragist; she was a daily worker in the lowest slums; she had been in the courts of her city countless times to plead the cause of some male or female unfortunate; she had written books of a serious and most searching kind; she was unmarried, and she had stood on the platform of a modern political meeting and had seconded the nomination of the man of its choice as a Presidential candidate.

"Out in Chicago," said the distinguished chairman, "there is a house not built with hands. The builder of that house is here with us to-day; she is at this hour the foremost woman of the world." With one impulse, the assembly arose and, by hearty, spontaneous applause, accepted the definition and offered their ready homage to the modern woman at her best.

"The realm of the true lady is still splendid, still vast. She still exerts her far-reaching and tremendous influence over the structure of modern society. Her ideals are those postulated by George Eliot: high veracity, delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits."

Has the Gentlewoman passed? Nay, she is not even passing. She is just beginning to be!

ELIZABETH CARPENTER.

A MASTER OF PLAYWRIGHTS

BY LAFAYETTE McLAWS

To one familiar with the Harvard course in play-writing, the growth of the movement, the class methods of Professor George Pierce Baker, and the results, it seems almost like wasting good working-time to discuss whether or not the art of writing plays can be taught. The teachableness of the art of painting, of sculpture, nor of musical composition is questioned, and drama, like all these sister arts, has certain well-defined principles, certain prime essentials, which can be learned by any man or woman of average intelligence. Though what can be learned can be taught, not every student who becomes letter perfect in the technique of the art of painting becomes a great artist, nor does every class in sculpture produce a Saint-Gaudens or a Rodin, while great musical composers are few and far between. Why expect every class in play-writing to turn out a Shakespeare, a Molière, or an Augustus Thomas? Without the divine fire there can no more be a great dramatist than there can be a great artist, a great sculptor, or a great musical composer.

The first Harvard class in play-writing completed the course in June, 1908. When one remembers that "Art is hard, Art is long," 1908 doesn't seem so long ago. Yet since that time upward of thirty plays by Baker students have been produced on the professional stage. More than three-fourths of them were successful, more than one dozen "Broadway successes." It is doubtful if many teachers of the art of painting, of sculpture, or of musical composition could show a better record in teaching their art than Professor George Pierce Baker has in teaching play-writing.

When considering what has been accomplished in this course in play-writing, which in the Harvard bulletin is listed as English 47, or Technique of the Drama, two facts should be remembered. In the first place it is a limited

course, and in the second all the plays which have, so far, been sent out from it have been produced without a laboratory, or anything in the shape of a practical theater in which to try them out.

The limitation begins with picking out from a long list of applicants those whose submitted work it is thought shows the greatest dramatic promise. It is an invariable rule that an applicant must submit an original play. The dozen women submitting the best plays are selected for the Radcliffe division of the class, and the dozen men for the Harvard.

Once admitted to the course, the student finds Professor Baker's methods surprisingly simple. At the first meeting of each new class he dwells at considerable length on the impossibility of becoming a dramatist unless one be endowed with dramatic instinct. Dramatic instinct he explains as the faculty which makes a person see the life about him in an endless series of dramatic pictures, each telling its own story of comedy or tragedy. Dramatic instinct is to the playwright what an ear for music is to the composer, what an eye for color and form is to the painter. Without the faculty of dramatic instinct all knowledge of the technique of the drama, so far as writing plays is concerned, is of no avail. He makes it unmistakably plain to all new students that he has admitted them to the course because the plays they submitted had convinced him that they possessed the desirable faculty.

He is equally as emphatic when stating that the art of play-writing cannot be learned in a short time and without hard work. On the contrary, it means much hard work and long and constant study. Not of books, but of life, supplemented by close and critical observations of plays on the stage. He urges the class to go to see plays: good plays and bad plays, but go to see plays they must. Though there are no text-books for the course, he announces that he will hold the class responsible for the contents of three books on the art of writing plays—by Professor Alfred Hennequin, by William Thompson Price, and, most recent of them all, by William Archer.

These points fully understood, he strikes a note on which the class will hear him pound to the end of the course—the importance of working with the public. If any student has entered the class expecting to find Harvard's Professor of

Dramatic Literature a high-brow individual with his eyes fastened on some cold and distant star, ignoring the man in the box-office, he gets a shock. Instead he comes face to face with a man so sanely practical that one almost forgets he is teaching an art. He freely admits that he believes in publishing plays, but not until after they have been produced on the stage. The test of a play is a worthy production, the judges the public. He wants his class to write fresh, clean, well-made plays, because he is sure the public prefers that sort.

As a dramatic curtain to this first lecture he instructs the students to select and bring to the next session three short stories each. There is no limit of type or author. He wants them to select such short stories as they think they can dramatize. The result of this order is a pile of thirty-six short stories heaped on the table before his chair the next time he meets the class. In one particular class the same story was selected by four different students, but as a rule the stories are as various as the tastes of the men and women selecting them. Some are clipped from newspapers, some from magazines, others from bound volumes, and once in a great while one from the Bible.

Speaking across this pile of more or less dramatic material to the twelve women seated at the great red table about which the Radcliffe division of the class meets, Professor Baker explains about scenarios. To many of these would-be dramatists "scenario" is a new word. Others have a casual, usually a very casual, acquaintance with it. In the two classes with which I traveled through the course scenarios were unpopular. The sound of the word seemed to have a depressing effect on certain members of the class from the very first time it was mentioned. A few, very few, outgrew this aversion; with some it increased. The larger half of the dozen always believe that the writing of a scenario is a waste of valuable time, while some assert that it is impossible to make one until after the play is completed. Usually not until along in their second year will the very few agree with their teacher that a scenario is the quickest and surest way of showing up a poor plot.

After explaining just what a scenario is, how it should be made, and its value both to the play-writer and to the busy manager, Professor Baker reads several examples. At least one of these is a model, usually supplied by a graduate of

the course, and of one of his successful plays. This year the scenario of "Kismet" served as the model of good scenario-writing. The other examples are for the purpose of making plain certain specific faults which the students are to guard against.

At the third meeting of a class thirty-six short stories are returned. All have been read and one of each trio selected is marked for dramatization. More examples of scenarios are read, and further instructions given as to what should be included in and what left out of a good scenario. It is just here that a new class begins to feel less self-satisfied. By this time its members realize not only that the man at the head of the great red table is strictly business, but that he intends that they shall either come up to the mark or—The alternative is not pleasant food for thought for mature students, for 47 is a graduate course, and men or women in their early twenties are not numerous. The present Radcliffe class ranges in age from twenty-two to nearly fifty. More than half are professional writers in various fields, one is a professional actress, several have had short plays produced, and at least two are known as authors and producers of pageants. The Harvard division is almost as varied, one man having worked for a considerable period with Mr. Gordon Craig, while two others have appeared successfully on the professional stage.

The class wakes up at its fourth session, for it is then that Professor Baker begins to read the scenarios made from the chosen short stories. After each one is read he asks for criticisms. A new class acts very like an untried pack with an experienced leader. Some shoulder for place nearest the leader, and try to discover which trail of criticism he will take before expressing their opinion. Others, made bold by the knowledge that they have not only heard two lectures on scenarios, but have read all that three leading dramatic writers have to say on the subject, come eagerly forward. After these eager ones have torn this first attempt at scenario-writing to shreds and tatters, for they almost never have a word of commendation, the unwilling ones are called on by name.

When the last of the dozen has been heard from, Professor Baker comes out of his shell of silence. Very quietly he goes over the work under discussion. If there is a grain of gold in it (and he usually finds at least one), he picks it out and

explains its value. From this he turns to faults in the writing. If the student has retained the story method in developing the plot instead of the dramatic, he calls attention to it and explains the difference, with the reason why such a method, though best for the published story, is not suited for the stage. If the characterization is not distinct, he speaks of it; or if the incidents are arranged so as to produce an anti-climax, he dwells on the fact and asks the writer to think out an order which will gain a better effect. It is seldom, very seldom, that a first scenario does not have to be rewritten, some of them many times.

As soon as a scenario is up to the standard a student is told to go ahead and write the play. These first plays, dramatizations of short stories, are usually handed in just before the Christmas recess begins. Like the scenarios, most of them have to be rewritten several times before they are brought up to the standard. Next after this comes the call for scenarios for original one-act plays. To this the class usually responds promptly, for the majority of its members are eager to get to work on their own material. When these scenarios and the plays developed from them are read in class an observer notices the first definite division in the work. Usually there is one gleam, sometimes several, of what appears to be unusual dramatic talent—possibly from students whose work in dramatizing the selected short story was hardly up to the standard. Another whose dramatization has been well above the average, occasionally brilliant, may fall behind when it comes to building a plot of his own.

This short original work is either completed or well under way at the beginning of the second semester, when scenarios for full-length plays are required. Here what has appeared to be a gleam of unusual dramatic talent may disappear, sometimes without so much as a flicker, again it may become a steady beam, broadening and deepening as the work progresses. It is now easy to pick out the fortunate ones who will finish this first-year course with distinction and so be allowed to take the second year, or 47a.

This second year's work is conducted along the same general lines. From the original dozen it is seldom that more than fifty per cent. are admitted to this advanced class. To gain admission not only must a student have given unmistakable evidence of possessing the dramatic instinct, but he must have proved his industry, and his ability to build

plots, or to so improve those of other people as to make it appear worth while for him to study to become a professional dramatizer. While the first year is largely a try-out, this second year is for professional workers only. If the student's talent appears to be limited to one-act plays, he is allowed to work toward perfecting himself in the technique of short plays; if, on the other hand, he has proved his capacity for building plots for full-length plays, he is taught the many things which good dramatists may not do. At the same time Professor Baker is careful to point out instances in which many of these "may-nots" have been violated and with good results, thus proving his statement that there are no fixed, unbreakable rules in the art of playwriting.

Always during this second year, sometimes earlier, the student has come to the knowledge that the difference between the criticism of the class and the man at the head of the great red table is that the first is destructive, while that of the latter is constructive. Here, in the writer's opinion, lies the secret of the unusual success of Harvard's Professor of Dramatic Literature in teaching the art of writing plays. He not only sees the faults in the dramatic material, but the grains of gold. These he is able to separate, and so clearly give his reasons that the writer is able to discard the dross and use the good material in such a manner as to get satisfactory dramatic results.

The growth of the dramatic movement at Harvard, which, because it forged the link connecting the Theater and the University as factors in modern civilization, is now attracting world-wide attention, is as natural and simple as Professor Baker's methods of teaching. This dramatic germ began the first stage of its development more than twenty years ago, when George Pierce Baker, a Harvard undergraduate, was told by Professor Barrett Wendell to write a thesis on the pre-Shakespearian dramatists. This subject was suggested because of the publication of a book on the subject which had caused considerable discussion in college circles.

The year following Undergraduate Baker's thesis, Professor Wendell gave a half-year course on the subject. A few years after Mr. Baker's graduation Professor Wendell turned this course over to him. Yet another few years and this course, as conducted by Instructor Baker, became a

full-year course, advertised in the Harvard bulletin as English 14, the history of the English drama from its beginning to the closing of the theaters. Soon after this development students in English 14 began to ask to be allowed to hand in an original play instead of the required thesis. All such requests were sternly denied, first because the young instructor did not feel competent to judge such plays, and, second, because, English 14 being a history course, he felt bound to keep his students within that field.

As time wore on the demand for an extension of the history of the drama, bringing it down to the present day, became so insistent that Harvard established a second-year course, English 39. From the very beginning of 39, according to Professor Baker's own statement, the students begged to be allowed to write original plays instead of theses. These requests became so numerous and so persistent that it was finally decided to make a trial. A few students in the Radcliffe division were selected, and they were told to hand in original plays instead of the usual theses. This experiment proved so satisfactory that the following summer the Harvard bulletin announced for the first time English 47, or the Technique of the Drama.

As simple as this announcement now seems, at the time it created a sensation in college and theatrical worlds. In both circles it was asserted that play-writing could not be taught. Playwrights, like poets, were born, not made. In academic circles Professor Baker was referred to as a "sensationalist," and disapproval was freely expressed of the innovation at Harvard. Theatrical folk, actors, managers, and play-writers all ridiculed the idea, made merry jests about "that high-brow professor at Harvard who is trying to teach college boys and girls how to write plays."

This had been going on for something more than a year when the interest of the general public was aroused by Mrs. Minnie Madden Fiske's appearance in "Salvation Nell." This was an instance in which the public and the critics agreed about the merits of a play. The critics gave it good reviews and the public flocked to see it. When it became known that the author, Edward Sheldon, was a young man, less than twenty-five, and a graduate of Professor Baker's first Harvard class in English 47, 1908, the theatrical and academic worlds as well as the general public began to take notice.

Mr. John Craig came forward with an offer of a prize of five hundred dollars in cash and a week's professional production at the Castle Square Theater, Boston, for the best play produced by Baker students. In New York the late Mr. Henry B. Harris offered to be one of five to give ten thousand dollars each to endow a chair of dramatic composition in an American university. The academic world was sufficiently aroused for four Western colleges to offer courses in the history and the technique of the drama.

The next season this interest was increased by Mr. Sheldon's "The Boss" and " The Nigger," both Broadway successes. Then it became known that " The Faun," being produced at the same time down at Daly's Theater, by Mr. William Faversham, was by Mr. Edward Knobloch, who had taken the two courses in the history of the drama under Harvard's Professor in Dramatic Literature. " The Scarecrow " and " Mater " were both being produced at theaters farther up-town, and it became known that Mr. Percy MacKaye also was a Baker student. And Josephine Preston Peabody, whose " The Piper " was having a good run at the New Theater after winning the Shakespeare prize in England, acknowledged herself as a Baker student in the Radcliffe division of English 14 and 39.

That same season, over in Boston, the John Craig Harvard-Radcliffe Prize was awarded to Miss Florence Lincoln for " The End of the Bridge." This play, instead of running one week at the Castle Square Theater, created so much interest that Mr. Craig was forced to cancel several contracts and continue it for nine full weeks, two performances each day. It broke the record at the Castle Square Theater for long and profitable runs. According to Mr. Craig's statement he not only got the prize-money back, but had a profitable production for himself and company, with a snug sum in royalty for the author.

Up to the present time the John Craig Harvard-Radcliffe Prize has been awarded three times. Though the second prize-winner ran only five weeks, it earned a fair profit for both the producer and the author. The third winning play was " Believe Me, Xantippe!" which ran a month longer at the Castle Square Theater than " The End of the Bridge "; it was then taken to New York, where it not only had a successful run, but introduced a new comedy star, Miss Mary Young, to Broadway.

Since that season when the general public discovered Professor Baker by way of Mr. Sheldon's "Salvation Nell," other Harvard playwrights have come to the front with successful plays. Mr. Jules Erkert Goodman's first notable success was "Mother," Mr. Allan Davis scored a hit with "The Iron Door" and "A House Divided." Mr. Sheldon has added "Princess Zimzim," "The High Road," and "Romance"; Mr. Percy MacKaye "A Thousand Years Ago"; and Mr. Knobloch "Kismet" and a half-interest in "Milestones." Besides these there have been several long plays that have enjoyed good runs on the road and in the smaller cities, with more than a half-score of one-act plays that have been notably successful in vaudeville houses. Several of these little plays have been prize-winners.

With such results obtained without a laboratory, a trial theater of any sort, with nothing to guide the students but the judgment of one man, and he a college professor, not a theatrical manager or critic, it is not to be wondered at that the college and theatrical worlds are beginning to weaken in their conviction that play-writing cannot be taught. To-day there are a score of colleges, great and small, in this country advertising courses on the history and technique of the drama. At two of these institutions theaters to try out the plays written by students are now being equipped. Producing managers, great and small, though not entirely cured of their prejudice against the college-trained playwrights, are willing to give their work a careful reading. Some of them, notably Mr. David Belasco, have announced through the press not only that play-writing can be taught, but, like the arts, painting, sculpture, and musical composition, it can only be mastered by hard and constant study.

LAFAYETTE MCLAWS.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

In his earlier book on *Human Nature in Politics* Mr. Graham Wallas complained that the student of politics today spends his time in analyzing human institutions and neglects the analysis of man. He thereupon proceeded with great social-evolutionary zeal to analyze not only man, but the lower animals. He said he himself had entered politics by way of biology and psychology, passing thence directly into Parliament and the London County Council for laboratory work. His point of view was refreshing; much that he said was suggestive; and the signs are plentiful that the book has had a considerable influence on current political thought. But he became so enthusiastic as he went about botanizing and biologizing among the minds of politicians that he often lost himself in the contemplation of what seemed to me rather unfruitful analogies, as, for example, between business men and kittens or Royal Commissioners and earthworms. The bare fact that a politician reminded him of some prehistoric saurian was gratification enough, and he never wearied of pointing out the antiquity of our "instinctive nature."

The scarlet paint and wolf-skin head-dress of a warrior, or the dragon-mask of a medicine-man, appeal, like the smile of a modern candidate, to our instinctive nature.

And whenever he heard a member of Parliament laugh he would console himself with the thought that that apparently meaningless muscular agitation

may have been evolved because an animal which suffered a slight spasm in the presence of the unexpected was more likely to be on its guard against its enemies, or it may have been the merely accidental result of some fact in our nervous organization which was otherwise useful.

[1] *The Great Society.* By Graham Wallas. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

No small part of this earlier volume was devoted to proving that political opinions were for the most part formed irrationally. Now it does not require any profound study of biological, of psychological text-books to convince us that that is true. A moderate degree of self-analysis or of penetration into the minds of our impassioned political opponents in a debate will suffice. Almost every one who stops to think will realize that a human being does not, as a rule, in an intellectual sense form his own political opinion. His political opinion is formed upon him—comes out on him like a wart. Yet so earnestly did Mr. Wallas contend in *Human Nature in Politics* that we were creatures of habit and environment in this matter—that we were irrational, instinctive, inert—that he almost convinced his readers that they had previously thought otherwise, for it seemed as if he could not be taking all that trouble to eradicate an opinion unless it really were somewhere in our heads.

It is not from reason, he pleaded earnestly, that we jump back from a falling object, or dodge a cab, or dream "we are walking along the Brighton Parade in a nightshirt," or forget the cause of association of ideas and say "Simpson is a drunkard" merely because "some one told us that Simpson had a cousin who invented a cure for drunkenness." And he piled instance on instance, ranging all the way from caterpillars to political oratory. Yet when we came to think of it there was very little that we should not have gladly admitted at the outset without argument. It was the author's candor, lucidity, and novel method of approaching the subject that carried us along.

These same qualities will be found in *The Great Society,* along with more definiteness of aim and more substance. It is a plea for social psychology as the basis of social theory, for the application of science to the study of human nature in mass. By the "great society" he means simply the complex, urban, industrialized society of to-day wherein "cities and districts are only parts of highly organized national states" which in turn are involved in a general system of international relationships. Social psychology must discover and arrange

> the knowledge which will enable us to forecast, and therefore to influence, the conduct of large numbers of human beings organized in societies.

It must not be deterred from this enormous task either by the "contempt of the experimentalist," on the one hand,

or by those who fear any "intrusion of cause and effect into regions hitherto assigned to the free activity of human or superhuman will," on the other. As we read in the opening chapters of what social psychology must do, it seems as if it might be ready for application in about two thousand years. That, however, is not an objection. On the contrary, a job of this probable duration cannot be begun too soon. And, after all, to the Lord and Mr. H. G. Wells, and the eugenist, and the social evolutionist, a thousand years is as one day.

In the presence of mere stupid social inequality we feel comparatively hopeful. We can contrive schemes for dealing with the row of broken men waiting for the casual ward to open, or the dull, fat women who pass in their uselessly efficient motor-cars. But all our schemes involve an increase in the number of clerks and mechanics and teachers with no essential change in their way of life. . . .

Each generation, except in so far as we create by selective breeding a somewhat better, or by the sterility of the finer individuals a somewhat worse human type, will start, we are told in essentials, not where their fathers left off, but where their fathers began.

And we find ourselves sometimes doubting, not only as to the future happiness of individuals in the Great Society, but as to the permanence of the Great Society itself. Why should we expect a social organization to endure which has been formed in a moment of time by human beings whose bodies and minds are the result of age-long selection under far different conditions?

There is no longer the old faith in "manifest destiny," or "the tide of progress," or an unguided "evolution of social institutions." It is necessary to reconsider the basis of modern society as a whole if it is to be controlled, but such a consideration runs counter to the intellectual habits of the present generation who have been brought up as specialists.

Neither the sectional observations of the special student, nor the ever-accumulating records of the past, nor the narrow experience of the practical man can suffice us. We must let our minds play freely over all the conditions of life till we can either justify our civilization or change it.

Psychology has for many years been applying new methods to the examination of the human mind, but though many books on social subjects rest on assumptions essentially psychological, and though political discussion is constantly appealing to the "laws of human nature," the influence of the new psychological knowledge on sociological

and political writers has been surprisingly slight. The present volume, therefore,

> is written with the practical purpose of bringing the knowledge which has been accumulated by psychologists into touch with the actual problems of present civilized life.

Then follows some excellent criticism of the social philosophers for their over-simplification of human nature —of the conservatives or "habit-philosophers" as represented by Sir Henry Maine, the "pain-pleasure" dogmatists as represented by Bentham, the followers of Hobbes with their doctrine of "fear," the Comtists with their doctrine of "love," and the "crowd-philosophers" of the present day.

He attacks the "mechanical assumption" of the crowd-psychologists that social actions are explained by imitation or sympathy or suggestion or any other single disposition or instinct. The late William James wrote in 1908, "I myself see things *à la* Tarde, perhaps too exclusively," and in his *Principles of Psychology* he had previously declared that "man is essentially *the* imitative animal" and that "the whole history of civilization" depends on this trait. By the public at large the "laws" of Tarde and Le Bon have an authority like that of economic "laws" in the hey-day of the Manchester School. But, says Mr. Wallas, the leading psychologists during the last five or six years have denied the "very existence of such an instinct of imitation." He concludes that

> The whole subject-matter, indeed, of the "Psychology of the Crowd" requires restatement and re-examination. We must first get rid of the verbal ambiguities which are due merely to the employment of collective terms. Nothing is more annoying or useless than the constant implication in books and articles about "Crowds" and "Groups" that such a statement as "Crowds display a singularly inferior mentality" means anything different from the statement than that individual human beings when brought into close relations to numerous other individual human beings display such a mentality. . . . The inhabitants of a modern State, whether they are officials or journalists or working-men, are indeed ignorant of much which it would be well for them to know, and unmoved by much which it would be well for them to feel. That they are so is due not to the fact that "individually" they are thoughtful and temperate, and "collectively" blind and ferocious, but to the fact that they are human beings whose intellectual and emotional nature was evolved in contact with the restricted environment of the primitive world, and who have not yet learned, if ever they will learn, either to educate in each generation their faculties to fit their environment or to change their environment so as to fit their faculties.

In writing of peace and war he escapes the dogmatism and mental confusion that we usually find in such discussions, and what he says is of especial interest at the present crisis when we are all violently taking sides between the nations. It is a curious thing, this matter of national types, and it is probable that we should believe in them even if after the widest possible experience we found nothing like them among men. And what are their constituents? Hearsay, for the most part, a vague tradition, a habit of speech, a cartoon or two, the scoldings of some literary prophet, the report of an observer whose mind was previously made up. We would not hang a dog on the evidence on which we judge some eighty millions of people. And among persons with strong literary motives you never can tell what basis they have for their "types." Often a "type" is a mixture of a few personal acquaintances—perhaps only one man, a friend or an enemy—or somebody the writer has found in a book. The literary man and journalist are born multipliers, and it is easy for them to characterize a whole country because their imagination very quickly peoples it. In what Matthew Arnold wrote of England, how much there is of Matthew Arnold and how little of England. A man is to be pardoned if in his second thoughts on this subject he is somewhat skeptical.

Mr. Wallas, though not profound, appeals agreeably in these second thoughts. He reminds us that nations cannot be personified, that a nation does not "will" or "desire" an action by the same process that an individual does. When we say "Russia intends to make war on Austria," we are apt to think of a giant Russian making up his mind, or an enormous number of Russians bending to the purpose, when perhaps a dozen statesmen have decided on taking the aggressive.

> If a general war should break out in Europe, the action of each nation in the proceedings leading to war would probably be due to the rather highly organized Wills of its politically important members, but the outbreak itself might (owing to the absence of a European Will-Organization) be undesired by any nation.

As to the present war, by the way, the book, though written long before, plainly foretells it, blaming the journalists and politicians who "contemplate with criminal levity" the danger of war "between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente."

He compares the biological argument that war is necessary for the improvement of the race with Lamb's Chinaman who burned his house down to roast his pig, but to the advantage of the latter, for the Chinaman did at least get the pig roasted, "whereas a thirty years' war between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente waged for the purpose of improving the European type would leave that type worse and not better." Shrapnel fired from a hill is an undiscriminating eugenic device. Nor is there any reason to believe that after a war the conquerors breed faster than the conquered.

> A decisive victory in southeastern Europe of the Germans and Magyars over the Slavs would not mean that a hundred years hence there would be more Germans alive and fewer Slavs than if the war had not taken place. It only means that the Slavs would be less free and less self-respecting.

He thinks there is more force in the argument that permanent peace, though psychologically possible, is inconsistent with a good life because it would leave the warlike dispositions unstimulated. The man who never fights is, he says, "restless, unreliable, and probably unhappy," but it does not follow that war is the only "nervous tonic" for him. He urges the necessity of inventing some less costly one than the elaborate modern machinery of destruction. Hatred has a survival value, but hatred requires "for its full stimulation a vivid realization of its object." This is not easy to supply under conditions of modern warfare. He quotes a British officer in the Indian service: "I was right through the Afridi war, but I never saw a dead Afridi." He goes on to say:

> As I now write, all good Europeans are watching the controversy about Servia's window on the Adriatic, with the same feeling of helpless apprehension with which a man lying bound in a hay-barn might watch a child in the opposite corner playing with matches. If war takes place we shall certainly make some entity to hate, but for the moment the cry that "the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy shall not have Durazzo" leaves even the Music Halls cold and puzzled. We should get more satisfaction per thousand of violent deaths out of a war between Manchester and Liverpool.

F. M. Colby.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By JAMES MAVOR, PH.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1914.

Professor Mavor's truly monumental work supplies English-speaking readers with an orderly and analytical view of the development of the Russian people from the earliest times down to the present. Considering the length of the period that has to be traversed as well as the variety and complexity of the factors that must be taken into account, the author's treatment is remarkably concise: not a page of the two bulky volumes composing *An Economic History of Russia* is cluttered with superabundant detail, but each helps to outline a period or a movement by means of essentail facts without any attempt to crowd these into theoretic unity.

Serfdom is, of course, the central factor of Russian history. Its rise and fall and its interaction with other social and economic forces are in a large degree explicable and at the same time explanatory of the successive phases of Russian national evolution. Indeed, in Professor Mavor's scholarly discussion the successive stages seem to follow one another with a sort of inevitableness. Nevertheless, the work has to be scientific rather than philosophical, descriptive rather than logical. Back of political and economic conditions there lie unexplained and perhaps unexplainable facts of human nature and of racial psychology. Viewed as a whole, the course of Russian history seems strange to Western eyes, even when all the determinable facts have received the fullest consideration.

It is remarkable that the earliest chief occupation of the nuclear group out of which the Russian people developed was not agriculture, but trade. Driven from their abodes on the northern slopes of the Carpathian Mountains by the invasion of the Avars in the seventh century, the dispersed Slavs occupied the valley of the Dnieper and its tributaries. Here they were situated upon one of the main arteries of trade, and up to the tenth century trade was so profitable that the Russians troubled themselves little about agriculture. Thus "the earliest types of Russian economic life were the hunter, the beekeeper, and the trader." Barbaric as the people then were, they engaged in raids upon the Eastern Empire and upon neighboring tribes, which resulted in an accumulation of slaves, and of these the surplus was regularly sold. Slavery thus makes an early appearance in the story, and not as a traditional institution mitigated by kindly custom, but in the form of an active slave *trade*. In addition, the Slavs themselves were subjected to constant pressure from neighboring races, and the *Variagi* (Swedes, Norwegians, Goths, and Angles) whom they employed as mercenaries became their masters, setting up their own leaders as princes, so that in the tenth and eleventh centuries a majority of the princely families were

of Variagan origin, although princes of native Slavic race were not unknown. On the whole, the early experience of the race would not seem to have been favorable to the growth of anything like national consciousness or a high conception of "human dignity." Slavery became the foundation of Russian society and it is significant that, in Professor Mavor's view, it was the accumulation of slaves in the urban house-yards which led in the tenth century to the employment of some of them in the exploitation of the land. Thus agriculture and estate possession developed, and thus grew up the doctrine: "This land is mine because the people who cultivate it are mine."

It is noteworthy, however, that the complete subjection of the peasants to the landowners was the result of an extremely slow process. It seems, indeed, as though progress in this direction had been unconsciously retarded, if not consciously resisted, by a sort of *laissez faire* tendency. In the thirteenth century the Slavs were once more driven from their homes—this time by the all-conquering Tartars. The region to which they retired was that of the Upper Volga, and here, of course, agriculture became the mainstay. Land took on a new importance, and at the same time occurred a breaking up of the old existence. Communities were isolated and social life had to begin all over again. There followed the so-called "period of the appanage princes"—a period in which hereditary tribal rights and the ownership of land were related to each other in a loose and somewhat curious way. The appanage system differed sharply from the feudal system, being, it seems, a more embryonic form of society. The appanage prince possessed an hereditary estate, but his right to rule was independent of his ownership of land. On the other hand, the landless prince tended to become powerless, and thus was forced into the service of some more powerful ruler. Within the prince's domain there existed a class of privileged landowners—*boyars*—whose estates were hereditary. These *boyars* served individual princes, administering their affairs and collecting their taxes, but it is significant that the *boyar* might leave his estate and serve a prince other than the one in whose domain his lands were situated without forfeiting his title to them. Subjection to the princes was thus, in theory, voluntary, while ownership of land created a privileged class with somewhat ill-defined powers. With the privilege of the *boyar* may be compared the peasant's "right of going away"—a right maintained up to a date when it had become the purest legal fiction. The peasant might always go away—*provided* he discharged his debts and numerous technical obligations owed to the landowner. In all this one seems to discern that in Russia from the earliest times "freedom" tended to become a technical term. Liberty was not a principle, but rather an accident of legal or economic status. Thus the distinction between free and unfree was prone to become blurred like the distinction between men of much and of little wealth. Almost every conceivable status was recognized, and a social system grew up that was at once complex and loose. In its complexity and elasticity there was no real safeguard for the individual, nor any real germ of national efficiency. Serfdom—slavery—the Russian state appears always to have been really at the mercy of these forces. Opposed to them was merely what seems a sort of good-natured unwillingness to interfere with the individual more than economic conditions and the necessities of tax-gathering required. Among the peasant classes, a communal way of thinking and acting, inherited perhaps from the early tribal life, helped

toward serfdom. Nothing, in fact, operated more powerfully to bind the peasant to the land than the system of paying taxes by "mutual guarantee." If the peasant went away, those who were left became responsible for his as well as their own taxes. The *Mir,* or village community, thus became an instrument of oppression rather than a school of self-government. Nor was there, to correct these tendencies, any strong leadership or any clear thinking about government or individual rights; there were merely disorganized customs and quarrelsome princes.

Unity was forced upon the people by external pressure. During the third period of Russian history, the appanage princedoms became united under the Moscow princes, and the people were spread over the Russian plain. The need of resisting the Tartars caused the compacting of the national group, and at the same time lands were granted to "serving people" in return for military service. Estates so granted were not heritable, nor did the possession of heritable lands necessarily imply service. Yet in time both forms of landownership became altered in character; hereditary estates became no longer fully heritable and estates originally granted as wages for service became conditionally heritable. Thus the ideas of landownership and of service became more and more nearly identified. The general effect of all the changes that went on at this period was to bind the landowner closer to the government and the peasant closer to the landowner by contractual relations of many and various kinds. The result was that a system of government elementary in theory and cumbersome in practice became fixed upon the Russian people. As time went on the growth of vested interests, the territorial extention of the nation, the increase of the population, the diversity of racial groups, the sheer difficulty of governing at all, obviously made it increasingly difficult to "change all that."

In the fourth period of Russian history—from the beginning of the seventeenth to the middle of the nineteenth centuries—the "dislocation" of Russian society becomes more and more apparent. The decay of the old *boyar* class and the increasing reliance of the government upon the newly arising class of *dvoryanstvo,* formed out of the metropolitan and provincial "serving people," was accompanied by a more definite stratification of the social mass. Such a condition reacted upon both people and State. "The State has assumed control of everything, and is therefore held responsible for everything. The burden of life which falls upon it thus tends to become intolerable and the deficiencies of government tend to become intolerable also." In attempting to superimpose Western methods and ideas upon the social system which had grown up, Peter the Great undertook a titanic, an almost impossible task. His reforms tended to arrive at a dead center, or to travel in vicious circles. For example, by means of the army which he built up and used for tax collecting, he merely "organized one set of free vagabonds to produce another set out of the settled peasant groups." Military service, too, was more restrictive of liberty than were some of the limited forms of slavery, and the imposition by Peter of the poll-tax fused all bondmen into one class. "Inscription upon the tax list was no longer the criterion of freedom; it became, indeed, a sign of servitude." Moreover, Peter's industrial policy, his determination that every one should work at some trade or business, led to the practical enslavement of the workers in the factories. Peter, in effect, attempted to accomplish the Westernization of Russia while still keeping

the people in bondage. In so doing he more sharply defined the contours of each class and imposed upon each "a heavier and more complicated burden of obligations." During the period of reaction that followed, the nobility was relieved of the obligation of compulsory service, while they retained bondage right. The bonded man or woman was, as it were, leased to the nobleman for the payment of a poll-tax, with the result that the rights of the peasant and the obligation of the landowner to both peasant and State practically ceased to be.

The facts of earlier Russian history as discussed by Professor Mavor form in themselves an explanation of the development of the nation into its more modern form, and furnish a background for the understanding of later tendencies and problems. Particularly in his second volume, the author, with political as well as economic insight and with no little power of psychological interpretation, describes the fall of bondage, the conditions which resulted from emancipation, the trend of political thought as expressed in revolutionary and social-Democratic movements, the position of the *Intelligentsia*—all the phases, in fact, of modern Russian life, so curiously determined and colored by the past. The student of economics and of world history will find in Professor Mavor's study of the important but little-understood history of Russia what has long been needed—a comprehensive and authoritative work upon this subject. The author makes use of the profound researches of modern Russian scholars, and in doing so manifests unmistakable scholarship and critical ability.

ROMAN IMPERIALISM. By TENNEY FRANK. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

The view of Roman imperialism most commonly upheld, or rather taken for granted, is no doubt more open to criticism on the ground of superficiality than those who are absorbed in the details and particular problems of Roman history are prone to realize. Our ideas of the process by which Rome's empire was built up are almost inevitably colored by our knowledge of later European history and of modern European conditions. We instinctively take as fundamental axioms such motives as land-hunger, commercial rivalry, or that ambition for empire-building which is in part an inheritance from the Roman Empire itself. Upon the Romans, however, economic conditions did not bear hard; commerce for a long period was among them a factor of little importance; no awe-inspiring tradition of empire had come down to them from the past, nor were they interested in the propagation of a religion laying claim to world-wide recognition. Then, too, there has been the parallel tendency to identify the methods and ideals of republican Rome with those of Asiatic monarchies, which differed widely from the Roman State in that they were artificial groupings of many diverse peoples held together by the force of mercenary armies, and dependent upon conquest and tribute for their very existence. The more one considers the case in outline, the more evident becomes the need of a revision of *a priori* views and of a fresh examination of the facts. The early Romans were, for the most part, conservative farmers, living under a republican form of government; the *mos maiorum* did not recognize the right of aggression or the desire for more territory as just occasions for war. Moreover, to the Roman State, constituted as it was, victories meant fresh problems of administration rather than increase of

wealth. The ideal of the early State would seem to have been, not aggrandisement through conquest, but peace with justice; and considering the complexity of inter-State relations in ancient times, we ought not to be surprised at the number of wars Rome waged, but rather at her success in maintaining peaceful relations with her neighbors. Moreover, in the conventional view lurks something of the fallacy inherent in the older system of political economy—the assumption that men in the long run always act in conformity to a more or less intelligent conception of their material interests.

Professor Frank's approach to the subject—his willingness to reckon in all sorts of causes without prejudice, aiming rather at a versatile interpretation of facts than at the establishment of a single dominant tendency—is eminently persuasive. His retelling of Roman history from its dawn to the founding of the world-empire possesses the intelligibility, the variety, and the occasional suggestion of fortuity, which a story of human evolution and achievement ought to have. As told by him, the tale of Rome's empire-building becomes at once "scientific" and humanly interesting, because it is, so to speak, "true to life." His interpretation is elastic enough to admit the elements of uncertainty and of personality—scientific enough to form a real nexus of cause and effect. What may, perhaps, be called "pseudo-causality"—the linking of events and periods by connections neither of cause and effect nor of resemblance or contrast, but by what is really little more than a sort of narrative tissue—this mode of implying more connection than really exists, which seems to the layman a vice of most historians, is rather notably absent from Professor Frank's work.

Roman expansion, the author finds to have been a "groping, stumbling, accidental" process, and he would have us, if we hope to understand it, "rid ourselves of anachronistic generalizations, and look instead for the specific accidents that led the nation unwittingly from one contest to another until, to her own surprise, Rome was mistress of the Mediterranean world." This general view is maintained by a careful analysis of economic facts and political motives—an analysis conducted with something of that *flair* which comes of a thorough and humanly interested reading of ancient political literature, and also with a quite adequate critical detachment. The policy of the Senate one sees was, throughout the whole history of republican Rome, singularly conservative, while the disposition to exploit conquered territory was from a modern point of view curiously weak. Again, the Second Punic War is viewed as by no means an irrepressible conflict between two nations that could brook no rivalry. "The cause of the war was neither desire for world conquest upon the part of either power, nor a dispute over predominant influence in Spain." International relations as now understood did not then exist; the term "sphere of influence" would have had no meaning for a Roman, and there were times, doubtless, when the Senate would have been glad to hear that the whole peninsula of Spain had been sunk beneath the sea. The nations, then, "came to blows because the Barcid family—whose war policy had met with defeat in 242 and 238 B. C., were able to keep alive the bitter feelings aroused by former defeats and to discover a situation at the right moment whereby they could force their government to support a raid of vengeance on Italy." After the close of the war the force of sentimental philhellenism swept the Romans farther afield in international politics, so that even at the cost of straining the sacred *ius fetiale* they joined the Hellenic concert of powers. And when

the wars with Philip and Antiochus were over, Rome neither adopted the Oriental theory of conquest, nor even, in accordance with her own ancient methods, extended her federation. On the contrary, her associates in the war remained simply *amici* as before, while her defeated enemies were added to the list of "friends." In great and little affairs the lack of anything like a modern imperialist policy is in general manifest throughout the narrative. Pompey, it appears, was the first genuine imperialist, and Cæsar was the first *candid* one. Such are some of the main contentions in a work that both rationalizes and enlivens with intellectual interest the period of which it treats.

My Love and I. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

To attempt a destructive analysis of Alice Brown's new story would be both unjust and futile, because the story has a quality of its own that makes it notably worth while. It is true that throughout its earlier chapters the tale, despite its evident earnestness and the perfect appropriateness of its literary dress, seems to partake in some degree of the weakness of conventional romance—the weakness of being written *up* and thought *down*—decorated, that is, to romantic taste, and simplified to romantic standards. We feel, at first, not as if we were going to be vitally interested, but rather as if our interest were being enmeshed and bound up in strands of silk and gold. But that doesn't really matter, because the story turns out to have life of an unusually intense sort.

Martin Redfield was a country boy with a desperate longing for the places where the strange roads go down. After his father's death he stayed on the old farm to care for his mother, and his craving for travel, for human nature, and for books had to go unsatisfied. But when his mother died he went to seek his fortune in the wide world. He endured much, we gather, yet remained singularly boyish. There seems to be no particular reason why he should have gone to Trinidad, but he did, and there he worked in a hotel stable until he was taken charge of by that paragon of English gentlemen, Egerton Sims, who made the boy his private secretary and pupil and friend, and would have made him his heir if he hadn't died prematurely of heart disease. Left friendless again, Martin went to Boston to study and look for literary work, and here he fell in with a semi-bohemian group of literary good-fellows. Most of these merely help, acceptably enough, to fill in the background. They are quaintly decorative—that is all—and when we meet them we do not feel that we are really crossing the boundary between the author's imaginary world and the real world. Perhaps we wouldn't even take much stock in Blake, the poet of the group, if it wasn't for the devoted Mary Owen. But Mary is splendid, and, after all, Blake is a real poet: as to his poetry, he is magnificently alive, and he doesn't merely rant or affect superfine standards. Yes—there is a peculiarly intense life in him; he deserves Mary's mothering because he is a genius. And the other important persons of the story, are—all of them—*at the critical stages,* more really alive than most of us in our rather humdrum, unmoral lives ever are. Martin asked Mary to marry him, because every one else in the group had done so, and also because he was really very fond of her; but of course she wouldn't have him because she was in love

with Blake, who *wasn't* in love with her. A little later Martin went, with the rest, to live in the country for a while, and there he met the girl whom the other fellows worshiped under the fanciful title of "the Ivory May." Mildred Lee was one of those physically perfect creatures whose every romantic implication of face and mien is a downright lie. One would have supposed that she was martyring herself in the service of that mean-spirited old invalid Mary Harpinger, whose paid companion she was. But on the contrary! Martin couldn't be expected to know that Mildred was cold and calculating, and Mildred couldn't be expected to know that he didn't know it. So they were married—and, after all, Mary Harpinger didn't leave Mildred a fortune, not a cent even.

But at this point the story begins to take on an unexpected strength and sweetness. The fictionally commonplace situation is handled with a singular and refreshing simplicity and depth—not "dramatically" or "emotionally," but feelingly, if by feeling may be meant the intensification of the whole nature, and not merely one of the conventional emotions or the habit of giving way to moods. And it is rather wonderful to find the "other woman" in the case altogether different from what dramatic usage usually decrees that the other woman shall be. She isn't merely a foil to Mildred—as warm as Mildred is cold, as generous as Mildred is calculating; she is an individual; and—perhaps this is the secret of her—she powerfully and attractively suggests the sort of woman every woman knows a man ought to fall in love with rather than a man's ideal of the sort of woman it would be comfortable or exciting to fall in love with. It would be an easy criticism to make upon Miss Brown's story that its interpretation of character is highly feminine, but this criticism should be turned into a praise. *My Love and I* is, in fact, pervaded by a sort of fine maternalism, very cleansing to the spiritual eyes; and this is not a rampant thing, but an element as favorable to sympathy and as bracing in its effect as ever is the "virility" of the typical man-made romance. And through it all one gets the reaction of that supermundane pluck which makes life seem well worth living even to those who have given up pretending that it's all very nice.

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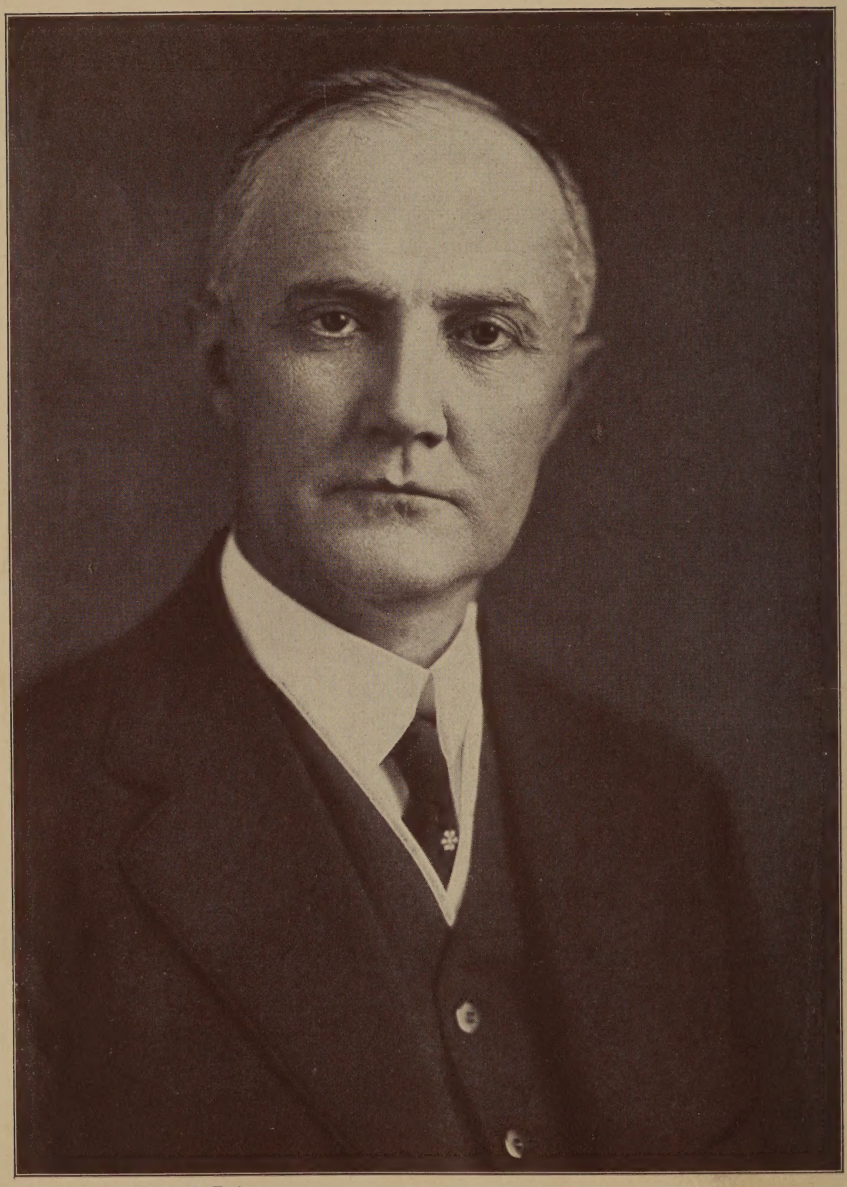

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THOMAS W. GREGORY

ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1914

UPHOLD THE PRESIDENT

DISARMAMENT THE GOAL

BY THE EDITOR

"Stand to our work and be wise—
Certain of sword and pen,
We are neither children nor gods,
But men in a world of men."

FIVE weeks hence the citizens of the United States will pass judgment upon the National Administration. That the Democrats will retain control of the Senate is a virtual certainty; the verdict, therefore, will be rendered through the election of members of the House of Representatives. That the great majority of 147 obtained by the successful party in 1912 in consequence of division of the opposition will be reduced materially must be anticipated. The Republican party has recovered from the shock of defeat and the Progressives have disintegrated to such an extent that they will wield no decisive influence as a unified force. A large majority of the seceders who followed Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly will renew their former allegiance, but a considerable percentage may be expected to support Democratic candidates. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed, on the one hand, to quench wholly the fires of animosity engendered two years ago, while, on the other, the President has come to loom before thousands of sincere and conscien-

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tious minds as larger, more real, more stable, and more effective than Mr. Roosevelt ever was or could now, after months of futile and belittling striving among factions within a faction, hope to become.

But it is not our purpose at this time to essay prediction or indulge in speculation. The essential fact is that the election of a Republican House would spell repudiation of the Administration, while the return of a Democratic majority, however greatly reduced, would signalize the most striking personal triumph of any President since Andrew Jackson overwhelmed the opposition in 1832. Now, as then, the issue is not a party, but a personality, so completely has Mr. Wilson by sheer force of intellectual vigor and unsurpassed power of resolution dominated the political aggregation which even to-day, after two years of full authority, can hardly be designated, in comparison with the Republican phalanx in the fullness of its strength, as an organization. The one question, then, which American citizens must answer at the polls in November is this:

Has President Wilson kept the faith?

If so, refusal to accord him a vote of approval and confidence would be unworthy of the American people—a reflection not upon their President, but upon themselves. Happily, unlike in 1906, the expression will not be that of emotionalism inspired by personal idolatry, but one of calm, sober judgment based upon discriminative consideration of actual value to the commonwealth of public service rendered by a chosen magistrate. From that viewpoint, looking to the future, it is necessary in this time of unprecedented peril throughout the world to take a survey of conditions prevailing in both Europe and the Far East, but, even so, attention must be given to the successes and failures of domestic administration if a true balance is to be struck. A brief review will suffice.

TARIFF REFORM

The leading declaration of the Democratic platform reiterated emphatically and unequivocally as a "fundamental principle" of the party "that the Federal government under the Constitution has no right or power to impose or collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue," but the candidate wisely refrained from committing himself to a proposition so difficult, in the light of precedent and prac-

tice, to sustain. While not admitting, he did not deny, the power of the Government to impose duties for the encouragement and protection of domestic industries. What he objected to was the utilization of such authority, whether strictly constitutional or not, as a means, not of "setting up an equitable system of protection," but of "fostering special privilege." Upon that solid ground he took his stand and promised "immediate revision, downward, unhesitatingly and steadily downward." The pledge was fulfilled so promptly and so effectually that the tariff can hardly be reckoned an issue in the present Congressional campaign. So far, at any rate, no responsible Republican leader has had the hardihood to raise it, and none, if prudent, will do so. That changes in tariff duties will be made from time to time to conform to varying conditions is a simple matter of course, but there will be no more revisions upward.

The country knew what it was doing when it reinstated the Democratic party. It was decreeing more than a mere lowering of duties; it was adopting a fixed policy correctly interpreted by the candidate as "steadily" downward. The enactment of another general Tariff Bill in many years to come, if indeed ever, is unlikely. Now that the general rule of cautious but undeviating reduction has been established, there remains no reason for continuing purely economic adjustments within the scope of partisan politics. That the President has in mind the creation of machinery to that end seems to be apparent and there need be no anticipation that he will be deterred from his purpose by the claim of origination loudly heralded by the leader of what is left of the Progressive party. In this instance, as in many another, the difference in motive and attitude between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson is distinct. The former espouses a new plan to evade an old issue; the latter adopts it for its inherent merit.

Of the technical quality of the Tariff Bill finally enacted it suffices to say that it satisfies the promise. While agreeing with Mr. Underwood and disagreeing with the President as to the advisability of removing the duties upon sugar, we cannot gainsay that Mr. Wilson's insistence was in strict accord with innumerable specific declarations of his party and with his own laudable determination to shift the burdens of taxation, so far as can be equitably done, from the backs of the toilers to the shoulders of those better able to bear

them without discomfort. Herein, then, we find no ground for criticism from intelligent and far-seeing citizens who realize that the shameful injustices and inequalities which were fostered by a greedy and arrogant Republican oligarchy must be eliminated if the Republic is to endure.

Of the Income Tax it need only perhaps be said that it was no less essential as a corrective than tariff reductions; was necessary; was inevitable; is just. A cumbersome measure susceptible of improvement such as will be demonstrated in practice, no doubt! In theory, too, it is fallacious in its most highly lauded provision of "taxing at the source." This method, savoring as it does of the indirection which characterized excessive tariff taxation, not only approaches far too closely the vicious system of the past which permitted the mulcting of the people without their knowledge, but in large measure defeats the primary purpose of such legislation to inculcate in the minds of voters the pressing need of economy in government. If the facts could be ascertained, moreover, we have little doubt that much of the disappointment at the sums realized is attributable to this defect. But simplification will ensue in time as a consequence of experience; of that we may be certain.

Meanwhile, no meed of credit should be withheld from the Administration for the revolution it has worked in the principle of taxation, to the continuing and increasing relief of the struggling poor. To our mind, no words of the President have been more worthy or becoming than those simple ones in which he voiced the realization of a lifelong aspiration shared, as he intimated, by thousands of others who were bred in the belief that common humanity is an essential element of intelligent patriotism.

"I have had the accomplishment of something like this at heart," he said, when he signed the Bill, "ever since I was a boy, and I know men standing around me who can say the same thing—who have been waiting to see the things done which it was necessary to do in order that there might be justice in the United States."

To that we say, Amen! In his first great test, President Wilson kept the faith.

CURRENCY REFORM

The oddly haphazard and positively hidebound banking system of the United States was conceded universally to be

antiquated and ill adapted to public needs a full dozen of years ago. To the restrictions imposed by it more than to any other one cause was due the lamentable panic of 1907, whose consequences might easily have been direful beyond computation but for the energy manifested at the crucial moment by individuals under the truly patriotic lead of Mr. Morgan. The mere fact that a condition thus dependent for relief upon unofficial succor could exist in a country of abundant resources was more than disconcerting; it was so startling that the leaders of the Republican party in Congress undertook reformation with commendable promptitude and painstaking thoroughness. Surely the day will come, if indeed it is not already here, when due credit will be accorded Senator Aldrich for his untiring endeavors which fructified, strangely enough, under a Democratic Administration.

But nothing was accomplished; legislative performance by a political organization which was under private control and public suspicion was impossible; co-operation of clique and community was simply unattainable. It was a situation which might readily have feazed one who, like Mr. Wilson, could not assume to possess exceptional knowledge of the many intricate problems pertaining to National, State, commercial, and personal finance. But he could not fail to recognize the existence of a fact which constituted a positive menace, and, to his honor be it said, he grappled what must have seemed to be an enigma with no less hesitation or resolution than in his callow days he must have undertaken the solution of a problem in Euclid. That he succeeded eventually is now generally conceded—a notable achievement surely in itself, but rendered greater to our mind by the open-minded readiness with which he accepted from sources theretofore distrusted suggestions of obvious improvement upon the quite hopeless statute first submitted to the House of Representatives. The very fact that the new law bears little resemblance to the original so-called Administration Bill is a compliment, not a discredit, to a President who in this instance at least proved himself willing to profit from common counsel.

True it is that the measure has yet to justify itself through prudent administration, but there can be no question that the binding cords which fettered our currency and which the Republican party was incapable of severing have

been cut; that ample safeguards against undue inflation are provided for exercise by a competent Reserve Board; that inducements to use rather than to hoard capital are multiplied; that insensate panics can never again possess the people; and, best of all, that the power of cure lies, not in individuals susceptible to caprice or hope of personal gain, but in the government of the Nation responsible to all

Tariff reform was a party obligation definitely presaged by the Democratic House under the leadership of Speaker Clark and Mr. Underwood. Currency reform is President Wilson's own accomplishment, and, in our judgment, considering the vagaries within his own party and the obstacles raised from without no less than the illimitable benefits certain to accrue, it is the most signal achievement in the interest of the whole people of any President since Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

Again we say, President Wilson kept the faith when hardly another would have been so redoubtable as to essay the undertaking.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE TRUSTS

Whether or not the anti-trust legislation demanded by the President will prove beneficial or only confusing is a matter of conjecture, but there can be no doubt of the breadth and effectiveness of the Administration's methods of compelling interstate corporations to comply with both letter and spirit of the law. There has been no beating of tom-toms such as characterized the sheer antagonism of Mr. Roosevelt, and there has been a marked improvement upon the course pursued under Mr. Taft. In the face of no little clamor from his own party's organs, the President has steadfastly sustained the Department of Justice in its earnest endeavors to right wrongs without wrecking properties. No less commendable than its firm insistence upon law observance has been its fair consideration of the difficulties confronting those managers of corporations who sought only the way to conform to statute requirements.

The settlements effected in the Pacific Railways, Telephone, and New Haven cases afford ample demonstration of Mr. Wilson's sincerity in declaring at the outset that the attitude of his Administration toward large as well as small business interests would be one of active co-operation rather than of demagogic hostility. By his acts, if not so

clearly by his words preliminary to his great undertaking, the President has shown adequate appreciation of the necessity of relieving industry and commerce from the purely wanton assaults which had come to be regarded by many politicians as essential to partisan advantage. If, as may safely be assumed, the new Attorney-General shall follow faithfully the clear course marked by his predecessor, no just cause for complaint or reason for change in administration can be found on the part either of the public or of those most directly concerned.

GOVERNMENTAL EXTRAVAGANCE

The Democratic platform demanded "a return to that simplicity and economy which benefits a democratic government, and a reduction in the number of useless offices, the salaries of which drain the substance of the people." This pledge has not been kept. The appropriations of the present Congress aggregate the enormous sum of $1,089,408,777, the largest ever recorded, exceeding even that of the preceding Congress by more than thirty millions. No "useless offices" have been abolished, and the "drain upon the substance of the people" is greatest at the very time when the effect of reduced profits and incomes is most severely felt.

Primarily, the blame for wastefulness so gross and deliberate as to constitute flagrant violation of a positive pledge must attach to the House of Representatives, which brazenly ignored the repeated admonitions of Chairman Fitzgerald, who finally in despair made this abject confession:

> I am looking now at Democrats who seem to take amusement in soliciting votes on the floor of the House to overturn the Committee on Appropriations in its efforts to carry out the pledges of the Democratic platform. They seem to take it to be a huge joke not to obey their platform and to make ridiculous the efforts of the members of our party who do try to live up to the promises they made to the people. . . .
>
> We charged the Republicans for twelve years of my service in the House under Republican administration with being grossly extravagant and reckless in the expenditure of the public money. I believed that charge to be true. I believed that my party, when placed in power, would demonstrate that the charges we had made in good faith were true. We are entitled to the help and to the support of the members on this side of the House in honest efforts to carry out the pledges of the Democratic party, and in our attempts to show that what we charged in order to get into power was true. We have not had that support. Our Democratic colleagues have not given that support to us thus far during this

session of Congress. They have unnecessarily piled up the public expenditures until the Democratic party is becoming the laughing-stock of the country.

Democratic Senators have been hardly less heedless, and we believe it to be a fact that the only reduction effected by an Executive Department was $120 reported as having been saved by the Secretary of State.

Whether President Wilson could have checked the rapacity of his followers in any case is perhaps a question, but it must be recorded to his disadvantage that if he has ever tried to do so the fact has not been evidenced, and that the appropriations recommended with his acquiescence far exceed those ever before submitted. Indeed, the readiness with which he has accepted proposals involving huge expenditures for such dubious adventures as railway-building in Alaska and the purchase of steamships induces the inference that Mr. Wilson, like Mr. Roosevelt, and unlike Mr. Cleveland, not only regards the appropriating body as responsible, but also minimizes the importance of expenditures as contrasted with accomplishments. The charge of inconsistency cannot lie against him because, in the face of party tradition and declaration, at no time during his canvass did he emphasize retrenchment as an issue.

That a change of viewpoint may be the consequence of justifiable criticism by his political opponents during the present campaign is, we hope and trust, within the range of probabilities.

CLASS LEGISLATION

The " one big blot " on the record of the Administration, we reiterate emphatically, is the initiation of class legislation in specious guise at the behest of Mr. Samuel Gompers. The best that can be said of the amendment to the Clayton Act finally substituted by the Senate is that it is less brazen and vicious than the provision originally adopted by the House; but differentiation between groups of persons is still recognized, " equality before the law " as a fundamental tenet is tacitly abandoned, and the burden of interpreting an ambiguous statute is wrongfully imposed upon the courts. That this iniquitous legislation is hardly less repugnant to the President than to every other discerning person he made sufficiently clear in his memorandum, but apparently he felt powerless to resist the pressure of the mis-

guided labor-unions, reinforced by practically unanimous action of a craven House of Representatives.

While freely according him due credit for his insistence upon modification by the Senate, we can find no adequate excuse for the President's attitude in this matter. The utmost that can be urged in palliation is that this is the only instance of really grave failure on his part to maintain the courage of his convictions.

CIVIL SERVICE AND DIPLOMACY

Of the Democratic party's open violations of its professions respecting the civil service, regrettable though they are, it can be truly said that they were made under severe provocation and are no worse than like offenses by the Republicans. President Eliot was quite right in pronouncing Mr. Taft's attempt to cover thirty thousand Republican postmasters into the service for life a blow at the spirit of the reform, and the Democrats were wholly justified in rescinding the regulation. Despite the fact, moreover, that in other instances the partisan Congress has belied its professions with ready effrontery, it must be recalled to his credit that the President himself has compelled rigid observance of the established regulations throughout the consular service.

The " Diplomats of Democracy " in Europe are becoming known quite unexpectedly by their works. The one shining example seems to be Ambassador Gerard, whose notable success goes far to indicate that one need not necessarily be a boob to fitly represent his country in foreign lands. Fortunately, perhaps, the pressure of arduous duties, which he seems to be performing admirably, has checked for the time Ambassador (W. H.) Page's flow of humorous eloquence, and only words of praise are spoken of Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page and Ministers Van Dyke and Stoval. The less said of the loquacious Mr. Sharp, whose incompetency would seem to be established by the State Department's retention of Mr. Herrick, perhaps the better; but taking them as a whole we have no occasion to revise our early opinion that the European ministers appointed by President Wilson do not suffer from comparison with their predecessors. Of the envoys to South America it may be remarked with relief and gratification that nothing is heard either from or of them.

MEXICO

The present outcome of President Wilson's conduct of our relations with Mexico calls for special felicitations. The vexatious and perilous situation which confronted him at the outset of his incumbency was not of his making; he inherited it and with it an Ambassador of dubious quality whose indiscretions and unreliability remained to plague. In common with the most competent observers throughout the world, we regarded the President's preliminary drifting policy as unwise and his subsequent taking of sides as unjustifiable intermeddling. But what seemed practically certain to happen did actually happen only in so small a part as to be negligible. The episode at Vera Cruz, we fear, will live in history as quite as unnecessary as it was lamentable, but since the occupation now happily concluded can hardly have failed to make a favorable impression upon all fair minds in Latin America, the better understanding thus engendered of our efficiency no less than of our disinterestedness must produce results of distinct benefit.

What the future holds for our still distracted neighbor God alone knows, but the overpowering and most satisfying fact is that our own skirts are clear; war was averted at a time when subsequent events have shown avoidance was essential not only to our own well-being, but to the making of opportunity to render service to the entire world; the Administration has the advantage of acquired information and useful experience in its future dealings; and, best of all, the star of hope seems really to be rising over a people that has been cruelly oppressed for ages.

The relative parts played by prescience and good-fortune in realizing so promising an outcome need not be considered. Rather let full and ungrudging tribute be rendered to the President under whose guidance, in the most stressful and trying of circumstances, it was attained.

CONCLUSIONS

Ignoring, then, the innumerable doings and happenings of minor importance which tend so often to impair the vision, the irresistible conclusion is that the excellences of the present Administration so clearly outweigh its deficiencies that the balance in its favor is overwhelming; that the actual efficiency developed by untrained and inexperienced executive officers, under the inspiration of a chief whose un-

sparing devotedness to the performance of his manifold tasks has never been surpassed, is as extraordinary as it was unexpected; that a competent working legislative body has evolved from materials none too promising; that without achieving or assuming to have achieved unattainable perfection, Mr. Wilson as President has justified the great expectations and realized the high hopes of those whose faith was strong in his intellectual and moral attributes; that in all large essentials he has, indeed, kept faith with his conscience and the people; and that consequently he richly deserves the vote of confidence and gratitude which patriotic citizens cannot withhold from him without depreciating the value to the commonwealth of true public service.

AMERICA AND EUROPE

There remains another most vital consideration. Monarchy has failed utterly, miserably; Democracy is on trial in the courts of progress, civilization, and humanity.

We have received the following communication:

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON.

I have just read your article on "Europe at Armageddon" with absorbing interest. The entire article and especially your final appeal to the people to so conduct themselves "that, when the time shall come, as assuredly it will come, to act for the restoration of peace and good-will among distracted peoples, no bar shall cross the path of a Chief Magistrate who would crown the Republic with glory by striving as a friend among the nations of the earth," will find approval in the minds and hearts of many readers. But the paragraph which arrested my attention above all others is the following:

"Back of all, underneath all, may be the onrush of democracy, designed, indeed, by God to sweep despotism from the face of the earth and open the eyes of His children to their rightful heritage of that 'life, liberty and pursuit of happiness' whose winning through conflict constitutes the greatest boon of humankind, perhaps, in reverent truth, a Holy War!"

This states a great truth, one which we grasp hesitatingly and with dubious faith. It is a truth born of our intuition rather than our reasoning faculties, but it has been with me from the beginning of this conflict. For years the spirit of democracy has been abroad in the Old World. It has permeated the whole vast mass of society. The people have been a seething mass of discontent and restlessness, a great, mysterious powerful, questioning force. They have had but little voice and no means of public expression; nevertheless, the spirit of democracy has been at work.

I am a firm believer in the inexplicable philosophy of that kind of human progress which is started and sustained not by great personages or dominant figures nor guided by select groups of men, but which comes up by reason of the great dumb forces of oppressed and outraged and downtrodden humanity. It even seems as if the social ties and moral

ligaments spun out of human relations are quite as much beyond our understanding in their making or control as in their ending and destruction. In these great moral upheavals and humanitarian movements, kings and lords and leaders are, after all, of but small concern in their bringing on the crisis or in shaping its course or in terminating it.

This war is no more inexplicable, though on a vaster scale, than the French Revolution. It is in a sense a working out of those inscrutable forces of humanity on a more tremendous scale, a more fearful plan, but along the same lines as that which gave us the most stupendous enigma in history until now, the French Revolution.

Some will say to such reasoning as this, "Then you approve of this horrible war." One might as well ask me if I approve of the French Revolution or our own Civil War. We have but little to do with approving or disapproving of them. We can but watch the forces operate, and thank our stars that the result is almost inevitably to the betterment of humanity, strange as it may seem. Humanity seems sometimes to get in a trap, and nothing but havoc and destruction will enable it to get out of the trap—as in our own Civil War. The greatest political philosopher, and the most eloquent master of the mother-tongue, Burke, disapproved of the French Revolution, tried to analyze it, railed at Carnot and others, but the forces which brought it on carried it to its consummation. He never understood, and no one has since been able either to analyze or define them.

But of this be assured, that while the cost seems fearful and wholly unnecessary, yet old Europe is no more. The Europe of the future will be freer, a more released, a more democratic Europe—the people will have a greater voice, humanity will never be weighed down again by the accursed and infamous practices, trappings, and burdens of royalty. Even if this war should result, as did the French Revolution, in a universal dictator for a time, it will only be for a time. This is worth something, and adds a sheen of light to the fearful darkness which now palls upon Europe. I regret to have witnessed this war, but I thank God I have lived to see the beginning of the end of old Europe.

Excuse this long letter, but you are to blame, as I have just laid down the paper and am writing upon the inspiration of your splendid article.

Here speaks a statesman, one of the foremost statesmen in the land, a Republican in name, a democrat at heart, a patriot and an American. His name—which we do not feel at liberty to append—would add much weight to his graphic portrayal of a condition which makes for mighty opportunity. Consider! Nine Powers at war! But one great Nation free and unentangled, but one in position of possible arbiter of the world's destiny; and that one our own! Behold, too, the significance of recent happenings! We cannot surmise that President Wilson foresaw so imminent a need of proving America's adherence to moral might as against physical force when he proclaimed seeming altruism at Mobile. We cannot imagine that he divined the proximate

potency of strict observance of faith among nations when he demanded that our treaty with England be kept inviolate. And yet by those two acts, still fresh in mind throughout the world, the authority of the Republic was enhanced immeasurably on the very eve of a cataclysm which can never be resolved without its aid and acquiescence.

That the situation now confronting our Government and likely, in our judgment, to confront it for many months is one of the greatest delicacy, calling for the exercise of exceptional sagacity, statesmanship, prudence, tact, even intuition, should be apparent to all. The President's appreciation of the nature of the great task which has befallen him was made manifest when at the outset he solemnly enjoined personal as well as official neutrality and sought the cooperation of press and people. None, we suspect, knows better than he the futile and disabling effect of crying for peace when there can be no peace. That he will beware of premature proposals of well-meaning busybodies at the subtle instigation of one or another of the contending parties, keen for commitment, craving a cat's-paw, we may be assured from the perfect responses already made to direct representations. If ever there was a time when "they also serve who only stand and wait," it is now.

The President promptly, as in duty bound, made his proffer of good offices; there he stopped; there he should remain, ready and willing, but never betraying eagerness to act.

That he will prove his mastery of the situation need not be doubted, but he needs the help of all. His hands should be strengthened by a vote of confidence, not weakened by seeming division. Now more than ever before or perhaps ever again it behooves our country to stand behind its leader united before the world. Whatever of disaffection may exist in the Democratic party, whatever of partisan feeling among Republicans, whatever of discontent among Progressives must be brushed aside for the time if the greatest glory is to be won for the Nation and for democracy in achieving the goal of all mankind—*the disarmament of the world.*

The choice of State and municipal officers may well, as ever, be based upon local considerations, but in the election of Congressmen citizens should realize the gravity of the responsibility which they must face at the polls on Novem-

ber 3d. These facts seem both obvious and certain: They cannot return an opposition Congress without repudiating an Administration which has served them faithfully and well; without exalting blatant demagogy over quiet efficiency as possessing popular appeal; without testifying lack of appreciation of a President who has done not merely his own best, but better than any other since Lincoln; without evincing a preference for government given to special privilege over government dedicated to service of the whole people; without impeding the progress of true democracy through enlightenment and resolution; without inviting a return from sober but steady advancement to the old, hateful, and utterly futile striving between the extremes of radicalism and Bourbonism; and, finally, without seriously impairing the effectiveness of their own Chief Magistrate's patient and noble endeavors in the cause of civilization and humanity through re-establishment of peace among the distracted Nations of the earth.

Our appeal is to all good citizens,—first, to register without fail; secondly, to vote, not as partisans, but as patriots; and, finally, to uphold the President who has kept the faith among peoples and among men.

TURKEY AND THE GREAT WAR

Amid the crash and thunder of the great European war a new note comes vibrating out of the Near East; through the smoke of French, Galician, and Bosnian battlefields we catch the loom of a gigantic figure rising over Stamboul, "the City of Constantine." The figure is clothed in khaki and carries a Mauser rifle, but above its fez-capped forehead gleams the crescent moon of Othman, while its fierce eyes shine with terrible glee as they gaze on the battling Christian world.

What is it that is stirring over there in Stamboul, that open gateway through which Asia's armies have poured into Europe these past five hundred years? We do not know. Vague rumors assail our ears; tidings of mobilization in Asia Minor, reports of great Mohammedan armies gathering on Turkey's shrunken Thracian frontier. For the rest, the wires to Stamboul are down, the Dardanelles are closed, the Euxine has become a sea of mystery. Behind the veil

"Young Turkey," the Chauvinist Turkey of Enver Bey, which only a year ago tore up the Treaty of London and seized Adrianople in defiance of Europe, is preparing—what? We do not know. But this much we do perceive. The Turkish Government is displaying toward the embattled Allies — England, France, and Russia — a provocative haughtiness that increases with every day, while Ottoman diplomats throughout the world are using language seldom heard in the guarded conversations of the Chancelleries. German battle-cruisers have been taken into Turkish service, and the Ottoman Government has answered the Allies' protests by inquiring what they were going to do about it. The Turkish Ambassador to Washington has countered on our proposal to send a war-ship to Constantinople for the relief of our nationals in Ottoman territory by a most extraordinary press interview criticizing our own domestic shortcomings and asking if America wants war. Finally, to cap the climax, Turkey has cavalierly abrogated all extra-territorial rights of foreigners within its dominions—those famous "Capitulations," older than the Ottoman Empire itself, dating as they do from the special status granted the resident citizens of the Italian maritime republics by the medieval Byzantine Empire; and the Turkish Ambassador to Washington answers the chorus of astonishment at this amazing coup by simply remarking, "This war is Turkey's opportunity."

Opportunity for what? That is the question. Is "Young Turkey" seeking merely to shake off the galling trammels of European tutelage and to establish itself as sovereign master in its own house, or is it planning something more—some desperate effort to turn back the ebbing tide of Ottoman destiny, some "thunder stroke" beside which last year's defiant seizure of Adrianople and the Maritza River line shall be as the sound of brass or tinkling cymbals? Shall we presently see Turkish battle-ships bearing the Sublime Porte's "non-possumus" of the Ægean Islands as a cartel to the Greek fleet; Turkish armies backing the despoiled Bulgarians in an effort to rescue the Bulgars of Serb Macedonia, and spurring the Rumanians over the "Accursed Pruth" in an endeavor to revenge Russia's Bessarabian seizure of two generations ago; Anatolian redifs and Kurdish cavalry skirting the snows of Ararat to the assault of Tiflis and Kars on Russia's trans-Caucasian rear? Which of these hypoth-

eses is correct time alone will tell, and no man outside the secret councils of the Sublime Porte can speak authoritatively at the present hour. Nevertheless, even though positive prophecy be more than usually vain in this instance, an analysis of Ottoman internal conditions and of "Young Turk" psychology may not be without value. It will at least show those factors of strength upon which Turkey may rely if it decides to plunge into the European maelstrom, and it may afford some clue as to the hopes and convictions of that determined band headed by Enver Bey which now directs the course of the Ottoman ship of state.

"The Sick Man of Europe" has become a stock phrase, yet, despite all his crises, recent and remote, he looks far healthier to-day than he did one hundred years ago. It is not too much to say that the Ottoman Empire of the early nineteenth century presented as hopeless an appearance as did Morocco on its death-bed ten years since, when the Algeciras Conference handed the corpse of the Shereefian Empire over to France and Spain for that modern embalming process known as "pacific penetration." A century ago the Ottoman Empire was a shining example of Taine's "spontaneous anarchy," and, furthermore, there seemed no probability that this chronic malady would end in any other fashion than by the demise of the patient. The barbaric military machine of Mohammed II. and Suleyman the Magnificent had utterly broken down and nothing had come to take its place. Beyond the walls of Imperial Stamboul the Sultan's authority had passed into the hands of a swarm of picturesque brigands, worthy prototypes of their Moorish scion the late Raisuli—ambitious upstarts like Ali, "The Lion of Janina," Djezzar Pasha, "Butcher of Acre" and doughty opponent of General Bonaparte, Mehemet Ali of Egypt, most famous of them all—a breed who honored the Sultan's writ only when it ran before the Sultan's army, and who never ceased from troubling till their pickled heads were safely landed at the Golden Horn. Furthermore, within the walls of Stamboul itself the Padisha, nominally Lord of the World, in reality trembled before his "Janissaries," those debauched and degenerate Prætorians whose interminable palace revolutions had so thinned out the imperial stock that the Sultan of the day stood as the only surviving male representative of the sacred blood of Othman.

However, that same Sultan, the grim Mahmoud II., by his

destruction of those mutinous Janissaries and rebellious provincial satraps, was destined to inaugurate that revival of the imperial authority which, despite its immense territorial losses and its crying domestic anachronisms, has transformed the moribund Oriental Sultanate of a hundred years ago into the "Young Turkey" of to-day, with its aggressive nationalistic self-consciousness and its up-to-date mechanism of a modern, centralized state. Compared with the Janissary-ridden "Empire" of Mahmoud II, the Turkey of Enver Bey, with its steel frame of strategic railways, its centralizing network of telegraph-bound civilian bureaucrats, and its khaki-clad, Krupp-gunned army mobilized to the tune of the Prussian general staff, appears a very phœnix, rising from the ashes of the past to a new and victorious future. Such certainly is the conviction of Enver Bey and his sanguine disciples. Whether or not they are right in their deductions the event alone can decide.

One thing is clear: the steady shrinkage of Turkey's European dominion during the last century has been by no means pure loss. Despite their five centuries of lordship the Turks never really took root on Balkan soil; they remained in essence an army camped amid hostile populations, who but awaited the opportunity to rise against their masters. Under these circumstances the holding of such a huge block of territory as the European Turkey of a hundred years ago, stretching as it did from the frontiers of Poland to the Morea, was an absolute impossibility; it merely meant the draining away of the Empire's very life-blood from that distant reservoir of Ottoman power, the Turkish population of the Asia Minor plateau, in a whole series of wars which might delay but could not avert the inevitable. Now at last the process is complete. Turkey is at last quit of those rebellious Balkan provinces which for so many generations have cost far more than they brought in, while retaining the one great prize on European soil—incomparable Stamboul, firmly buttressed against possible attack as it is by Adrianople and the Maritza line. Furthermore, Turkey has regained, or is regaining, most of those valuable possessions apparently lost during her European retreat. In nearly every one of her former provinces the Mohammedan population, refusing to live under Christian rule, emigrates and seeks refuge within the Ottoman frontiers. This is all the more striking when we remember that the majority of the

European Moslems are not of Turkish stock, but descend from Balkan converts to the Mohammedan faith. In many cases these people do not even speak Turkish as their native tongue. Nevertheless, the spell of Islam has proved more potent than the ties of language or of blood, and the exiles stream ceaselessly across the Ottoman borders. This is a tremendous source of strength for the Turkish Empire. These exiles for conscience' sake are not only fanatical Moslems; they are also more Turkish than the Turks, and, whatever their racial origins, they quickly blend with that genuine Turkish population which is the necessary foundation to the Turkish Empire. How important have been these accessions of strength can be illustrated by the successive migrations of the Greek Mohammedans during the last century. When the Greek Revolution ended in the loss of Hellas to the Turkish Empire some ninety years ago, the Moslem population of those regions emigrated to a man, some going north into Thessaly, just beyond the bounds of the Greece of that epoch, others taking ship to southwest Asia Minor, where their descendants form one of the most vigorous "Turkish" stocks to be found in all Anatolia. Again, when in the year 1881 Thessaly was ceded to the Greek kingdom, the grandsons of the first exiles trekked still farther north into Macedonia, and this despite the most considerate treatment at the hands of the Greek Government. Lastly, since the Balkan War of 1911–12, a perfect exodus of Macedonian Moslems has choked Turkish Thrace, Stamboul, and the Asia Minor ports with immigrant swarms whose numbers must run into hundreds of thousands. The same is true of the Moslem element in the Ægean Islands and in Crete, while from Bulgaria, Old Servia, and even distant Bosnia-Herzegovina, still other Mohammedan emigrant streams *en route* for the Turkish frontier testify, despite their Slav blood and their Slav speech, to the tremendous unity of Islam. One only of the Moslem blocks in Turkey's former provinces contributes but few emigrants to this modern Hegira of the Faith. The Albanians, although nominally two-thirds of them are classed as Mohammedans, are the exception to that Balkan rule which subordinates nationality to religion. The Greek, the Bulgar, the Serb, once he embraces Islam, disowns his blood-brethren and becomes more Turkish than the genuine Turk himself. But the "Skhipetar," whether Moslem, Catholic, or Orthodox, re-

members that he is first and foremost an Albanian, and this secluded race of highlanders, living in a perpetual welter of tribal anarchy, possessed of no distinctive culture and without even an alphabet to clothe its race traditions, yet reveals an innate national consciousness perhaps unexampled in the world's history. The Young Turks discovered this to their cost in the troubled period from the Revolution of 1908 to the Great Balkan War, for it was the Albanian revolt against Young Turkey's programme of Ottomanization which split European Islam in twain and thus paved the way for the triumph of Balkan Christendom over the traditional Moslem enemy. Despite the many able men whom Albania has contributed to Ottoman history in the past, therefore, it is doubtful whether the distinctly nationalistic Turkey of to-day has lost much by the lopping off of this unruly member of Islam. Indeed, it is more than likely that Turkey may find independent Albania a valuable ally, whereas a subject Albania would have remained a costly and rebellious charge.

Since European Turkey is now little more than Constantinople and its military bulwarks, with a small territorial area and a population under two millions, it is Turkey in Asia which must henceforth furnish the main internal problems of Ottoman statesmanship. And as the present pilots of the Turkish ship of state examine their vast Asiatic domain they must feel a sense of relief at beholding that tide of immigrants (at the same time such good Moslems and such good Turks) setting in from Europe, together with that other and similar Circassian stream flowing into the other extremity of Asia Minor across Russia's trans-Caucasian frontier. For Asiatic Turkey has itself two great problems; one the same old feud of Mohammedan and Christian which was the bane of the lost Balkan provinces, the other a race-question within the body of Islam itself.

It is quite true that by the loss of all "Rumelia" to the very outposts of Stamboul, Turkey has become a much more Mohammedan power than before. Yet within the wide sweep of Turkey in Asia, comprising as it does the vast block of Asia Minor, the great mountainland of Armenia—Kurdistan, the wide valley-plains of the Tigris and Euphrates, the broken mosaic of Syria and the distant Arabian coast provinces of Hejac and Yemen, no less than three and one-half millions of its total population of twenty million souls profess the

Christian faith. This Christian population falls under three main heads, one and a half million being Armenians, another million Greeks, while the remainder belong to one or other of the Syrian sects. This dispersion of Asiatic Christian strength is a fortunate thing for the Turkish Empire, since even as it is the Christians' economic strength and affiliations with foreign powers render them a serious perplexity if not a positive danger to this distinctly Mohammedan state.

However, only one of these Christian elements of Asiatic Turkey, the Greeks, can be said to constitute a pressing political danger to the Ottoman Empire to-day. The Syrian sects, though aggregating nearly a million souls, are too divided among themselves and too dispersed among larger masses of Mohammedan population ever to afford much anxiety to the Turkish Government. Were it not for the possibility that some of them may be used as cat's-paws by European powers anxious to obtain a foothold in those regions, the Syrian Christians could be safely disregarded by Ottoman statesmen. As things are, however, the Turkish Government must keep an eye on such an eventuality, the French " protectorate " of the Catholic Maronites of Lebanon being the most notable case in point. Neither can the Armenians, though the most numerous element in Anatolian Christendom, be said to offer any special perplexities to Ottoman statesmanship at the present hour. Twenty years ago there was, in a certain sense, an " Armenian question." The extraordinary industrial and commercial aptitude of the Armenians had made them the middlemen in the economic revival of Asiatic Turkey, and this favored position had brought them such an increase in wealth and population that many Armenians began to dream of a national revival despite the fact that the Armenian population nowhere formed a clear majority over the other race elements. These sentiments presently crystallized in the " Hunchakist " movement, whose radical wing aimed clearly at the establishment of an autonomous Armenia by revolutionary means. To-day, however, things are entirely changed. The terrible programme of massacre and spoliation carried on by Abdul Hamid for so many years has greatly reduced the Armenian population, and has seriously compromised its economic ascendancy. Nevertheless, strange though this may at first sight appear, the Armenians are more loyal to Mohammedan Turkey than they were before the beginning of the massacres

twenty years ago. The reason for this apparent inconsistency is the fact that the Armenians see themselves menaced by two new dangers from the side of Christendom more serious to their future than the old Islamic peril itself; the politico-religious threat of Russia and the economic pressure of the Greek. The persecutions suffered of late years by their brethren of trans-Caucasia at Russian hands in the Muscovite endeavor to force the Armenians within the Orthodox Church have alarmed the Armenians of Turkey to the highest degree, and have caused them to forget the bloody past in their present interest to avoid falling under Russian domination by preserving the territorial integrity of Asiatic Turkey. The Armenians know that their race-life is bound up with the continued existence of the Armenian Church; they also know that if Turkey falls the Armenian plateau becomes a Russian province. Accordingly, they prefer to endure an occasional outburst of Moslem fanaticism rather than risk a ruthless Russification which would threaten their whole race-identity.

The second source of Armenian solicitude involves the one pressing danger which Anatolian Christendom presents to the Ottoman Empire—the Greek peril. All Greek policy is founded upon and guided by one deep-seated resolve, known as the "Great Idea." Now the Great Idea means the reunion of the whole Greek race in a "Greater Greece," which shall revive both the glory of ancient Hellas and the power of the mediæval Byzantine Empire. As such it involves not only the taking of Constantinople (where the Greeks are to-day almost as numerous as the Turks), but also the conquest of Asia Minor, where a million Greeks form an almost continuous ribbon of population along the coasts and headlands, thickest on the western Ægean shore, but extending north and east along the Black Sea coast well beyond Trebizond and almost touching the Russian trans-Caucasian frontier. Furthermore, this Greek population is growing rapidly in both numbers and prosperity. Protected by foreign influence from Moslem violence, the energetic Greek farmer is steadily supplanting the easy-going, overtaxed Turkish peasant, and is pressing up the river valleys toward the inland cities where the keen-witted Greek merchant is wrestling from the half-ruined Armenian his former commercial supremacy. It is these things perhaps far more than wounded national vanity which has made the

" Young Turk " Government obstinately refuse the cession of those large islands just off Asia Minor's Ægean shore, for it must be perfectly clear to any competent observer that if these islands form part of that victorious Greece already supreme throughout the Ægean sea, the dense Greek population of the mainland will be stirred to such a pitch of irredentist fervor as must lay Asia Minor open to a perpetual menace of rebellion.

And these facts acquire further significance when we remember that Turkey must at all costs keep unbroken hold of Asia Minor, since the Anatolian plateau is the home of the real Turkish race—that great block of ten million genuine " Osmanli " which is the very bone and sinew of the Empire. No finer peasantry exists than these folk—frugal, good-hearted, and infinitely patient, albeit long impoverished and declining in numbers—since the Turkish peasantry has been conscripted to death for endless European wars and taxed to death for the support of a prodigal court and a corrupt officialdom. However, the stamina of the Anatolian peasant seems to have successfully resisted all his past misfortunes, and still offers a sound and solid base for the erection of that rejuvenated Ottoman Empire which is the ardent dream of Young Turk statesmanship.

The great problem which must be solved, if a strong Mohammedan Empire stretching from Stamboul to Bagdad and from Kurdistan to Yemen is to arise and bid defiance to encroaching Christendom, is involved in that race question within the body of Islam of which we have already made passing mention. In Asia Minor (save for its Greek coastline and the nomad tribes of Tartar " Yuruks " in the alkali deserts of its dried-up Dead Sea basin) all is Osmanli. But, once through the gorges of the Taurus Mountains, we leave the Turk behind and enter into another land—the land of the Arab. And the Arab, whether the mongrel villager of Syria and Mesopotamia or the pure-blood Semite nomad of the desert, never forgets that he springs from the race of Mohammed and should, therefore, be esteemed of Islam's " Chosen People "; he holds it high injustice that the Turk, that heavy-witted intruder from distant Turan, should rule the Prophet's own race, and that the Turkish Sultan should claim Arabia's spiritual allegiance as " Commander of the Faithful." Indeed, a whole series of revolts, beginning immediately after the Turkish conquest of Syria four centuries

ago and extending down to the recent rising in Assyr and in Yemen, testify to the Arab's dislike of Turkish rule. One thing is very evident. Young Turk statesmen will have to discover some *modus vivendi* for Osmanli and Arab if their dream of a broad-based Moslem Empire is to become a reality. Any thought of Ottomanizing the six million Arabs of Syria, Mesopotamia, and the Red Sea littoral may as well be dismissed as the most dangerous of absurdities, for the Semite will never consent to merge his ancient individuality in that of the Turk, who is indebted to the Arab for his faith, his alphabet, and nearly all the finer flowers of his civilization.

Such are the elements composing the modern Ottoman Empire, such the problems immediately facing Young Turk statesmanship. It now remains to discover who and what are these "Young Turks," how they came to be, and in what spirit they will probably guide the destinies of their country.

Speaking in the broadest and most fundamental sense, the Young Turk movement may be said to have begun just about a century ago, during that period of utter anarchy already described when the Ottoman Empire had sunk to the level of Shereefian Morocco, with every apparent prospect of ending in a similar manner. And, paradoxical though this may seem, the first "Young Turk" of note was undoubtedly that stern Sultan Mahmoud II, who plucked his empire from its nadir of decrepitude and set it on the path to better things. True, Mahmoud's chief endeavor was the strengthening of his own unlimited authority. Yet he understands but little of this movement who would restrict the term "Young Turk" to those near-Parisian dandies, full of half-digested Western "liberalism," who proclaim their free thought by getting drunk on sweet champagne. Mahmoud II was far nearer than these frothy doctrinaires to the realist, fiercely Ottoman "Young Turkey" of Enver Bey. Mahmoud recognized the following chain of facts: (1) Old Turkey was helpless in face of Modern Europe; (2) Turkey must reform itself if it was to escape a European conquest; (3) to do this Turkey must discover and employ the secrets of European superiority. This is the problem which the genuine Young Turks are trying to solve. They do not in the least intend to make themselves over into imitation Europeans; they aim to assimilate Europe's strength, and then to fight

encroaching Europe with its own weapons. The Japanese have apparently solved the problem; it remains to be seen whether Young Turkey can solve it as well.

True, Mahmoud II was not a very judicious borrower of European innovations. As might have been expected from one who viewed the West from the lattices of the seraglio, he too often confounded the substance with the shadow, and thus drew down upon himself the purblind fanaticism of his reactionary subjects. This Ottoman Peter the Great encountered upon the pathway of reform the same irritating experiences as his great Russian predecessor, and the crossbelts of his European-drilled troops aroused as much wrath in Islam as Peter's clipping of Boyars' beards had ever done in Byzantine Moscow. He died a disappointed man and his empire experienced more than one reactionary lurch during the succeeding half-century. Nevertheless, Turkey gradually acquired both the material framework of a European state and an *élite* of educated men who might accomplish something when the right time came. Even the thirty years of Hamidian rule preceding the Revolution of 1908 were not quite so black as they have usually been painted; Abdul Hamid had in many ways a pretty clear idea of realities, and though his " mania of persecution " threw him into the hands of knaves and charlatans who made genuine reform impossible, his able German mentors like Von der Goltz and Marschall von Bieberstein did manage to keep up the army, build strategic railroads and (most important of all) send bright young officers to get their eyes opened at the *Kriegsschule* of Berlin. Thus, despite the blight of the Yildiz Kiosk camarilla, the seed continued to sprout after a fashion, and the Revolution of 1908 was rendered an ultimate certainty.

But there appear to have been two varieties of this Young Turk seed, which one may respectively consider as the wheat or the tares, according to one's point of view. There was first that school of thought (exemplified by Midhat Pasha and his short-lived Parliament of 1877), which came so prominently to the fore after the 1908 Revolution. These men must in no sense be classed with the cosmopolitan libertines of the Paris cafés; they were genuine Turks, proud of the fact, and not in the least desirous of hiding their individuality behind a Western veneer. Nevertheless they proposed for Turkey a Western innovation of the most funda-

mental character. In their eyes the mainspring of Western strength was the principle of "nationality," by which all the citizens of a modern European state are welded into a territorial "patriotism" by a predominant language, standardized education, and common parliamentary institutions. When we remember that the "Old Turk" theory was essentially that of a Mohammedan army living in perpetual "free quarters" at the expense of a subject Christian population, we can see how sweeping was the innovation proposed by Midhat Pasha and his school.

Well! The Midhat theory of a "National" Ottoman state on the Western model without distinction of creed has been tried out in the four-year period from the Young Turk Revolution of 1908 down to the Balkan War of 1912; and it has not proved a brilliant success. At the moment of victory, of course, Christian and Mohammedan fraternized in most edifying fashion under the spell of a common joy at being relieved of the common Hamidian tyranny. But just as soon as the Young Turks began to suggest their panacea of an "Ottoman" nationality, regardless of creed, indeed, but based on the Turkish language and Young Turk institutions, the dream was over. Indeed, in one sense, the Balkan Christians—Greek, Serb, and Bulgarian alike—were more incensed at the Young Turk theory than at the Old, for the exclusive, Islamic Turkey of the past had at least left their race-lives undisturbed and had no desire to convert them *en masse,* whereas the Young Turks threatened to deprive them of those immemorial heirlooms of speech and culture of which their religion was but the sign-manual. So menacing was the attitude of these "fellow-citizens" that the nationalist doctrinaires of the Constantinople Parliament let them alone for the moment and turned their Ottomanizing energies upon the Albanians, with the result that Balkan Mohammedanism was split in twain and the way opened for the triumph of Balkan Christendom. Last, but not least, the replacement of Islam by "Nationalism" as the basis of the Ottoman State estranged and infuriated the Arab portions of the Empire, for what bond now remained between the race of Mohammed and those impious Turanian renegades beyond the Taurus Mountains? In fine, the bubble of Young Turk "National Liberalism" was pricked in the *débâcle* of 1912, and apparently it has vanished for good and all, leaving not a wrack behind.

Yet, there is a "Young Turk" Government at Stamboul to-day? Very true. But not that of Midhat Pasha and the Nationalist parliamentarians: it is the Young Turkey of Enver Bey, girt with the sword of Othman and bestriding an Arab steed, which now grasps the reins of authority. The second school of Young Turk thought has at last come into its own. This school has the greatest respect for German army officers, Krupp guns, and Vickers-built battleships, but it has very little faith in Western nationalism or parliamentary government; it believes in Islamic civilization and a Mohammedan Ottoman Empire; it fears and hates Christendom as its natural and remorseless enemy. With mingled feelings of cynical amusement and impotent fury it has witnessed the Christian reply to the "Liberal" Turkey of 1908: Austrian annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, Italian seizure of Tripoli, Christian "fellow-citizen" soldiers deserting wholesale to the enemy, London partition conference of 1912. Really, concludes Enver Bey, beneath the smooth surface of diplomacy lurks ever the "Jihadd," the Holy War! Such being the case, these Young Turks reproach their sires not with barbarity, but with excessive moderation. Listen to this comment, made nearly forty years ago: "If in its day the dynasty of Mohammed II. had followed the example of Philip II., if it had expelled or exterminated the Christians as the son of Charles V. did the Moors of Spain, the whole Balkan peninsula would to-day be peopled by good Mussulmans, impervious to the influence of Europe and energetically responsive to the Khalifate of Stamboul." No talk here of Ottoman "nationality" or the Turkish language; Islam is alone in question. This can be read and approved by Arab and Kurd, or, for that matter, by any good Moslem on the Congo, the Ganges, or the Tian Shan. On this point old Abdul Hamid never strayed so far from the path, after all, with his clique of Senussi dervishes and his itinerant mollahs in Algeria, Bengal, Sulu, and Turkestan preaching the unity of Islam and telling of the common spiritual overlord, the great Khalifa, in Stamboul. What a welder of Osmanli, Arab, and Kurd—a "Jihadd" against the insolent Greek "Roumies" and the accursed Russians of the North! How the news would fly over the Moslem world and be threshed out in that peerless clearing-house of ideas and plans the Kaaba of Mecca at pilgrimage time! Of course, there would

be England and France to reckon with, or what little of them could be spared from the death-struggle in the West. But England has India and Egypt, France has her North African Empire—some ninety million Mohammedans all told, and most of them "first-class fighting men." True it is that Indian sowars and Algerine turcos are at this moment fighting the Allies' battles in France and Flanders, but would they charge the German lines so gaily if to-morrow French and English battle-ships should bombard the Dardanelles? India has always throbbed a quick response to Turkish misfortunes in the past; note the monster subscriptions during the Russo-Turkish conflict of 1877, the Moslem press campaign during the Greek War of 1897 become so violent that the Government of India forbade all Turkish books and papers, the stormy boycottings and burnings of Italian goods only three years ago. Then there is the growing Egyptian unrest, which moved Mr. Roosevelt to his Guildhall warnings of a short time since. What would happen in Cairo if Turkish regulars and Arab tribesmen should appear out of the desert on the line of the Suez Canal?

Truly, in the lap of the gods now sits the world.

T. Lothrop Stoddard.

WILL RUSSIA "MAKE GOOD"?

Will Russia "make good"? That, without offense, is one of the most interesting and most important questions concerning the sequel to the European war. It is too early yet, no doubt, to consider all or many of the results of that war. But one of them is already so assured that it may be discussed almost as an accomplished fact. That is, the new era in Russia. For whatever may be the outcome of the war elsewhere and in other respects, so much is certain, that it must produce in Russia the most profound changes that that empire has known for at least half a century; and it will do that regardless of the general outcome of the war and of the course pursued by the Russian Government itself.

This is the dominant factor of the problem, that Russia has promised, substantially, self-government for Poland, and inferentially, if not specifically, for Finland also, and equal rights with all other subjects for the Jews. The fulfil-

ment of these promises will, or would, mean radical and momentous changes in the status of a large part of the Russian people, in the constitution of the Russian Empire, and in the relations between Russia and other nations, particularly with the United States. The non-fulfilment of them would mean a scarcely less radical and momentous crisis in Russian affairs, at home and abroad. The question is, Will they be fulfilled? In the terse phrase of the Man in the Street, Will Russia make good?

Without being too cynical, we may readily interpret her motives and purpose in making the promises. They were an essential and salient part of the grand strategy of the war. It was obvious at the beginning that the first and perhaps the decisive stage of Russia's war with Germany was to be waged among the Poles and Jews. Austria's attack upon Russia was made in Russian Poland. Russia's counter attack upon Austria and her ally, Germany, was made in their Polish provinces. Nothing was more clear or certain than that the attitude and course of the Poles would be of great importance. If Poland, deeming Russia's extremity her opportunity, rose against the Czar to welcome the Austrians as liberators, the Russian campaign would be from the first defensive instead of aggressive. If the Poles of Galicia and Silesia played against Russia the part which Belgium played against Germany, the Muscovite march to Vienna and Berlin would be slow and hard indeed. Moreover, those countries and the adjacent provinces of southern Russia were those in which Jews most abounded, and their attitude, and that of their fellows in other parts of the world—for instance, in the money-markets—would be another important factor in the war. In part, therefore, Russia's promises to the Poles and Jews were conceived and made as war measures, calculated to retain the loyalty of the Poles in Russia and to detach that of those in Austria and Germany from the support of those countries.

In that extent they have already proved successful. There has been a tremendous rallying of Poles, both in and out of Russia, to Russia's support, with a correspondingly great influence upon the fortunes of the war. The Jews, also, are supporting the Czar's government, and we hear of them fighting valiantly in his army, and of their receiving, for the first time in history, commissions as commanding officers. Evidently, then, both Poles and Jews accept the Rus-

sian promises as made in good faith and believe that they will be fulfilled.

For that belief there are strong reasons, regardless of the outcome of the war. Let us first consider the gross improbability of Russia's defeat. In that case she would have failed to attain the object for which she made the promises. Nevertheless, she would for her own sake be under all the stronger need of fulfilling them. She would need to do all in her power to conciliate her own subjects and to retain their loyalty. For her to repudiate those promises would be to add domestic disaffection to foreign defeat. On the other hand, to fulfil them loyally would be to confirm domestic solidarity and thus partly to compensate her for what she had lost or had failed to win. It will be remembered that her defeat in the Crimean War was soon followed by the emancipation of the Serfs.

On the other hand, if Russia is victorious in the war, as now seems altogether probable, she will still have to deal with her allies in determining the conditions of peace. She will doubtless wish to take from Austria and Prussia at least their Polish provinces, and perhaps something more. Great Britain and France might well demur to that if it was to mean nothing more than an addition to Russia's old oppressed, discontented, and semi-insurgent Poland; particularly since the Poles in Galicia have been far more contented with their lot than those of Russian Poland and the change for them would thus be much for the worse. But nothing would so much incline Great Britain and France to give their approval to such acquisition by Russia as the assurance that thus the "Polish question" would be satisfactorily settled by the reconstruction of an autonomous Kingdom of Poland. That might even move them to assent to Russia's annexation of some of Prussia's Baltic provinces and ports which would give her a frontage upon that open sea which she has so long desired.

Those two major allies of Russia have also, with the United States, a direct and deep interest in the fulfilment of the Russian promise to the Jews. Russian discrimination against that people has been a cause of diplomatic friction on more than one occasion, and almost constantly a cause of profound dissatisfaction. It led to abrogation of the only general treaty between this country and Russia. That it has brought world-wide reproach upon Russia is not to be

denied. Her fulfilment of her promise to the Jews would be of immense practical value to her, both at home and abroad. It would secure for her the active support of one of the strongest and most vital elements of her population, and it would commend her in an immeasurable degree to the confidence and regard of all liberal and equitable governments and peoples throughout the world.

For these reasons, then, the fulfilment of the Russian promises is to be expected. There are other reasons. Before the war, before the war was seen to be impending, Russia took some significant steps in the same direction, indicating that the making of the promises was not altogether a war measure. For a long time the practical administrative advantages of a federated over a centralized empire have been under official consideration in the highest departments of the Russian Government. It has openly been urged by authoritative statesmen that for some of the Czar's many titles to be made real instead of merely nominal would enhance rather than diminish his power and dignity. They have urged that he should be formally crowned King of Poland at Warsaw, precisely as the Austrian Emperor is crowned King of Hungary at Budapest, or, perhaps more correctly, as he should be crowned King of Bohemia at Prague. A detailed scheme for such federation of the Empire has been for some time before the Czar, receiving his careful and not unfavorable attention. The reconstruction of a Kingdom of Poland, including Galicia, Silesia, and Posen, perhaps with the capital at Cracow, as of old, would accord with the adoption of this scheme.

There was also before the war some earnest consideration of the status of the Jews, and of the necessity of doing something to rid Russia of the reproach of intolerance and persecution. Strangely enough, this arose from a governmental act of additional oppression. The Minister of the Interior, Mr. Maklakoff, last spring ordered the withdrawal of all Jews from the boards of directors of Russian stock companies. For this there seemed to be no reason, save an unintelligent spirit of reaction, and it aroused so many protests, from Gentiles as well as Jews, that the Czar himself was moved to inquire into the wisdom and profit of such a step. The result was to start consideration of plans for the gradual removal of Jewish disabilities and abolition of the Pale. What progress would have been made in this di-

rection had the war not occurred it is impossible to say. Now, however, with complete Jewish emancipation in the army, it would be indeed strange if a like reform in civil life did not speedily follow.

The triumph of the Allies would mean enormous increase of Russian prestige in Europe. If that were to mean the Russianization of Europe it would be an unspeakable calamity. If it were to mean the liberalizing of Russia it would be an inestimable blessing. That it will mean the latter is the purport of the promises which Russia has made; and which not only her allies, but also the whole world, will expect her to fulfil.

AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL INDEPENDENCE

There is in the European war a strong suggestion of the desirability of a larger measure of industrial independence, or of self-sufficiency, for the United States. It seems likely that there will be a large and gratifying restoration of the American commercial marine; but that will not be sufficient. In spite of all our industrial growth, we need additional manufactures as well as shipping, as the present war has strongly and most unpleasantly reminded us.

We have often vaunted ourselves upon our advantages over such nations as England which are not self-sustaining, but are dependent upon us or others for their food-supply. One of the most serious problems for such a nation in case of war is that of keeping open lines of communication and traffic with the lands from which it gets its foodstuffs. That is a problem with which we should not be troubled, for while we do, in fact, import much of our food, we are ourselves quite capable of producing all that we absolutely need.

But in the arts and industries we have permitted ourselves to become so largely dependent upon other nations that a war such as the present causes much business distress, and if prolonged may actually paralyze important industrial establishments. And that is because of our failure to produce here our own supplies of essential things which are perfectly susceptible of production here, and of which, in fact, we supply the raw material for other countries to manufacture for us.

To cite a few examples: Hydroquinone and other important chemicals used in photographic processes increased enormously, some of them from fifty to a hundred fold, at the outbreak of the war, and fears were expressed that there would soon be a famine in those articles at any price; the reason being, of course, that our supplies are chiefly obtained from Germany. Also, there were fears of scarcity of photographic glass, which comes from Belgium, and of photographic printing-paper. Yet the raw material of hydroquinone and the other chemicals in question are supplied in this country, and the processes of making them are perfectly well known here. They can be made here just as well as in Europe. So, too, can the glass and paper in question be manufactured here.

Why, then, do we depend upon other countries for such essential articles? Simply because they can produce them more cheaply than we; and they can do that because of their lower wages. The cost of human labor is so much less in Germany than in the United States that raw materials can be taken thither from the United States, worked over, and be returned to us in the finished form, duty paid, and be sold here at a lower price than Americans can afford to make the goods for here.

The same is true of dyes, particularly the aniline dyes which are so extensively used in textile and other manufactures. They are made for us in Germany, out of coal-oil or tar provided by our own country. We used to throw away what we regarded as waste products of refineries, until our German friends showed that instead of being used to pollute the waters of our harbors they could be transformed into most useful materials for the arts and industries. But we have permitted Germany very largely to do the work of preparing these valuable by-products.

Numerous drugs of the materia medica, including some of very common and almost indispensable use, are also manufactured for us in Germany, and the outbreak of the war sent their prices up to an almost prohibitive figure, causing great hardship to the poor, and doubtless affecting unfavorably the operations of the medical profession. And many other like examples might easily be adduced. We may, no doubt, charge some of the increase in prices to the sordid rapacity of speculators and tradesmen, who arbitrarily increased prices when there was no actual or prospective

scarcity of the goods to warrant them in so doing. But with all allowance for that discreditable circumstance, it is certain that a very marked effect was produced upon our supplies of necessaries by the outbreak of the war and the consequent disturbance of European industries and interruption of commerce.

The lesson ought to be obvious and convincing, to the effect that we should produce our supplies at home, and thus be independent of wars and other vicissitudes abroad. The objection of higher cost should not be insuperable. We do not, of course, want to reduce our wages to the German level. But it is possible that improved methods of manufacture, in proximity to the places where the raw material is found and where the finished product is required, might be made fully to counterbalance the difference in wages.

One of the most familiar of politico-economical sayings is that we must not reduce our American workmen to the level of the pauper labor of the Old World. That is quite true. But what shall we say of having our industries dependent upon that same pauper labor for their essential supplies? Such dependence is what we have actually been suffering, and are suffering at the present time. It will be greatly to our profit to have this war teach us better things. It will be well to acquire a great mercantile marine, to bear our flag and our goods to all the markets of the world. It will be still better to extend the same principle to our manufacturing industries, so as to utilize for our own use our own raw products and to make this nation sufficient unto itself, at least to a much larger degree than it is at present, in material for its mills as well as in food for its people.

AUTHORSHIP OF THE SHERMAN ACT

We have received the following letter from Mr. George M. Powell, attorney-at-law, of Jacksonville, Florida:

Sir,—I note on page 345 of your September number that you challenge the reported statement of Senator Kern (that the Sherman Anti-trust Law, as it was finally passed, was written by Senator Hoar of Massachusetts) as being both incorrect and ridiculous.

Owing to the fact that I have been a constant reader of your magazine for some time past, and as such have gained great confidence in the accuracy of your statements, and owing to the additional fact that I have been laboring, myself, under the impression that Senator Hoar was the

real author of the Sherman Law, I beg leave to request that you kindly give me, at your convenience, the name of the person whom you suppose wrote the law, and, if convenient, the foundation for your belief that the person mentioned wrote it. My opinion was based upon the statement to be found on page 2 of Mr. Albert H. Walker's *History of the Sherman Law,* published in 1910, from which the following quotation is taken:

"The Sherman bill was never enacted into law, but Senator Sherman in drawing and introducing that bill, and afterward in powerfully advocating its passage upon the floor of the Senate, initiated and carried far forward the movement which resulted, in the summer of 1890, in the passage by both Houses of Congress and the approval by President Harrison, of a more elaborate and comprehensive statute, which in the mean time was drawn by Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, and was substituted for the Sherman bill with the cordial approval of Senator Sherman. Inasmuch as Senator Sherman was the originator of the proposed legislation and was its leading advocate in Congress, the resulting statute has always been known as the Sherman Law, although the language of that law was written by Senator Hoar and was adopted by both Houses of Congress, without any amendment, as a more comprehensive and accurate expression of the Congressional purpose than the briefer bill which had been written by Senator Sherman himself, and introduced by him on December 4, 1889."

I am, sir,

GEORGE M. POWELL.

Subsequent to the publication of *The History of the Sherman Act—i. e.,* on July 21, 1911—the author, Mr. Albert H. Walker, addressed the following communication to Senator Moses E. Clapp:

In pursuance of your request, I submit the following report of the results of my investigations in the office of the Secretary of the Senate and in the room of the Senate Judiciary Committee, relevant to the authorship of the Sherman Law of July 2, 1890.

That statute was drawn in the Judiciary Committee in the latter part of March and the first part of April, 1890. It was based on the bill which Senator Sherman introduced as Senate Bill I, early in December, 1889, but Senator Sherman took no part in framing the substitute, which was drawn by the Judiciary Committee. That committee was composed of Senators Edmunds, Ingalls, Hoar, Wilson of Iowa, Evarts, Coke, Vest, George, and Pugh. All of its members participated in the consideration of the framing of the statute as it was reported by the Judiciary Committee, which is the exact form in which it was enacted and was approved by President Harrison July 2, 1890.

The eight sections of the statute were written by the following Senators, in the following proportions:

Senator Edmunds wrote all of sections 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6, except seven words in section 1, which seven words were written by Senator Evarts. Those are the words, "in the form of trust or otherwise."

Senator George wrote all of section 4. Senator Hoar wrote all of section 7, and Senator Ingalls was the author of section 8.

The statements of chapter II of Walker's *History of the Sherman Law*, relevant to the authorship of that statute, were based on all the published information which had ever been printed when that book was written by me in 1910. But my personal investigation of the original records of the Senate has resulted in ascertaining that the credit of the authorship of that historic statute should be distributed as it is distributed in this communication. ALBERT H. WALKER.

This communication appeared in the *Congressional Record* of August 2, 1911, when Mr. Kern was a member of the Senate, and was reprinted in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for December, 1911.—EDITOR.

VARIOUS VIEWS

MR. C. V. BOWMAN writes from Boston:

I have read with great interest "Europe at Armageddon" in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

I notice you favor neutrality on the part of the Americans. This is right and proper. However, it appears to me that you do not adhere strictly to that principle in the article. You show your readers why Servia could not accept the terms laid down by Austria. But you do not explain why Austria felt obliged to make so severe demands upon Servia. By presenting only one side of the questions involved you are not doing justice to both parties and you do not prove yourself to be neutral. As American citizens let us be fair to all nations now struggling in this most unfortunate war.

On page 345 you say: "The American people may err in holding the Kaiser chiefly responsible for wanton warfare," etc. Can you really speak for the American people in this respect? A very large number of Americans do not hold the Kaiser nor any other ruler responsible for "wanton warfare."

I have no personal interest in any of the nations at war nor have I any grudge against any of them. But I am interested in justice and fair play. In this we Americans ought to excel. Let us keep on practising.

(1) If our esteemed correspondent had not restricted his reading of the September REVIEW to the editorial articles, he would have found Austria's case set forth at length and authoritatively by her distinguished Ambassador to these United States. (2) As a simple matter of fact, not necessarily of right, we think there is no doubt that American public opinion holds the Kaiser chiefly responsible for the beginning of the great war. England has seen to that. (3) Maintenance of a neutral attitude does not necessarily involve prohibition of expression of opinion. Interchange of views fairly presented, indeed, is essential to understand-

ing. For example, Mr. William S. Bausemer writes from Baltimore:

In the September REVIEW you show with characteristic clearness that the European war started "because Servia was reluctant to repudiate her own sovereignty; and Austria was unwilling to have an international dispute composed according to the terms of a treaty of which she herself was a signatory."

May I suggest a basic reason for Austria's intolerance of anything short of absolute compliance with her demands?

In the Teuton Empires an obsession exists for territorial expansion to the Ægean—with the political and commercial possibilities ensuing. As to this aspiration, called in the vernacular the *Drang nach Osten,* the German-American Chamber of Commerce, the writers of "The Truth About Germany," and the fulminating German college professors are just now eloquently silent.

This territorial trend, begun with the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908, was halted, at the close of the Balkan War, by the expansion of Servia over her lands reclaimed from the Turks. At that juncture the best the diplomats of the two Kaisers could do was to set up a trouble-breeder in the Balkan midst by creating the uncalled-for kingdom of Albania. Thus Greece was prevented from reasserting sovereignty over her people living in the southern part of this new kingdom; Servia was deprived of a sea outlet, and Montenegro of her dearly won Scutari.

Russia, England, and France all patiently allowed Austria to create this useless state—with the knowledge that she would Austrianize it as much as possible. The limitations of the Balkans were even then not satisfactory to the Vienna and Berlin chancelleries. Servia still lay across the path Ægeanward. Hence *Servia delenda est.* Her obliteration was requisite for the continuance of expansion plans. That meant war. To bring about war was simple. Accuse the Servian Government of being an accessory to the murder at Serajevo, and proceed to "execute" it.

Mr. Asquith has declared this war to be waged by the Allies "to vindicate the principle that small nations are not to be crushed, in defiance of international good faith, at the arbitrary will of a strong and overmastering power."

The Russians would indeed have been "barbarous" if they had supinely stood by and had suffered the destruction of their Serb kinsmen.

Negotiations were still proceeding between Russia and Austria (of British "White Paper") when Germany declared war, and jumped her army into unsuspecting Belgium. German officials acknowledge that France was to be "finally disposed of," and it is apparent that her extra-European territory was to be taken from her. Is such scheme merely one to free Germany from the terror of slow, unwieldy, incapable Russia? This brings us to the general query as to Teuton aggression. No less a personage than the King of Italy convicts Germany and Austria of this. The revelation to him at the outset of the war of their aggrandizing aspirations, in which he was urged to share, caused him to exclaim that he would be bartering away the honor of his country by joining in their war.

Finally, to get at the real aggressor, we have but to consider which of the European nations are territorially contented, and which are territorially restive. It is needless to refer to the various straws that in the last fifteen

years have shown how the winds of German land lust were blowing. The equivocal conduct of the German fleet when Dewey was in Manila Bay (quickly followed by German acquisition of the neighboring Caroline Islands), the intrusion at Agadir, all show her imperious desire for more territory and colonies under any pretext.

It is deplorable that the German War Lords cannot find sufficient gratification of ambitions in the magnificent achievements of their nations in science, industry, and commerce—in short, in all the arts of peace. Prussian militarism has been only too skilfully grafted upon the national life. Let us hope the intrinsically excellent German people will now discover that this incubus renders their country the "barbaric" member in the family of nations; that her own crushing armaments set the pace for the other powers; that it is not jealousy of Germany's material successes, but fear of her desire for aggrandizement at the expense of her neighbors, that keeps up this incessant military striving.

That is Mr. Bausemer's opinion. Then here is another from Mr. Welles Cone, of New York:

I have read and pondered your papers, and I am bound to say that nothing has appeared in contemporary literature for masterly grasp of the subject to equal them. Maine in her election yesterday corroborated your statements and thereby stamps you as a political prophet. That was discounted by your remarkable forecasts regarding the elevation of Woodrow Wilson to the Presidency of the Republic. Those forecasts, appearing in cold type and being fulfilled to the letter, were remarkable. I walked from here to Franklin Square to procure early copies of the REVIEW to place in the hands of "Gifford's Brother Amos," mentioned in your "Our Colonel" paper. I take pride and pleasure in circulating the documents. I hope you will favor the eager reading public with additional papers upon the all-engrossing world conflict now destroying, let us hope, the great "military menace" of Europe and the world. No one else writes with such a trenchant pen.

That is Mr. Cone's opinion, shared, we cheerfully misdoubt, by Gifford's Brother Amos, whom he befriended.

COMMENT

The Maine election signified little beyond the breaking up of the Progressive party. The Democrats carried the State because the opposition was divided, but their total vote was 5,916 less than in 1912 as against an increase of 5,314 opposed. In other words, they polled only 43 per cent. of the total as contrasted with 47.7 per cent. two years ago. The party cannot bear up for long under such victories. Nor is much comfort to be derived from the fact that the Republicans re-elected their three Congressmen in

spite of a Progressive vote of 17,028. It should be remembered, too, that Mr. Roosevelt, who conducted a vigorous personal canvass, cannot cover the entire United States during October. In point of fact, very few Progressive candidates for Congress will appear at all as compared with two years ago. So far as Maine is concerned, it is the old story: Republican gain 30,000, Progressive loss 31,000, Democratic loss 6,000. And yet the total Democratic vote for Congress was 700 larger than the total Republican vote,—hardly enough to write home about, but sufficient—if duplicated generally throughout the country. "Up and at 'em!" the Progressive chief is now shouting through Kansas. Good old Colonel!

The new Attorney-General, Mr. Thomas W. Gregory, well earned his promotion by his admirable conduct of the Government's case against the New Haven Railway monopoly. He is, moreover, as a lawyer of the first class, and the possessor of an abundance of a common sense, excellently equipped for the performance of his arduous tasks. We doubt if the President could have found a wiser counselor or a more worthy successor of Mr. McReynolds.

If it be a fact, as the Kaiser informed one of his regiments, that "we must ascribe all our successes to the God of our fathers," to whom should be attributed the recent German reverses? Can it be possible that the impudent old Devil has the audacity to take a hand in holy warfare?

We venture to take this opportunity of again suggesting that President Wilson should approach the German Emperor and ask him for a plain declaration of what his intentions are with regard to all the treaties signed on his behalf at The Hague.—*The Spectator.*

No, thank you; let the Emperor's Cousin George do it!

The President of the United States must maintain a sober and dignified demeanor, of course, at all times, but if Woodrow Wilson did not experience some difficulty in keeping a straight face when he read from Francisco Villa, "I

respectfully salute you as General-in-Chief of the Division of the North,'' we shall have to guess again.

We record as a noteworthy event the shy but firm reappearance of Our Colonel on the first page after this fashion:

DOINGS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Theodore Roosevelt will be on hand to-morrow for a gathering of Progressive candidates and leaders. He will leave on Thursday for the West.

The New York *Evening Post* did it.

We have to assume that Secretary Bryan sees in the success of Mr. Roger Sullivan in the Democratic primaries of Illinois further confirmation of the high merit of popular primaries.

Did Mr. Marshall have any one in mind for a running mate when he proposed Mr. Wilson for renomination?

FUNDAMENTAL ASPECTS OF THE WAR

BY ROLAND G. USHER

It is easy to enumerate the steps by which a general war emerged from Austria's attack upon Servia. Russia speedily came to Servia's assistance; France at once began preparations for mobilization; Germany declared war on Russia; France mobilized in earnest; and Germany, without a declaration of war, invaded France and Belgium; England promptly delivered an ultimatum. So much is quickly said. Yet why was Russia willing to risk blood and treasure to protect Servia? Why did France, Germany, and England declare themselves "necessarily" involved because Russia and Austria were quarreling over Servia? An obvious but entirely insufficient answer is that existing alliances and treaties bound them to support one another. All these are but the counterfeit presentments of greater things behind, and it is the fundamental aspects of the European crisis we must study if we are to reach a satisfactory explanation.

The most significant and important single factor is that commonly denoted by the familiar but vague term, the balance of power. In last analysis this is simply the accident of geography. Unlike the United States, Europe is divided into certain rather well-defined districts by the great mountain chains which long furnished an almost insuperable barrier to regular intercourse—Spain is cut off by the Pyrenees, Italy by the Alps, Austria-Hungary by the Alps and Carpathian chain, France by the Alps and the Vosges. In the United States, where the mountain chains run north and south in an enormous area which the movement of population has *crossed from east to west,* no permanent geographical barrier was possible. In the United States isolation is impossible; we have not even separation. In Europe there is separation, but not isolation. If the isolation were complete, there would be fewer undesirable consequences. These geographical districts are connected by smaller dis-

tricts easily entered from either of two countries, and sometimes, as in the cases of Belgium and Switzerland, accessible to three or more. The history of Europe has been a struggle of the various countries to obtain possession of these strategic places---Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and the like—for the country which held one or more of them dominated and threatened the very independence of the adjacent countries. Eventually, after centuries of struggle, certain few of these places were made neutral and denied in possession to all countries; certain others (like Roussillon) were admitted to be necessary to the independence of some nation, and were by common consent left in its hands. The balance of power means simply that each nation must not attempt to expand beyond its natural geographical limits by the absorption of one or more of these strategical places or by seizing part of its neighbor's territory. When this takes place—as in the German occupation of Alsace-Lorraine—one nation becomes stronger than it ought to be and disturbs the balance of power. The possession of such strategic places has more than once in the past given the possessor so decided an advantage as to render desperate the chances of the state threatened. To seize one of them has been commonly considered in Europe for centuries the declaration of an intention to overturn the political boundaries of Europe and establish the domination of the aggressor. The invasion of Belgium is the traditional move in European wars of aggression. The Germans are treading upon the heels of Charles V., of Louis XIV., of Napoleon Bonaparte.

To this peculiar geographical configuration, which finds no counterpart on the globe, is joined as a cause of this present war the accident of history. Within these natural geographical entities have grown up nations, differing from one another in language, religion, and institutions. Between these various countries we find all sorts of bonds and all varieties of antipathy. Some seem always to have hated one another, others have seen during the centuries periods of affection and periods of estrangement, many of which we can partially account for by the accident of history, but none of which we really understand in the least degree. In the difference of blood, however slight, the accident of political association, the difference between life on one side of a mountain range and on the other, lie the fundamental causes of the political affiliations of Europe. With its geography and

with the wars and conquests which have succeeded from the one and the other, the whole skein has finally become so tangled that the actual thread of causation, if such there ever was, is lost from sight beyond a peradventure.

We must not minimize, however, the part which history is playing at this present moment. We are not dealing in this war with a question entirely of profit and loss, contemplated by that bloodless monstrosity the economic man without passion and without personal interest save that of monetary gain. We have not to do with an issue created by reason and enforced by the logic of the schools, a war which pedants could justify by syllogism and the methods of scholastic philosophy. Still less have we to explain a war brought on solely by the brute passions of man, the reckless daring of the adventurer, the criminal eagerness for plunder of the pirate. We see sober, keen-thinking, public-spirited men declaring advisedly that there is no recourse but war.

The fact is that we are dealing with life and not with abstractions, with men and not with automatons of political economy or of ethical enthusiasts. Which of us attempts to justify by logic, ethics, and political economy the tenth part of his every-day existence or could honestly declare that he had made by virtue of them alone the chief decisions of his life? What the individual does not ordinarily do, great communities are not capable of doing.

We are dealing here, in reality, with those inarticulate convictions, those unspoken and unrealized resolves, those unconscious stimuli to thought and action which have descended to us from the past and which form so large a proportion of our mental being. We have not made ourselves; we have merely modified somewhat the mental and physical fabric bequeathed to us. The hands are ours, but the voice and the resolve are those of our ancestors. Nor can we divide the one from the other, trace this conviction to its source and that impulse to its original cause. So of great nations. In the corporate life of the community, the present generation is but a moment of time; its conscious resolve but a fleeting thought across the great mind of that nation. A people actually capable of deciding for themselves would be a people without a corporate past. The strongest convictions are often those we cannot explain nor rationally defend. Hence economic theory, ethics, and logic are futile in crises which are usually decided more by the inarticu-

late convictions of nations than by their conscious thoughts. There are things more precious than gold, more sought than rubies; there are shifts and devices for which even those dull clods who never had a conscious thought of their own unhesitatingly and cheerfully choose death. They die not to themselves, but for the future; they look not to the accumulation of present wealth, but to the perpetuation of the spiritual body of the nation. Let us not, in our anxiety to put an end to war, close our eyes to the *explanation* of the phenomena before us. Let us not, in our attempt to rationalize and organize life, deny the existence and operation of its chief motive forces.

From this accident of geography which shaped the face of Europe, and this accident of history which formed the nations that occupy it, have come the fundamental factor in their relationship, a mutual distrust. No nation wholly trusts another. The exigencies of the situation may at any moment cause her to trust one more than another, but none of them can forget the occasions in the past when each has suffered from the other's disregard of solemn treaties, and from the other's aggression. The political history of Europe is the story of the attempts to destroy now this nation, now that. The strategical geography of Europe affords the aggressor better opportunities than does the geography of other continents. Now England is laying waste France and crowning her King at Paris; now Louis is harrying Germany and assailing Spain; now Peter the Great is assailing Prussia; now the Germans are besieging Paris. If men had kept their promises, if men had not been covetous, if men had been good Christians, there had been no wars in the past. The nations of Europe are now at war partly because the past has taught them by a too bitter experience that they possess almost unlimited possibilities of injuring one another, and each cannot trust the others not to take advantage of it.

To this legacy of the past we must add the belief on the part of the Triple Entente—England, France, and Russia—in a far-reaching scheme of aggression aimed at all three by Germany and Austria—Pan-Germanism.

The problem, as the Germans and Austrians visualize it (assuming as many do that these are the views of officialdom), is that of a state, restricted in area, without natural defenses, strategically weak because of Russia on one side and France on the other. The position is dangerous at best,

for Germany might be crushed by her two traditional foes, who would then make short work of Austria. Such a state, however, whose population is increasing at a rapid rate, runs an even greater danger unless it is constantly expanding its economic structure to provide work for the new hands and brains. Emigration of those unable to find employment means a decrease of the rate of growth compared to that of Russia, who has unlimited area in which to place her new population for many decades to come, a concomitant decrease in the growth of the army as compared to Russia's, and, slowly but inevitably, military weakness, defeat by Russia, and national death.

On the other hand, before Germany and Austria can keep at home these hundreds of thousands of new souls each year, they must provide work for them without compelling the existing workers to share theirs with the upcoming generations. Germany and Austria must not only be large, but prosperous; their people have a right not only to liberty, but to comfort. The creation, so to speak, of so much new work annually means the expansion of German and Austrain trade and industry at a phenomenal rate, and means that they must sell somewhere at a fair profit what these thousands of new hands make each year, as well as what the millions of older hands produce. To fail to sell at a profit spells, beyond question, commercial stagnation, men out of work, starvation, death, or emigration, and the long chain leading to defeat by Russia and the humiliation or destruction of the nation.

But there are in Europe no markets of such a character. On the contrary, Europe in general is facing much the same problem. The outside markets in Africa and Asia, where the teeming population can be educated yearly in a variety of new economic wants, are practically monopolized by England and France, who point to treaties, agreements, and the like conferring upon them the "right" to this trade so far as other European nations are concerned. The Germans insist that they were not parties to any such agreements and have now as much right to a share in the trade as the English or French had in the beginning. They demand their "place in the sun," their "manifest destiny." Inasmuch as they believe that a failure to reach these Eastern markets will end in their national death, they declare the methods they propose to undertake to obtain access to them purely defensive,

and insist that the issue is forced upon them by England and France. "The sword is being forced into our hands."

Provision had first to be made for the preservation of such position, unsatisfactory as it might be, as Germany then held. A great army was brought into existence and diligently trained, large enough to terrify both France and Russia and cause them to hesitate long before attempting an assault upon it. The army is not an offensive weapon, the Germans have insisted again and again; it is purely a deterrent. Then, as the English fleet controlled the Channel through which German merchant-ships must pass, Germany created a fleet large enough, as she thought, to terrify the English and cause them to fear the outcome of an action. Only thus could they keep the Channel open to their commerce, only thus provide new work for the new hands. The fleet, too, was purely a measure of self-preservation. They must defend themselves by taking the offensive, the "defensive-offensive," as they like to call it; they ward off blows by striking first.

Blows there must be; they have long been convinced of it. This war is "inevitable"; they were forced into it by the superior commercial position and economic power of England and France. If ever the markets of the East were to be open to them, they must fight the present masters. In short, Germany and Austria have concluded that they must have at least a part of what England, France, and Russia have, and that they cannot get it without a great struggle. If a war must come, they desire to assure themselves by it a new position which will not be as vulnerable as their present position is, nor yet as vulnerable as they think that of their enemies is. Short of England's utter annihilation, they cannot hope to wrest from her entirely the control of the sea and so insure their access to Africa and Asia by water. Her routes thither they already despise as a hopelessly long chain of weak links. There must be a new state created out of the nations of Teutonic blood, who will take into their hands the strategic places most necessary to them.

A great confederation is projected comprising Germany, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Hungary, the Balkans, Turkey, Asia Minor, a new world-state bounded by the North Sea and the Persian Gulf, the Baltic and the Mediterranean. Stretching diagonally across Europe to the East, it will furnish an all-rail route from

Berlin and Vienna to the Persian Gulf and India. Already the last section of the Baghdad Railroad from Constantinople to Baghdad is under construction, and the all-rail connection will soon be an actuality. Thus would be established an empire, contiguous in territory, more homogeneous in population, language, religion, institutions, than those of Alexander, of Cæsar, of England, capable of being knit together into the mightiest state known in human history. Its structure and its position would insure it long life; its enemies would have been humbled and weakened by the process of its erection; its size and wealth would for many generations form a bar to the advance of the Slav and insure the safety of Europe from the awakened China and India. France would be confined within " her natural boundaries "; England would be robbed of her present position by the change in the commercial and political axis of the world. No longer would the Channel and the Mediterranean be significant, no longer would the sea be mistress of the land.

We cannot too often repeat that to the German and the Austrian this is purely self-preservation; not, indeed, of the Germany and Austria that now are, but the effective pledge of the *continuance* of their present rate of growth in population, in wealth, in education, in culture, in prosperity. The rate of progress of the last thirty years they mean to make normal; its retardation seems to them the equivalent of national extinction.

We need not, however, quibble over terms until we conceal from ourselves (as the German obviously hopes we will) the fact that this self-preservation, defensive-offensive and the like, means a war of aggression upon France, England, and Russia. Germany and Austria mean to take from their enemies what they now have by force of arms, unless, of course, France, England, and Russia had preferred simply to surrender without a contest as much as Germany and Austria thought it " essential " for them to take.

The lineaments of Pan-Germanism are stamped all over the present war. Turkey long ago fell into German hands; the Baghdad Railway is nearly finished; the navy and army in Germany and Austria have both been developed by leaps and bounds to an overweening size. The second Balkan War threw Bulgaria into the hands of Austria. There remained now one essential step in securing control of the Balkans, the weakening and overwhelming of Servia, and,

if possible, its annexation. That done the chain of the Confederation would be complete. The assault on Servia, moreover, created an issue which, while clearly one over which a general war might be fought, presented a specific question to England and France which either or both could have declared insufficient ground for war without open loss of national honor. The one was busy with Ulster; the other was not thought ready to fight. The Austrians and Germans have obviously counted much on the extent to which their adversaries will be crippled by internal dissensions. England and France could thus evade the issue without openly confessing they were afraid to fight. Russia would not dare fight alone. If the Triple Entente thus allowed them to overrun Servia and complete the Confederation, it would prove that the Confederation was already recognized as master of the situation, and then the remainder of the scheme could be executed little by little, or faster as might seem expedient.

If the Triple Entente decided to try the issue by war, the sword would have been "forced into the hands" of Germany and Austria and they would calmly do their duty by God and their country. In fact, the general opinion outside of Germany and Austria declares unanimously that from the moment the Servian crisis appeared both Austria and Germany pressed the issue upon the Triple Entente in a form which the latter could not refuse without shameful cowardice, and, while obviously anxious to compel Russia and especially France to take the first hostile steps, they were determined that the war should be begun without delay.

We have heard much of late about the frightful cost of armaments; the terrible character of modern warfare has been cited as evidence that we should never again have a general European war. Such agencies were too destructive to be used for the settlement of quarrels between civilized nations. Every statement of that nature is true. But reason, logic, and ethics, loss of human life, and the expenditure of resources have necessarily failed to prevent a war of pure aggression whose causes lie deep in the accident of geography and history, and in the national antipathies created by fifteen hundred years' emulation.

ROLAND G. USHER.

SOME EARLY LESSONS OF THE WAR

BY A. MAURICE LOW

SIXTEEN years ago a ponderous work on a highly technical subject was the book of the hour, and to-day I wonder how many persons remember Jean de Bloch's *The Future of War?* M. de Bloch's imposing work in six bulky volumes lies before me. It is no mere treatise on the gentle art of slaughtering one's fellow-man. Its title, *La Guerre Future aux points de vue technique, économique et politique,* is sufficiently comprehensive to show the elaboration and detail with which the author viewed his subject.

Bloch based his conclusions on a few fundamental propositions that are of peculiar interest to-day. At the time he wrote the world knew nothing of modern war. The effect of modern weapons on the *morale* of the combatants, the destruction they were capable of, and the cost of a war between two or more first-class military powers were questions of intense interest to the speculative mind, but speculations only. The last great war under approximately modern conditions was fought twenty-eight years before Bloch's book appeared, but in that little more than a quarter of a century the art of war had made enormous strides. The Prussian needle-gun and the French mitrailleuse—that wonderful instrument of destruction to which the French so blindly pinned their faith—were toys compared with what ingenuity had devised during the years when inventors and scientists worked to be ready for the next conflict; and in the sixteen years that have elapsed since Bloch wrote, every year has seen greater improvements. So fast and furious has been the competition that all the Great Powers have armed and rearmed their forces half a dozen times, the explosive effects of powders have been enormously increased, a new arm has been brought into existence, and the dirigible and the aeroplane play a part Bloch could not conceive.

Basing his conclusions on the facts then known, Bloch

asserted that another great war between industrial nations would be impossible because, unless the war was speedily ended, the countries engaged would be bankrupt. He further held that the range and precision of modern weapons had rendered obsolete the former tactics of offense. Given two armies of relatively equal strength, and the attacking army would be unable to make a frontal assault, as it would be annihilated before it came to close quarters, and the enemy, fighting under the cover of intrenchments, could only be dislodged by vastly superior numbers and a series of flanking engagements. But after the enemy was dislodged its opponent would be so spent and exhausted that it would be incapable of pursuit and driving home the attack. The enemy would be defeated but not destroyed; it would have time to take a new position and behind fresh intrenchments again be prepared to do battle. A great many persons believed that Bloch was right, that the expense in blood and treasure and the industrial prostration from which the victor would suffer no less than the vanquished made war impossible, and that the great armaments and the enormous sums spent on their upkeep were simply a gigantic bluff. Every nation was afraid of every other, every nation was trying to outdo every other, but no nation intended to set its military machine in motion. So thoroughly was this believed that ignorance coined an aphorism for the shelter of indifference—"to be prepared for war is the surest means of avoiding war." That lesson of fatuousness has now been learned.

The Boer War and the Russo-Japanese War to a considerable extent discredited Bloch's theories; the present war, up to the present time, has shown that in its elementary principles there is no difference between war in the twentieth century and war twenty centuries ago. The same elements exist, the same qualities tell. The problem has become more complicated, as every problem becomes more complicated with the crowning of the centuries and the complexities of civilization, but fundamentally the problem is the same.

It is too early to discuss the technical phases of the campaign, as the data now available is insufficient, but it is not too soon to understand certain outstanding facts. Chief among them is that to-day, as in the past, the main strength of an army is its infantry, and as the Athenians at Marathon relied on their foot soldiers armed with spear and

sword, and the English at Crecy on their archers with their cloth-yard shafts, so all of the seven contending nations have staked their hazard on the infantry. The artillery has prepared the way, as it always has since artillery ceased to be merely stones slung from catapults and became a scientific weapon, but few battles in the long record of war have been won by artillery, and no battle has been lost until the infantry were put out of action. Bloch's belief that it would be impossible to send infantry against intrenched troops has been disproved, and the bayonet has again been vindicated.

On the theory that the precision and long-range effectiveness of the modern rifle had ended hand-to-hand fighting, the bayonet seemed a useless weapon and only an encumbrance to the soldier, as much an anachronism as chain armor, which might turn a sword thrust, but would not stop a bullet. The Spanish War was the first war to be fought under modern conditions, and many American officers considered the bayonet an unnecessary part of the soldier's equipment, although it was tolerated, partly for its tradition, and as being useful perhaps to open tins of meat and in an emergency to serve as an intrenching tool. As an intrenching tool the bayonet was valueless, and as a can-opener it was unwieldy, but it had lost none of its importance when the charge was sounded and cold steel came to play. In the Boer War the bayonet came into its own, and the Japanese proved its worth repeatedly. At the beginning of the Boer War the Lancers went into action with their historic weapon, but they were heavily handicapped fighting at long range against men able to come to close quarters, and the lance was abandoned for the sword, which enabled the English cavalrymen to come breast to breast with their antagonists, to cut and thrust and not to be held off the length of the staff while their antagonists could get under their guard. The Boer War and the Russo-Japanese War proved that the decision of a battle depended upon the strength with which the assailant delivered the final blow, and that can only be done with the bayonet and the sword.

From the accounts made public of the present war there has been no change. Both sides have relied heavily on their artillery, which appears to have been handled with wonderful efficiency; in the same way that the size of armies has increased until the number of men engaged in battle is staggering, so the guns have multiplied, and, in addition to

the field artillery, infantry and cavalry have machine-gun sections; but after the artillery has delivered its fire the infantry has been thrown against opposing infantry, sometimes intrenched, and at other times without protection, to drive them from the field if they were able, to be driven back if the assault was too feeble. In these encounters men have fought hand to hand, bayonet against bayonet, clubbed rifle against clubbed rifle, sword against sword. Murderous as gun and rifle fire is, unless a regiment is exterminated in a few minutes the men must go forward, and after having passed through the short-range zone of fire the rifle becomes useless. It is at this moment that national characteristics tell and race psychology is the deciding factor. The soldier becomes an individual. He ceases to be a unit, a member of a section or a company; there is no longer an officer to direct him. He must be his own man, rely on his own strength, emboldened by his own courage. Troops that can stand punishment in masses may go to pieces when driven on the bayonet. Dogged determination, *élan,* an imagination so stunted that it can grasp only one idea, and that is the necessity to hack a way through, are the qualities that count when a position is to be carried by storm.

Another lesson this war has taught is the value of mobility. That was to me the striking moral of the Boer War. In the early days of the campaign the British suffered reverses because they fought on foot and the Boers were mounted, which gave a smaller force the priceless advantage of being able to select the time and place of attack, and the element of surprise was always on their side. When the British understood this they turned defeat into victory. A flying column of mounted men under General French (the present Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in France) marched ninety miles under a tropical sun in a little over four days, fought two minor engagements, forced Cronje hastily to retire from Kimberley and later surrender, and so weakened Joubert in front of Ladysmith that Buller was able to raise the siege. The successes of the Germans during the month of August, and until they were checked in front of Paris, were in a large measure owing to their mobility. They made surprising progress, and it was possible because of the perfection of their transport, which was largely self-propelled. At enormous cost—but military saving is the

most costly economy—they had substituted the motor for the horse, and their supply-trains, instead of lumbering at a snail's pace far in the rear of the army, were always at its heels, its speed regulated only by that of the infantry. In the next war—and only idealists imagine this is the last war civilization will fight—it is safe to predict that the motor will play a still more important part, and infantry, instead of being worn out by marching, will be moved in motor trucks and arrive on the battle-field fresh and vigorous. Motor transportation will enable a commander to move his troops rapidly and place them at the point in his line where the attack is heaviest or the enemy shows signs of wavering.

The motor has entirely changed siege operations. Siege artillery now throws a weight of metal that a few years ago would have been regarded as impossible, that would, in fact, have been impossible, because the guns could not have been moved except under almost insurmountable difficulties; hundreds of horses would have been required, and their progress would have been painfuly slow. It was a simple operation for the Germans to bring up their howitzers mounted on " caterpillars " in front of Namur, and against the tons of metal thrown at a high angle the forts were powerless. That teaches another lesson. Faith placed in a fortress is clinging to a broken reed. A fort is useful as a base and valuable in giving support to a mobile army, but as the means of blocking the path of an enemy equipped with modern siege-guns, or with force large enough to " contain " it while the main army sweeps on, it is delusive. In 1870 the forts that were to defy the Germans were the French undoing. Metz, Strassburg, Toul, Sedan, were simply so many traps into which the French rushed. Fortunately for them, they have not clung to their fortresses in this campaign, and it is not unlikely that in the future the French will spend less on fortifications and more on their field armies, and plans of campaign for the next war will minimize the importance of these huge and costly stationary defenses.

If the war has taught anything, it has taught the value of military preparedness. Germany was ready to take the field immediately on the declaration of war. The covering troops on the French frontier were pushed forward at once, and without delay the supports were brought up while the

mobilization rapidly proceeded. The French mobilization and concentration were much slower, and the way was open for the march of the German legions on Paris if Belgium had not thrown herself into the breach. For years we have heard about the efficiency of the German military machine—and its efficiency will not be questioned—but little has been heard of Belgian efficiency, and yet Belgium was as quick to respond as her more powerful neighbor. Her army was in the field well armed, well supplied, properly disposed at the first moment of contact, and Germany gained nothing by surprise; it was Germany who was surprised by the gallant defense of Liège. The whole course of the war, certainly in its earlier stages, would have been changed had Belgium not held the Germans at bay. Had the French been able to throw the bulk of their army into Belgium in the early days of August, and the British sent at the outset a quarter of a million men instead of the sixty thousand or so that did not get into action until the 22d, a battle might have been fought on the field of Waterloo that for the second time would have decided the mastery of Europe.

It was the German Emperor's belief that he could march through Belgium and France and be thundering at the gates of Paris in three weeks; that, having reduced or invested Paris, he could send the great bulk of his army by *Schnellzug* to the Russian border and deal with Russia at his leisure with the assistance of the million or more men Austria was to put into the field. It was Napoleonic, it was perfect, and it would have worked to perfection had not German efficiency been Germany's undoing. Belgium had taken Germany as a model and was ready, Russia had learned her lesson. Military experts declared it would take Russia, under the most favorable circumstances, at least a month to mobilize, and from two to three weeks to concentrate, so that if everything went well there must be a delay of from six to seven weeks before the great military machine of Russia was in motion, and the chances were it would be two months or more before East Prussia was in danger from Russia, and meanwhile she would have her hands full with Austria. That the Kaiser believed he had time to spare to complete his western campaign is shown by his having withdrawn all but two army corps from East Prussia, and so confident was Austria that she believed it safe to send two army corps to reinforce the German army ope-

rating in Alsace. But Russia disarranged all calculations by completing both mobilization and concentration in three weeks, and as early as August 12th Russian troops entered Galicia, on the 20th they were in East Prussia, and on the same date they were engaged in a desperate battle with the Austrians in Poland. The surprise up to the time of the writing of this article has been the serious check given to the German advance by the Belgian resistance, and the celerity with which Russia assumed the offensive against both Germany and Austria.

The influence of sea power has again been demonstrated. The old lesson of history has again been learned that command of the sea makes a nation impregnable. Immediately following the declaration of war the British Navy drove the German Navy to the security of its fortified bases in the North Sea, and in two weeks the seven seas were swept bare of German commerce. The hundreds of thousands of tons of German shipping that the week before swarmed the oceans are to-day either tied up in German or neutral harbors or have been captured and taken as prizes to British and French ports. For the first ten days in August the great transatlantic liners ran irregularly, many of the ships having been withdrawn for transport purposes; since then many vessels have resumed their regular schedules, and British cruisers patrol the Atlantic from Halifax to the Channel, keeping the great trade route open, enabling Great Britain to feed her people with American foodstuffs, and sending her manufactures to American and other markets. There are a few German cruisers still at large in the Pacific and off the coast of South America, but they have done little damage and their capture is only a matter of time.

So long as Britain holds command of the sea Germany cannot win, and the moment Britain loses her control that moment Germany is victorious. Germany, like every other European country with the possible exception of Russia, is not self-contained, and is dependent upon other countries for foodstuffs and raw materials, but these she cannot procure. There are no longer German ships to bring commodities to German ports, neutrals with contraband run risk of seizure, and if trade in non-contraband springs up it will be ended by a blockade of German ports. So far Germany has contented herself with strewing mines in the North Sea, in

the hope of destroying British naval vessels, but has refused a general fleet action. Some day, and soon, that action will have to be fought, for the German people will not allow the navy on which they have spent thousands of millions of marks to lie in safety behind the guns of land fortifications. When hunger is sharply felt throughout Germany, when factories are closed because the last bale of American cotton has been woven and the last ingot of South American copper has been used, when the misery of war is brought home by suffering and sickness, then the pressure of public opinion will force the Germany Navy to go out and fight, and the German Navy will fight and give a good account of itself no matter what odds it has to encounter. The battle that is yet to be fought in the North Sea will be one of the decisive battles of history, as epoch-making as was Effingham's victory over the Armada, which destroyed the naval power of Spain and freed England from the danger of invasion. On that battle hinges the fate of England or the future of Germany. It may not bring the war to an end, but it will decide it.

In the intervals between wars there is always produced a new weapon that it is believed will revolutionize military operations. The French in 1870 were confident that the mitrailleuse, throwing its stream of bullets by turning a crank, gave them a great initial advantage over Germany, but, although the machine-guns did heavy execution, they were not the decisive factor in the war. The French also believed that the *chassepot* was superior to the German rifle, but superiority in weapons could not offset superior strategy and tactics. The Spanish-American War was to afford the first test of the torpedo-boat, those hornets of the sea whose sting is fatal. It was not the Spanish battle-ships that American naval officers feared; they could be met in open fight and destroyed, but it was the haunting dread of a destroyer dashing out some dark night, firing its torpedo, and disappearing in the murk while the great vessel went to its doom; but, as we know, the Spanish torpedo-boats did no damage. The Russo-Japanese War was to prove the value of the submarine, the latest horror of naval warfare, but it was Admiral Togo's armored ships that penned up the Russians in Port Arthur and finally smashed Russia's naval power at the battle of Tsushima. What the submarine may do before this war is over we have yet to learn.

Since two Americans taught the world to fly, the Germans have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars upon their air fleet, believing their gigantic Zeppelins would be one of their most powerful arms in the next war, a belief not shared in by other nations. The moral effect of the Zeppelin has been enormous, as great as the fear of the torpedo-boat and the submarine, and England at one time was thrown into a veritable panic by the alarming stories of German dirigibles flying over London, an object lesson kindly given by the German General Staff to show how easy it would be for a few hundred air-ships, or, for that matter, a few thousand—for what is a cipher to luxuriant fancy?—to drop bombs on the Bank of England, reduce London to ashes, destroy dock-yards and arsenals, and then leisurely send the British fleet to the bottom by raining tons of dynamite down the funnels of battle-ships; and a ton or two of dynamite in the vitals of a ship would seriously interfere with its internal economy. These dashing exploits are still in the future. Neither the Germans have claimed nor their opponents have admitted that the expensive and unwieldy air-ships have been of the slightest value as a weapon of offense. They took no part in reducing the forts at Liège and Namur, they have destroyed not a single man or gun on the field of battle, they have blown up no bridges, they have brought no harm to any ship, the great dock-yards and arsenals and depots of the allies have not been damaged by Zeppelin fire. All that they have done has been to violate the usages of civilized war by taking the lives of women and children in an open city, in wrecking houses, and doing some other minor damage, and in spreading panic. The same results could have been obtained, if they were worth attaining, by simpler and less costly means. I venture no opinion what the Zeppelins may do before the war is over. I simply record the fact that up to the present time they have not justified the great claims of their inventor.

The aeroplane, on the other hand, has more than realized expectations. The British and French General Staffs never placed any faith in the aeroplane as an offensive weapon, but regarded it of great value for scouting purposes. As a scout the aeroplane has superseded cavalry, and been able to obtain information no cavalry could secure, as the cavalry scouts were seldom able to break through the enemy's screen, and were forced to draw conclusions from long-range

observations. From the aeroplane trained observers can see the whole theater of operations unrolled before them and bring to headquarters not hearsay information, but facts; the air scouts can ascertain the number and disposition of the enemy's forces; they can tell a commander where his own line is in danger or his antagonist is wavering; they can direct artillery fire. While the Zeppelins have thus far done none of the things expected of them, the Germans have been excellently served by their aeroplanes, in some respects, I believe, better than the French or English. There will undoubtedly be a large increase in the aerial divisions of all great armies. The importance of the aeroplane is one of the great lessons of the war.

But perhaps the greatest lesson of all, and withal the saddest, is the scant value to be attached to treaties, the little reliance to be placed upon the plighted word of kings, the mockery of rulers talking peace, peace, when there is no peace. To-day, as in the past, nations must rely on their own strength, on their courage, on their fortitude. Now, as since the dawn of creation, a people must suffer if it would preserve national existence, if it is to remain master of its destiny, if death is less to be feared than the conqueror. Belgium fighting to resist the aggressor, its right arm made strong as was that of David when he stood unafraid before Goliath, is a lesson the world will not soon forget, the old lesson of sacrifice, of heroic devotion; the lesson that arbitration treaties will not change nor peace pacts alter humanity. Condemn war as we may, the lesson of civilization is the ability of a nation to fight when not to fight would be dishonor and the loss of its cherished heritage.

A. Maurice Low.

ITALY AND THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE

BY ROBERT H. FIFE, JR.

Ten or a dozen years ago all the prophets of a Continental war supposed that Italy would of course draw the sword with Austria and Germany. The confidence of these prophets received a shock, however, at the Algeciras Conference in 1906, where Triple Alliance should have faced Triple Entente unflinchingly in support of Germany's claims to a share of Morocco. Italy's wobbling on that occasion was a humiliating disappointment to the Foreign Office in Berlin, and for a long time the German papers were filled with bitter and caustic comments on the illoyalty of the southern ally. The same critics found about the same time other opportunity to accuse Italy of dangerous ogling, if not a guilty liaison with the Powers of the Triple Entente: in the year of Algeciras, Austria and Germany discovered and checkmated a scheme, most adroitly hatched between Russian and Italian interests, for the construction of a Danube-to-Adriatic railway, which should open the Balkans to peaceful penetration from the northeast, and to Italian trade and industry through Durazzo or some other harbor-terminus on the east coast of the Adriatic, where Italians swarm. It was jubilantly declared by the Paris and London papers that King Edward's wily plot to isolate Germany had won Italy away from the Teutonic-Magyar combination, and that the Triple Alliance would lose its tripartite character upon the expiration of the contract in 1914, unless, indeed, the exasperated Berlin and Vienna statesmen should denounce it before that time.

Those who foretold such an end to Bismarck's great league of peace were to be quickly undeceived. The Turko-Italian War of 1911 showed afresh what value the backing of the mid-continental Powers had for Italy's independence of action, and the Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913 found

Italian and Austrian statesmen, backed by Germany's powerful support, working solidly together to prevent Servia from getting an outlet to the Adriatic, and to rob Slav and Hellene of a part of their hoped-for spoil by the erection of the independent state Albania. During the stress of her war with Turkey, Italy had already given notice to the world that she would renew her adhesion to the Triple Alliance, and she did, in December, 1913. It was said at the time that the peninsular state had secured modifications emphasizing the purely defensive character of the league; nevertheless, Italy's solidarity with Germany and Austria seemed less to be doubted than at any time for a decade.

The union of Italy with the two Teutonic states has always had something surprising and self-contradictory about it. While Germany and the Danube Monarchy—so long as it is ruled by Germans and Hungarians—must stand or fall together facing the Slavic danger, Italy's blood-relationships draw her in another direction. Her interests in the Balkans run with Russia's rather than with those of Austria and Germany, and her rivalry with Austria in the Adriatic is always acute. How is it, then, that the nation has ignored these rivalries and relationships and made common cause with the hated *Tedeschi,* who have since the days of the Visigothic invasion given so many wounds to Italian prosperity and pride? To answer this question one must look back more than thirty years to a period when the young Italian kingdom was still struggling to secure its position among the Powers of Europe.

In 1879 Bismarck had concluded the alliance with Austria from fear of the Russian power and a desire to keep the newly forged German Empire independent of the Czar. It was the need for mutual guarantees against French hostility that three years later brought Germany and Italy together. United Germany and united Italy had in a measure undergone their baptism of fire together. It is true that after the French and Italian forces had defeated Austria at Solferino in 1859 and the whole of Venetia lay open before the liberators, Prussian diplomacy stayed the hand of Napoleon III. and delayed for seven years the redemption of all of northern Italy from the Austrian yoke. But when the emancipation finally came, it came through Prussian help. As early as 1862 Bismarck sounded the court of Savoy as

to what its attitude would be toward a joint war against Austria, and even less astute statesmen than Cavour foresaw that the development of Italy and Austria must henceforth go hand in hand. Thus it came about that Prussia and Italy had their common reckoning with the Hapsburg in 1866. Italy might indeed have been spared this war, had Victor Emmanuel been willing to accept Venetia when it was offered him at the last moment through the intermediary hand of France, and break his word to Prussia. The "Re Galanthuomo" refused, and his refusal set the seal on Italian and German friendship for a generation.

Something more was necessary, however, to drive Italy into a league with the ancestral enemy Austria. That something was, as we have seen, the fear of France. Like Germany, Italy began her national existence with a French mortgage. From Charlemagne to Napoleon III. the opposition of France had been the hardest obstacle to the union of the Italian states and the development of Italian interests. Even after the invasion of France by German troops in 1870 had recalled every available French soldier to defend his country and had forced Napoleon III. to leave the Pope to his fate, opening the Porta Piá at Rome to the *bersaglieri* of Savoy, a French warship remained at Civita Vecchia ready to rescue the Pope, if need be—remained there till 1875, when the final triumph of the bourgeoisie over the royalist and clerical parties in Paris at last relieved the young kingdom of Italy from the nightmare of a French war.

The French gunboat sailed away, but left in Italy bitter memories of generations of French interference in her affairs. The hatred which these engendered was kindled afresh when the Italian national spirit found itself checked by France in its expansion in the Mediterranean. In 1881 France spread a protectorate over another choice morsel of the disintegrating Ottoman Empire, Tunis, where there were and are normally twenty Italian residents to one Frenchman; and Italy recognized that only through an alliance with the great military Powers of central Europe could she get the backing which would protect her from being further outflanked. In the following year Victor Emmanuel visited Berlin and was received with enthusiasm by court and populace, and very soon thereafter the conclusion of the Triple Alliance was announced. The exact terms of the Alliance are unknown except to the diplomats of the three

countries involved, but its purpose has often been officially explained as defensive and not aggressive, the three Powers guaranteeing one another in maintaining the territories which they hold. It has for more than thirty years been a powerful agent in securing peace to central Europe, and practically insured the young Italian monarchy against attack during the troubled decades of early national development.

Italy entered the Triple Alliance without enthusiasm, but with a very clear realization of the benefits which it would bring her. As the years went by, however, the *Dreibund* seemed less and less necessary to her national security. She had wished to protect herself from French pressure, and when with the fading of monarchical and clerical hopes in France this pressure diminished, there sprang up a strong party in the peninsula which looked for sympathy and support to Paris rather than to Berlin and Vienna. Like the great minister Crispi, not a few Italian leaders have been men of republican training and sympathies, to whom French republican institutions made a direct appeal. Popular sentiment for the blood-related Latin nation beyond the Maritime Alps has turned strongly on various occasions toward a league with the republic. England's friendship, too, has always been eagerly sought by Italian statesmen and people; and British sympathy and gold have ever been sponsors for Italy's position among the great Powers. To many great Englishmen, indeed, Italy has been a second homeland, and they have followed the struggles of the peninsular state with something more than neutral feeling. English and French naval bases flank the Italian coast, while Germany's boundaries nowhere touch Italy. Austria, on the other hand, having blocked the way to Italian unity as long as she could, still exerts herself to suppress every movement of racial patriotism in the three-quarters of a million Italians on the northeastern coast of the Adriatic and in the valley of the Adige. In the face of such conditions it is not to be wondered at that the Roman Cabinet, striving to build up a national consciousness in the midst of frightful economic difficulties and bitter party strife, followed a policy in international affairs which was often vacillating and often selfish, nor can one blame Italian statesmen if, as the Germans declare, their position toward the northern allies has been that of those who take all and give nothing in return.

This trend of events first reached high-water mark at Algeciras. The Triple Alliance had become unpopular. The nation was slowly nursing plans for an attack on the Mohammedan world, and Italian statesmen inclined strongly toward some sort of an understanding with the Anglo-Russian entente. How far this understanding went at Algeciras is uncertain: Italy's opposition to Germany's proposals was more negative than positive; but Germany, facing an unsympathetic world, was extremely sensitive, and the German press teemed with the bitterest attacks on Italian faithlessness.

After the settlement of the Morocco question in the fall of 1911, however, Italian policy once more veered around. With a suddenness and a well-oiled organization which took the chancelleries of Europe completely by surprise Italy seized Tripoli, with this one act blocking French advance eastward along the African coast, placing herself astraddle of England's route to India, and giving a shock to Turkey which sent its thrills into the most distant valleys of Macedonia and Asia Minor. The last effects of this move on the Powers of the Triple Alliance cannot yet be measured. Its first result was a shock which echoed in every German and Austro-Hungarian newspaper as a cry of outraged amazement. Germany especially had for twenty years considered herself Turkey's sponsor in Europe. Her officers, the military authority Kolmar von der Goltz at their head, had reorganized Turkey's army, her statesmen and journals had condoned the crimes of Islam's fanatics in Cilicia and of Turkish political leaders in Macedonia and Albania. Indeed, in the days of misrule before the Young Turk revolution of 1908, Germany was the only land which seemed utterly deaf to the cry of distress from Armenian, Cretan, and Bulgar. And now after such championship to see the last remaining fragment of Moslem North Africa fall to Italy brought forth the bitterest attacks from journals which a few months before had been eloquently championing Germany's right to acquire southern Morocco! It is not surprising that the Italians did not turn the other cheek to the smiter. From the Alps to the Maltese Strait the old hatred of the *Tedeschi* flamed up with a truly Guelphic intensity. Memories of Austrian despotism in Lombardy and Venetia, slumbering lightly beneath half a century of independence, sprang into life and inspired hundreds of pens,

from Gabriel d'Annunzio's to that of the humblest provincial journalist, to a vitriolic denunciation of German lies and Austrian treachery.

Never did the Triple Alliance prove its worth for Italy more than in this crisis, when the rapidly shifting scene showed that the danger to Italy's forward movement, in so far as it concerned the Mediterranean, lay to the westward. A series of irritating incidents which occurred with French ships carrying contraband made clear once more that the strongest opposition to Italy's expansion was still to be found in the same power which since Richelieu's day has considered a strong and united Italy incompatible with its own welfare. Italian statesmen anticipated the revulsion of feeling toward the allied states to the north. D'Annunzio's vitriolic ode was suppressed, too violent newspapers restrained, and the interchange of diplomatic visits between Berlin, Vienna, and Rome gave assurance that the three governments were in accord. Italy carefully refrained from any incitement of the Balkan peoples, and the war moved forward in the grooves which the friendly diplomacy of Austria had marked out. In the Triple Alliance Italy had the strongest guarantee that she would be permitted to keep her conquests without having to have her title revised by a court of unfriendly Powers, thus fulfilling the prophetic words of the Italian statesman Prinetti on the renewal of the Alliance in 1902: "If ever the present condition of affairs in the Mediterranean is disturbed, Italy will be sure of finding no one to stand in the way of her just ambitions."

A league of peace it has been for Italy within as well as without. Had it not been for this anchor the rivalry between Italy and Austria in the Adriatic and in Albania might long ago have brought matters between these two Powers to the decision of arms. It was directly due to the lack of aggressiveness of Italy's leaders in 1866 that the boundaries of their kingdom do not march with the Julian Alps, and that the continuance of an *Italia Irridente* in southern Tyrol and on the Adriatic remains a sore spot to Italian patriots. From a coast almost lacking in ports where even a coasting freighter can ride protected the Italian mariner looks over to a splendid succession of deep-water harbors from Trieste to Cattaro in Dalmatia, the natural outlet of his vigorous and fertile race. Italians as residents and immigrants swarm along the Istrian and Dal-

matian coast and offer a perplexing problem to Austrian administration and diplomacy. Furthermore, Italy sought for years to extend her influence in Albania, and Italian statesmen once looked forward hopefully to a time when their country should be ready to extend a protectorate over at least the southern districts and coast of Albania. This of course ran directly counter to the plans of Austria, which for many years has sought by means of schools and religious institutions to draw the Christian inhabitants of northern Albania directly under her influence. The marriage of the present King Victor Emmanuel III. to the daughter of the doughty warrior-poet King Niklas of Montenegro increased the natural sympathy of the House of Savoy and the Italian people for this tiny state, which is such a thorn in the side of Austria and which, with a curious mixture of chivalry and barbarism, is ever ready to dig up the hatchet afresh. In the days before the recent Balkan wars, when the snow melted on the Albanian mountains in the spring and the bold tribesmen sallied forth to their annual campaign against Turkish misrule, they equipped themselves with Italian war-tools, brought over the Montenegrin mountains.

In these ethnic storms the Triple Alliance proved a strong anchor, and the Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913 seemed to knit Italy more firmly than ever to the northern Powers. Whatever her rivalry with Austria, Italy must view the entry of an aggressive Slavic state to the opposite shore of the narrow Adriatic as a mortal blow to her ambitions, and her suspicion of the Teuton was forgotten in the common danger. It were better to surrender for ever her hopes of political expansion in Albania and the Epirus than to welcome a new rival to her seas. The Italian Ambassador joined the representatives of the Triple Alliance at the London conference in depriving Servia of an Adriatic port and in forcing the Montenegrins out of Scutari. With Austria, Italy stood as joint sponsor for the new state Albania.

Nevertheless, neither the Italian statesmen nor people have ceased for a moment to doubt Austria's intentions. Italian war-ships have lain off Durazzo as interested observers of the struggle which Prince William of Wied has made to maintain himself on his tottering throne against the attacks of the Moslem Albanians. Essad Pasha, the arch-conspirator and the leader of the Mohammedans of Albania, found refuge in Italy after his expulsion from

Durazzo; and the fact that the new Mpret had to fight with only hired troops and a few adventurers, while Austria has forbidden the recruiting of troops for his service in her dominions, points to rigid Italian watchfulness. Each of the jealous Powers would apparently rather see anarchy continue in Albania indefinitely than run the risk of permitting the other an advantage.

Another result of the Balkan wars which has made the backing of the Triple Alliance of the greatest importance to Italy is the rise of Grecian power. The Hellenic kingdom was shorn of her conquests in the Epirus by the London diplomats with Italy's earnest support. During the war with Turkey, Italy seized several of the Ionian islands, which under the treaty of Lausanne are to be returned to Turkey when all the terms of peace shall have been complied with. They have not yet been returned; and in the mean time Greece has occupied the other islands of the Ægean, and apparently intends to hold them, if possible. The islands now held by Italy are Hellenic in population and enthusiastically Greek in spirit; and while all welcomed the Italian when he freed them from the Turk, all yearn now to come under the Greek flag. Greece profited by the Balkan wars more than any other Power, and it is certain that so long as the fate of the islands in the Ægean is unsettled, Hellenic expansion threatens Italy's ambitions.

It is plain that since 1911 the Triple Alliance has been of the greatest possible assistance to Italian security and advancement. It is equally plain that, judging by the past, *sic rebus stantibus* must always be underlined in the case of the peninsular kingdom. Bismarck once said that all contracts between great nations ceased to be binding when they clashed with the struggle for existence. Italy, as has been pointed out, sees her progress girt with dangers on every side. Her western and southern coasts are washed by the home waters of French fleets; her position in the Adriatic and farther east can be maintained only by instant preparedness. The conquest of Tripoli still occupies her army and weighs upon her finances. The sons of her fertile loins are to be found in every zone of both hemispheres, where they may at any moment call upon the mother-land for protection. At home the Socialist organization wields a great power politically and is aided in industrial crises by a violent spirit of republicanism and anarchy which has repeatedly

brought the government almost to the end of its resources. More than once in recent years a general strike has been organized in various parts of the peninsula with a success that was ominous, if only temporary. Last June, while the assassins of Franz Ferdinand were maturing the plot which was to set the world aflame, the Italian Government was almost at its wits' end to suppress the great railway strike, which had assumed revolutionary proportions and had, indeed, given rise to several miniature republics on the east coast, where the daring of the revolutionists succeeded for a time in isolating whole districts. To the traveler in Italy it seems that this nation, with its socialists and republicans, its struggles between free-thinkers and clericals, its anarchists, Camorra and Mafia, is hollow ground, undermined for a mighty social and political upheaval.

Any one who forms such an opinion, however, overlooks the tremendous patriotism for united Italy which in spite of all abstract theories binds free-thinkers and clericals, socialists, republicans and monarchists, together. There is something of Western bumptiousness, something of an American optimism, that fills the entire nation, from Cabinet Minister to *vetturino,* with a strong-surging faith in Italy's future and a determination that she shall take and hold her place in the concert of great Powers. There is no denying that thus far this optimism has been justified by events and that Italy has emerged stronger from every international crisis of recent years. Even the dreadful disaster to Italian arms in Abyssinia twenty years ago, when the colonial aspirations of the nation seemed crushed, was overcome and turned to valuable experience for the invasion of Tripoli.

These successes have been won and Italy has been able to maintain her place among the great Powers only by following a policy of intense selfishness toward allies as well as opponents. To keep her present position, even in times of peace, strains the resources of the peninsula well-nigh to the breaking-point. Italy is practically without coal, and its other mineral resources are extremely scanty. A large part of the land is unfit for tillage, and the provinces south of Naples demand a great deal of financial and scientific assistance before they can emerge from semi-barbarous methods of cultivation. In many of the rural communities of the southern half of the country the conditions of life are appalling in their want and misery: agriculture, schools,

roads, and sanitation have made little progress in the half-century since Garibaldi and his Red Shirts drove out the Bourbons. In the entire rocky spine of the peninsula the comfort, even the living, of a considerable part of the rural population comes from money earned in Switzerland, France, England, and overseas. If ever a nation were justified in making sacrifices for peace, Italy can claim such justification; and in spite of the traditional tendency of the House of Savoy to undertake desperate adventures without counting the cost, the fact that the country has everything to lose by entering a conflict lays the hand of public opinion heavily upon the arm of those who would risk in war the hardly won and hardly kept goods of the people.

For public opinion is a stronger force in Italy than in either Germany or Austria, and public opinion has always regarded the Triple Alliance as a hard necessity. Scratch an Italian and you will find a deep-going and unique hatred of Austria. This is matched by a keen dislike for the Germans below the Alps, whether they be Germans from Germany or from Austria. This feeling is founded not merely upon the age-old interference of the Teutonic race in Italian affairs. The individual *Tedesco* is unpopular because of his thrift and success as a business man, and because of the abruptness with which he seeks to militarize the rounded outlines of the Italian character, unpopular most of all for the way in which he is taking possession of the commerce and industry of the peninsula. The educated Italian also resents what he considers German misconception of Italian character.

It is doubtful, indeed, if in the past two decades the German press and people have made any progress toward an understanding of Italy and its people. This ancient Teutonic incapacity was never more manifest than at the time of the Algeciras Conference and during the Italian-Turkish War. For ages Italy has been the Mecca of cultured Germans; nowadays every middle-class Teuton crosses the Gotthard or the Brenner at least once in his life, and German is heard increasingly year by year at every season in restaurant and picture-gallery, mountain inn, and village *trattoria* from Domodossola and Chiavenna to the Maltese Strait. Yet in German books and newspapers one finds still the traditional criticisms of Italy as the classic land of art and filth, of beggary, bribery, and administra-

tive rottenness. There are acres of *feuilletons* about the squalor and misery of Calabrian life or the exploits of the Neapolitan Camorra or venality in high places; but of such clean and modern cities as Turin and of the modern and efficient methods of drainage and agriculture in the Po Valley very little is printed, and the vigorous growth of national spirit under the rotting crusts of old despotisms almost escapes notice. It is this persistent failure to understand the evolution of Italy that leads to such surprises as those which have shocked German diplomats since the beginning of the Algeciras Conference.

Robert H. Fife, Jr.

EFFECT OF THE WAR ON COTTON

BY C. T. REVERE

For the last forty years it has been the proud vaunt of the men of the South that cotton is a "world commodity." By this characterization an attempt was made to convey the impression that the South's great staple was invulnerable to depressing influences of an isolated or local character. Poor trade in Lancashire could be ignored if all went well with commerce elsewhere. A strike at Fall River, affecting fifty thousand employees, was of no moment if spindles in other textile centers were humming on full time. So wide were the ramifications of cotton, so universal was its use, that only those who took a broad world-grasp of the situation could read the future of its price movements.

Under the world-wide assault on commerce and industry resulting from the conflict in Europe, cotton has suffered more severely than if it had been a commodity of merely local importance. Every department of the trade has broken down. The demoralization in foreign exchange, high marine insurance, excessive war risks, and scarcity of tonnage laid a paralyzing hand on the exportation of the staple. Fright seized upon the cotton exchanges, and the commodity markets shared in the panic that prevailed in securities. Hostile armies fought their fiercest battles in the prosperous textile regions of Belgium, France, Alsace, and Austria. Operatives by the thousand left the mills of Ghent, Lille, Roubaix, and Muelhausen. Lancashire, although only slightly affected by loss of skilled workers, immediately went on less than half-time. New England spinners, scenting bargains owing to withdrawal of export demand, cannily kept out of the market to await the flood of distress cotton.

So once more the gaunt specter of six-cent cotton stalks abroad in the Southland, and the planters who had comforted themselves with the assurance that this grim visitor had been driven away in the late nineties, never to return, are

moving heaven and earth to make the sojourn of the unwelcome guest as brief as possible.

The plight of the South, however, is not all that makes of cotton a problem of first magnitude. The crop now moving to market, as nearly as it can be estimated, is probably between 15,000,000 and 16,000,000 bales. Under normal conditions it might be expected to have a value of more than $1,000,000,000, including the seed. The crop for the season of 1913–14, which ended on August 31, was 14,588,000 bales, with an estimated value of $957,902,336, to which should be added the value of the cotton-seed, bringing the total up to $1,114,502,336. If, as a result of the war, cotton should bring no more than seven cents per pound, the value of a 15,000,000-bale crop would be only $525,000,000, which, with the addition of $75,000,000 for seed, would bring a total of $600,000,000—more than half a billion less than the smaller crop of last season.

Moreover, the international trade situation would be vitally affected. During the five fiscal years from 1910 to 1914, inclusive, the total net balance in favor of the United States was $2,573,011,666, or an average of $514,602,333 for the five years. In that same period our cotton exports averaged in value $551,889,576. It is probable that the South would have exported to Europe during the current season fully 9,500,000 bales at an average price of eleven cents, or $55 per bale. This would have brought to this country a minimum of $522,500,000. Some cotton prophets are figuring that if the war should last until after the first of January the exports of cotton from the United States would not exceed 4,500,000 bales at an average price of seven cents per pound. This would mean only $297,500,000. Thus it may be seen that seven-cent cotton, while directly an impoverishment to the planter, vitally affects the financial and commercial life of the whole country.

It is impossible to obtain a thorough grasp of the existing cotton situation without taking into consideration the following salient features: First, the financing and marketing of the present crop; second, the probable consumption or takings by the world's spinners; third, the possibilities for next season's crop; fourth, the conditions in the contract markets and their effect upon the marketing of the present crop.

The financing and marketing of the crop are interwoven

with the troublesome export problem. If Europe had been in a position to take and finance the minimum of 9,500,000 bales allotted by prophetic statisticians, there would have been no obstacles in the way of financing the crop, and consequently Secretary McAdoo would not have been compelled to resort to calling a conference of financiers and cotton men to suggest ways and means for dealing with one of the knottiest questions that ever has been put up to a Secretary of the Treasury. In order to obtain an idea of the manner in which the war has turned calculations topsy-turvy, attention is called to the following table giving the normal exports of American cotton to the leading European countries, and estimates of their probable imports in case the war should last a year:

Name of Country.	Normal Imports.	Imports Under War Conditions.
United Kingdom	4,000,000	2,000,000
Germany	2,500,000	.....
France	1,000,000	300,000
Italy	500,000	650,000
Spain	300,000	400,000
Belgium	200,000	50,000
Russia	100,000	.....
Austria	125,000	.....
All other Europe	275,000	100,000
Japan	500,000	1,000,000
Total	9,500,000	4,500,000

The sudden withdrawal of buying power for 5,000,000 bales of cotton, ordinarily greedily taken by Europe, has imposed upon the South a burden for which it was utterly unprepared. The only offset against the reduced European exports are prospective increases in the demand from Japan and consumption by the mills of the United States and Canada. With all these taken into consideration, however, and figuring on the basis of a crop of 15,000,000 bales, the most hopeful analysis places the minimum amount of cotton that will have to be carried by the South into the next crop at 3,500,000 bales.

Moreover, the financing of this huge surplus for a full season does not by any means indicate the magnitude of the task before the South. The greatest difficulty will be in the gradual marketing of the cotton that actually is needed, and to prevent it from being thrown on the market regardless of value.

The conference at Washington was forced to consider the problem of preventing the impoverishment of the South and the impairment of the nation's debt-paying power, without committing the Government to support the price of cotton by such futile methods as were attempted by Brazil through the medium of buying up the surplus supply of coffee. The sentiment of the conference was well expressed in a resolution of which the following contains the salient features:

> That the average market value of middling cotton for the past six years has been in excess of twelve cents per pound, that the committee is informed that the cost of producing cotton averages throughout the United States about nine and one half cents a pound, that it is a rule of economics that the production of staple commodities will decrease if they continue unsalable at less than the cost of production plus a reasonable profit. That cotton does not deteriorate when properly warehoused, and is as good twenty years after it is picked as when it is first gathered; that it can, therefore, be carried over until the restoration of normal business conditions enables the world's consumption to absorb it. The Committee is therefore of the opinion that every effort should be made to assist the producers to hold their cotton for a price that will minimize their loss as far as possible until such time as the channels of foreign trade shall be reopened. That loans upon cotton made upon a basis of eight cents per pound for middling, less such margin as the lender shall consider necessary, will afford reasonable protection to bankers and will greatly facilitate the financing of our most important export crop in the present emergency.
>
> That in suggesting eight cents per pound for middling cotton as a basis for loans it is not the purpose of the committee to convey the idea that that figure represents, in its opinion, the intrinsic value of cotton, but that it is sufficient, in its judgment, to meet the requirements of the situation and enable the farmer to market his cotton in an orderly and deliberate manner.
>
> Your committee recommends that notes having not longer than four months to run, when secured by proper warehouse receipts for the aforesaid commodity, properly insured, be accepted for rediscount by the Federal Reserve Banks, when organized, and that they also be approved by the National Currency Association as security for additional circulation to the National banks under the provisions of the Aldrich-Vreeland Act, as amended by the Federal Reserve Act.

Secretary McAdoo has expressed the view that by the allotment of emergency currency to Southern banks the funds available would be more than enough to pay for the picking of the present crop, which would call for a cash outlay of at least $100,000,000. It is believed also the apportionment would be sufficient to provide for the carrying of 4,000,000 bales, and that this, in addition to such assistance as might

be given out of the normal resources of the banks, should tide over the present difficulty.

One feature that will militate against the careful marketing of the cotton crop, as well as the holding of a large surplus, lies in the totally inadequate storage capacity of the South. The cotton belt has never been forehanded and progressive in the methods by which it has marketed its chief commodity. Whereas the wheat and corn belts have an up-to-date elevator system, capable of holding enormous quantities of grain during periods of congestion, the warehouse system of the South has always broken down, except in the case of a moderate crop which moved rapidly to market. Even under normal conditions the movement of a large crop has always caused congestion at big concentrating points. In years of bumper yields the rush of cotton to Galveston, Savannah, and New Orleans has left bales by the thousand lying exposed on docks and on platforms adjacent to railroad yards awaiting shipment.

In the last two or three years the big terminals at Galveston, New Orleans, Savannah, and Norfolk have been greatly improved, but their capacity has been unwarrantably taxed, owing to the lack of storage facilities in the interior.

This scarcity of warehouses, particularly in the small interior towns, has resulted in an enormous annual loss to the South, because the cotton which has been held has been left exposed to the weather, and in a rainy and stormy season the fiber on the outside of the bales has to be picked off and thrown away.

Naturally, if the farmer through holding his cotton is forced to lose ten per cent. of it through the medium of "country damage," it would be better for him to sell immediately at any prices obtainable rather than keep his output off the market and take his loss later as a result of the deterioration in the quality of cotton.

Although the warehouse question has been agitated in the South almost annually, the response to the appeal for more adequate storage facilities has met with only a shuffling response. This year, however, there seems to be an awakening, particularly in Texas and Oklahoma. Practically every small town with "wagon receipts" of 2,000 to 5,000 bales has been the center of mass meetings attended by farmers and local business men, and at nearly all of these gatherings generous subscriptions have been taken up

for the building of warehouses. On account of the exigencies of the situation, time has been a decided essence, and in many cases the warehouses under construction are merely sheds with galvanized iron roofs, but at the same time affording sufficient protection from the elements. The tendency has been toward moderate concentration in these structures, with storage limited to 2,500 bales, owing to the attitude taken by the insurance companies which wish to restrict loss in the case of any one fire. Many of these warehouses will be bonded, and the Texas Legislature has been in session for the purpose of passing laws regulating the warehouse system of the State. As a result of this agitation it seems a fairly safe prophecy that the cotton storage capacity in the interior of Texas will be fully trebled before the first of December.

Plans on a more ambitious scale have been undertaken in the Eastern cotton States as a result of the co-operation offered by one of the big fertilizer corporations, which has organized a subsidiary company capitalized at several millions. It is proposed to construct at least ninety warehouses throughout the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama for the purpose of storing the cotton which holders in that section wish to keep off the market. Memphis already has a big warehouse system, but it is proposed to increase its capacity to 2,000,000 bales, thus making it the greatest interior concentrating point in the South.

Naturally the paralysis of the European textile trade offers a splendid opportunity for neutral countries. Unfortunately for the South, these countries are few. The cotton consumption of Sweden, Holland, Italy, and Spain is likely to undergo some increase, as may be noted in the figures hitherto given on probable exports for the season. The greatest increases, however, should be in Japan and the United States. Japan has always been a shrewd buyer of cotton and has taken freely whenever the price was cheap. The normal importations of Japanese spinners are about 300,000 bales annually. In 1911, however, when cotton temporarily sold a trifle below nine cents, the purchases for the account of these Yankees of the Orient amounted to 514,000 bales. This season even greater activity has been observed. The moment cotton reached the price of nine cents Japanese buyers were active all over Texas, and have since extended their activities to Oklahoma and Arkansas. Some extrava-

gantly high estimates have been in circulation regarding the probable purchases of Japan, some of them reaching the enormous total of 2,000,000 bales. These figures, however, seem unwarranted by conditions, as Japan's maximum consumption of American cotton could hardly exceed 400,000 bales annually. The best opinion, therefore, places Japanese importations at about 1,000,000 bales, which should furnish supplies for two and a half years.

There is no doubt that American cotton manufacturers have an opportunity for the extension of markets such as never has been presented before. The practical obstacles in the way of fulfilling certain extravagant hopes, however, are likely to cause some disappointment to those who expect to see American cotton goods driving out of foreign markets the output of European looms. The poor financial conditions in South America are likely to act as a deterrent to a heavy trade in cotton goods with those countries, for American cotton manufacturers have not the resources to extend the long credits to which South-American customers have been accustomed. That a strong effort will be made to extend trade with the Latin-American countries seems certain, but the success of the experiment and the permanency of results are in doubt.

Cotton consumption in the United States and Canada for the season just closed is placed at about 6,000,000 bales. There is likely to be some increase over these figures, which constitute a high record. American manufacturers have always found the home market much more satisfactory than export trade. Prices are better and credits are shorter. European importations will be greatly reduced and such fabrics must be replaced by those of native make. Indications point to an enormous increase in the heavy-weight goods, especially for bagging purposes. Practically no importations of jute are being received from India, and millions of yards of heavy-weight cotton goods must be bought to take the place of jute. A scarcity of dyestuffs, fully eighty-five per cent. of which come from Germany, naturally will operate against a normal output of colored goods, but American enterprise and ingenuity should afford relief in time.

Taking all factors into consideration, it seems reasonable to assume that American mills will buy at least 7,000,000 bales out of the present crop. Their purchases would easily

reach 8,000,000 bales were it not for their poor financial condition. For the last six years, with the exception of the big crop season of 1911–12, cotton has averaged twelve cents per pound and higher. The high grades last season cost American manufacturers an average of fourteen cents per pound. On account of the unsatisfactory state of the goods markets nearly every American manufacturer for the last year and a half has lost money. Consequently, the spinners of America cannot buy the surplus which they would be only too glad to take and store away. If, instead of affording aid for the farmer to hold his crop, some means could be devised to enable the American spinner to buy the cotton he wants, a much more logical solution of the problem would be found.

The amount of cotton that will be actually consumed by America is uncertain. Just at present mills generally are operating on short time, and until trade picks up the normal rate of consumption is not likely to be reached. The unusual proportion of heavy-weight goods, however, is bound to play its part in the end, and the best judges throughout the cotton trade believe that the actual consumption by American mills this season will be 6,500,000 bales and probably more.

The policy which the South will pursue in regard to the crop to be planted in the spring of 1915 will have more than the usual bearing on the price of the old crop. It is recognized that the acreage must be reduced. It is doubtful even if a decrease of fifty per cent. in acreage would produce the corrective results desired, for intensive farming might prevent a corresponding falling off in production. The South has been accustomed to look upon cotton as its cash crop. In fact, as Mr. S. T. Hubbard, one of the ablest members of the New York Cotton Exchange, has aptly said: "The South looks upon cotton as cash rather than property." On account of the fact that cotton is the "money crop," the poorer class of tenants, who prefer liquid assets of fluctuating value to those which are less easily convertible into silver dollars, has been largely responsible for the failure of the South to diversify its agricultural pursuits. If the calamitous consequences of the war should cause a tendency to turn more generally to the production of foodstuffs, the conflict in Europe will have accomplished something which continued missionary efforts have failed to achieve.

The men of the South even distrust themselves in regard to inducing a proper reduction in cotton acreage. Several suggestions have been made, one to the effect that a tax be placed on cotton acreage. This was promptly rejected by Representative Underwood, to whom the appeal was addressed, as a violent use of the taxing power of the Federal Government. A proposal also has been made to the effect that laws be passed restricting the cultivation of cotton for a year or more only to those who have obtained licenses. The most practical suggestion probably calls for the passage by Southern legislatures of bills outlawing the cotton crop as security for debt, thus making advances by country merchants illegal. With these chattel mortgages placed in the list of doubtful securities, the supply merchants would be forced to take a position that automatically would reduce the cotton acreage.

The South has realized that some one must buy its cotton, and various expedients have been adopted to increase the absorptive power. Among these has been the organization of so-called "Buy a Bale" clubs. These bodies are local in character, and the consideration for membership is the purchase of one bale of cotton at ten cents a pound. President Wilson has assisted in popularizing the movement by paying out one hundred dollars for two bales of cotton at the stipulated price.

The crop is so big and the necessities so urgent that buying must be of a wholesale rather than retail character. Unfortunately the cotton exchanges are powerless to furnish the needed assistance, owing to the demoralization which has caused the suspension of trading in all markets of this character. The failure to resume business has been due to certain technical and financial problems which have been difficult of solution. Enormous losses have fallen upon cotton brokers through the precipitate decline in prices, and it has taken the most careful and intelligent work to distribute these losses without causing a paralysis of organization.

One fact has been brought sternly home to the South: cotton exchanges are needed. They are not merely gambling institutions, but necessary adjuncts to the marketing of the crop. When the great fall in prices came in the autumn of 1911 the weight of the great crop of 16,138,000 bales, through the medium of the contract system, was distributed as far

ahead as 1920. Spinners who might wish to accumulate a reserve stock for one or two years, and who would be able to do this through the medium of margin trading, under present conditions are restricted to purchases of actual cotton which they must buy outright. Consequently they can take only about one-tenth as much cotton as they would be able to obtain if they could use the machinery of the cotton exchanges.

For years the South, its sentiment inflamed by demagogic harangues of politicians, has clamored for the abolition of the cotton exchanges. This outcry is not likely to be heard again. There is no method by which spinners can make forward contracts, except through the use of the system of future contracts made upon cotton exchanges. And only by this system, with its painstaking methods for obtaining statistics and quotations, is it possible to give a correct idea of prices. With the resumption of business by the great cotton exchanges of New York, Liverpool, and New Orleans, it would be possible in one day to absorb more cotton than could be taken off the market in a whole year through the organization of "Buy a Bale" clubs.

While the losses throughout the cotton trade have been severe, the depression is not likely to be of discouraging duration if the situation is handled with intelligence and foresight. With the righting of the foreign exchange markets other countries will be able to import more than 4,500,000 bales. American spinners, with proper assistance from their bankers, can buy a minimum of 7,000,000 bales. The holding of the surplus should not present an insuperable financial problem. If the exchanges are able to resume their normal functions, the consumers of cotton will quickly lay in a store of contracts fully equivalent to the surplus which the South otherwise would find so burdensome. With assurance of a reduction in next season's acreage, it would seem as if eight cents would be a reasonable expectation for a minimum price, which would last only for a brief period.

C. T. Revere.

THE ARCHANGELIC CENSORSHIP

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THERE was a great excitement in the Court of Heaven when the prayers and thanks began to come up. Angels and Archangels were flying about, and cherubs flitting hither and thither, messengers and seraphs getting their harps and shawms and cymbals ready for the grand concert to be given as soon as the divine response should be announced. Raphael had not been so much interested since he was commissioned to visit Adam in the Garden of Eden, and converse with him as "friend with friend" on the topics of the day with particular reference to the ideal of duty which he was to enforce upon our earliest forefather. Michael had never been so busy since that night when he headed an army corps of angels to intercept the Archfiend who had violated the neutral territory of Eden, and

> . . . led his radiant files,
> Dazzling the moon . . .

until he found the Enemy in the bridal bower, and ordered Ithurial to develop his flank with his spear. Gabriel had his horn at his side and held himself ready to wind it at the first word from within, where the facts were all so severely censored that no syllable had yet escaped, to declare which supplication from the embattled earth was the most acceptable to the ear of the Heavenly Father.

The situation on our planet had perhaps never been more difficult or more embarrassing in the complexity and contrariety of the claims which moved its appeals to the Supreme Being. Not many months earlier two wretched young men in Servia had murdered a man and his wife in circumstances of peculiar atrocity. But the event might not have appealed so vividly if the husband had not been heir to the political ownership of a great empire, whose people had no more to say in the matter than if they had been so many

dumb animals. For this reason Austria, so grievously injured, demanded impossible reparation, and Servia refused. Both States moved their troops to the frontier; Russia promptly did the same, and Germany declared war against Russia, and logically attempted to march her troops through Belgium to attack France. Belgium would not consent and so became the first great battle-ground of a war which did not concern her except as a free and independent State. England felt bound to support the Belgian contention; she declared war on Germany and united with France. Montenegro and Herzegovina joined in the attack on Austria; Greece remained ready to mobilize against Turkey; Turkey prepared to support Germany. Italy was bound by treaty to Austria and Germany, but was withheld by her people's sympathy with France and England and Russia, and continued neutral till one side or the other should promise her Trieste and Trent.

This was the human situation when the orisons of all the different States began to ascend to the Throne of Grace urging a prior claim, each side, to the divine favor and blessing. France, indeed, was in a peculiar disability regarding her faith and the church which could best bring her appeals to bear; but the church, which is the Mother Church even of rebellious and disobedient children, could not wholly deny her influence to the Republic. With regard to Belgium she could feel no hesitation; and the Orthodox Church, which held the Mother Church schismatic, used as pious ceremonies of entreaty in behalf of the Russians. The Book of Common Prayer addressed the Deity with the same beautiful formula for all members of the English Church in Great Britain, Canada, Australasia, and India, and supplicated the good Lord for deliverance from battle, murder, and sudden death, while all the dissenting sects throughout the Empire, as well as the heathen within her gates, implored a benediction on her arms in whatever extemporaneous or idolatrous petition they were used to offer the God or the Fetish of their worship. There was, of course, an embarrassment in the case of the Turks, which the Archangels in charge felt keenly. The idolators could be easily managed; their gross and foolish offerings could be relegated at once to the waste-basket; but with the Mohammedans it was different. These were the worshipers of a divine person whom they called Allah, and whom they would

not suffer to be represented by any sort of graven image. To some effects and purposes they bowed in prayer to the same Power as the different varieties of Latin, Greek, Anglican, Lutheran, English Dissenting, and Wee Free Scotch Christians. It would not do to distinguish for or against the Turks because they were for Germany; the Egyptian Moslems who must be against the Kaiser were of an English affiliation and therefore of the Triple Entente, but had no better right to have their prayers counted.

In the mean time the prayers continued to accumulate in the outer courts, and it became a crying question what should be done about them. Practically those human beings steeped to the lips in the blood of their fellow-men, and kneeling on the festering heaps of those they had slain, had all been praying to the same God, the God of Pity, the God of Truth, the God of Righteousness and Love and Mercy. They came to their altars reeking with slaughter, their faces lurid with the smoke of powder and the flames of the peaceful cities and villages they had burned. They stank with the corruption of the dead whom they had seized a little respite from reciprocal slaughter to heap into the trenches they had tardily dug for them, and then covered with too little of their mother earth to hide them. Yet something must be done about their prayers for victory; these prayers could not all be turned down; they could not all be granted. The most embarrassing phase of the affair was their praying, friend and foe alike, to the same God, and claiming Him their champion with implicit belief in His devotion to their interests. This belief spread through the rank and file from their leaders, through their superior officers down from the fountain-head of the authority over them in their sovereign princes. The French, as Republicans, and as rather recalcitrant sons of Mother Church, did not so readily fall in with the devotional mood of the head of the State. In fact, their President is not yet known to have made any claim to the divine favor, such as came from the two Emperors allied against him; if he did the text of his prayer did not pass the censorship. The highly constitutionalized monarchy of Great Britain did not, apparently, regard it as good form to enter into competition with the devout rulers of Germany and Austria, who could have been met on their own ground only by the Czar of Russia, though at a great meeting in the Guildhall of the city the Archbishop

of Canterbury was present, together with the Prime Minister and the leader of his Majesty's opposition, "supporting their appeal in the name of his Master the Prince of Peace." Even the Czar did not boast any such intimacy with the designs of the Almighty as the two Kaisers, or at least no petition of his had got past the Archangels into print, though the commander of his forces at Lemberg announced his victory over the Austrians "with extreme joy and thanking God." No doubt, however, his petitions were among those which embarrassed the Archangels by that tone of confident assurance inseparable from the nature of an absolute prince; through the same fortuity of birth the Sultan also took Allah's favor for granted; though the Moslems of Egypt would have been bound, through their British allegiance, to pray for the *Entente,* while the Turks were praying for the *Dreibund.* There is no actual record of the Sultan's supplication, though, as it would have consisted largely of genuflections in the direction of Mecca, he might very well have vied with his brother-sovereigns, Christian Dogs as they were, and the fact not transpired.

The prayers of the two Kaisers were confided to mortals by wireless at the same time they were offered to Heaven, but even in this concert of imperial piety it appears that the share of the Holy Roman Emperor was small compared with that of the German Emperor. The good Francis Joseph does not directly address the Deity, as reported by wireless, but he telegraphs to the good Wilhelm: "God is with you. He will be with us also. I must sincerely congratulate you, dear friend, also the young hero, your dear son, the Crown Prince, as well as the incomparably brave German army." The tenor of this could not be mistaken by the Archangels, and it was probably transmitted as a species of cross-petition against any orison arriving at the moment from the parties to the *Entente.* As the eldest and dearest son of Mother Church the Holy Roman Emperor could not go further in prayer with a Lutheran heretic like the German Kaiser, who on his part need not measure terms. As early as August 22d the censorship of war news allowed us to learn that "the Kaiser has ordered the Supreme Council of the Evangelical Church throughout Germany to include the following prayer in the liturgy at all public services during the war: "Almighty and merciful God, God of the armies, we beseech in humility for Thy Almighty aid for our Ger-

man fatherland. Bless the entire German war force. Lead us to victory and give us Thy grace that we may show ourselves to be Christians toward our enemies. As well, let us soon arrive at peace which will everlastingly safeguard our free and independent Germany."

This carefully worded supplication must have been instantly rushed to the Throne of Grace, to the Father of Mercies, to Him without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls to the ground, and the response might seem to have been instant, for we read that on the 25th the Kaiser wired his daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess:

"I rejoice with thee over the first victory of Wilhelm. God has been on his side and has most brilliantly supported him. To Him be thanks and honor. I remit to Wilhelm the Iron Cross of the second and first class. . . . God protect and succor my boys. Also in the future God be with thee and all wives.

"(Signed) PAPA WILHELM."

But in some respects this was apparently asking too much. In spite of the flattering recognition of His support of the Crown Prince, He seems to have thought it enough to be only with the Crown Princess "in the future." He evidently could not be bothered to look after "*all* wives," for we read that the wives of unarmed peasants and citizens were driven with their children from their homes in a country which Papa Wilhelm was wasting with fire and sword through a violation of its rights as a neutral nation and of his own word solemnly given, and went wandering beggared through their native land. Other wives were slain at their hearthstones by Papa Wilhelm's artillery, or torn to pieces in their beds by bombs dropped from Papa Wilhelm's dirigibles flying over sleeping towns. So far as "all wives" were concerned, the Helper of the widow and the orphan was not so constant or instant as Papa Wilhelm desired, though Papa Wilhelm had especially commended them to His care. Yet Papa Wilhelm did not lose heart, for in a telegram of the 27th we find him declaring from his headquarters on the Main: "Confidence in the irresistible might of our heroic army and unshakable belief in the help of a living God, together with the consciousness that we are fighting for a worthy cause, should give us faith in an early delivery of Germany from its enemies."

It may be that the Supreme Being, the "living God" as the first of living men here handsomely calls Him, was perhaps not really so very hand-in-glove with the Kaiser. It may be that he did not "brilliantly support" the Crown Prince in battle, and that it was solely "the invincible might of his heroic army" which gave the Kaiser early victory. For Papa Wilhelm had been training them to their work of multiple murder for forty years, incessantly, relentlessly, at the cost of the best years of their youth, of their freedom, of whatever makes life sweet and dear. To perfect the pitiless machine into which he turned a kindly people he spared no means known to the art of the oppressor; he sacrificed to this end truth and honor and the love of men; he substituted the terror of lese-majesty for patriotic loyalty; he made revenge and hate the prime motives of the nation which he welded into an adamantine mass to be hurled, when the time came, against another nation which he had schooled them, in the uttermost cruelty of fear, to abhor. In this work he signed promises which trusting nations took for treaties with all the sacred and solemn guarantees, but which his ministers called "scraps of paper" when the convenient time came. He made their commanders the terror of the men, and he perpetuated among the officers of his army the code of the duel; by his will the law of the sword became supreme against the law of the land in any question between soldiers and civilians. He turned the tide of civilization from its flow toward peace and good-will, and drove its stream back among the morasses of the past, where it was choked with the corpses of the immemorial dead; the embers of their homes, and the ruins of their altars, so that when the time came to destroy a peaceful city his soldiers were as ready to do his will as they were to drive the wedge of their bodies through the enemy's lines and to fall in heaps that stayed their advance.

There is no means of telling just yet what the effect of his prayers has been with the Heavenly Father, or whether in the event they will avail against the prayers of the Belgians, the French, the English, and the Russians, beseeching the same God for victory against him. Who, indeed, always excepting the German Emperor, may declare what dwells in the will of the Almighty, or what His purpose is? Will He continue His brilliant support of the Crown Prince, or will He lift up His countenance and make it to

shine upon the peoples who have, humanly speaking, been cruelly outraged in all that is dear to civilized men, whose lands have been overrun by invading armies, whose cities have been burned, whose fields have been laid waste, whose wives and little ones have been driven beggars into the wilderness which wanton invasion has made of their country? At the actual writing it seems as if the Creator of heaven and earth may have thought twice concerning His imperial *protégé*, and ceased to "bless the whole German force." Part of this force is now retracing its bleeding steps, slowly indeed, and perhaps not finally; its retreat may be merely the recoil of the wild beast for another spring upon its prey; but as yet it does not seem so, and humanity may begin to breathe again. No one except the Kaiser may guess at the unfathomable counsels of the Ancient of Days. Yet even the Kaiser may make a mistake, as he seems already to have done; even he may not always interpret aright the designs of the Author of all being, and may misconstrue the secular silence of Him who is from everlasting to everlasting as approval of his violation of the world's peace. Imaginably in the all-knowing, all-pitying Soul of the Universe there may be passing a vision of the world from the time when men began to write the sorrowful history of their race in one another's blood down to the present day, which is not at all the Kaiser's vision of militarized rule. Egypt, Assyria, Persia, with each its long empire, may be as shadows in his sight. Belshazzar, Cyrus, Cambyses, Alexander, Cæsar, Attila, Omar, Tamerlane, Charlemagne, Cortés, Pizarro, Frederick, Napoleon, all the long, sad tale of the conquerors and destroyers, may trouble the peace of the All-wise and All-merciful as dreams of evil trouble the sleep of mortals. Perhaps the Kaiser himself may be one of these visions; but perhaps Papa Wilhelm may be no more than any commonest father in the sight of the Father of All, though one must shrink from fancying this.

We must still wait the report of the Archangelic censorship, and in the mean time, looking forward to the great final event in which one man may no longer harm the whole world, we may fitly consider the lines, perhaps too sweeping, of a poet, perhaps too Republican, who prophesied—

God said I'm tired of kings,
I suffer them no more.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

OUR HONOR AND SHAME WITH JAPAN

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

In 1800 and in 1801, American ships, from Salem, Massachusetts, serving as common carriers under the Dutch flag, entered the port of Nagasaki. The Stars and Stripes were then first mirrored in the waters of Japan. Simply by respecting the native traditions, Holland, in spite of much British misrepresentation, had held a commercial monopoly. The American captains sought for independent trade with the United States. Content with her prosperous isolation and fearing a second visitation of "The White Peril," Japan declined the proffer. Even in 1800 the Muscovite invasion was looming in the north; so the hermits kept their gates barred. The Yankees brought home only the dainty products of Nippon's craft and art, but our increasing interests in Hawaii, China, and on the then unpossessed Pacific coast made Japan a coveted object. Three Presidents—Jackson, Polk, and Fillmore—despatched missions to Yedo, to open trade.

Traditions of European statecraft toward Africa and Asia had hardened into dogma. This declared that continents inhabited by dark-skinned races were fields for kidnapping and loot. Asiatic peoples existed to be conquered and despoiled. Humboldt declared that the Isthmus of Panama, while uncut, was the real defense of Japan and China against Occidental greed.

The East India Company would not even allow Christian missionaries on the territory which it controlled. It was the systematic bribery by this corporation, with money made in China and India, that corrupted Parliament, gave ground for Walpole's (modified) axiom that "Every man has his price," and in 1775 provoked the American War of Independence. In 1807, Robert Morrison, the English scholar,

refused a passage in British ships, had to reach China by way of New York and Washington.

The people of the United States reversed this fixed European policy. When Secretary of State James Madison gave Dr. Morrison a letter of commendation to the American consul in China he virtually confirmed that policy of the "open door" already demanded by our merchants and sailors. For this, when Madison was President, they fought the War of 1812. Madison's policy meant the educational conquest of Asia. It was made a reality by our great army of skilled mechanics, physicians, teachers, and missionaries, whose schools, hospitals, dispensaries, churches, and congregations now belt the world from Tokio to Liberia, and from arctic to antarctic lands. Instead of the drum-beat is the school-bell.

When in 1823 John Adams, in response to the Czar's ukase claiming exclusive possession of the Pacific Coast of North America to the fifty-first parallel, informed the Russian Czar's envoy, Baron de Tuyl, that "we should contest the right of Russia to any territorial establishment on this continent," he unconsciously, perhaps, dictated the peaceful progress, through American influence, of China and Japan.

Yet Madison and Adams did not put on record what American pioneers and people had already declared, *viz.:* that the races of men exist not to be despoiled or conquered, but to be healed, helped, taught, and uplifted. The first century of American history beyond the Pacific is but an echo of what an Asiatic teacher enjoined when answering the question, "Who is my neighbor?"

Our first envoy to the Orient, Edmund Roberts, sent out by President Jackson, incarnated this idea. In China, after making treaties with Muscat and Siam, he died in 1836, at Macao, without seeing Japan, as he had hoped. He is fitly commemorated at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where in 1905 the Russo-Japanese War was ended by peaceful diplomacy.

Roberts's work was followed up in 1839 by the American merchant C. W. King, of Macao, in the unarmed ship *Morrison.* With neither powder nor material for propaganda, he, also hoping for trade, sailed to Mikado Land with some Japanese waifs cast upon Oregon shores. The Yedo Government, then in terror of Russian aggressions and con-

fronted with the examples of conquered India and Java, and knowing not the American's motive, declined the suspected "gifts of the Greeks." Discouraged, but not in despair, Mr. King, pocketing his loss, wrote, "America is the hope of Asia."

In 1846 President Polk strove to lure into the world's market this Thornrose of the Pacific, but instead of going to Nagasaki, the legal entrance, the two war-ships anchored in the Bay of Yedo. The mission failed, the Japanese all the while wondering why Americans, who vehemently disowned the idea of conquest or interference in the domestic affairs of other nations, did not obey the law and go to Nagasaki. We know now that the cordon of guard-boats linked around foreign ships was even more to restrain native patriots eager for foreign intercourse than to curb the alien.

Occasional shipwreck of our whalers followed, but more often were the intrusions of mutineers and sea-wolves in human form. These unwelcome guests, coming in boats, with no ships in sight, were justly suspected of being Russian spies. Kept in custody before being returned to Java, the severe punishment meted out to native prisoners—the deprivation of a bath—had for them no terrors.

The record is now clear that when proper notice had been given, as in the case of Captain Mercator Cooper, of Hampton, New York, in the ship *Manhattan,* generous reception and unfailing courtesy to the stranger were the rule. Ronald Macdonald, of purpose a castaway, but acting as gentleman, was made the first teacher of English in Japan. He raised up interpreters for Perry, and when in America informed President Fillmore of the Nippon islanders' hunger for science and machinery. Fillmore's agent, Commodore Perry, in his diplomacy made his chief appeal to humanity—trade not being so much as mentioned. By his industrial exposition at Yokohama of the locomotive, telegraph, Webster's dictionary, Yankee inventions, agricultural machinery, and other things success was made sure, where broadsides and filibustering would have failed. Our marines and bluejackets made flowery tompions of chrysanthemums and azaleas, sticking them in their musket-barrels, while the natives used the universal language of smiles and laughter.

Thus three Presidents—Jackson, Polk, and Fillmore—sought Japan. Japan did not seek us. Townsend Harris,

the New York merchant and educator, our first envoy in Japan, by tact and conformity to polite usages won trade and residence. Fearing Japanese "treachery" and "cunning," French, British, and Germans, with infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers, retreated from their fortified legations in Yedo; but the American Harris, by simply following Japanese suggestions, without a gun, a soldier, or a sailor, kept the American flag flying.

All this time the Yedo Government, sternly repressing all interior intellectual freedom, misrepresented the true spirit of thinking Japan. Yet, excepting one request for postponement of the date of opening the ports, the treaties were kept to the letter. "It's a way" the Japanese have. Since 1868 the Imperial Government has been faithful in every diplomatic jot and tittle; yet though reconstructing—yes, Christianizing—their law courts and prisons and establishing a constitution, representative government and freedom of conscience, exceeding the average in Europe, sovereignty was denied until 1900. In all the new conventions between the United States and Japan, the last being signed February 21, 1911, repeated assertion of reciprocal rights and privileges, on the basis of equality with the "most favored nation" is made. As a nation and Government we signed a covenant which one State has violated.

Now is the test of our national character. We are confronted with the question as to the seat of power in the enforcement of "the supreme law of the land." A sectional agitation, in favor of a reversal of our ancient friendship and the violation of treaties has resulted, in one State, in a defiance of the Constitution of the United States. Our past history shows that the national capital has never been at Hartford, Charleston, Richmond, or Sacramento, but at Washington, D. C. The recent hostile anti-Japanese legislation in California—race hatred in its most immoral form—violates in spirit and letter the treaty with Japan, to which we promised the same treatment as to "the most favored nation."

It is not the business of a foreign nation making a treaty with the United States to inquire into the actual workings of federalism, its defects or advantages; or whether our National Government is too weak, morally or physically, to enforce a treaty obligation within a certain geographical area. No question is raised as to whether any nation or govern-

ment has, or has not, the right to keep out of her borders undesirable persons; or who shall or shall not become citizens. It is no matter whether Japan is pleased or displeased with our social or political system, or we with hers. As sovereign parties covenanting together, according to the laws of nations, the only question is that of good faith. To violate a treaty is to break the supreme law of the land and trample on the Constitution of the United States, which reads, in Article VI.:

> This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

In that august document no provision is more strongly safeguarded against any and all theories of federalism and State rights, and none is so immune from alteration, or the effects of attempted nullification, or secession, by States, judges, courts, legislators, and politicians.

A diligent perusal of the sectional speeches and writings of statesmen, so called, and of the Proceedings of the Asiatic Exclusion League, fails to reveal any sound reason why one State should nullify a national obligation. Such perusal has shown, however, that gentlemen, dependent upon votes and in the labor-unions (many members of which, Huns, Russians, etc., have more "Mongolian" blood in their veins than has the average Japanese) may be blinded by race hatred and colorphobia, especially when dominated by fears rather than facts. When racial antipathies rule, reason flies. The "history" so often appealed to and the ethnology expounded in California seem to be of a peculiarly local output. On this "hem of the handkerchief," between the Rockies and the Pacific, it is prejudice, animal instinct, and surmises, not reality, that control the situation. The student of the situation feels bound to challenge the truth of nine-tenths of the statements and the validity of most of these local arguments.

We Americans dragged Japan out of her enjoyable hermitage. As zealous as Macedonians were we in our cry, first to the Chinese, to "come over and help us." We wanted the Japanese badly and we invited them here. Alas, they have turned out to be so unlike the Christians we get from the most orthodox part of Christian Europe! These "very

respectable and full-handed farmers," as George Washington would have called them, do not patronize our liquor-saloons, or fill our almshouses and prisons, or buy our guns and pistols to kill, nor imitate our abominable manners and vulgar extravagance. On the contrary they are so wickedly zealous in reclaiming our waste land, so offensively industrious, and so shamefully eager to learn our language, read newspapers, patronize libraries and life-insurance companies, become builders and supporters of Christian churches (over fifty of which they have organized on the Pacific Coast) that we are on the brink of ruin through their cheap labor! Verily, with fewer than seventy thousand Japanese in the continental United States, "the hordes of Asia" are precipitating themselves on us to the overwhelming of free institutions!

The Exclusion League is the true child of the same dog-in-the-manger theories of the Know-Nothings. In 1850 I heard expressed concerning the Irish the same fears, uttered in 1913, about the "Mongolians." In later years, I remember how the Germans were misrepresented. As for the negroes, did any one teach or help them? Then the brutal question was flung at one—"Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?" I have even heard of Jew-baiting. Cultivated ignorance seems now in order concerning the real Japan, which, as early as 1860, I suspected to be civilized, began to study in 1866, saw in 1870, and have ever since, through the individual, literature, art, and immigration, tried to understand.

Neither true Americanism, nor reason, nor law, nor fact, nor gospel forms the basis of the underlying hostility to the Japanese. "The Yellow Peril," "Asia's hordes," "the nine hundred millions waiting to precipitate themselves on our shores," the "tricky," "cunning," "unassimilable," "hopelessly pagan" Japanese, who "will never make good American citizens," or "ever forswear their allegiance," are non-existent. The "Oriental" of the picture shows, stage, novels, yellow newspapers, and "labor" agitators belongs with the dodo and phrenology, and is as unreal as the phantoms of cheese dreams or the crawling creatures of delirium tremens. "History" shows that these islanders, whose basic stock is Aryan, have ever been mobile, sensitive, and responsive to new ideas and situations. Whether in the sixth, sixteenth, or twentieth

century, they change for the better when opportunity arises. In fact, they will soon be as money-loving and as wasteful and extravagant as we are. In fundamentals their human nature is absolutely the same as that of their fellows in America who (if they could only see and hear themselves as some others do them) are just as tricky, cunning, and in reason's eyes often as ugly, morally and physically, as conceited, different in manners, and undesirable as " the Oriental." Like all other mortals, the Japanese are modified and transformed by new ideas, forces, and environment. In both scoundrelism and virtue they quite equal the Americans, now over a hundred million strong.

To the scholar, " our " civilization is an inherited composite of elements, most of which are Asiatic in origin, including our religion, which was taught us by a son of Asia. We are but the young dwarf on the old giant's back, and nine-tenths of our history is opportunity. Happily the members of the Exclusion League, while describing " our " civilization, have progressed in their vocabulary from " Anglo-Saxon " to " American "; but they still shout, "We are Caucasians." Yet in reality there is no " East " or " West." Now that the ends of the earth have met, the world needs as much true science as it needs the ethics and spirit of the Asiatic who answered the question, " Who is my neighbor." What every human creature of conceit and pride needs most is to see himself as others see him—how he looks, acts, and is offensive or attractive to his fellow-creatures; and we Americans need this discipline probably above all peoples. Men of other cults and civilizations are as proud and prejudiced as is the boasting (and usually the freshly naturalized) American, who screams " America for Americans!" The science of ethnology is one with the absolute religion of the Asiatic of Syria, in knowing of no one race that is inherently and permanently superior to all others. As a student of varied humanity, I am convinced that mine—the Teutonic—was once among the lowest.

The alleged objections to the Japanese have little weight in the light of actual knowledge and comparative study.

As to sense-impressions—we are just as beautiful and as ugly in the eyes of " Orientals " as they are in ours. The countenances of white people are associated, in the art of Japan and China, and with initial impressions, not with

angels, saints, or goddesses, but with imps and " the devil." We seem pale, ghostly, emaciated, brutally coarse, or demon-like, with our eyes of several tints set straight or far apart. The Occidental nose, in size, protrusion, uncanny variety of shape and often artificial rubiness, appears monstrous. The varied and nondescript colors of our hair, with its hideous departure from a standard black, is repulsive. Our voices seem shrill and unmodulated.

Being meat-eaters, we need only appeal to impartial canine judgment to learn wherein we differ from Asiatic or other humanity with pores. In neither personal cleanliness, popular courtesy, public hygiene, surgery, or medicine does Japan need instruction from Americans. In a comparison of manners and self-control as to tongue, temper, fingers, or fists, the average American suffers. Would that our people (109,000,000 of them) had the politeness so universal in Nippon!

After nearly fifty years' acquaintance with the Japanese, and two visits to California, as a student of " their " civilization and " ours "—in their origins and realities—I am of the opinion that we need " the Oriental " for our own advantage and improvement. I do not believe in the congestion of immigrants in one section, or in unregulated immigration. Naturalized, the Japanese is easily assimilable. No immigrant among us responds more rapidly to fair treatment. Nine-tenths of the hostile criticism of him is false. Give him a man's chance and he will take it. The unanimity of those who know him best on this point is surprising.

Even for our own ethical good, the Japanese Government is right in its insistence upon political justice and equality. We made a promise to treat the Japanese as well as we treat Germans or British folk. Independently of all dogma and creeds, and in any code of ethics, the man " who swears [even] to his own hurt and changes not " is moral, while the man, or Government, that breaks a treaty is pagan. The question " Who is my neighbor " cannot be dodged. Our hope for the future lies in holding to the faith of our fathers and not that of selfish politicians or " labor " unions.

The real question before the American people in regard to Japan is a moral one. Shall we keep faith and respect our own supreme law of the land? Shall we blot out the record of our ancient friendship at the dictation of one

State or class? Already the Japanese Government has shown itself willing to meet ours more than half-way. It cannot pay attention to or deal with a fraction of the United States—one-fiftieth of the whole. Nine-tenths of what Californians fear (as distinct from fact) can be settled by diplomacy.

None but a dreamer or a deceiver can hide the truth that underneath all lies the fundamental reality of racial antipathy. Yet without blinking one real fact in the case, whether in the surface differences that strike the first attention of the vulgar, or the deep, underlying repulsions of the cultured, we Americans need the Oriental. In our country, where economics override morals, where art is an isolation, where fine manners are not yet valued as high as money, where filial piety is in its rudiments, where the historic sense is deficient, where rawness is a general characteristic, where spirituality is not profound, with a civilization that has been studied and appraised with only one-sided egotism and conceit rather than with judicial comparison, with a new territory that has been hurriedly exploited on the surface for dollars, rather than conserved to make a landscape beautiful and appealing, and with millions of acres of desert and unreclaimed land, we need the Orientals among us for our refinement and best development. Alas, that the average American is not educated enough to know his own ignorance, for he is least appreciative of that in which " the Oriental " excels.

Moreover, it may be that " Heaven's ordination baffles the human." Possibly the " little " brown man may not always submit patiently to insult, or yellow humanity eternally forgive and forget past centuries of injustice. Moreover, in view even of the European war thunders that have just crashed out of a clear sky, we may find both friendship and trade with Japan to be good national assets. In a large sense, this war of 1914 has grown out of the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–05, which retarded Russia and allowed Germany to forge ahead on land and sea. Again, though Servia and assassination have served as pretexts, the real goal and prize is possession of the path to Asia and its wealth.

It may be that Fillmore's policy of friendship may be better, and we may yet win, by common sense and righteousness, the rich markets of Asia for which Europe is even now fighting. There is a faint possibility, even, that the pre-

cepts of the Asiatic of Syria, the Prince of Peace, may be in the long run the best. A Power higher than governments "formed the earth to be inhabited."

At such a time as ours, three voices speak truths on this theme:

Count Okuma, Premier of Japan, not a Christian by stencil-plate, label, or seal of corporation, but full of the spirit of The Samurai of the Ages, who began his studies of man, history, and nations even before Perry's day, said to Americans in Tokio: "Diplomacy or law or statesmanship will not work in this case; the power of Christianity, the teaching of the brotherhood of all men and universal peace alone will save the threatening situation."

Along with this, let us place the faith of George Washington and probably that of a majority of intelligent Americans: "I believe that emigrants from other countries to this, who shall be well disposed, and conduct themselves properly, would be equally treated with equal friendship and kindness in all parts of it."

Only the spirit of the Universal Man, who, without a State, a Church, a nation, or a race to back him, and with priest, politician, and prejudice against him, sent forth his disciples to found a spiritual republic which shall survive all thrones and governments, can show us the shining way that means mutual good.

William Elliot Griffis.

THE WORKMANSHIP OF "MACBETH"

BY SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

I PROPOSE in this and a following paper to consider Shakespeare's "Macbeth" as a piece of workmanship. There are, of course, many other aspects in which it should be studied. We may seek, for example, to fix its date and place in the chronological order of Shakespeare's writings; but this has been done for us, pretty nearly. Or we may search it for new light upon the author himself and his history—a pursuit which has always seemed to me rather curious than important. All literature, to be sure, must be personal: yet the artist—the great artist—dies into his work and in that survives: and, all said and done, it is the work that matters —though the shutters be up at The Mermaid, Macbeth is Macbeth.

> Brave lads in olden musical centuries
> Sang, night by night, adorable choruses,
> Sat late by alehouse doors in April,
> Chaunting in joy as the moon was rising.
>
> Now these, the songs, remain to eternity;
> Those, only those, the bountiful choristers
> Gone—

Of the very greatest we know little more than Homer left to the women of Delos, saying, "Farewell to you all, and remember me in the time to come; and when any man a stranger from afar shall inquire of you, 'O maidens, who is the sweetest of minstrels hereabouts, and whom do you most delight?' Then make answer to him modestly, 'Sir, it is a blind man, and he lives in steep Chios.'"

A general criticism of "Macbeth" I shall not attempt, because he would be rash indeed who sought to improve upon what Dr. Bradley has recently done in his *Lectures on*

Shakespearian Tragedy, a book which I hold to belong to the first order of criticism, and to be a true ornament of our age. None the less, it seems to me to leave some room for what I shall here discuss—the technical difficulties of the play and how Shakespeare surmounted them; and I do this the more hardily, being convinced that literature, being alive to-day as ever, and the task of excelling none the less constant because particular difficulties change—that criticism is most helpful which, separating the incidental difficulty from the imminent, can show how a great master of his art overcame one or the other, or both.

I take "Macbeth" as a work of art eminently suitable for this purpose: large in conception, conveniently (for our purpose) simple and complete in design; by common consent producing a great and intended effect on the mind. It is the shortest of Shakespeare's plays save only "The Comedy of Errors." Its tale is told in just under two thousand lines—about half the length of "Hamlet." This means no blame upon "Hamlet"—which, turning upon indecision in its chief character, is naturally long: but it goes all to "Macbeth's" credit. Of two plots equal in dignity, the simpler will be the better, and the half of writing consists in making one word better than two.

Now, to start with the rudiments, what had Shakespeare to do? He, a tried and competent playwright, had to make a play: a play to be acted, to succeed on the boards, to entertain, for three hours or so,[1] an audience which had paid money to be entertained. This differentiates it at once from a literary composition meant to be read by the fireside, where the kettle does all the hissing.

I am aware, to be sure, that certain scholars and critics object to our considering any dramatic masterpiece in its primary theatrical intention, or object, at any rate, to our laying stress on this. To name two, who can only be named with respect, Dr. Courthope holds that "the crucial test of a play's quality is only applied when it is read," while Dr. Spingarn, of Columbia University, protested with great vigor recently[2] against the doctrine—invented, he thinks, by Castelvetro—that,

[1] In the Prologue to "Romeo and Juliet" Shakespeare talks of "the two hours' traffic of our stage." But the actual performance must have taken longer than that.

[2] "A Note on Dramatic Criticism." By J. E. Spingarn. Read before the English Association, Oxford.

The fact that the drama is intended for the stage, that it is to be acted, must form the basis of every true theory of tragedy or comedy.

I hope in two ways to disentangle my paper from this general discussion and yet make it serve its purpose: (1) by setting its claim low and contending only that, be Drs. Courthope and Spingarn right or wrong, there may be some use in considering "Macbeth" as a play written for presentation on the stage; (2) by not pretending for the nonce to be wiser than Shakespeare, who certainly wrote his plays to be acted, and on all the evidence was careless, as culpably as you will, of what happened to them afterwards. In short, if we wish to understand what Shakespeare as a workman was driving at, we must get even the First Folio out of our minds and in imagination seat ourselves amid the audience for which he wrote.

The interior of an Elizabethan theater—say of the Globe Theater, Southwark—has been reconstructed for us in so many treatises that it will be enough here to mention briefly some half a dozen conditions, unfamiliar to us, under which "Macbeth" would be presented.

(1) The stage, raised pretty much as it is nowadays, ran out for some way into the auditorium.

(2) The audience returned the compliment by overflowing the stage. Stools, ranged along either side of it, were much in demand by young men of fashion who wished to show off their fine clothes.

Here already are two conditions, now obsolete, with which Shakespeare had to lay his account; nor are they unimportant. In the first place, as Sir Walter Raleigh has pointed out, on a stage thus constructed and with an audience thus disposed, the groups of players were seen from many points of view, and had to aim at statuesque rather than pictorial effect. Further, the patrons lining the stage smoked—or, as they put it, drank—tobacco in clay pipes; so that the atmosphere, one suspects, was as a rule free and easy, not much unlike that of the old music-halls frequented by some of us in graceless youth, where a corpulent chairman ordered drinks, for which, if privileged to sit beside him you subsequently paid; where all joined companionably in the chorus and a wink from the singer would travel around four-fifths of a circle. We have only to glance at "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" to understand how frank was this commerce between actors and spectators and how it could be

turned to account for a purpose of comedy. Will it be thought fanciful if I suggest that in tragedy, where the tendency to light interjections would be overawed and overcome, this arrangement of the Elizabethan stage gave part of the audience, at any rate, a sense of being in the drama—for example, of being actually within the castle of Inverness when that fatal knocking beat on the gate?

(3) The Elizabethan stage, as every one knows, had no painted scenery. At the back of it, at some little height above the heads of the players, a narrow gallery or platform projected, with a small door behind it and a practicable ladder, to give access to it or be removed, as occasion demanded. Fix the ladder and it became the stairway leading to Duncan's sleeping-chamber; take it away, and the gallery became the battlements of Dunsinane or of Flint Castle, or the royal box above Coventry lists, or Juliet's balcony, or Brabantio's window, or Jessica's from which she drops the coffer, or Cleopatra's up to which she hales dying Antony. From the floor of this gallery to the floor of the stage depended draperies which, as they were drawn close or opened, gave you the arras behind which Falstaff was discovered in slumber or Polonius stabbed, the tomb of Juliet, Desdemona's bed, the stage for the play-scene in "Hamlet," the cave of Prospero, or of Imogen, or of Hecate. To right and left of this draped alcove were two doors giving on the back and the green-rooms—*mimorum ædes*—for the entrances and exits of the players.

(4) The central area of the auditorium was unroofed. This meant—the fashionable time for the theater being the afternoon—that the action, or a part of it, usually took place by daylight. When daylight waned, lanterns were called in; and it may be that if we could tabulate the times of year at which Shakespeare's several plays were first presented we should find that, among other conditions, he worked with an eye on the almanac. But I lay little stress on this; because, of all stage effects, darkness is the most easily contrived. It involves no more trouble than the closing of a shutter; it may well be that Shakespeare, as a stage-manager, had means of employing darkness at will, say by a blind drawn out from the proscenium or above it. I merely note here (*a*) that one first account of "Macbeth" by a spectator is that of one Dr. Forman, an astrologer, who paid for his seat in the Globe

Theater, on Saturday, April 20, 1610, that is at a time of year when the sky over the theater would be daylight; (*b*) that "Macbeth," opening in the murk light of the Scottish highlands, quickly turns to darkness; and (*c*) that the sense of darkness habitually used by Shakespeare in his tragedies is, as we shall presently see, necessary in "Macbeth" more than in any other.

(5) The lack of scenic background had, by Shakespeare as by all the Elizabethans, to be supplied by imaginative speech. By this only could the beauty of a spot or the mystery of an hour be suggested. By so much as modern scenic resources, definite or vague, have improved on the Elizabethan, the description or adumbration of either in words has become superfluous and inartistic. Nor is this the less certain for our regretting it.

(6) To these conditions must be added (for symmetry only) the best known of all. On the Elizabethan stage the part of Lady Macbeth was played by a boy. If we reflect on this and on such a passage as—

> I have given suck; and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
> I would, while it was smiling in my face,
> Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums
> And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
> Have done to this.

If we consider that Shakespeare dared to make boys talk in this fashion, it should teach us, who believe it important to study the conditions of the stage for which he wrote, to beware of riding one hobby too hard; to remind ourselves that in this matter of "boy-actresses," for example, he dared to ignore, and by ignoring triumphed over, what to most of us would seem a hopeless disability.

It were pedantic, in short, to be always visualizing that old theater on the Bankside when reading our Shakespeare; or when seeing him acted to be perpetually murmuring, "He did not write it for *this*." He did not, to be sure; but so potent was his genius that it has carried his work past the conditions of his own age to live perenially in later times and under new conditions, even as the *Iliad* has survived the harp and the feast. This adaptable vitality is the test of first-rate genius; and, save Shakespeare's, few dramas even of the great Elizabethan age have passed it. As for Shake-

speare, I firmly believe that, could his large masculine spirit revisit London, it would, whatever the dilettante or the superior person may say, rejoice in what has been done to amplify and improve that cage against which we have his own word that he fretted, and would be proud of the pains his countrymen still take after three centuries to interpret him worthily; and this although I seem to catch, together with a faint smell of brimstone, his comments upon the actor-manager of these days with the limelight dogging him about the stage and analyzing the rainbow upon his glittering eye. None the less it is useful to remember that Shakespeare could not foresee our modern stage with its machinery; that while much has been improved, something has been lost; that he was, as a fact, careless about his plays after they had served their first purpose; and that we must seek back to the limitations of his theater before we can thoroughly understand what a workman he was.

I pass now from the conditions under which he built his plays to the material out of which he built this particular one.

The material for "Macbeth" will be found in Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of Scotland,* first published in 1578 (but Shakespeare seems to have used the second edition, of 1587). It lies scattered about in the separate "chronicles" of King Duncan, King Duff, King Kenneth, King Macduff; but we get the pith of it in two passages from the "Chronicle of King Duncan":

> Shortly after happened a strange and uncouth wonder . . . it fortunes as Makbeth and Banquho journeyed toward Fores, where the king did then lay, they went sporting by the way together without other companie save only themselves, passing through the woodes and fieldes, when sodenly, in the middes of a launde, there met them 3 women in strange and ferly apparell, resembling creatures of an elder worlde; whom they attentively behelde, wondering much at the sight.

Then follow the prophecies. "All hayle, Makbeth, Thane of Glamis," etc., with the promise to Banquho that "contrarily thou in deede shall not reigne at all, but of thee shall be borne which shall governe the Scottish Kingdome by long order of continuall descent."

We need not pause on this; but it gives a reason, if a secondary one, why the story should attract Shakespeare. For James VI. of Scotland, a descendant of Banquho, had come to be James I. of England. Actors and playwrights

have ever an eye for "topical" opportunity, and value it none the less if it flatters a reigning house.

The same night at supper Banquho jested with him and sayde, Nowe, Makbeth, thou has obtayned those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remayneth onely for thee to purchase that the thyrd sayd should come to pass. Whereupon Makbeth, revolving the thing in his mind even then, began to devise how he mighte attayne to the kingdome.

Next we read that Duncan, by advancing his young son Malcolm to be Prince of Cumberland, "as it were thereby to appoint him successor to his kingdome," sorely troubled Macbeth's ambition, "insomuch that he now began to think of usurping the kingdome by force."

The wordes of these three weird sisters (of whome before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him hereunto, but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable desire to beare the name of a Queene. At length, therefore, communicating his proposed intent with his trustie friendes, amongst whom Banquho was the chiefest, upon confidence of their promised ayde he slewe the King at Envernes (or, as some say, at Botgosuane) in the vi year of his reygne.

The "Chronicle" goes on to tell how Makbeth was crowned at Scone; how he reigned for seventeen years; how he got rid of Banquho; how Banquho's son escaped; how Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane, with much more that is handled in the tragedy. The story (so far as we are concerned with it) ends as the play ends.

But Makduffe . . . answered (with his naked sworde in his hande) saying, It is true, Makbeth, and now shall thine insatiable cruelties have an ende, for I am even he that thy wysards have tolde thee of, who was never borne of my mother, but ripped out of her wombe. There withall he stept unto him, and slue him in the place. Then cutting his heade from the shoulders, he set it upon a poll and brought it into Malcolme. This was the ende of Makbeth, after he had reigned xvii years over the Scottishmen. In the beginning of his raigne he accomplished many worthie actes, right profitable to the common wealth (as ye have heard), but afterwards, by *illusion of the Divell,* he defamed the same with most terrible crueltie.

There in sum we have Shakespeare's material; and patently it holds one element on which the mind of an artist (if I understand by ever so little) would seize at once and instinctively. I mean the element of the supernatural. It is the element which every commentator, almost every critic, has done his best to belittle. I propose to show that to Shakespeare, as a workman, it was of the first importance.

Let us start by considering the "Chronicle"—that is to say, his material—with this supernatural element left out; and what have we? We have left to us an ordinary sordid story of a disloyal general assassinating his king, usurping the throne, reigning with cruelty for seventeen years, and perishing at length to the relief of every one. Had Zimri peace, who slew his master? Well, if we confine ourselves to the "Chronicle," yes he had, and for seventeen years; which, for a bloody tyrant is no short run. But if, confining ourselves to the "Chronicle," we exclude supernatural with its possibilities, the story as a theme of tragedy has one fatal defect. Tragedy demands that we sympathize with the fortunes of its hero; but where is there room for sympathy in the fortunes of a disloyal, self-seeking murderer?

Just there—as I will try to show—lay Shakespeare's capital difficulty.

Let us be quite clear about that difficulty, its magnitude and importance. "Tragedy," says Aristotle, "is the imitation of an action; and an action implies personal agents, who necessarily possess certain qualities of both character and thought. It is these that determine the qualities of actions themselves; these—thought and character—are the two natural causes from which actions spring, on these causes, again, all success or failure depends."[1]

It comes to this—the success of your tragedy depends on what sort of persons you represent; and principally, of course, on what sort of person you make your chief tragic figure, or protagonist, or hero. And for this hero and what should happen to him Aristotle proceeds, in the thirteenth chapter of the *Poetics*, to lay down a number of rules, which may be summarized thus:

(1) A tragedy must not present to us the spectacle of a perfectly good man brought from prosperity to adversity. For that merely shocks us.

(2) Neither must it present that of a bad man passing from adversity to prosperity. For that is not tragedy at all, but the perversion of tragedy, and revolts the moral sense.

(3) Nor, again, should it exhibit the downfall of a merely bad man. For the business of tragedy being with pity and

[1] Aristotle, *Poetics*, vi, 5. I quote Butcher's reading, which gives the sense clearly enough, though actually Aristotle's language is simpler and terser, and for "thought" I should substitute "understanding" as a translation of *διάνοια*.

terror—pity is aroused by undeserved misfortune, terror by misfortune befalling a man like ourselves.

(4) There remains, then, as the only proper subject for tragedy, the spectacle of a man not surpassingly good or just, who is brought to disaster not by sheer depravity, but by some error or frailty—in other words, a man like you or me betrayed by a weakness to which you or I can conceive ourselves liable.

(5) Lastly, says Aristotle, this man should differ from you and me in being highly renowned and prosperous — an Œdipus, a Thyestes, or some other illustrious person.

Now before examining these rules I should enter two warnings. In the first place, although Aristotle lays them down dogmatically enough, they are not really rules at all, but brilliant inductions derived by him from the Attic tragedies with which he happened to be acquainted. He was not teaching the young dramatist how to write, nor have we any ground for supposing that, had he lived to see any tragedy which broke any one of his rules with success, he would have hesitated to own himself mistaken. Take, for example, Rule 5. It is obviously less philosophical than the rest, and indeed little more than a counsel of theatrical expediency. Dr. Bradley, indeed, would seem to press it further when he remarks that

> The pangs of despised love and the anguish of remorse, we say, are the same in a peasant and a prince: but (not to insist that they cannot be so when the prince is really a prince) the story of the prince, the triumvir, or the general, has a greatness and dignity of its own. His fate affects the welfare of a whole; and when he falls suddenly from the height of earthly greatness to the dust, his fall produces a sense of contrast, of the powerlessness of man, and of the omnipotence—perhaps the caprice—of fortune or fate, which no tale of private life can possibly rival.

This is well said, and Aristotle, to be sure, may have had something of the sort in his mind. But the Greek tragedians, on whose plays he was generalizing, chose their heroes among the illustrious for two more practical reasons: the one, that they had to follow a semi-religious tradition; the other, that, as mere matter of theatrical effect, downfall from a high eminence is more spectacular than downfall from a low one, and produces a more evident shock. Bearing this in mind, we need be in no haste to listen to those who adduce to us Shakespeare's constant selection of kings and princes for his *dramatis personæ* as evidence that he was a snob. One

might almost as easily prove it snobbish in a Greek tragedian to write of Cadmus and Harmonia because

> The gods had to their marriage come,
> And at the banquet all the Muses sang;

or (if the reader prefers it) the wedding presents were numerous and costly.

It is usually a mistake to read base motives into what a man does when it can be more economically shown to proceed from a decent attention to business. As for Aristotle, we shall perhaps do his memory no disrespect by surmising that, were he alive to be asked his opinion on *Le Père Goriot* or *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* as themes for tragedy, he were a man of mind large enough to reconsider what he wrote [1] more than two thousand years ago.

For the second warning, we have no evidence that Shakespeare had ever heard of Aristotle's *Poetics;* but, rather, good ground for supposing that he had not. If, then, never having heard of them, our greatest playwright instinctively obeyed those main rules, the more credit must go to Aristotle for extracting from what an Æschylus or a Sophocles had done these rules which a Shakespeare, albeit unconsciously, must follow.

Omitting Rule 5, then, and considering the more essential Rules 1–4, we note at once that the first three of these are negative and do but prepare the way for Rule 4, which works down to this—that a hero of tragic drama must, whatever else he misses, engage our sympathy; that, however gross his error or grievous his frailty, it must not exclude our sense of his being a like man with ourselves; that, sitting in the audience, you and I must accept what befalls him as conceivably befalling us, and say in our hearts, "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

We can fetch this point home to ourselves out of any scene in "Macbeth." For an instance—when the ghost of Banquo seats itself at that dreadful supper, who sees it? Not the guest on the stage—not even the Queen—but only Macbeth and you and I. Whom does it accuse? Macbeth. Of what does it accuse him? Of something which he, and you, and I, are hiding in our own breasts.

But how has Shakespeare managed it? If we trust to the "Chronicle," Macbeth was a murderer, and a murderer for

[1] And in his youth, perhaps. There are reasons for conjecturing the *Poetics* to be an early work.

his own private profit—a combination scarcely calculated to unlock your breast or mine and not at all calculated, I hope, to strike home upon our private frailties.

The " Chronicle " does indeed allow just one loophole for pardon. It hints that Duncan, nominating his boy to succeed him, thereby disappointing Macbeth's reasonable hope of the crown, which he thereupon, and not until then, by process of murder usurped, " having a juste quarrell so to do as he took the matter."

Did Shakespeare use that hint, enlarge that loophole? He did not; and the more we study it the more we must admire the splendid audacity of what he did. Instead of grasping a petty chance to condone Macbeth's guilt, he seized on it and plunged it threefold deeper, so that it might verily " the multitudinous seas incarnadine."

He made this man, a sworn soldier, murder Duncan, his liege lord.

He made this man, a host, murder Duncan, a guest within his gates.

He made this man, strong and hale, murder Duncan, old, enfeebled, defenseless.

He made this man murder Duncan for nothing nobler than private advancement.

He made this man murder Duncan, who had trusted and promoted him, and, that no detail of reproach might be lacking, had, a short while before, sent in most kindly thought the gift of a diamond to his hostess.

To sum up, instead of extenuating Macbeth's villainy, Shakespeare doubles and redoubles it. Deliberately this magnificent artist locks every apparent door upon condonation, plunges the guilt of his hero deep as hell—and then, standing back, tucks up his sleeves.

How can we be made to sympathize with such a man? To feel that he is such as we? Why, his guilt is of the very stuff which in " Hamlet " outlaws the criminal beyond reach of pardon—beyond our pardon, almost beyond God's.

" Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole—" So did Macbeth upon Duncan's. Hear, in " Hamlet," the wretch on his knees—

> Forgive me my foul murder?
> That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
> Of those effects for which I did the murder.

So was Macbeth again. Yet it is for this man that we

must be made to feel pity and terror, not for the deed, not for Duncan, or not chiefly for these, but for Macbeth, the protagonist. How was Shakespeare to do it?

He could, by giving him magnificent poetry to utter, make us feel that, for all his guilt, Macbeth was somehow a great man; and this he did. He could conciliate our sympathy at the start by presenting him as a brave and victorious soldier; and this he did. He could trace the dreadful act to ambition, "last infirmity of noble minds"; and this he did. He could show him drawn to the deed against will and conscience by persuasion of another, and that other (as the "Chronicle" hinted) a woman; and this again, though it is extremely dangerous, since all submission of will means some forfeit of manliness, lying apparently on the side of cowardice, and ever so little of cowardice may suffice to kill sympathy, this again Shakespeare dared and did. He used all these artifices. But they remain artifices. They do not begin to surmount the main difficulty, of carrying our sympathy past a crime at which human nature revolts.

There is, I conceive, only one possible way: that of making your hero—supposed virtuous, supposed valiant, supposed of certain winning qualities of nature—proceed to his crime under some fatal hallucination. It must not be an hallucination of mere madness; for that merely shocks and puzzles. In our treatment of madmen we have come to be far tenderer than were the Elizabethans. Still, the effects of madness remain unnatural, unaccountable: it is a human breakdown out of which anything inhuman may happen. No, the dreadful mistake must be one that can seize on a mind yet powerful and lead it logically to a doom that we, seated in the audience, understand and awfully forebode, yet cannot arrest.

Further, such an hallucination once established upon a strong mind, the more forcibly that mind operates the more desperate will be the conclusion of its error; the more powerful the deluded will the more desperate the deed to which it drives, as with the more anguish we must follow the once noble soul step by step to its ruin.

Now, of all forms of human error, which is the most fatal? Surely that of mistaking unrighteousness for righteousness, of assigning the soul to Satan's terrible resolve, "Evil, be thou my good." By a noble soul such a resolve cannot be taken save it obeys some overmastering delusion. If Shake-

speare could find such a delusion, to fasten it upon Macbeth, he had the key to unlock his main difficulty.

What is witchcraft? Or, first let us ask, what *was* witchcraft?

Well, to begin with, it was something in which the mass of any given audience in the Globe Theater devoutly believed. I shall not here inquire if Shakespeare believed in it, or, if at all, how far; but if he did not believe in it to some extent when he wrote the First Part of *King Henry VI.*, then it adds—what we would thankfully spare—one abomination the more to his treatment of Joan of Arc.

Women were burned for witches in Shakespeare's time, and throughout the seventeenth century and some way on into the eighteenth. We may read in the pious, detestable words of Cotton and Increase Mather what these poor creatures suffered in New England at the hands of the Puritan Fathers; or in Sinclair's *Satan's Invisible World Discovered* more than any Christian should bargain for concerning our home-grown beldames, especially those of Scotland. To go right back to Shakespeare's time, we may study its prevalent, almost general, belief in Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft* (1584). To the Elizabethans witchcraft was an accepted thing. Their drama reeks of it. I need but to cite a few titles—Marlowe's "Faustus," Greene's "Friar Bacon," Middleton's "Witch," Dekker's "Witch of Edmonton."

Nor shall I labor this, because it has been seized on by Dr. Johnson with his usual straight insight and expounded with his usual common sense. This play of "Macbeth" peculiarly attracted him. In 1745, long before he annotated the complete Shakespeare, he put forth a pamphlet entitled *Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks on Sir T. H.'s* (Sir Thomas Hanmer's) *Edition of Shakespeare.* To that pamphlet (says Boswell) he affixed proposals for a new edition of his own; and though no copy survives which contains them, he had certainly advertised his intention somehow and somewhere. As all the world knows, twenty years elapsed before, in October, 1765, his constitutional lethargy at length overcome, there appeared his edition of Shakespeare, in eight volumes.

Now what has Johnson to tell us of this his favorite play?

He begins on Act I, scene i, line 1—nay, before it: on the stage direction, "Enter Three Witches." Says he:

In order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merits of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the spirit of his age and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural spirits, would be censored as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the Theater to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy-tales instead of tragedies.

Here I submit that Johnson talks too loudly. I may not actually believe in Jove or Apollo or Venus, "mother of the Æneid race divine," any more than I believe in Puck or in Oberon, or in ghosts as vulgarly conceived. Yet Jove, Apollo, and Venus remain for me symbols of things in which I do firmly and even passionately believe: of things for which neither Christian doctrine nor modern Natural Science provides me with symbols that are equivalent or even begin to be comparable. Tradition has consecrated them; and an author to-day may invoke these names of gods once authentic; as an author to-day may employ ghosts, fairies, even witches, to convey a spiritual truth, without being suspected, by any one not a fool, of literal belief in his machinery.

Johnson proceeds:

But a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakespeare was in no danger of such censors, since we only turned the system that was then universal to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience.

Some learned observations follow on the dark ages and their credence in witchcraft; among which is introduced a story from Olympiodorus, of a wizard, one Libanius, who promised the Empress Placidia to defeat her enemies without aid of soldiery, and was promptly on his promise put to death by that strong-minded lady, "who," adds Johnson, "shewed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation."

He continues:

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and tho' day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of Queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of King James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The King, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very

formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his Dialogues of *Dæmonologie,* written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his accession, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain King James's favor was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favor. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of King James, made a law by which it was enacted, chap. xii, that "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3, or take up any dead man, woman, or child out of the grave—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person—to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4, or shall use, practise, or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5, whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6, that every such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakespeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it.

Upon this general infatuation Shakespeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting.

Thus wrote Johnson in the middle of the eighteenth century, "the age of reason"; and, assuming that he talks sense, let us revert to the question, What is, or was, witchcraft? What did men hold it, essentially and precisely, to mean?

It meant, essentially and precisely, that the person who embraced witchcraft sold his soul to the devil, to become his servitor; that for a price he consented to say, "Satan, be thou my god." It meant this and nothing short of this.

In the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is preserved a paper on which Milton, excogitating subjects for the poem which was to be his *magnum opus,* has left evidence in his own script that he once thought of rewriting this story of Macbeth. The entry runs: "Macbeth, beginning at the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff. The matter of Duncan may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost."

Milton, as everybody knows, profoundly admired Shakespeare; and the story of Macbeth attracted him, as we have seen it afterwards attracted Johnson. I think it must attract every masculine mind that loves literature.

Milton never handled the subject of "Macbeth." Eventually he chose to write an epic on the Fall of Man; and of that poem critics have been found to assert that Satan, "enemy of mankind," is in fact the hero and the personage who claims most of our sympathy.

I suggest that if we turn to *Paradise Lost,* and open it at Book IV upon Satan's soliloquy (32–113), we may catch a hint of what Milton perceived to be the secret of "Macbeth" and made the key of his own great poem. . . .

> Farewell, remorse! All good to me is lost:
> Evil, be thou my good.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

(To be concluded.)

TOLSTOY'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE

BY DAVID A. MODELL

When Tolstoy died under such dramatic circumstances a few years ago, the dominant note in much of the comment on his life—aside, of course, from the inevitable allusions to his too obvious dualism—was censure of his wife for having hindered the complete realization of the great Russian's ethical and social ideals. It was insinuated, when not openly charged, that by imposing on him a life of ease and luxury repugnant to his tastes and inconsistent with his philosophy, she drove him, finally, to the sensational flight which culminated in his sudden death. This undercurrent of reproach has increased rather than diminished from year to year, to the great and natural mortification of the widowed Countess. In self-defense, therefore, and for fear that after her own (she says approaching) death people will continue to misconstrue her and Tolstoy's mutual relations, she has had published recently all his letters to her—" all," she assures us, " except three that concern people still living, and the last six, for which the time has not yet come."

Whatever vindication these letters may bring to Tolstoy's widow in the open court before which she has confidently submitted her case, they are far more valuable for the new light they shed on Tolstoy himself. For these letters reveal a side of the great man which, if always suspected, was never generally understood: Tolstoy as an ardent lover and affectionate husband, which rounds out wonderfully his multiple personality.

Tolstoy's married life, taken all in all, was not a happy one; and there were forty-eight long years of it. The inner struggle between Tolstoy the artist and Tolstoy the moralist, of which his biographers persistently remind us, was as nothing compared to the half-century of struggle between Tolstoy the spiritual reformer and Tolstoy the tender husband. Even

the few extracts here made from his new letters tell a romantic story unsurpassed in tragic intensity by all the Romeos and Juliets ever conceived by the mind of man. The letters themselves—six hundred and fifty-six in all—fill a large volume and add a most valuable chapter to Tolstoy's autobiography. Their great psychological significance is obvious, for in them we get the heart and soul—feel the very pulse—of a great and true love, with all its trials and tribulations.

For the brief study we are here to make of these letters the chronological order is, of course, the best. To afford a better perspective, I preface the extracts of Tolstoy's letters to his wife with three from his friendly letters to his aunt, Countess Alexandra Andréevna Tolstoy, which give us the very first impressions of his new and intoxicating romantic experience.

(September, 1862.) Dear, kind friend Alexandrine: On Sunday, September 23rd, I am to marry Sophia Behrs, daughter of my childhood friend L. I. To give you an idea of what she is, one would have to write volumes; I have never been so happy since I was born.

(September 28.) I have reached the age of thirty-four without knowing that one can love so and be so happy. When I am more tranquil I will write you a long letter; I don't mean more tranquil, exactly—I am more tranquil now than I have been in all my life—but when I have grown more accustomed to my new state. At present I always feel as if I have stolen some undeserved, illegitimate happiness not intended for me. And why am I loved by such good people like you and—stranger still—by a being like my wife?

(Autumn of 1863.) Who and what am I now, you will probably ask yourself. I am a husband and a father, fully satisfied with my condition and so used to it that, in order to realize my happiness, I must imagine what life would be without it. . . . I have never known my intellectual and even moral powers to be so free and so fit for work.

Tolstoy was still in such high romantic spirits a year later, when the first letters to his wife were written:

(August 9, 1864.) You say I'll forget you. Not for a minute, especially in company. While hunting I may forget, mindful only of the chase; but when among people, with every meeting, every word, I recall you and always want to say to you what I can say to no one else.

(November 24.) I don't think I could fall asleep without having written you. Whatever I do during the day, I think, "I shall write about it to Sonia."

(December 1.) If it wasn't for this writing, I feel I absolutely could not be one day without you.

(The same day.) How happy, it seems, I should now be with you; yet when I return we shall probably quarrel about some trifle. . . . Good-by, my dear friend. How I love and kiss you. All will be well and we shall know no unhappiness, if you will but love me as I love you.

The last sentence is very significant. It occurs again and again in these letters, with hardly any variation, and shows that Tolstoy was a most passionate—even a jealous—husband. Even while he was still courting the young lady he wrote her: "If as a husband I am not to be loved as I love, it will be terrible." That this intense affection was not fully returned by his wife appears from Tolstoy's repeated reproaches and insinuations:

(December 7–10, 1864.) Your ill-humored letter reached me to-day, but even this gladdens and calms me! At a distance I love you even so, and near too. I cannot imagine you otherwise than in your changing moods of gaiety and tenderness, and sometimes in the mood in which you wrote this letter, which seldom comes upon you and which I always ascribe to physical causes—doing which, however, always makes you angry with me. But such is your mood when you suddenly grow jealous, as happened, you will remember, shortly before my departure.

. . . All the brunettes in your family are very amiable and sympathetic. The love of Alexandrovna [Tolstoy's mother-in-law] strikingly resembles yours. Even your bad traits are alike. I sometimes hear how she confidently starts talking of what she is ignorant, making positive assertions and exaggerations—and I recognize you. But I like you, any way. Sonia, my dear! How wise you are in everything you wish to put your mind to. It is because of this I say that you are [merely] indifferent to intellectual interests, and that not only is there no incapacity in you, but you have a mind—and a great mind [for them]. And this have all the dark-complexioned Behrs, whom I especially like. . . . I do and do not like you when you imitate her [Tolstoy's above-mentioned aunt]. I would like you to be really as good as she is; but wish you to be (as indeed you are) made of finer clay and with greater intellectual interests. And so you are.

Having so delicately stated what appears to have been one great gap between husband and wife—a statement sympathetically retracted, however, as soon as made, Tolstoy concludes this long letter as follows:

I have another trouble: I am losing ardor for my writing, and imagine, you, the fool, with your non-intellectual interests, told me the actual truth [about *War and Peace,* on which Tolstoy was then engaged]. As a good wife, you thought about your husband as about your own self; and I remember your telling me that my military and historical [portions], in which I try so hard, will turn out poorly, while the other—the domestic [pictures], the characters, and the psychological [elements]—will be good. Nothing could be truer. And I remember how you said it, and remember all of you. And, like Tania [Countess Tolstoy's sister], I feel like exclaiming: "Mamma, I want to go to Yasnaya Polyana; I want Sophia!" I began writing you out of mood, and end an entirely different man. My darling! Only love me as I love you, and nothing else matters, and all's well.

That Tolstoy took his early matrimonial experience very

moodily will already have been seen. His general feelings at this time, after two and a half years of married life, are best inferred from a note addressed to his aunt in which he wrote, among other things, this:

> You will remember, I wrote you once that people err when they expect a kind of happiness unalloyed with trials, illusions, and woe, when everything runs evenly and blissfully. I was mistaken then. Such happiness does exist, and I am living in it the third year, and with every day it becomes deeper and better poised.

Yet, six months later, he wrote his wife reproachfully and apologetically: "We never before parted so coldly as this time, and therefore my conscience bothers me all the time." The following are in all his variable moods:

> (Spring of 1866.) If it be possible to return sooner, I shall, for only with you, the children, and at home am I a man.
>
> (September 27.) . . . But what especially cheered me up are your letters, the fact that *you* are in them. And you put the best of yourself into your letters and thoughts about me. In actual life I know this is lost amid cares and quarrelsomeness.
>
> (November 16.) I feel that you were tired and out of mood when writing this letter. But even in bad moods you are dearer than all the world to me.
>
> (June 20, 1867.) I have just read your letter, and cannot describe to you all the affection—tearful affection—I feel for you; and not only now, but every minute of the day. My darling, my angel, and best in the world! For God's sake, don't stop writing me every day. . . . Without you I am not sad exactly—although this, too, at times—but, worst of all, I am a dead man. So much do I love you in your absence—even to foolishness.
>
> (Autumn.) Outside of intellectual needs, nothing in the world can interest me and distract my thoughts from you and home. The theater showed me this yesterday. I left it for grief, in the middle of a new play, and one that was well acted.
>
> (Without date, 1869.) On this journey I realized for the first time to what extent I have become attached to you and the children. I can remain alone while constantly at work, as I am in Moscow, but the moment I am disengaged I feel that I absolutely cannot stay alone.
>
> (July 16, 1871.) With every day's absence, I think of you more intensely, anxiously, and passionately; and I feel more depressed. . . . just now I feel like crying, so much do I love you.
>
> (July 13, 1872.) To work without you, without knowing that you are here, seems impossible.
>
> (January of 1877). I try not to think of you in your absence. Yesterday I approached your table, and, like one scalded, jumped away to avoid visualizing you. The same at night; I do not look in your direction.
>
> (June of 1878.) I like this feeling of an unusual, a most spiritual love I bear you, which I feel more intensely in separation.

Three years later, while Tolstoy was in Caucasia undergoing koumys treatment, his wife wrote him complainingly

of his neglect and even indifference. This called forth the following reply:

(August 2, 1881.) You won't believe how it troubles me that you are probably overtaxing your strength and how I repent having given you so little help [with the family]. In this respect the koumys has done me good; it has brought me down from the point of view from which, carried away by my work, I perforce viewed everything. I now see things differently. I still think and feel the same, but am cured of the delusion that others must view everything as I do. I was very guilty before you, dearest, unconsciously and unintentionally guilty, you know, but guilty none the less. My excuse is that, in order to work with such concentration as has been my wont and accomplish anything, one must forget everything else. And I did forget you too much, and repent it.

The following, written from his country home on his return from Moscow, where he had left wife and family, expresses Tolstoy's well-known dislike for city life.

(February 4, 1882.) You, ever at home and absorbed in family cares, cannot feel the difference that city and country make for me. The chief evil of city life for me and all men of thought is that one must either continually argue, refuting fallacious reasoning, or acquiesce in it without argument, which is still worse. And disputing or refuting nonsense and lies is a most idle occupation and a nerve-ending one; since there may be an infinite number of lies. Yet one engages in this and comes to believe it an occupation. But it is sheerest idleness. If one keeps out of disputation, however, he gets some point so clear that it precludes all possibility of dispute. And this can happen only in quietness and solitude.

Then in his amorous vein again:

(March 6.) I cannot live away from you. It is essential to me that all be together. . . . You say: "I love you, but you don't need my love at present." . . . . This only do I need, and nothing else can put new life in me. . . . Your love for me is my supreme joy in life.

Tolstoy, quite obviously, is for ever on the defensive; for ever apologizing for something or other that has given the slightest offense to his wife. It is obvious, too, that although his protestations of love are now as sincere as ever, a feeling of intensest sympathy gradually moderates and in the end displaces his earlier love. The next lengthy letter was written in reply to an unusually incisive one from his wife.

(June 15, 1883.) I received your letter, and the longer I read it the more I feel its coldness. There is nothing special in the letter, yet I didn't sleep all night and felt very dejected. I loved you so much, and there you reminded me of everything by which you deliberately kill my love. I wrote you that I took leave of you too coldly and hastily; and to this you reply that you are trying to live so that I may be unnecessary to you. Of me

and of what constitutes my life you write as of some weakness, of which you hope I may be cured by means of koumys. Of our forthcoming meeting, which is for me a bright star ahead, . . . you write with apprehensions as to reproaches and unpleasantness on my part. Of yourself you write that you are so tranquil and contented that it only remains for me not to disturb this tranquillity and contentment by my presence. . . . Oh, if only you did not get these strange spells, I cannot imagine how my love for you would grow! Perhaps it must be so. But if it could be avoided, how good it would be.

I console myself [with the thought] that it was a bad mood which is long past, and now, having spoken out, have put the matter out of my mind. But still it is far from the feelings I had toward you before your last letter. Yes, that was too strong. But enough of this. Excuse me if I have pained you, for you know that there can be no dissembling between us.

Tolstoy then really felt, as did the Countess, that a turning-point in their relations had been reached. He wrote her thus:

(September 29, 1883.) . . . Of late—I cannot say since when—you have become especially dear and interesting to me—and dear in every way. It seems to me that a new tie has grown between us, and I am most fearful lest it break.

(October 28, 1884.) Why don't you write that you are lonesome without me and call me? This is not as last year. . . . That I need you for the fullness of my life is certain, but one can live also in an incomplete state. But if you are lonesome, tell me and I'll come at once.

The following extracts, from letters written in reply to complaints concerning Tolstoy's well-known indifference to pecuniary and other matters affecting his family, touch the very heart of the issues that divided husband and wife.

(October 29.) I cannot—don't be angry, darling—ascribe any importance whatever to these monetary accounts. These are not events like, for instance, sickness, marriage, birth, death, acquired knowledge, a good or bad act, the good or bad habits of people near and dear to us; but matters of our own making, which we have arranged one way and can rearrange a hundred different ways. I know that this [view] often makes you, and always makes the children, very tired (I think it is all well known); but I cannot help repeating that the happiness or unhappiness of us all cannot depend on whether we spend all or save, but only upon what we ourselves are. Supposing you leave a million to Kostinka [one of Tolstoy's sons], will that make him any happier? In order that this [view] should not appear contemptible, one must take a broader and deeper view of life.

(October, 1885.) Everything shows me that you are very agitated, and this grieves me very much—*i. e.*, I feel for you and am pained. I would like to help you, but you know yourself that I cannot do it and that my saying "I cannot" is no mere excuse. All those matters, or at least most of them, that trouble you—such as the education of the children, their progress, money matters, and even publishers' transactions—all these matters seem to me unnecessary and superfluous. Please don't yield to grief and the

desire to reproach [me], for you know that this is due, not to double-dealing and laziness (in order to avoid effort), but to other reasons, which I do not deem bad ones; therefore, much as I like trying to reform myself, I cannot wish to reform in this respect. If, as you would say, you think I go to extremes, you need only enter into my motives to see that what I am governed by can have no extremes, because if we are to admit of any halting-place on the road to righteousness, it were best not to follow it at all. The nearer one's goal the harder it is to stop and the more intently one runs. For I look upon my life and my family thus and not otherwise, not from whimsicality, but because I came by this view of life in the school of painful experience. . . . I say all this only that you may have no ill-feelings against me, which, I fear, lurk in you. If I am wrong, then please forgive me; if not, eradicate your resentment toward me for remaining here [at Yasnaya Polyana] instead of coming to Moscow. My presence in Moscow, with the family, is well-nigh useless; the conditions of that life have a paralyzing effect on me, while the life itself is very repulsive to me—again owing to my general view of life, which I cannot change—and would greatly hinder my work. . . .

I know one thing: that for my peace of mind, and hence happiness, there must be affectionate relations between us, and therefore this is the first condition. If I find that you miss me, or that the separation from all becomes trying to me and work lags, I will come. And there everything will be seen; be it only in love and harmony.

(December 20.) . . . Again the same: "The task is beyond my strength"; "he never helps"; "I do everything"; "life does not wait" . . . The words are all familiar to me and, what's more, have no bearing whatever upon what I write and say. I said and say one thing: it is necessary that we consider and decide what is right and what is wrong, and which way to go; but so long as this remains unsettled it is not surprising that you suffer yourself and make others suffer. It is idle to talk of the imperative need of immediate action, since for people who have money for rent and food there are no imperative needs—save the need to think things over and live as is best. But, for God's sake, let us never speak of this again. I will not. I hope to be of stronger nerves hereafter and keep quiet. . . . I, at least, cannot change anything, as you know yourself. Only one thing remains: to cultivate tranquillity and kindness, of which I have little; and this I will endeavor to do. Good-by, my darling; I embrace and love and pity you. Love to the children. How lonesome you must be! I must come to you soon.

Thus the breach continued to widen—Tolstoy repeatedly, and without mincing words, stating his philosophical views, and his wife showing no particular eagerness either to understand or to adopt them. He never lost hope, however, of ultimately winning her over, and his letters would become unusually encouraging and sympathetic whenever he thought he saw her coming the least bit his way. Here are three fine specimens, written many years apart.

(March 29, 1889.) . . . Since I cannot help considering the life of the spirit as the main thing, I never cease sympathizing with your spiritual

life, being gladdened by its appearance and saddened by its decline; while always not only hopeful, but sure that it will become more and more intense in you, ridding you of your suffering and bringing that happiness in which you sometimes seem not to believe, but which I always experience, and the more intensely the nearer I come to the end of corporeal existence.

(September 26, 1896.) You have great strength, not only physical, but moral. Only some little thing is lacking, but a most important one, which will come, I am sure. I shall be sorry in the next world if that will come after my death. Many grieve that fame comes to them when they are dead; I have no regrets on this score. I would forego not only much, but all, fame to have you in spiritual harmony with me in my lifetime, as you will be after my death.

(November 13.) You ask whether I still love you. My feelings toward you are such that I think they can never change, because there is in them everything that can bind people together. . . . No, not everything, either. There is lacking the outward agreement in convictions—I say "outward" because I think the disagreement is only external and am ever confident that it will disappear.

Well, it did not disappear, despite Tolstoy's persistent efforts, infinite patience, and extraordinary tact. But he clung to the hope to the very end, never seeming to realize the futility of his endeavors. The fact that she did not yearn for the consolations of his philosophy he always attributed more to his own tactlessness than to his wife's limitations. "I blame myself," Tolstoy wrote her on one occasion, "for my inability to learn to use feelings rather than logic in my dealings with you." And again: "I say that one cannot influence you--nor, indeed, women generally—by logic, which provokes you like some unlawful violence. Yet it is incorrect to say that we should not put reason above feelings and that we must, on the contrary, put feelings first." But we have seen how, in his relations with his wife, Tolstoy always allowed his feelings freer scope than his reason. Even after the above-mentioned affirmations we still find him indulging his intense feelings in the tenderest expressions of sympathy, encouragement, and regret.

(November, 1898.) I cannot shake off an oppressive feeling of sadness, my dear, sweet Sonia, when I recall your tears on the morning of departure. I am quite sure that the good, godlike qualities of which you have so many will subdue everything that now oppresses and torments you—all that apathy and the feeling of life's emptiness of which you complain; and that you will yet live a joyous, positive, and tranquil life. My only anxiety is, how not to hinder you, for help you I cannot in any way, save by an increase of love for you, which I constantly feel of late.

(December 1.) I do but sit and worry over your physical and, especially, spiritual condition, and reproach myself. You say I wish to be in the right. On the contrary, I wish to be in the wrong, and feel in the wrong for not

managing so as not to grieve you. If you are suffering, and through me, then I must be to blame. I heartily repent this fault. If you were irritable and nervous, I am the more to blame for not putting myself in your place and feeling for you. I regret this now, but it is too late. . . . I write, and yet something holds me back. By misconstruing my words so as to be hurt by them you have scared me so that I am afraid to write. . . . Besides, what should I say? If, through misunderstanding and indisposition, I have unintentionally grieved you, please forgive me. I say "unintentionally," because I could not cause you pain deliberately, since, as I have written and told you, I lately feel greater and greater affection for you. Well, the sooner you answer the sooner I'll come, but, above all, you must not suffer as you do even when away. Suffering thus, you suffer not alone, for I suffer, too. I certainly cannot, *de gâité de cœur*, torture myself. Hence, if it does happen, it must be due to some misunderstanding.

I have reserved for the last two letters bearing on Tolstoy's final act in life—his flight from home. The first of these was written, but not delivered, to the Countess in 1897, thirteen years before the event it was intended to explain. The second, penned on the morning of Tolstoy's fatal departure, is the very last message she is known to have received from him.

(July 8, 1897.) Dear Sonia: The discord existing between my life and my convictions has long been tormenting me. I could not compel you to change your [mode of] life, the habits which I myself had fostered in you; nor could I leave you before now, fearing to deprive the children while young of what slight influence I might have over them and thus grieving you. But to continue living as I have lived these sixteen years—now wrangling with and irritating you, now myself yielding to the temptations of the environment to which I have grown accustomed—is equally impossible. Hence I have decided to do now what I have long wished to do: to go away; first because, with my rapidly advancing years, this [mode of] life becomes increasingly more trying for me, stimulating more and more my longing for solitude; and secondly, because, the children being grown up, my influence at home is no longer needed, while you all now have intenser interests that will make my absence little noticeable.

. . . . . .

My leaving you does not indicate that I was displeased with you. I am aware that you *could not*—really could not and cannot—see [things] and feel as I do, and therefore could not and cannot change your [mode of] life and make sacrifices in the name of something you do not recognize. Therefore I do not blame you, but, on the contrary, gratefully and lovingly recall the long thirty-five years of our life [together]—especially the first half of that period, when you, with your innate motherly self-abnegation, so energetically and unflinchingly performed what you considered your duty. You have given to me and to the world all you could give; have given much motherly love and devotion; and for this one cannot fail to esteem you. But during the last period of our life—the last fifteen years—we were not in harmony. I cannot think myself in the wrong, for I know that I

changed, not for my sake or for the sake of others, but because I could not do otherwise.

I cannot blame you for not following me, but thank you and lovingly remember and will remember [you] for what you have given me. Good-by, dear Sonia.—Your loving Leo Tolstoy.

(November 10, 1910.) My going away grieves you. I am sorry, but understand and believe me that I cannot act differently. My position at home has become intolerable. Moreover, I cannot continue living in the state of ease in which I have been living; and I am now going to do what people of my advanced years commonly do: withdraw from the concerns of the world in order to spend the remaining years in peace and tranquillity.

Please understand me and, even should you know where I be, do not follow me. This course would only render your position and mine still worse, but would not shake my resolution.

I thank you for your forty-eight years of honest life with me and beg you to forgive me all my faults, as I, from the bottom of my heart, forgive you what faults you may have had. I advise you to reconcile yourself to the changed state of things caused by my departure and to feel no resentment toward me.

The most obvious thing to be said of these letters—it would be giving real meaning to a much-abused phrase to call them a human document—is that they afford another illustration of the fact that great men are apt to lead unhappy married lives. Their points of contact with the world at large are too few for them to find many in a particular individual. Hence, the greater the genius the greater the hazards of matrimony. Of course, the risks become chances when masculine and feminine greatness meet. Such happy coincidences are far too rare, however—probably because there is not enough greatness in the world to go round. Even when they do occur we have no guarantee of perfect and permanent marital fusion, since the influences tending to produce temperamental and other incompatibility do not become altogether inoperative with marriage. In other words, the most perfect matrimonial alliance may develop into an aggravated case of misalliance.

This is exactly what happened in the life of the Tolstoys, who were congenially mated, lived in perfect harmony for full twenty years, and then gradually drifted apart. How and why, we have seen. In view of the great gulf that developed between them—a gulf which only a Tolstoy could hope to bridge—the wonder is, not that the great Russian should have ultimately abandoned his home, but that he did not do it sooner. But even this is now accounted for by his heartfelt concern for his wife and family—especially his

wife, whose anxieties and tribulations were never off his mind. "For the sake of the truth," says a critic, "Tolstoy spares no one." I think he came very near making an exception in favor of his wife, or there would not have been so many interesting letters. In only a few of these does he touch upon the big questions which agitated him, and there, as we have seen, so timidly and apologetically that the Tolstoy who always fearlessly attacked even the most popular fallacies is hardly recognizable. In most instances he really avoided all discussion of principles. What anguish one must feel who loves his wife as did Tolstoy and yet cannot unburden his mind on the most momentous matters, the reader will have no difficulty in imagining. Such lifelong restraint would in itself have lent a tragic character to the Tolstoy romance.

In publishing these letters to the world Tolstoy's widow was prompted, as I have already stated, by the desire for self-vindication. Well, now that we have sampled the evidence, what are we to think of her case? While neither ready nor called upon to "hand down an opinion," I would say that the Countess has certainly created a strong presumption in her favor by the mere publication of these letters—by inviting her critics, as she does in her preface, "to judge from actual and authentic data, and not from conjectures and lies." Undoubtedly the impression would have been more favorable still had she not chosen to withhold from us the last few letters pertaining to Tolstoy's flight. But even from what we have before us, it is quite clear that she has borne her share of suffering in this great spiritual tragedy—and borne it well. It must have been no small task to have endured so long the eccentricities of genius, of which Tolstoy had an ample assortment. Under such tremendous difficulties, few women could have done better, if any so well.

David A. Modell.

THE MATTER WITH THE POETS

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

"Nothing probably is more dangerous for the human race than science without poetry, civilization without culture."—HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN, *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century.*

"A poet in history is divine, but a poet in the next room is a joke."—MAX EASTMAN, *Enjoyment of Poetry.*

WHY has the present renaissance of the poetry-lover not yet brought with it a renaissance of the American poet? Almost every reason but the true one has been given. The true reason is that our poets are tired. They grew tired a couple of generations ago; and we have kept them in this condition ever since. With the rise of the modern metropolis, back in the seventies, city life began abruptly to be speeded up. At that time the poet—like almost every one else in the city—was unable to readjust his body at once to the new pace. He was like a six-day bicycle racer who should be lapped in a sudden and continued sprint. The sprint is still going on. Never again has the poet felt the exuberance with which he began. And never has he caught up to the leaders. The reason why the poet is tired is that he lives in the over-paced city. The reason why he lives in the city is that he is chained to it by the nature of his hack-work. And the reason for the hack-work is that the poet is the only one of all the various artists whose art almost never offers him a living. He alone is always obliged to earn in other ways the luxury of performing his appointed task in the world.

The poet is tired. Great art, however, is not the product of exhaustion, but of exuberance. It will have none of the skimmed milk of mere existence. Nothing less than the thick, pure cream of abounding vitality will do. In short, great art demands fullness of life. The exhausted artist has but three courses open to him: either to stimulate himself into a counterfeit, and suicidally brief, exuberance; or to

relapse into mediocrity; or to gain a healthy fullness of life. Somewhat more insistently than the other arts, poetry demands of its servant this brimming over of vitality. For the making of poetry combines, with quite as intense an emotional demand as music, painting, architecture, or sculpture, a more intense and persistent intellectual demand. Thus in the present era of overstrain the poet's art has been swift to succumb and slow to recuperate.

The poet who is obliged to live in the city has not yet been able to readjust his body to the pace of modern urban life, so that he may live among its never-ending conscious and unconscious stimulations, and still keep on hand a triumphant reserve of vitality to pour into his poems. Under these new and strenuous conditions very little real poetry has been written in our cities. American poets, despite their genuine love of town and their struggles to produce worthy lines amid its turmoil, have almost invariably done the best of their actually creative work during the precious moments that could be snatched in wood and meadow, by weedy marsh or rocky headland. To his friends it was touching to see with what wistfulness Richard Watson Gilder used to seek his farm at Tyringham for a day or two of poetry after a fortnight of wearing office-life. Even Walt Whitman—poet of cities that he was—had to retire "precipitate" from his beloved Manahatta in order fitly to celebrate her perfections. In fact, Mr. Stedman was perhaps the only one of our more important singers at the close of the century who could do his best work in defiance of Emerson's injunction to the poet: "Thou shalt lie close hid with nature, and canst not be afforded to the Capitol or the Exchange."

One reason for the rapidly growing preponderance of women—and especially of unmarried women—among our poetic leaders, is undoubtedly to be found in the fact that women, more often than men, command the means of living for a generous portion of the year that vital, unstrenuous, contemplative country existence demanded by poetry as an antecedent condition of its creation. Most of our promising poets of both sexes, however, have of late had little enough to do with the country. And the result is that the supreme songs of the twentieth century have remained unsung, to eat out the hearts of their potential singers. For fate has thrown most of our poets quite on their own resources, so that they have been obliged to live in the large cities, sup-

porting life within the various kinds of hack-harness into which the uncommercially shaped withers of Pegasus can be forced. I mean such harness as journalism, editing, compiling, reading for publishers, hack-article writing, and so on. Fate has also seen to it that the poet's make-up is seldom conspicuous by reason of a bull-neck, pugilistic limbs, and the nervous equipoise of a dray-horse. What he may lack in strength, however, he is apt to make up in hectic ambition. Thus it often happens that when the city does not consume quite all of his available energy, the poet, with his inadequate physique, chafes against the hack-work and yields to the call of the luring creative ideas that constantly beset him. Then, after yielding, he chafes again, and more bitterly, at his faint, imperfect expression of these dreams, recognizing in despair that he has been creating a mere crude by-product of the strenuous life about him. So he burns the torch of life at both ends, and the superhuman speed of modern existence eats it through in the middle. Then suddenly the light fails altogether.

Those poets alone who have unusual physical endurance are able to do even a small amount of steady, fine-grained work in the city. The rest are as effectually debarred from it as factory children are debarred from learning the violin well at the fag-end of their days of toil. In her autobiography Miss Jane Addams speaks some luminous words about the state of society which forces finely organized artistic talent into the exhausting struggle for mere existence. She refers to it as " one of the haunting problems of life; why do we permit the waste of this most precious human faculty, this consummate possession of all civilization? When we fail to provide the vessel in which it may be treasured, it runs out upon the ground and is irretrievably lost." A popular fallacy declares that the light of genius " will out." This is true; but only in a sadder sense than the stupidly proverbial one. The light of genius is all too easily snuffed out and trampled out.

We have heard not a little about the conservation of land, ore, wood, and water. The question what to do about our poetry concerns itself with an elder sort of conservation; one about which we heard much even as youngsters in college. This is the conservation of energy. Our poetry will never flourish until either the bodies of our city-prisoned poets manage to overtake the speeding-up process and re-

adjust themselves to it—or until we allow them an opportunity to return for an appreciable part of every year—

Where Art and Nature sing and smile

together. It is true that the masters of the other arts have not fared any too well at our hands; but they do not need help quite as badly as the poets need it. What with commissions and sales, scholarships, fellowships, and substantial prizes, the painters, sculptors, and architects, and even the musicians, have, broadly speaking, been able to learn and practise their art in that peace and security which is well-nigh essential to all artistic apprenticeship and productive mastery. They have usually been able to spend more time in the country than the poet. And even when bound as fast as he to the city, they have not been forced to choose between burning the candle at both ends or abandoning their art.

But, for some recondite reason—perhaps because this other art cannot be taught at all—it has always been an accepted American conviction that poetry is a thing which may be thrown off at any time as a side-issue by highly organized persons, most of whose time and strength and faculties are engaged in a vigorous and engrossing hand-to-hand bout with the wolf on the threshold—a most practical, philistine wolf, moreover, which never heard of rhyme or rhythm, and whose whole acquaintance with prosody is confined to a certain greedy familiarity with frayed masculine and feminine endings. As a result of this common conviction our poets have almost invariably been obliged to make their art a subsidiary and haphazard affair, like the rearing of children by a mother who is forced to go out and scrub from early morning till late at night and has to leave little Johnnie tied in his high chair to be fed by an elder sister on crusts dabbled in the pot of cold coffee. No wonder that so much of our verse "jest growed," like Topsy. And the resulting state of things has but served to reinforce our belief that to make the race of poets spend their days in correcting encyclopædia proof or running, note-book in hand, to fires—inheres in the eternal fitness of things.

Perhaps we have never yet realized that this attitude of ours would turn poetic success into a question of the survival of that paradox, the commercially shrewd poet, or of the poet who by some happy accident of birth or marriage

has inherited an income, or of that prodigy of versatility who, in our present state of civilization, besides being mentally and spiritually fit for the poet's calling, is also physically fit to bear the strain of doing two men's work. Perhaps we had better say, three men's—for simply doing the full work of a poet is about as nerve-consuming an occupation as any two ordinary men could support healthily in common —and the third would have to run to fires for the first two.

It is natural to the character of the American business man to declare that the professional poet has no reason for existence *qua* poet unless he can make his art support him. But let the business man bear in mind that, if plays were excluded, it would take not even a five-foot shelf to contain all the first-rate poetry which was ever written by poets in a state of poetic self-support.

Those who insist upon judging the art of poetry on the hard, American " cash basis " ought for the sake of consistency to apply the same criterion as well to colleges, symphony orchestras, institutions for scientific research, missions, settlements, libraries, and all other unlucrative educational institutions. With inexorable logic they should insist that people really do not need or desire knowledge or any sort of uplift, because they are not prepared to pay down its full cost. It is precisely this sort of logic which would treat the Son of Man, if He should appear among us, to a bench in Bryant Park and a place in the bread-line, and send the traffic squad to ride down his socialistic meetings in Union Square. No! poetry and most other forms of higher education have always had to be subsidized—and probably always will. When wisely subsidized, however, poetry is very likely to repay its support in princely fashion. In fact, I know of no other investment to-day that would bring us in so many thousand per cent. of return as a small fresh-air fund for poets.

We Americans are rather apt to complain of the comparatively poor, unoriginal showing which our poets have as yet made among those of other nations. We are quietly disgusted that only two of all our bards have ever made their work forcibly felt in Europe, and that neither Poe nor Whitman have ever profoundly influenced the great masses of their own people. Despite our splendid inheritance, our richly mingled bloods, our incomparably stimulating New World atmosphere, why has our poetry made such a meager

showing among the nations? The chief reason is obvious. *We have been unwilling to let our poets live while they worked for us.* True, we have the reputation of being an open-handed, even an extravagantly generous folk. But thriftiness in small matters often goes with an extravagant disposition, much as manifestations of piety often accompany depravity like flying buttresses consciously placed outside the edifice. We have spent millions on bronze and marble book-palaces which shall house the works of the poets, and billions on universities which shall teach these works. But as for making it possible for our few real poets completely to fulfil their priceless functions—we have satisfied ourselves by decreeing: "Let there be a sound cash basis."

What have we done with our poets? In the old days we set Longfellow and Lowell at one of the most exhausting of professions — teaching. We made Emerson do one-night lecture-stands all winter long in the West. We made Bryant ruin a gift as elemental as Wordsworth's in journalism; Holmes visit patients at all hours of the day and night; Poe take to newspaper offices and drink. We made Whitman drive nails, set type, and drudge in the Indian Bureau in Washington, from which he was dismissed for writing the most original and the most poetic of American books. Later he was rescued from want only by the humiliation of a public European subscription. Lanier we allowed to waste away in a dingy lawyer's office, then kill himself so fast by teaching and writing railway advertisements and playing the flute is an orchestra that he was forced to defer composing "Sunrise" until too weak with fever to carry his hand to his lips. And this was eleven years after that brave spirit's single cry of reproach, in "June Dreams in January":

> Why can we poets dream us beauty, so,
> But cannot dream us bread?

With Lanier the physical exhaustion incident to the modern speeding-up process began to be more apparent. Edward Rowland Sill we did away with in his early prime through journalism and teaching. We curbed and pinched the generous art of Richard Watson Gilder by piling upon him several men's editorial work. We created a poetic resemblance between Arthur Upson and the hero of *The*

Divine Fire by employing him in a bookstore. We drove William Vaughn Moody to teaching in Chicago, and later to setting the hand that gave us "An Ode in Time of Hesitation" to the building of popular melodrama. These are only a tithe of the things that we have done to the hardiest of our poets.

It is not pleasant to dwell on the fate of those less sturdy ones who have remained mute, inglorious Miltons for lack of a little practical appreciation and a small part of a small fresh-air fund.

More than almost any other civilized nation we have earned Allen Upward's reproach:[1]

> There are two kinds of human outcasts. Man, in his march upward out of the deep into the light, throws out a vanguard and a rear-guard, and both are out of step with the main body. Humanity condemns equally those who are too good for it and those who are too bad. On its Procrustean bed the stunted members of the race are racked; the giants are cut down. It puts to death with the same ruthless equality the prophet and the atavist. The poet and the drunkard starve side by side. . . . Literature is the chief ornament of humanity; and perhaps humanity never shows itself uglier than when it stands with the pearl shining on its forehead and the pearl-maker crushed beneath its heel. . . . England will always have fifteen thousand a year for some respectable clergyman; she will never have it for Shelley.

Yes, but how incomparably better England has treated her poets than America has treated hers! What convenient little plums, as De Quincey somewhat wistfully remarked, were always being found for Wordsworth just at the psychological moment; and they were not withheld, moreover, until he was full of years and honors. Indeed, we owe this poet to the philanthropist of whom Wordsworth says in "The Prelude":

> He deemed that my pursuits and labors lay
> Apart from all that leads to wealth, or even
> A necessary maintenance insures,
> Without some hazard to the finer sense.

How tenderly the frail bodies of Coleridge and of Francis Thompson were cared for by their appreciators. How potently the Civil List and the laureateship have helped a long, if most uneven, line of England's singers. Over against our solitary aging Aldrich, how many great English poets like Byron, Keats, the Brownings, Swinburne, and Tennyson have found themselves with small but independent incomes,

[1] In *The New Word.*

free to give their whole unembarrassed souls and all that in them was to their art. And all this since the close of the age of patronage!

Why have we never had a Wordsworth or a Browning? For one thing, because this nation of philanthropists has been too thoughtless to found the small fellowship in creative poetry which might have freed a Wordsworth of ours from communion with a cash-book to wander chanting his new-born lines among the dreamy Adirondack lakes or the frowning Sierras; or that might have sought out our Browning in his grocery-store and built him a modest retreat among the Thousand Islands. If not too thoughtless to act thus, we have been too timid. We have been too much afraid of encouraging weaklings by mistake. We have been, in fact, more afraid of encouraging a single mediocre poet than of neglecting a score of Shelleys. But we should remember that no harm is done, even if the weak are encouraged with the strong. Time soon blows away every trace of the weak. And it were better to help hundreds of them than to risk the loss of one new Shelley.

So far as I know, Thomas Bailey Aldrich is the only prominent figure among the poets of our elder generations who was given the means of devoting himself entirely to his art, And even *his* fortune was left him too late. I am quite aware that he wrote, after coming into his inheritance:

> A man should live in a garret aloof,
> And have few friends, and go poorly clad,
> With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
> To keep the goddess constant and glad.

But a friend of Mr. Aldrich's, one of his poetic peers, assures me that it was not the poet's freedom from financial cares at all, but premature age, instead, that made his goddess of poesy fickle after the advent of the pitifully belated fortune. Mr. Stedman spoke a far truer word on this subject. "Poets," he said, "in spite of the proverb, sing best when fed by wage or inheritance." "'Tis the convinced belief of mankind," said Francis Thompson, with a sardonic smile, "that to make a poet sing you must pinch his belly, as if the Almighty had constructed him like certain rudimentarily vocal dolls." "No artist," says Arnold Bennett, "was ever assisted in his career by the yoke, by servitude, by enforced monotony, by economic inferiority." And Bliss Carman speaks out loud and bold: "The best

poets who have come to maturity have always had some means of livelihood at their command. The idea that any sort of artist or workman is all the better for being doomed to a life of penurious worry is such a silly old fallacy one wonders it could have persisted so long.'' The wolf may be splendid at suckling journalism and various other less inspired sorts of writing, but she is a ferocious old stepmother to poetry. There are some who snatch at any argument in support of the existing order, and who triumphantly point out the great number of good poems that were written under '' seemingly '' adverse conditions. But they do not stop to consider how much better these poems might have been made under '' seemingly '' favorable conditions. Percy Mackaye was right when he declared that the few singers left to English poetry after our '' wholesale driving-out and killing-out of poets . . . are of two sorts—those with incomes and those without. Among the former are found most of the excellent names in English poetry; a fact which is hardly a compliment to our civilization.''

Would that one of those excellent philanthropists who has grown so accustomed to giving a million to libraries and universities that the act has become slightly mechanical might realize that he has, with all his munificence, made no provision as yet for helping the most indispensable part of our population! Would that he might realize how little good the poet can derive from the universities—places whose conservative formalism is even dangerous to his originality, because they try to melt him along with all the other students and pour him into their one mold. It is distressing to think of all the good money now devoted to inducing callow, overdriven sophomores to compose forced essays and doggerel, by luring them on with the glitter of cash prizes. One shudders to think of all the fellowship money which is now being used to finance reluctant young dry-as-dusts while they are preparing to pack still tighter the already overcrowded ranks of professors of English Literature whose profession—as Gerald Stanley Lee justly remarks—is founded on the striking principle that a very great book can be taught by a very little man. This is a department of human effort which, as now usually conducted, succeeds in destroying much budding appreciation of poetry. Why endow these would-be interpreters of the art, to the utter neglect of the class of artists whose work

they profess to interpret? What should we think of England if her Victorian poets had all happened to be penniless, and she had packed them off to Grub Street, and invested, instead, in a few more professors of Victorian literature? Why should not a few thousands out of the millions we spend on education be used to found fellowships of creative poetry? These would be given not to those who wish to learn to write poetry, for the first thousands would be far too precious for use in any such wild-cat speculations. They would be devoted rather to poets of proven quality who have already, somehow, learned their art, and who ask no more wondrous boon from life than fresh air and time to regain and keep that necessary margin of exuberance which must go to the making of real poetry.

I would not have the incumbent of such a fellowship, however, deprived suddenly of all outer incentives for effort. The abrupt transition from constant worry and war among his members to an absolutely unclouded life of pure vocation-following might be almost too violent a shock, and unsettle him and injure his productivity for a time. The income of such a fellowship, in my opinion, should be small. It should be such a sum as would almost, but not quite, support a poet very simply in the country, and still allow for books and an occasional trip to town. In some cases an annual income of a thousand dollars, supplemented by the little that poetry earns and a random article or story in the magazines would enable a poet to lead a life of the largest effectiveness. It is my belief that almost any genuine poet who is now kept in the whirl by economic reasons, and thus debarred from the free practice of his calling, would gladly relinquish even a large salary and reduce his life to simple terms to gain the inestimable privilege of devoting himself wholly to his art during the years before the golden bowl is broken. Many of those who are in intimate touch with the poetry of America to-day could show any philanthropist how to do his land and the world more actual, visible, immediate good by devoting a thousand dollars to poetry, than by allowing a hundred times that sum to slip into the ordinary channels of philanthropy.

Some years ago a *questionnaire* was submitted to various successful literary men by a poetry-lover who hoped to induce a wealthy friend to subsidize poets of promise in case these leaders approved the plan. Their answers were pub-

lished in *The Independent* for July 28, 1910. While most of the *littérateurs* warmly favored the idea, a few of the elder ones opposed it. These were men who had each made a financial success in more lucrative branches of literature than poetry: and it was perfectly natural for veterans who had brawnily struggled through the burden and heat of the day to look with the unsympathetic eyes of the sturdy upon those frailer ones of the rising generation who perhaps might, without assistance, be eliminated in the rough and tumble of the literary market-place. Of course it was but human for the veterans to insist that any real genius among their youthful competitors "would out," and that any assistance would but make life too soft for the youngsters, and go to swell the existing flood of bad verse by mitigating the primal rigors of natural selection. No doubt the generation of writers elder than Wordsworth quite innocently uttered these very same sentiments in voices of deep authority when it was proposed to offer that young person a chance to compose in peace.

Few supporters of the general plan, on the other hand, were wholly in favor of all the measures proposed for carrying it out. Some of the most telling criticisms went to show that while poets of real ability ought to be helped, the method of their selection offers grave difficulties. H. G. Wells, who heartily approved the main idea, brought out the fact that it would never do to leave the choice to a jury, as no jury would ever have voted for a half of the great poets who have perished miserably. Juries are much too conventionally minded. For they are public functionaries; or, if not that, at least they feel self-consciously as if they were to be held publicly responsible, and tend to bring conventional and perhaps priggish standards to bear upon their choice. "They invariably become timid and narrow," says Mr. Wells, "and seek refuge in practical, academic, and moral tests that invariably exclude the real men of genius."

Prizes and competitions were considered equally ill-advised methods of selection. It is significant that these methods are now being dropped in the fields of sculpture and architecture. For the mere thought of a competition is a thing essentially antagonistic to the creative impulse; and talent is likely to acquit itself better than genius in such a struggle. The idea of a poetic competition is a relic of a pioneer mode of thought. Mr. Wells concludes that the de-

cision should be made by the individual. But I cannot agree with him that the same individual should be the donor of the fellowship. This would-be savior of our American poetry should select the best judge of poets and poetry that he can discover and be guided by his advice.

On general principles, there are several things that this judge should *not* be. He should not be a professor of English, because of the professor's usual bias toward the academic. Besides, these fellowships ought not in any way to be associated with institutions of learning—places which are hostile to the creative impulse. Neither should the momentous decision be left to editors or publishers, because they are usually suffering from literary indigestion caused by skimming too many manuscripts too fast, and because, at any rate, they ordinarily pay so little attention to poetry and hold it commercially "in one grand despise." Nor should the normal type of poet be chosen to decide this question. For the poet is apt to have a narrow, one-sided view of the field. He has probably developed his own distinctive style and personality at the expense of artistic catholicity and kindly breadth of critical judgment.

To whom, then, should the decision be left? It should be left, in my opinion, to a real *judge*—to some broad, keen critic of poetry with a clear, unbiased view of the whole domain of the art. It matters not whether he is professional or amateur, if he is untouched by the academic and has not done so much reading or writing as to impair his digestion and his clarity of vision.

It seems to me that perhaps one ideal way of liberating the poets of the republic would be by founding fellowships in creative poetry through the general democratic subscription of all poetry-lovers. In that case, means would have to be devised for safeguarding the critic-judge from undue pressure in favor of this candidate or that; and for guarding the incumbents of the fellowships against more insidious influences. For the liberated poets would be merely exchanging prisons if they felt that the contributors to the fund assumed to dictate what sort of poetry the poets should write. Needless to say, the idea of charity should no more be connected with the award of such a fellowship than it is with the award of a Nobel prize. It should be a high honor, not a charity.

Men say that money cannot buy a joyful heart. But next

to writing a great poem, I can scarcely imagine a finer happiness than to know that a thousand of my dollars had enabled a newly ripened genius to shake from his shoes the dust of a city office and go for a year to "God's outdoors," there to free his system of some of the beauty that had chokingly accumulated until it had grown an almost intolerable pain. What happiness to know that my gold had given men the modern New World "Hyperion" or "Prelude" or "Ring and the Book!" And even if that whole year resulted in nothing more than a "Rabbi Ben Ezra" or a "Crossing the Bar," could one possibly consider such a result in the same thought-wave with dollars and cents?

But this sum might do something even better than help produce counterparts of famous poems created in other times and lands. It might actually secure the inestimable boon of a year's leisure, a procession of peaceful vistas and vital bloom for one of those "poets to come" whom our old Walt Whitman so confidently counted upon to "justify him and answer what he was for"—that

> new brood, native, athletic, continental, greater than before known.

This handful of gold might make it possible for one of these new poets to come into his own, and ours, at once, and in his own person to accomplish that fusion so devoutly to be wished—of those diverse factors of the greatest poetry which have existed among us thus far only in awful isolation, as the possession of this one and that of our chief singers.

How fervently we poetry-lovers wish that one of the captains of industry would feel impelled to put his hand into his pocket—if only into his smallest watch-pocket—or to revise his will in favor of the art! It would be such poetic justice if one of those who have prospered most through the very speeding-up process which has seriously crippled our poetry should devote to its service a small tithe of what he has won from poetry's loss—and thus hasten our renaissance of song and lure a new dawn, "brighter than before known" out of the dusk of the poets.

Robert Haven Schauffler.

LIFE AND MIND

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

THERE are three kinds of change in the world in which we live—physical and mechanical change which goes on in time and place among the tangible bodies about us, chemical change which goes on in the world of hidden molecules and atoms of which bodies are composed, and vital change which involves the two former, but which also involves the mysterious principle or activity which we call life. Life comes and goes, but the physical and chemical orders remain. The vegetable and animal kingdoms wax and wane, or disappear entirely, but the physico-chemical forces are as indestructible as matter itself. This fugitive and evanescent character of life, the way it uses and triumphs over the material forces, setting up new chemical activities in matter, sweeping over the land areas of the earth like a conflagration, lifting the inorganic elements up into myriads of changing and beautiful forms, instituting a vast number of new chemical processes and compounds, defying the laboratory to reproduce it or kindle its least spark—a flame that cannot exist without carbon and oxygen, but of which carbon and oxygen do not hold the secret, a fire reversed, building up instead of pulling down, in the vegetable with power to absorb and transmute the inorganic elements into leaves and fruit and tissue; in the animal with power to change the vegetable products into bone and muscle and nerve and brain, and finally into thought and consciousness—run by the solar energy and dependent upon it, yet involving something which the sunlight cannot give us—in short, an activity in matter, or in a limited part of matter, as real as the physico-chemical activity, but, unlike it, defying all analysis and explanation and all our attempts at synthesis. It is this character of life, I say, that so easily leads us to look upon

it as something *ab extra,* or superadded to matter, and not an evolution from it. It has led Sir Oliver Lodge to conceive of life as a distinct entity, existing independent of matter, and it is this conception that gives the key to Henri Bergson's wonderful book, *Creative Evolution.*

There is possibly or probably a fourth change in matter, physical in its nature, but much more subtle and mysterious than any of the physical changes which our senses reveal to us. I refer to radioactive change, or to the atomic transformation of one element into another, such as the change of radium into helium, and the change of helium into lead—a subject that takes us to the borderland between physics and chemistry where is still debatable ground.

I began by saying that there were three kinds of changes in matter—the physical, the chemical, and the vital. But if we follow up this idea and declare that there are three kinds of force also, claiming this distinction for the third term of our proposition, we should be running counter to the main current of recent biological science. "The idea that a peculiar 'vital force' acts in the chemistry of life," says Professor Soddy, "is extinct."

"Only chemical and physical agents influence the vital processes," says Professor Czapek of the University of Prague, "and we need no longer take refuge in mysterious 'vital forces' when we want to explain these."

Tyndall was obliged to think of a force that guided the molecules of matter into the special form of a tree. This force was in the ultimate particles of matter. But when he came to the brain and to consciousness, he says, a new product appears that defies mechanical treatment.

The attempt of the biological science of our time to wipe out all distinctions between the living and the non-living, solely because scientific analysis reveals no difference, is a curious and interesting phenomenon. The French biologist, Professor Le Dantec of the Sorbonne, in his volume on *The Nature and Origin of Life,* sees no more difference between inert and animate matter than between two chemical compounds, one with two less atoms of hydrogen in its composition than the other.

Professor Schäffer, in his presidential address before the British Association in 1912, argues that all the main characteristics of living matter, such as assimilation and disassimilation, growth and reproduction, spontaneous and amœboid

movement, osmotic pressure, karyokinesis, etc., were equally apparent in the non-living; therefore he concluded that life is only one of the many chemical reactions, and that it is not improbable that it will yet be produced by chemical synthesis in the laboratory. The logic of the position taken by Professor Schäffer and of the school to which he belongs, demands this artificial production of life—an achievement that seems no nearer than it did a half century ago. When it has been attained, the problem will be simplified, but the mystery of life will by no means have been cleared up. One follows these later bio-chemists in working out their problem of the genesis of life with keen interest, but always with a feeling that there is more in their conclusions than is justified by their premises. I for my own part am not looking for an appeal to any teleological factor or principal in nature. I am convinced that whatever is, is natural, but I feel the need of something of a different order from the spark evoked by the flint and the steel, or the reaction of chemical compounds, though if asked to explain what this something is that is characteristic of living matter, I should be hard put for an answer.

The new school of biologists start with matter that possesses extraordinary properties—with matter that seems inspired with the desire for life, and behaving in a way that it never will behave in the laboratory. They begin with the earth's surface warm and moist, the atmosphere saturated with watery vapor and carbon dioxide and many other complex unstable compounds; there they summon all the material elements of life—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, with a little sodium, chlorine, iron, sulphur, phosphorus, and others—and make these run together to form a jelly-like body called a colloid; then they endow this jelly mass with the power of growth, and of subdivision when it gets too large; they make it able to absorb various unstable compounds from the air, giving it internal stores of energy, "the setting free of which would cause automatic movements in the lump of jelly." Thus they lay the foundations of life. This carbonaceous material with properties of movement and subdivision due to mechanical and physical forces is the immediate ancestor of the first imaginary living being, the *protobion*. To get this *protobion* the chemists summon a reagent known as catalyser. The catalyser works its magic on the jelly mass. It sets up a wonderful reaction

by its mere presence, without parting with any of its substance. Thus a bit of platinum which has this catalytic power is dropped into a vessel containing a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen; the two gases instantly unite and form water. A catalyser introduced in the primordial jelly liberates energy and gives the substance power to break up the various complex unstable compounds into food, and promote growth and subdivision. In fact, it awakens or imparts a vital force and leads to " indefinite increase, subdivision, and movement."

With Professor Schäffer there is first " the fortuitous production of life upon this globe "—the chance meeting or jostling of the elements that resulted in a bit of living protoplasm, " or a mass of colloid slime " in the old seas, or on their shores, " possessing the property of assimilation and therefore of growth." Here the whole mystery is swallowed at one gulp. " Reproduction would follow as a matter of course," because all material of this physical nature—fluid or semi-fluid in character—" has a tendency to undergo subdivision when its bulk exceeds a certain size."

" A mass of colloidal slime " that has the power of assimilation and of growth and reproduction, is certainly a new thing in the world, and no chemical analysis of it can clear up the mystery. It is easy enough to produce colloidal slime, but to endow it with these wonderful powers so that " the promise and the potency of all terrestrial life " slumbers in it is a staggering proposition.

Whatever the character of this subdivision, whether into equal parts or in the form of buds,

> every separate part would resemble the parent in chemical and physical properties, and would equally possess the property of taking in and assimilating suitable material from its liquid environment, growing in bulk and reproducing its like by subdivision. In this way from any beginning of living material a primitive form of life would spread and would gradually people the globe. The establishment of life being once effected, all forms of organization follow under the inevitable laws of evolution.

Why all forms of organization—why the body and brain of man—must inevitably follow from the primitive bit of living matter, is just the question upon which we want light. The proposition begs the question. Certainly when you have got the evolutionary process once started in matter which has these wonderful powers, all is easy. The pro-

fessor simply describes what has taken place and seems to think that the mystery is thereby cleared up, as if by naming all the parts of a machine and their relation to one another, the machine is accounted for. What caused the iron and steel and wood of the machine to take this special form, while in other cases the iron and steel and wood took other radically different forms, and vast quantities of these substances took no form at all?

In working out the evolution of living forms by the aid of the blind physical and chemical agents alone, Professor Schäffer unconsciously ascribes the power of choice and purpose to the individual cells, as when he says that the cells of the external layer sink below the surface for better protection and better nutrition. It seems to have been a matter of choice or will that the cells developed a nervous system in the animal and not in the vegetable. Man came because a few cells in some early form of life acquired a slightly greater tendency to react to an external stimulus. In this way they were brought into closer touch with the outer world and thereby gained the lead of their duller neighbor cells, and became the real rulers of the body, and developed the mind.

One reads Professor Schäffer's address with a peculiar feeling of admiration and bewilderment—admiration for its lucidity, its physiological science, and the logical texture of the argument, and bewilderment on having it urged upon him by so competent a mind that at bottom there is no fundamental difference between the living and non-living. We need not urge the existence of a peculiar vital force, as distinct from all other forces, but all distinctions between things are useless if we cannot say that a new behavior is set up in matter which we describe by the word "vital," and that a new principle is operative in organized matter which we must call "intelligence." Of course all movements and processes of living beings are in conformity with the general laws of matter, but does such a statement necessarily rule out all idea of the operation of an organizing and directing principle that is not operative in the world of inanimate things?

In this philosophy evolution is purely a mechanical process—there is no inborn tendency, no inherent push, no organizing effort, as Bergson urges, but all results from the blind groping and chance jostling of the inorganic elements;

from the molecules of undifferentiated protoplasm to the brain of a Christ or a Plato, is just one series of unintelligent physical and chemical activities in matter.

May we not say that all the marks or characteristics of a living body which distinguish it in our experience from an inanimate body, are of a non-scientific character, or outside the sphere of experimental science? We recognize them as readily as we distinguish day from night, but we cannot describe them in the fixed terms of science. When we say growth, metabolism, osmosis, the colloidal state, science points out that all this may be affirmed of inorganic bodies. When we say a life principle, a vital force or soul or spirit or intelligence, science turns a deaf ear.

The difference between the living and the non-living is not so much a physical difference as a metaphysical difference. Living matter is actuated by intelligence. Its activities are spontaneous and self-directing. The rock, and the tree that grows beside it, and the insects and rodents that burrow under it, may all be made of one stuff, but their difference to the beholder is fundamental; there is an intelligent activity in the one that is not in the other. Now no scientific analysis of a body will reveal the secret of this activity. As well might your analysis of a phonographic record hope to disclose a sonata of Beethoven latent in the waving lines. No power of chemistry could reveal any difference between the gray matter of Plato's brain and that of the humblest citizen of Athens. All the difference between man, all that makes a man a man, and an ox an ox, is beyond the reach of any of your physico-chemical tests. By the same token the gulf that separates the organic from the inorganic is not within the power of science to disclose. The biochemist is bound to put life in the category of the material forces because his science can deal with no other. To him the word " vital " is a word merely, it stands for no reality, and the secret of life is merely a chemical reaction. A living body awakens a train of ideas in our minds that a non-living fails to awaken —a train of ideas that belong to another order from that awakened by scientific demonstration. We cannot blame science for ruling out that which it cannot touch with its analysis, or repeat with its synthesis. The phenomena of life are as obvious to us as anything in the world; we know their signs and ways, and witness their power, yet in the

alembic of our science they turn out to be only physico-chemical processes; hence that is all there is of them. Vitality, says Huxley, has no more reality than the horology of a clock. Yet Huxley sees three equal realities in the universe — matter, energy, and consciousness. But consciousness is the crown of a vital process. Hence it would seem as if there must be something more real in vitality than Huxley is willing to admit.

II

Nearly all the later biologists or biological philosophers are as shy of the term "vital force," and even of the word "vitality," as they are of the words "soul," "spirit," "intelligence," when discussing natural phenomena. To experimental science such words have no meaning because the supposed realities for which they stand are quite beyond the reach of scientific analysis. Sir Ray Lankaster in his *Science from an Easy Chair* compares vitality with aqueosity, and says that to have recourse to a vital principle or force to explain a living body is no better philosophy than to appeal to a principle of aqueosity to explain water. Of course words are words, and they have such weight with us that when we have got a name for a thing it is very easy to persuade ourselves that the thing exists. The terms "vitality," "vital force," have long been in use, and it is not easy to convince oneself that they stand for no reality. Certain it is that living and non-living matter are sharply separated, though when reduced to their chemical constituents in the laboratory they are found to be identical. The carbon, the hydrogen, the nitrogen, the oxygen, and the lime, sulphur, iron, etc., in a living body are in no way peculiar, but are the same as these elements in the rocks and the soil. We are all made of one stuff; a man and his dog are made of one stuff; an oak and a pine are made of one stuff; Jew and Gentile are made of one stuff. Should we be justified, then, in saying that there is no difference between them? There is certainly a moral and an intellectual difference between a man and his dog, if there is no chemical and mechanical difference. And there is as certainly as wide or a wider difference between living and non-living matter, though it be beyond the reach of science to detect. For this difference we have to have a name, and we use the words "vital," "vitality," which seem to me to stand for as un-

deniable realities as the words heat, light, chemical affinity, gravitation. There is not a principle of roundness, though "nature centers into balls," nor of squareness, though crystallization is in right lines, nor of aqueosity, though two-thirds of the surface of the earth is covered with water. Can we on any better philosophical grounds say that there is a principle of vitality, though the earth swarms with living beings? Yet the word vitality stands for a reality, it stands for a peculiar activity in matter—for certain movements and characteristics for which we have no other term. I fail to see any analogy between aqueosity and that condition of matter we call vital or living. Aqueosity is not an activity, it is a property, the property of wetness; viscosity is a term to describe other conditions of matter; solidity, to describe still another condition; and opacity and transparency, to describe still others—as they affect another of our senses. But the vital activity in matter is a concrete reality. With it there goes the organizing tendency or impulse, and upon it hinges the whole evolutionary movement of the biological history of the globe. We can do all sorts of things with water—freeze it, boil it, evaporate it—and still keep its aqueosity. If we resolve it into its constituent gases we destroy its aqueosity, but by uniting these gases chemically we have the wetness back again. But if a body loses its vitality, its life, can we by the power of chemistry, or any other power within our reach, bring the vitality back to it? Can we make the dead live? You may bray your living body is a mortar, destroy every one of its myriad cells, and yet you may not extinguish the last spark of life; the protoplasm is still living. But boil it or bake it and the vitality is gone, and all the art and science of mankind cannot bring it back again. Of course life is dependent at all times upon the physical and chemical properties of the matter with which it is associated, but do these properties or activities tell the whole story about a living body? The physical and chemical activities remain after the vital activities have ceased. Do we not then have to supply a non-chemical, a non-physical force or factor to account for the living body? Is there no difference between the growth of a plant or an animal, and the increase in size of a sand-bank or a snow-bank, or a river delta? or between the wear and repair of a working-man's body and the wear and repair of the machine he drives? Excretion and secretion are not in the same

categories. The living and the non-living mark off the two grand divisions of matter in the world in which we live, as no two terms merely descriptive of chemical and physical phenomena ever can. Life is a motion in matter, but of another order from that of the physico-chemical, though inseparable from it. We may forego the convenient term "vital force." Modern science shies at the term "force." We must have force or energy or pressure of some kind to lift dead matter up into the myriad forms of life, though in the last analysis of it it may all date from the sun. When it builds a living body, we call it a vital force; when it builds a gravel-bank, or moves a glacier, we call it a mechanical force; when it writes a poem or composes a symphony, we call it a psychic force—all distinctions which we cannot well dispense with, though of the ultimate reality for which these terms stand we can know little. In the latest science heat and light are not substances, though electricity is. They are peculiar motions in matter which give rise to sensations in certain living bodies that we name light and heat, as another peculiar motion in matter gives rise to a sensation we call sound. Life is another kind of motion in certain aggregates of matter—more mysterious or inexplicable than all others because it cannot be described in terms of the others, and because it defies the art and science of man to reproduce.

Though the concepts "vital force" and "life principle" have no standing in the court of modern biological science, it is interesting to observe how often recourse is had by biological writers to terms that embody the same idea. Thus the German physiologist, Verworn, the determined enemy of the old conception of life, in his great work on *Irritability*, has recourse to "the specific energy of living substances." One is forced to believe that without this "specific energy" his "living substances" would never have arisen out of the non-living.

Professor Moore of Liverpool University, while discussing the term "vital force," invents a new phrase, "biotic energy," to explain the same phenomena. Surely a force by any other name is no more and no less potent. Both Verworn and Moore feel the need, as we all do, of some term, or terms, by which to explain that activity in matter which we call vital. Other writers have referred to "a peculiar power of synthesis" in plants and animals, which the inanimate forms do not possess.

Sir Ray Lankester, to whom I have already referred in discussing this subject, helps himself out by inventing, not a new force, but a new substance in which he fancies "resides the peculiar property of living matter." He calls this hypothetical substance "plasmogen," and thinks of it as an ultimate chemical compound hidden in protoplasm. Has this "ultimate molecule of life" any more scientific or philosophical validity than the old conception of a vital force? It looks very much like another name for the same thing—an attempt to give the mind something to take hold of in dealing with the mystery of living things. This imaginary "life-stuff" of the British scientist is entirely beyond the reach of chemical analysis; no man has ever seen it or proved its existence. In fact it is simply an invention of Sir Ray Lankester to fill a break in the sequence of observed phenomena. Something seems to possess the power of starting or kindling that organizing activity in a living body, and it seems to me it matters little whether we call it "plasmogen," or a "life principle," or "biotic energy," or what not; it surely leavens the loaf. Matter takes on new activities under its influence. Lankester thinks his plasmogen came into being in early geologic ages, and that the conditions which led to its formation have probably never recurred. Whether he thinks its formation was merely a chance hit or not, he does not say.

We see matter all about us, acted upon by the mechanico-chemical forces, that never takes on any of the distinctive phenomena of living bodies. Yet Verworn is convinced that if we could bring the elements of a living body together as Nature does, in the same order and proportion, and combine them in the selfsame way, or bring about the vital conditions, a living being would result. Undoubtedly. It amounts to saying that if we had Nature's power we could do what she does. *If* we could marry the elements as she does, and bless the banns as she seems to, we could build a man out of a clay-bank. But clearly physics and chemistry alone, as we know and practise them, are not equal to the task.

III

One of the fundamental characteristics of life is power of adaptation; it will adapt itself to almost any condition; it is willing and accommodating. It is like a stream that can be turned into various channels; the gall insects turn it into

channels to suit their ends when they sting the leaf of a tree or the stalk of a plant, and deposit an egg in the wound. "Build me a home and a nursery for my young," says the insect. "With all my heart," says the leaf, and forthwith forgets its function as a leaf, and proceeds to build up a structure, often of great delicacy and complexity, to house and cradle its enemy. The current of life flows on blindly and takes any form imposed upon it. But in the case of the vegetable galls it takes life to control life. Man cannot produce these galls by artificial means. But we can take various mechanical and chemical liberties with embryonic animal life in its lower sea-forms. Professor Loeb has fertilized the eggs of sea-urchins by artificial means: The eggs of certain forms may be made to produce twins by altering the constitution of the sea-water, and the twins can be made to grow together so as to produce monstrosities by another chemical change in the sea-water. The eyes of certain fish embryos may be fused into a single cyclopean eye by adding magnesium chloride to the water in which they live. Loeb says, "It is *a priori* obvious that an unlimited number of pathological variations might be produced by a variation in the concentration and constitution of the sea-water, and experience confirms this statement." It has been found that when frog's eggs are turned upside down and compressed between two glass plates for a number of hours, some of the eggs give rise to twins. Professor Morgan found that if he destroyed half of a frog's egg after the first segmentation, the remaining half gave rise to half an embryo, but that if he put the half-egg upside down, and compressed it between two glass plates, he got a perfect embryo frog of half the normal size. Such things show how plastic and adaptive life is. Dr. Carrel's experiments with living animal tissue immersed in a proper mother-liquid illustrates how the vital process—cell multiplication—may be induced to go on and on, blindly, aimlessly, for an almost indefinite time. The cells multiply, but they do not organize themselves into a constructive community and build an organ or any purposeful part. They may be likened to a lot of blind masons piling up brick and mortar without any architect to direct their work or furnish them a plan. A living body of the higher type is not merely an association of cells; it is an association and co-operation of communities of cells, each community working to a definite end and building an har-

monious whole. The biochemist who would produce life in the laboratory has before him the problem of compounding matter charged with this organizing tendency or power, and doubtless if he ever should evoke this mysterious process through his chemical reactions, it would possess this power, as this is what distinguishes the organic from the inorganic.

I do not see mind or intelligence in the inorganic world in the sense in which I see it in the organic. In the heavens one sees power, vastness, sublimity, unspeakable, but one sees only the physical laws working on a grander scale than on the earth. Celestial mechanics do not differ from terrestrial mechanics, however tremendous and imposing the result of their activities. But in the humblest living thing—in a spear of grass by the roadside, in a gnat, in a flea—there lurks a greater mystery. In an animate body, however small, there abides something of which we get no trace in the vast reaches of astronomy, a kind of activity that is incalculable, indeterminate, and super-mechanical, not lawless, but making its own laws, and escaping from the iron necessity that rules in the inorganic world.

Our mathematics and our science can break into the circle of the celestial and the terrestrial forces, and weigh and measure and separate them, and in a degree understand them; but the forces of life defy our analysis as well as our synthesis.

Knowing as we do all the elements that make up the body and brain of a man, all the physiological processes, and all the relations and interdependence of his various organs, and if, in addition, we knew all his inheritances, his whole ancestry back to the primordial cells from which he sprang, and if we also knew that of every person with whom he comes in contact and who influences his life, could we forecast his future, predict the orbit in which his life would revolve, indicate its eclipses, its perturbations, and the like, as we do that of an astronomic body? or could we foresee his affinities and combinations as we do that of a chemical body? Had we known any of the animal forms in his line of ascent, could we have foretold man as we know him today? Could we have foretold the future of any form of life from its remote beginnings? Would our mathematics and our chemistry have been of any avail in our dealing with such a problem? Biology is not in the same category with geology and astronomy. In the inorganic world, chemical

affinity builds up and pulls down. It integrates the rocks and, under changed conditions, it disintegrates them. In the organic world chemical affinity is equally active, but it plays a subordinate part. It neither builds up nor pulls down. Vital activities, if we must shun the term "vital force," do both. Barring accidents, the life of all organism is terminated by other organisms—micro-organisms and their bodies reduced to dust by the same agents. In the order of nature, life destroys life, and compounds destroy compounds. When the air and soil and water hold no invisible living germs, organic bodies never decay. It is not the heat that sets putrefaction, but germs in the air. Sufficient heat kills the germs, but what disintegrates the germs and reduces them to dust? Other still smaller organisms? and so on *ad infinitum?* Does the sequence of life have no end? The destruction of one chemical compound means the formation of other chemical compounds; chemical affinity cannot be annulled, but the activity we call vital is easily arrested. A living body can be killed, but a chemical body can only be changed into another chemical body. As we said we can do all sorts of things with water—freeze it, vaporize it, and separate it into its constituent gases, oxygen and hydrogen—but we cannot destroy the essential activity of its elements, as we can those of a living body.

The least of living things, I repeat, holds a more profound mystery than all our astronomy and our geology hold. It introduces us to activities which our mathematics do not help us to deal with. Our science can describe the processes of a living body, and name all the material elements that enter into it, but it cannot tell us in what the peculiar activity consists, or just what it is that differentiates living matter from non-living. Its analysis reveals no difference. But this difference consists in something beyond the reach of chemistry and of physics; it is active intelligence, the power of self-direction, of self-adjustment, of self-maintenance, of adapting means to an end. It is notorious that the hand cannot always cover the flea; this atom has will, and knows the road to safety. Behold what our bodies know over and above what we know. There is a chemist at work in the body who proceeds precisely like the chemist in his laboratory; they might both have graduated at the same school. Thus the chemist in the laboratory is accustomed to dissolve the substance which is to be used in an experiment to react

on other substances. The chemical course in living cells is the same. All substances destined for reactions are first dissolved. No compound is taken up in living cells before it is dissolved. Digestion is essentially identical with dissolving or bringing into a liquid state. On the other hand, when the chemist wishes to preserve a living substance from chemical change, he transfers it from a state of solution into a solid state. The chemist in the living body does the same thing. Substances which are to be stored up, such as starch, fat, or protein bodies, are deposited in insoluble form, ready to be dissolved and used whenever wanted for the life processes. Poisonous substances are eliminated from living bodies by the same process of precipitation. Oxalic acid is a product of oxidation in living cells, and has strong poisonous properties. To get rid of it, the chemist inside the body, by the aid of calcium salts, forms insoluble compounds of it, and thus casts it out. To separate substances from each other by filtration, or by shaking with suitable liquids, is one of the daily tasks of the chemist. Analogous processes occur regularly in living cells. Again, when the chemist wishes to finish his filtration quickly, he uses filters which have a large surface. "In living protoplasms, this condition is very well fulfilled by the foam-like structure which affords an immense surface in a very small space." In the laboratory the chemist mixes his substances by stirring. The body chemist achieves the same result by the streaming of protoplasm. The cells know what they want, and how to attain it, as clearly as the chemist does. The intelligence of the living body, or what we must call such for want of a better term, is shown in scores of ways—by the means it takes to protect itself against microbes, by the anti-toxins that it forms. Indeed, if we knew all that our bodies know, what mysteries would be revealed to us!

Life goes up-stream—goes against the tendency to a static equilibrium in matter; decay and death go down. What is it in the body that struggles against poisons and seeks to neutralize their effects? What is it that protects the body against a second attack of certain diseases, making it immune? Chemical changes, undoubtedly, but what brings about the chemical changes? The body is a *colony* of living units called cells, that behaves much like a colony of insects when it takes measures to protect itself against its enemies. The body forms anti-toxins when it has to. It

knows how to do it as well as bees know how to ventilate the hive, or how to seal up or entomb the grub of an invading moth. Indeed, how much the act of the body, in encysting a bullet in its tissues, is like the act of the bees in encasing with wax a worm in the combs!

What is that in the body which at great altitudes increases the number of red corpuscles in the blood, those oxygen-bearers, so as to make up for the lessened amount of oxygen breathed by reason of the rarity of the air? Under such conditions, the amount of hemaglobin is almost doubled. I do not call this thing a force; I call it an intelligence—the intelligence that pervades the body and all animate nature, and does the right thing at the right time. We no doubt speak too loosely of it when we say that it prompts or causes the body to do this, or to do that; it *is* the body; the relation of the two has no human analogy; the two are one.

On the threshold of the world of living organisms stands that wonderful minute body, the cell, the unit of life—a piece of self-regulating and self-renewing mechanism that holds the key to all the myriads of living forms that fill the world, from the amœba up to man. For chemistry to produce the cell is apparently as impossible as for it to produce a bird's egg, or a living flower, or the heart and brain of man. The body is a communal state made up of myriads of cells that all work together to build up and keep going the human personality. There is the same co-operation and division of labor that takes place in the civic state, and in certain insect communities. As in the social and political organism, thousands of the citizen cells die every day and new cells of the same kind take their place. Or, it is like an army in battle being constantly recruited—as fast as a soldier falls another takes his place, till the whole army is changed, and yet remains the same. The waste is greatest at the surface of the body through the skin, and through the stomach and lungs. The worker cells, namely, the tissue cells, like the worker bees in the hive, pass away the most rapidly; then, according to Haeckel, there are certain constants, certain cells that remain throughout life. "There is always a solid groundwork of conservative cells, the descendants of which secure the further regeneration." The traditions of the state are kept up by the citizen-cells that remain, so that, though all is changed in time, the genius

of the state remains; the individuality of the man is not lost. "The sense of personal identity is maintained across the flight of molecules," just as it is maintained in the state or nation, by the units that remain, and by the established order. There is an unwritten constitution, a spirit that governs, like Maeterlinck's "spirit of the hive." The traditions of the body are handed down from mother cell to daughter cell, though just what that means in terms of physiology or metabolism I do not know. But this we know —that you are you and I am I, and that human life and personality can never be fully explained or accounted for in terms of the material forces.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

Back I go to my wilderness, where, as you perceive, I have contracted the habit of listening to my own voice more than is good.

It ought to have been Henry James who said it, but it was Meredith, a far less guilty man. For with Meredith the "wilderness" was not, after all, so very inaccessible. It was no real solitude, but rather that hinterland of larger natures where at first a few build huts and assert the irritating kind of squatter sovereignty known as a literary "cult," but where almost any of us may comfortably settle down afterwards. And in Meredith's so-called obscurity there is always matter that stretches the mind and you always find a human companionship. But in the pursuit of James our difficulty is often merely verbal. Nobody blames him for fleeing the obvious and the banal even into the wilderness, but he ought not to write the English language like the pelican. It is not oddity or depth of thought that cuts him off from the minds of men in the following passage from *The Golden Bowl,* for example:

Mrs. Rance at least controlled practically each other license of the present and the near future; the license to stop remembering for a little, that, though if proposed to—and not only by this aspirant but by any other—he wouldn't prove foolish, the proof of wisdom was none the less, in such a fashion, rather cruelly conditioned; the license in especial to proceed from his letters to his journals and insulate, orientate, himself afresh by the sound, over his gained interval, of the many-mouthed monster, the exercise of whose lungs he so constantly stimulated.

The situation described here is not complex and the thought is not subtle. After reading it twice with the context the meaning is clear, and no doubt the thoughts of this eligible millionaire on being interrupted on Sunday morning by a visit from a woman are quite accurately presented, but

[1] *Notes of a Son and Brother.* By Henry James. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York: 1914.

why should it be necessary to read it twice, and, after all, is the game worth the candle? The present reviewer, slavish Jacobite though he be, must own to some misgivings. This and many other pages of his later books read like very awkward first draughts, mere drag-nets of material. They throw insignificant processes of mind out of perspective, and include details the bare mention of which misleads by a sense of importance. He flattens himself like a woodtick in the mental tissues of his characters and can give you no idea of what in general their minds are like. His characters resemble one another because they are all pulverized, and one hour of their lives seems as good as another. Probably no other man ever so misled by minutiæ. And the sense of finesse we gain from it is, I believe, quite often an illusion. For if the simplest person in the world could keep an absolutely accurate thought diary for half an hour it would surely make a very intricate and subtle narrative. With Henry James we have a sense of getting into people too far —not into their spirits, but into their brain cells—and we feel rather like a bacillus. That is why I think even the warmest admirer of Henry James must have at times a coarse hankering for exteriors, a sort of homesickness for legs and arms.

Nevertheless, by the drag-net method many strange and shining things are brought to the surface along with the great quantities of sand, and he often atones for disappointing us by exceeding, in the most delightful way, our expectations. Nor is this matter of undue intimacy and indiscriminate detail the chief source of our difficulty in his last two volumes. In *A Small Boy and Others,* and *Notes of a Son and Brother*, as well as in the earlier *American Scene*, the confusion arises, I think, from a certain syntactical peculiarity. He takes a strictly personal and private view of the functions of a sentence. He does not regard a sentence as a convenient and, if possible, a grammatical means of conveying a thought from one mind to another. He regards it primarily as a trunk to pack with his own intellectual belongings. He knows where to put them and he can find them again, if you cannot, so what does he care? Coolly, and with the key in his waistcoat pocket, he goes off leaving you to deal with this:

> The truth was that acute, that quite desperate receptivity set in for me, under a law of its own—may really be described as having quite raged for

me—from the moment our general face by the restless parental decree (born not a little of parental homesickness and reinforced by a theory of that complaint on our part, we having somehow in Europe "no companions," none but mere parents themselves), had been turned again to the quarter in which there would assuredly be welcomes and freedoms and unchecked appropriations, not to say also cousins, of both sexes and of a more and more engaging time of life, cousins kept and tended and adorned for us in our absence, together with the solicitation of possible, though oh so just barely possible, habitats before which the range of Europe paled; but which, nevertheless, to my aching fancy, meant premature abdication, sacrifice, and, in one dreadful word, failure.

This follows in *Notes of a Son and Brother* an elusive but charming picture of his life at the Bonn Gymnasium, where he studied for a time with his younger brother Wilky, under the charge of "good Herr Doctor Humpert," who smiled upon them "as if unseen forefingers of great force had been inserted for the widening of his mouth at the corners." He was madly enamoured of "impressions" even then, if we may believe him, was consumed indeed by a lust for type, character, and the "social scene" that could have left him no vestige of a natural human youth. There is indeed no hint in what he says of himself, either in this book or the earlier, that he ever was that raw and simple thing, a boy, and one would suppose that he had gone through life as a gradually expanding literary synthesis, were it not for a letter of William James which refers to his wrestling with his brother Wilky. At the age of six, to judge from his own account in *A Small Boy and Others,* he must have been chiefly engaged in collecting "material" to be used afterward in *The Golden Bowl.*

At Bonn there were three or four German youths—

as to whom I could somehow but infer that they were, each in his particular way, inordinately gothic—which they had to be to supply to my mind a relation, or a substitute for a relation, with them; whereas my younger brother, without a scrap of view of them, a grain of theory or of formula, tumbled straight into their confidence all round. Our aim for *him* was by just so much life as it couldn't have dreamed of being culture, and he was so far right that when the son of the house and its only child, the slim and ardent Theodor, who figured to me but as a case of such classic sensibility, of the Lieder or the Werther sort, as might have been, with the toss of a yellow lock or the gleam of a green blouse, an image for an Uhland or a Heine stanza, had imparted to him an intention of instant suicide under some resentment of parental misconception, he had been able to use dissuasion, or otherwise the instinct of then most freely fraternizing, with a success to which my relish for so romantic a stroke as charmingly in Theodor's character and setting mightn't at all have attained.

Through the blur of words you can make out many delightful figures who gain a certain color of romance from the vagueness—John La Farge, "leaning much forward with his protuberant and over-glazed, his doubting yet all-seizing vision"; Mary and Robert Temple and others, and of course and above all the gracious forms of his brother William, and his father, the elder Henry James. The two last-named are described in language fairly idolatrous, and yet from their letters and bits of talk that he reproduces there seems a warrant for it. Their wonderful understanding of one another, their humane expressiveness, freedom of mind, variety, and vigor of interest, disdain of narrow limits and false constraints, are illustrated in these charming letters. It is a pity he could not have quoted more of them. In the James household we can see the beginning of that conversational divination which Henry James afterward sublimated in his novels.

"Yes, I see, we hang essentially together."

His friend had a shrug—a shrug that had a grace. "Cosa volete?" The effect, beautifully, nobly, was more than Roman. "Ah, beyond doubt, it's a case."

He stood looking at her. "It's a case. There can't," he said, "have been many."

"Perhaps, never, never any other. That," she smiled, "I confess I should like to think. Only ours."

If any group of shadow-casting persons ever did approximately talk like that, they were to be found probably under the James roof-tree.

He has preserved too few of the verbal flashes of the elder James, who said, for example, of Emerson, "Oh, you man without a *handle!* Shall one never be able to help himself out of you, according to his needs, and be dependent only upon your fitful tippings-up?" which is something more than whimsical in its criticism of a philosopher who had been warned at the age of three against the danger of being like anybody else. It was a maiden aunt, I believe, who urged him even as an infant to be "for ever disunited from traveling with the souls of other men," and so set him early on the path of mental asymptosy. The elder James's picture of Carlyle was still less flattering:

Carlyle is the same old sausage, fizzing and sputtering in his own grease, only infinitely *more* unreconciled to the blest Providence which guides human affairs.

F. M. Colby.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN GERMANY. By WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1914.

It may as well be said at once that Mr. Dawson's excellent description and analysis of the exceedingly rapid progress made by Germany since 1871 throws little direct light upon the causes of the great struggle now raging in Europe. In fact, the author, in common with other calm-minded observers, seems to have regarded any plunge into warfare by the Germans as in the highest degree unlikely. "No wilful disturbance of the world's peace," he wrote, "need be apprehended from them, for the economic conquests upon which their mind is set can only be achieved by peaceful methods, and this they know far better than some of the rivals whose trade they are capturing." It was the desire of the German tax-payer, he supposed, simply to *have*, rather than to *use*, the Empire's vast army and formidable navy. On the other hand, it is true that Germany has been facing a very serious problem due to the enormous increase of her population. So great, indeed, has been this increase that the German authority is called conservative who estimated that by the year 1925 the population of the Empire would be eighty millions, or nearly twice what it was when Bismarck declared that territorial expansion had gone far enough. Nor is Germany by any means self-supporting. Statistics show that during the years from 1895 to 1900 the corn-growers of the country were able to supply only 92.6 per cent. of the nation's needs in rye, and 73.7 per cent. in wheat and spelt. During more recent years Germany has had to import from one and three-quarters to two million tons of wheat, while the deficit in rye averaged nearly half a million tons in the years 1902–1905. Yet for this disproportion between the growth of population and the increase of production no permanent relief is to be found, maintains Mr. Dawson, in mere extension of Germany's European boundaries. "Whatever reality there may be in the ideals and efforts of the Pan-Germanic movement," he says emphatically, "Pan-Germanism offers no solution of this population problem." The real remedies are, in his opinion, either the creation of colonies affording outlets for such population as cannot be maintained at home, or the acquisition of new markets which shall be able to receive an enormously increased industrial output in exchange for food.

At some future time it may be that we shall attain to a full understanding of the motives which animated the several European nations participating in the present conflict; it is not easy to deduce these from anything that the economists and political scientists have told us thus far. On the other hand, those who have permitted themselves to generalize about the national temper of various peoples have given us impressions that seem to

be at least in part confirmed. Mr. Dawson generalizes cautiously, but he knows how to put his impressions into vivid and accurate language. The spirit of Germany, he points out, has undergone a complete change since the days when Goethe and Schiller, Kant and Fichte, were its prophets; and the outcome of this change he sums up in the expression "force-worship." In politics, literature, architecture, everywhere, this newer spirit has been at work. "Wherever one looks in Germany at the present day one sees the assertion, on a grandiose scale, of an endeavor after sheer mastery—in the struggle with natural forces which has been carried on with such wonderful perseverance and deserved success, in the strengthening of the imperialistic spirit, in the irresistible advance of industry and commerce, in the striving after an inviolable military power, in the eager and jealous glances which are now being turned to the sea. In all these things the underlying thought is the thought of *subdual*, and subdual is the spirit of modern Germany, now in the first blush of a new life, its capacities still but partially developed, its resources but partially discovered."

Of course it would be as absurd to find fault with Mr. Dawson for not having foreseen the war as it would be to censure a geologist for failing to predict the occurrence of an earthquake. The great *débâcle* in no way affects the truth of his conclusions, which are based upon severe analysis and thorough research. His book is perhaps the best modern treatise in English upon Germany as a whole, and especially as an instance of economic development. It is a work unusual both for depth of thought and breadth of view; it is well proportioned, not too long, and as readable as the nature of the subject-matter, which necessarily includes a great mass of statistics, permits. The topics discussed embrace foreign trade and shipping, capital and labor, state enterprises, agriculture and industry, the population question, colonies, German socialism, and the Polish question.

To begin with, Mr. Dawson warns us against the common error of confusing Germany with Prussia. Both politically and socially the north of Germany differs markedly from the south. The "three-class system" of elections, the scientifically rigid, bureaucratic administration, the reactionary education laws, anti-coalition laws, Polish colonization laws—these and the corresponding tone of severity in social life are characteristically Prussian, not German. The southern states, inferior as they are to Prussia in material wealth and advancement, in the capability of their internal administrations, and in efficiency of military discipline, surpass her to an equal degree in political thought and institutions. And in the south one finds a corresponding difference in the character of the people; instead of austerity, the prevailing spirit is one of *Gemüthlichkeit*. "No one," remarks the author, would ever imagine a North German to be *gemüthlich*, and no one would ever imagine a South German to be anything else." Then, too, in the north itself there is a sharp distinction between the industrial west, where are found at their busiest most of the industries to which Germany owes its modern wealth, and the agricultural east, divided into large estates, lacking any real self-government, and politically reactionary. This, by way of introduction to a discussion that is after all topical rather than territorial in plan.

To an Englishman no question could well be more interesting than that concerning the causes of German success in competition with English trade. Mr. Dawson finds several interesting reasons for this success, reasons which have as much to do with method and national temper as with economic

conditions. In the first place, the fact should not be overlooked that Germany is "still in the first generation of its great industrialists," and is drawing upon unexhausted resources. Further, the less pretentious style of living that prevails in Germany as compared with other countries tends to lower the cost of production, though in later years the cost of living has advanced there as elsewhere. In scientific method, too, and in the adaptation of inventions and newly discovered processes the German industrialist has been far more progressive than his English rival. He early recognized the business value of chemistry, the neglect of which has inflicted upon English industry an irreparable loss. Finally, the personal equation counts enormously. The German merchant has always studied the needs of his customers and striven to give them exactly what they demanded. He has wooed trade through personal representation rather than by post, and he has devoted himself to his business with a single-minded earnestness. "In Germany trade is a passion. There is no disposition to be ashamed of it or to give it a secondary place; it is not an incident in a man's life, a variant on pleasure and sport, but the chief, primary, absorbing concern."

In Germany's economic development the principle of public enterprise has undoubtedly assisted in a pre-eminent degree—this is a point which Mr. Dawson makes emphatic. "Germany," he says pointedly, "is supposed to be a nation of theorists, England a land of practical men; yet the doctrinarianism which made a fetish of individualism originated in the land of practical men; the land of theorists accepted both individualism and socialization just for what they are intrinsically worth, and made an idol of neither." One benefit that has resulted from this frame of mind has been the enormous improvement that has taken place in the German railways since their nationalization, an improvement probably due more to the efficient and uniform management exercised by state officials than to any other cause. Very likely, the author admits, this may have little direct bearing upon the question of public or private ownership of railways in other lands; but by the same token it is fallacious to attribute to the state railway system censurable peculiarities which have their true explanation in German characteristics.

Between capital and labor the relationship is one of extreme tension, and in some cases of extreme bitterness. On the one hand there are syndicates, more law-abiding perhaps than our trusts, but hardly less powerful; on the other hand there are labor-unions which are just learning their power. In late years these unions have materially advanced the cause of the working-man in spite of laws against combination which have proved, indeed, less severe in practice than their letter would lead one to expect. The unions have been helped by a labor press which is said to shine by contrast with most cheap German publications. It is interesting to note, too, that socialism is fast losing its hold upon the German workman. Its whole theory has been weakened by the growth of a prosperous middle class, whose existence demonstrates the untruth of the notion that the poor must ever become poorer and the rich richer. Recently the Socialist party has shown a disposition to co-operate with other groups equally interested in the welfare of the people.

Those conditions which have brought about in Germany, within the last twenty or twenty-five years, a conflict between agriculture and industry more acute than in most other countries afford an interesting study, depending upon a multitude of interlocked facts which cannot well be under-

stood apart from the close and many-sided relationship in which the author has placed them. The upshot of the matter is that agrarian interests really require some sort of protection; the policy of *laissez faire* cannot stand. On this principle all parties are practically agreed, differing only as to means and degree. The associated problem of the scarcity of rural labor would certainly be more easy of solution if it were not for the obstinate unprogressiveness of the large landholders. The smaller farmers have strongly evinced the ancient German disposition to combine for mutual benefit. Indeed, the co-operative societies, both agricultural and industrial, have grown to such an extent that their members constitute at the lowest estimate one-fifteenth of the whole population.

That Germany in later years has had reason to be concerned over a declining birth-rate is perhaps not generally understood; yet the statistics show that since 1876 the decline has been steady. The highest figure before the war in 1870 was 38 per 1,000; in 1876 a maximum of 41 was reached; but by 1905 the rate had sunk to 33. Though the effect of this notable diminution in the percentage of births has been largely offset by a concurrent decrease in the general death-rate, infant mortality has given cause for alarm. To this latter problem the German Government has applied itself with energy and success, wisely endeavoring to deal with the population question in the cradle. Infant dispensaries, public regulation of the milk-supply, care for children of illegitimate birth, the protection of mothers, child-labor laws—these, with other direct and thorough remedies, have more than justified themselves. Yet success in this direction has made the other phase of the population problem all the more urgent; and when we come to examine the most obvious remedy—colonies—we find the impression confirmed that the German is a bad colonizer. Except, perhaps, in trade he has always been less happy in his dealings with men than with material things, and his ineptitude in the latter respect finds an illustration near home in his difficulties with the Poles. For years Germany has been trying to make good Poles into bad Germans, with the result that the Poles are irreconcilable. Similarly in dealing with peoples across the sea Germany has proved less apt than England or France. Moreover, the best territories for colonization have been pre-empted. As some one pithily said, Germany's healthy colonies are unfertile, and the fertile ones are unhealthy.

The price of imperialism as a whole is enormous, and the singular condition exists that while every party except the Social Democrats calls for an imperialistic policy, all with equal fervor complain of the cost. The Empire plainly needs more revenue, and there has been much embittered discussion over the question of direct *versus* indirect taxation. However, in spite of complaints and alarming figures, the country is (or was!) quite capable of supporting the burdens of imperialism. "The simple fact is," writes Mr. Dawson, "that the nation has committed itself to foreign undertakings and responsibilities without counting the cost; these enterprises are taxing its resources far beyond the measure to which it has become accustomed, and the outcry which has arisen is for the most part the outcry of the unthinking crowd, which always refuses to connect causes with effects or effects with causes."

On its interpretative side Mr. Dawson's book is illuminating to the general reader, while the well-ordered and definite facts which form the substratum of the work have scientific value of their own.

THE MAKING OF THE NATIONS: SOUTH AMERICA. By W. H. KOEBEL. London: Adam & Charles Black, 1913.

Books which form part of a series, however vague the idea of that series may be, are supposed—one does not know just why—to strike the public mind with a greater weight of authority than do isolated volumes. Adventitious aid of this sort would seem to be needed in the case of Mr. W. H. Koebel's volume *South America* in the series called "The Making of the Nations" which Adam & Charles Black, of London, are publishing. To write of the making of nations—even South-American nations—is a somewhat serious task; a man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt. Yet there is internal evidence to show that Mr. Koebel has discharged this task, if conscientiously, yet with a regrettable indifference. Tokens of this are a dreary monotony in the cadences of his sentences and also certain uses of the King's English such as alert writers are wont to avoid. It is strange that in a work designed for instruction Mr. Koebel should write: "Although Columbus some years afterwards bitterly complained of the type of European whom he found at Hispaniola, there is no doubt that he himself was largely responsible for *their* presence." Again, when we read that "the thunder of such edicts, *worn out by the voyage,* died away ere they reached the islands," we have some difficulty in conceiving how thunder may suffer attrition as the result of a voyage. Less subtle but even more striking is the picture called up of the famous chief Lantaro receiving "his *baptism of spears* and of fire." Moreover, to speak of a man's "*obtaining* the worst of it," as Mr. Koeble does, seems wantonly to spoil a perfectly good idiom. Faults such as these would perhaps be tolerable if the style which they mar were only alive, as it might conceivably be, in spite of them. On the other hand, nothing except extreme weariness could well account for such a sentence as the following: "It is difficult to imagine a more callous or atrocious proceeding than this, *but* undoubtedly financial considerations lay at the bottom of it."

As to the substance of the book: Mr. Koebel has devoted far more space to a colorless résumé of the period of South-American conquest and colonization than will seem worth while especially to American readers. Most school texts contain crisper and more suggestive accounts of several of the persons and events he touches upon. The latter half of his narrative, which deals with the fortunes of individual South-American States, contains material not so easily accessible elsewhere. One sees that this part of the book might possess interest but for the unrefreshing style and the comparatively unideaed treatment.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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THE CASE AGAINST WILSON

BY THE EDITOR

SINCE enumerating in the October number of this REVIEW the reasons why a Democratic Congress should be returned we have awaited without prejudice and with open mind the appearance of arguments designed to impel a contrary conclusion. So it is that now, but a few days prior to the election, the question arises:

Upon what grounds does the opposition, upon which the burden of proof clearly rests, seek the suffrages of American citizens?

For answer we can look only to the declarations of recognized leaders. Of these the most notable, of course, is Our Colonel, who is not merely the chief, but is rapidly becoming the rank and file, of the Recessive party. Since, however, for obvious reasons, it seems fitting to leave him for passing consideration after the event, let us advert to the outgivings of Republicans who are supposed to speak with authority.

First upon the list appears the name of William Howard Taft; that is to say, as the name of a former Republican President it should appear there, but it does not. Why, we can only surmise. Perhaps Mr. Taft has definitely determined to rest upon his well-earned laurels as the worst-licked, the least-sore, and the best-liked of all our Presidents. If so, we would not ruffle his repose.

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Then comes Elihu Root, lawyer, statesman, diplomat, the best-equipped all-around mind in American public life, whatever may be thought of his predilections or his partisan proclivities. As in duty if not in pleasure bound, this most distinguished of Senators attends and presides over the party convention of his State and strikes—what shall we say? The keynote? The tinkling cymbal? Or the flatulent bassoon? Let us see.

"The Democratic party," declared the Senator, "took possession of the National Government a year and a half ago with a programme of policy by which they proposed to set free every American from the incubus of too great success by others, to reduce the cost of living, and to give new life and prosperity to American production and commerce and more ample and certain returns to American industry."

What he meant to say, of course, and what he would have said if he had been defining an intent before an unprejudiced court instead of before a biased convention, was that the Democratic party had proposed to free every American, not from "the incubus of too great success"—a quite ridiculous and wholly unwarranted assertion—but from unfair competition "by others"; that it had declared a belief "that no substantial relief from the high cost of living can be secured until import duties on the necessaries of life are materially reduced and criminal conspiracies are broken up"; and that it had expressed an aspiration to expand the boundaries of American commerce. Complaint need hardly be made of the Senator's interpretation of the Democratic purpose. Though shrewdly inexact, it was in a broad sense substantially correct, and full compensation for its unpreciseness is to be found in the seemingly unconscious implication of grave need of such reforms after sixteen years of Republican rule.

"The tariff," continued the Senator, "was to be for revenue only, and by removing protection it was to set free American industry and reduce the cost of living. . . . Have the rewards of American industry been increased? We all know that they have not; but that, on the contrary, production has been decreased. Many mills and factories have closed or are running but a part of the time. Great numbers of American employees have been thrown out of work."

This statement is, we believe, correct as of the date of making, although there has since been a marked revival in

some lines of manufacturing. The circumstance was probably inevitable; in any case, the fact is quite evident that sufficient time has not yet elapsed for full readjustment of industrial conditions to the new requirements; and the party in power must necessarily accept the consequences.

"Although," the Senator continued, "eight months have passed since the banking and currency act became a law, it has not yet been put into operation, while the proposed legislation against trusts and corporations has not yet been completed. Those measures, however, have not been without their effect upon the welfare of the country. The various forms in which they have been cast, the discussion upon them, the avowed objects, the unavowed but ill-concealed objects, the spirit of the dominant party in dealing with them, all have combined to impress the enterprise of the country with a sense that the Government is hostile. Assurances to the contrary do not avail against the general weight of evidence derived from conduct."

Whether the Senator meant to chide the Administration for not hastening the operation of the Currency Act and the passage of the anti-trust laws is not apparent. If so, not only as a captious critic, but as a conservative citizen, he stands alone. The remainder of his utterance is cryptic to a degree. When a statesman skilled in the expression of ideas begins to make mysterious discrimination between "trusts" and "enterprise" as "avowed" or "unavowed" objects of Government hostility, we can but conclude that he finds himself upon ice so thin that rapid movement is essential to his own preservation.

"And yet," the Senator concluded, reproachfully, "the cost of living has not been reduced; we all know that it has not."

Indeed, yes; but would it have been lessened by perpetuating the excessive tariff taxation and monopolistic control which not only caused its rise, but fixed the increase so firmly that years, perhaps, must elapse before material reduction can be achieved? We all—and none better than the Senator himself—know that it would not and could not. Senator Root's attack upon the intrenched Democracy is the merest peck. Let us pass on.

Philander C. Knox, emerging from the dusk of comparative obscurity, rises to remark that "the Democrats prattle about peace, yet they have the distinction of beginning a

war upon a famished and distraught neighboring people" —an accusation whose falsity hardly calls for demonstration. That President Wilson erred in refusing to recognize the *de facto* government of Mexico we were convinced at the time and still believe, but if it be a fact that "all the bloodshed with which Mexico has been cursed during the past eighteen months was due to the failure to recognize Huerta," we would ask, politely, Upon whose shoulders rests the primary responsibility, if not upon those of President Taft and Secretary Philander C. Knox, who deliberately withheld such recognition for weeks, and thereby created a precedent which their successors could hardly ignore with propriety? True, an issue—a just cause of criticism—may lie in the present Administration's course toward Mexico, but not for Mr. Knox.

Senator Smoot, as the successor of Mr. Aldrich in partisan leadership, directs attention justifiably to "extravagant and ever-increasing appropriations," but when he declares that "if the tariff law as it existed before the passage of the Underwood Bill had been left alone" there would be no need of a war tax, he must know that he only discredits the intelligence of his hearers. Cessation of imports necessarily involves cessation of revenue; as between tariffs it is wholly a matter of degree; and the President stated a simple fact when he wrote to Mr. Underwood:

> The import duties collected under the old tariff constituted a much larger proportion of the whole revenue of the Government than do the duties under the new. A still larger proportion of the revenue would have been cut off by the war had the old taxes stood, and a larger war tax would have been necessary as a consequence.

A school-boy, to say nothing of a statesman of Senator Smoot's recognized ability, can understand that. Whether or not the facts warrant the President's further assertion that "no miscalculation, no lack of foresight, has created the necessity for the taxes, but only a great catastrophe, world-wide in its operation and effects," is a matter of opinion. The truth is that nobody can tell whether the Underwood Bill would have produced sufficient revenue for the present fiscal year under normal conditions; all that is really known is that it did for the preceding year; all else is conjecture. For ourselves, we have our doubts, but frankly should not have lamented a deficiency which might have made reduction in expenditures essential. There is no

real issue here, but Senator Smoot makes one when he says:

> The law authorizes the President to borrow money on certificates of indebtedness, so far as may be needed, up to $100,000,000. It has never been the policy of the Government to raise by way of taxation all funds necessary in such a case as that now presented. It would be much better to use that $75,000,000 deposited in the banks as it might become necessary, as it would almost immediately return to circulation, than to impose additional taxes. It would be better to issue temporary certificates of indebtedness than to impose taxes with the present condition of the country and with the enormous increase in taxation already imposed upon the people.

The President set forth his views upon these proposals in his message to Congress in these words:

> The Treasury itself could get along for a considerable period, no doubt, without immediate resort to new sources of taxation. But at what cost to the business of the community? Approximately $75,000,000, a large part of the present Treasury balance, is now on deposit with national banks distributed throughout the country. It is deposited, of course, on call. I need not point out to you what the probable consequences of inconvenience and distress and confusion would be if the diminishing income of the Treasury should make it necessary rapidly to withdraw these deposits. And yet without additional revenue that plainly might become necessary, and the time when it became necessary could not be controlled or determined by the convenience of the business of the country. It would have to be determined by the operations and necessities of the Treasury itself. Such risks are not necessary and ought not to be run. We cannot too scrupulously or carefully safeguard a financial situation which is at best, while war continues in Europe, difficult and abnormal. Hesitation and delay are the worst forms of bad policy under such conditions.
>
> And we ought not to borrow. We ought to resort to taxation, however we may regret the necessity of putting additional temporary burdens on our people. To sell bonds would be to make a most untimely and unjustifiable demand on the money-market; untimely, because this is manifestly not the time to withdraw working capital from other uses to pay the Government's bills; unjustifiable, because unnecessary. The country is able to pay any just and reasonable taxes without distress. And to every other form of borrowing, whether for long periods or for short, there is the same objection. These are not the circumstances, this is at this particular moment and in this particular exigency not the market, to borrow large sums of money. What we are seeking is to ease and assist every financial transaction, not to add a single additional embarrassment to the situation.

In a word, the Senator would cripple business or borrow; the President would encourage business and pay as he goes. So according to the record, but not for a moment, in our belief, as a fact. Mr. Smoot knows better; here he speaks as a politician, not as a statesman committed to sound

finance; hence whatever the President proposes is wrong. Cannot one hear in ready imagination the Senator's ringing denunciation of a Democratic President actually straining the Nation's credit or fettering its commerce in a time like this? Compared with what he surely would have said of such a performance, his present declamation is the merest whisper. But if, as a maker and interpreter of Republican policy, he finds the issue which he has raised to his liking, both the President and the Democratic party may well rejoice. And there, perhaps, we may leave Senator Smoot.

It is refreshing to turn from politics to statesmanship, from prejudice to reason. Senator William E. Borah stands forth, by contrast with the Smoots, the Knoxes, the Penroses, the Manns, the Cannons, and the Paynes, the foremost Liberal Republican of the present day. Intellectually the peer of Mr. Root or Mr. Lodge, he surpasses either in comprehension of the public will and public hope, and has imbibed more freely from his environment the moving spirit of the times. A strong partisan, as one may well and properly be, yet not a bigot, firm in conviction but ever amenable to argument, resolute but tolerant, the power of his mentality, his earnestness, and his sincerity is enhanced immeasurably by his breadth and fairness. It is with a sense of relief and gratification that we advert to presentation of the case of the opposition by such an one.

Speaking in the Senate on the pending Emergency Tax measure, not wholly as a partisan, although he had "no objection to being considered one," Mr. Borah first recounted the many Democratic iterations in favor of economical government, and then said:

> If our friends had no more than approached the amount of expenditures which had preceded their inauguration into power, if they had no more than equaled the amount which had been expended during the immediate previous Congresses, what would be their position with reference to this subject of extravagance? It would seem that they would still be clearly within the inhibition and within the anathema which they had assessed upon their predecessor. But what is the situation? It is not that it has been equaled, and thereby is subject to their own charge of extravagance, but it has far exceeded, during the last eighteen months, that of the previous Congresses or the previous months of the previous administration. That which they denounced as shameless waste approaches economy in the light of the record of these past eighteen months. With this stern denunciation fresh upon the lips of Democracy we find all about the indisputable evidence of insincerity and want of candor.

The truth of this indictment is indisputable. Nevertheless, unlike his fellow-Republicans, Senator Borah did not place the entire responsibility for excessive expenditures upon the Democratic party; he recognized the effect of a general and seemingly irresistible trend toward extravagance, which in his judgment had hardly begun.

"We are inaugurating," he continued, "with marvelous speed and remarkable inconsiderateness a system of government which will devolve upon the people of this country a burden of taxation the like of which the people have never for a moment contemplated. We propose now, sir, to have an expert, a special agent, an investigator, to accompany every citizen and to oversee every business and every line of industrial activity. The present thus being presented to the people may be what they want, but I warn them now it will be costly beyond anything they have contemplated. Such a system fattens by what it feeds upon. It creates a governmental class always complaining of too much service and too little pay; it invents jobs and fosters all forms of waste and expenditures."

That this criticism would apply with approximate equality to Democrats, Republicans, and Progressives alike is sufficiently evident to all observers and is, indeed, the plain inference to be deduced from the Senator's utterance. With respect to the immediate situation, he found the Democratic party culpable in certain specific instances, such as is afforded by an increase of more than one thousand employees in the Treasury Department alone—surely a just cause for complaint; but he did not hesitate to allot a fair proportion of blame to the common tendency. He continued:

> The new currency law created five new offices, with salaries of $12,000 each, and increased the salary of the Comptroller of the Currency from $5,000, at which sum it had remained for fifty years, to $12,000. The new Trade Commission Act creates five commissioners at $10,000 each and a secretary at $5,000, and that is only an intimation of what that will be.
>
> The Interstate Commerce Commission deals with about 2,200 corporations. The cost of running the Interstate Commerce Commission last year was $1,833,269. We have in the United States about 305,000 corporations. Out of this 305,000 about 163,000 will come under the Trade Commission's jurisdiction, if it see fit to exercise the jurisdiction.
>
> So, Mr. President, if we should provide or make an allowance such as is based upon the expenditure of the Interstate Commerce Commission the operation of the Trade Commission alone would amount to $1,367,000,000 a year. But suppose it only amounts to one-half that, and if it ever

amounts to anything at all in the way of effective service it will have to amount to at least one-half of that.

"Those things," Senator Borah declared with admirable candor, "the people may desire and will approve of, but there should be no longer any complaint about extravagance in the way of the operation of the Government, because if the people of the United States want their entire business done at Washington they will have to pay for it. If they want these matters to be overseen and controlled and regulated one thousand miles or two thousand miles from their homes they will have to pay for it. But whether it shall prove satisfactory to the people or not, this much is true: The amount of the governmental expenditures heretofore in the operation of the Government at Washington will be comparatively small and modest compared with the amount of expenditure which will be made in all future years if we continue to enlarge upon these bureaus.

"Already for this year the actual expense of our departments at this time is $3,000,000 a month in excess of the last year of the Republican administration. That is not by reason of the fact that there has been any defalcation or anything of that kind, but it is because of constantly enlarging and creating offices, providing salaries, and providing for those people who shall do those things that ought to be imposed upon the individual citizen himself to do under the observance of some law which had been passed for his guidance. That is only a beginning of what we may expect in a very short time if these bureaucratic practices continue."

While holding that the Emergency Tax would not have been required if economy had been practised, Mr. Borah emphatically declined to be drawn by his partisan colleagues into criticism of the methods recommended by the President. Replying to Senator Bristow, he said:

I understand that the President thinks it is unwise to withdraw Government money from the banks, because that would be to take it out of the channels of business; and that he is of the opinion that to tax the people and collect the money in that way is not to take it out of the channels of business. I may not interpret the message correctly, and I would not do the President an injustice. There may be another view.

And to Senator Townsend, he declared flatly:

I agree with the proposition that in the present condition of business affairs it might be very disastrous to call for money anywhere in large

amounts. I think that it would be likely to create a condition of affairs which would be serious.

So far as the present exigency is concerned, therefore, Mr. Borah, while deploring the need, virtually upholds the President. And clearly it was from no partisan spirit that, in conclusion, he spoke these suggestive words:

Mr. President, the first and indispensable principle of any righteous system of taxation is economy. Any tax, however and wherever laid, whether upon the necessaries or luxuries, upon the virtues or vices of men, beyond that necessary for the economical administration of the Government is nothing less than the exploitation of the people through the arbitrary and brutal power of the Government. It is true the people can pay this tax, and would do so were it many times heavier. But that is not the question. Economy in public expenditures makes for good citizenship; it builds up the moral fiber of the people; it strengthens their faith in their Government and augments and arouses their patriotism. It teaches economy and frugality in private affairs. It breeds confidence, and lights up the whole field of private endeavor with optimism and hope. It makes for a happy, contented, sturdy, hopeful people.

Instead, therefore, of laying more taxes, or putting heavier burdens upon the business world and upon wages, why not commence with this economy to which we have all time and time again most faithfully pledged ourselves? Extravagance has gone far enough to justly excite the alarm of the most conservative and patriotic men. The cancer spot may not be large, but it is a cancer just the same. No hour can be too early to cut it out. And even, sir, if all the honor and the glory should finally be accredited to the present leader of the Democracy, which his fondest admirers believe will be his, this excision would in the long course of the years, if followed up, exceed in glory all the rest. If he should establish the precedent of real economy and bring the Government back to a sane basis in this respect, while men might differ and disagree as to all other acts, the people would pay to him undivided homage for this.

These are words of wisdom which the President may well ponder to advantage. While justifiably criticizable for neglect of this vital problem thus far, it is but fair to assume that he recognized the evils of the system as portrayed by Senator Borah, but found them rooted so deeply that he could not hope to attack them successfully while so many matters of greater imminence pressed for attention. But the way is now cleared, and we have reason to believe that it is the purpose of Mr. Wilson to undertake a complete reformation of governmental appropriations such as Mr. Taft essayed somewhat tentatively and failed utterly to achieve. That he will succeed if accorded full opportunity is a fair deduction from his past performances, but it is quite certain that no efforts can avail with a Government politically divided. The facts of the situation,

therefore, fortified, oddly enough, by the strong indictment and powerful plea of Senator Borah, constitute an unmistakable reason for the election of a House of Representatives whose co-operatiin with the President will be assured.

So much, then, for the main grounds, both partisan and rational, upon which the Republican party seeks partial reinstatement. There may be others, but if so they are not in evidence. Indeed, there has appeared nothing more remarkable in our political history than the transparent fear of the opposition to attack the present Administration. Time was when the Republican party was aggressive to the verge of recklessness. To-day it is more than timorous; it is positively benumbed in the face of a personality so strong as to have become for the time at least irresistible. The name Wilson appears in no Republican platform, is spoken by no Republican orator; the Hon. William Murray Crane, we are credibly informed, does not venture even to whisper it; and, as for Our Colonel, all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot draw it from his parched lips. Among public journals, too, barring a few great daily newspapers, this REVIEW seems to be the only one of consequence that recognizes and, of course, will continue to recognize its obligation to praise only when praise is due, and to condemn unsparingly when just warrant for censure shall appear. But for a painful lack of that undefinable attribute commonly termed a sense of humor, we should derive no little amusement from contemplation of a condition which, after two years, finds Woodrow Wilson smiling benignly upon a united Democracy, a paralyzed Republican party, and a withered Armageddon.

We have received the following communication:

BOSTON, *October 17, 1914.*

SIR,—I have read with much interest your judicious and judicial review of the accomplishments of the present Democratic administration, and welcome your conclusion that the country can fairly be urged to make the coming elections an emphatic testimonial of its approbation and confidence.

Personally I have been immensely impressed with what has been done in so short a space. In the ordinary career and history of a nation eighteen months is an almost negligible fraction of time. If the Wilson administration had occupied itself since March, 1913, in settling itself in the saddle and in planning for great things to be done in the future, it would have pursued the customary course and could not easily have been censured. But the fact is that during that period the National Government has de-

voted itself to its duties with an assiduity quite unparalleled, has undertaken and brought to conclusion much important work—work largely constructive in its nature and bound to permanently influence for good the fortunes of the country.

A high protective antiquated tariff, for example, full of absurdities and abuses, has been subjected to a reasonable downward revision, has been supplemented by an income tax which puts upon wealth a larger and fairer share of the burdens of taxation, and signalizes the passing, never to return, of such legislative crudities and extravagances as the Dingley Bill and the Payne-Aldrich Bill.

The Federal Reserve Bill inaugurates a new era in the financial history of the country, and in the judgment of bankers, business men, and experts generally will gradually but surely do away with the confusion and chaos which have heretofore disgraced American finance.

The trust legislation and the Alaska Railroad Bill also embody legislation which may fitly be described as essentially constructive. It is not claimed, it is not to be claimed, that these measures, or any of them, are the last words on the subjects they relate to. At this very writing the Federal Reserve Act, studied by statesmen and experts of all parties with the utmost diligence and enacted with as much deliberation and care as any statute ever had, is before Congress for amendments believed to be necessary and proper.

It is to be remembered that these measures represent a new order of things. They have been brought about in the face of fierce opposition by the lovers of the old order and no doubt embody more or less unavoidable, even if undesirable, compromises and concessions. Yet, when all is said, they at least make good beginnings, are steps in the right direction, and are faulty, if at all, rather in matter of detail than in point of sound principle.

If the Democratic party showed great sagacity in picking Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency, it has shown no less in trusting itself to his leadership. It was that trust which brought about the repeal of the "Panama Canal tolls exemption" through the votes of many Congressmen who honestly doubted the justice and wisdom of the repeal. They now unquestionably plume themselves upon their action. They now unquestionably realize that, because of that repeal and of the President's Mexican policy, and because of the good faith, sincerity, disinterestedness, and law-abidingness which mark the President's course in both these cases, the United States to-day occupies a position of supreme importance in the world. It is the one great Power not party to the awful carnage which is now desolating Europe and making modern civilization seem a sham and a reproach. It acts in foreign relations through its President and is the one agency through which ending the war can be urged upon the belligerents with the best chance of a hearing.

To weaken the President's prestige at this crisis, to make it appear that he and his administration are not trusted and supported by the American people, would be a calamity. At this juncture, and until discredited by some overt act of the American people, the President of the United States is not a Democratic asset merely, nor even an American asset, but an asset of the civilized world. It is due to ourselves, to the unhappy warring nations, and to humanity generally, that we do nothing to impair its value.

I am sir, very truly yours,

RICHARD OLNEY.

Here speaks with characteristic vigor the Elder Statesman, the leading Elder Statesman, we should say, of the Democratic party, if not of the country. Having covered the same ground affirmatively in the October number of this Review, and having now demonstrated, to our own satisfaction at least, that the Republicans have no case worth heeding, we have only this to add:

The President may, indeed, in his own words "look forward with confidence to the elections." There need be no apprehension of defeat when, anomalously, it is the opposition, not the party in power, that is on the defensive. Moreover, to our amazement and delight, Our Colonel, responding magnificently to our appeal, has 240 candidates for Congress in the running,—a sufficient number, in all conscience, to turn the flank of the enemy. Serenely, then, we guess—

That the Democrats will have a majority of between fifty and one hundred in the next House; that Governor Glynn will carry New York by more than fifty thousand; that Mr. Gerard will get even more, regardless of the effect upon the President's perturbed heart; that Our Colonel's former ally, Sulzer "the crook," will poll more votes than Mr. Davenport; that Roger Sullivan will win in Illinois; that Senators Smoot, Penrose, Gallinger, and Dillingham will be re-elected; that Mr. Cannon and Mr. Longworth will regain their seats; and that Governor Walsh will beat Mr. McCall if he has the luck which is the rightful heritage of a descendant of the kings of Ireland.

OUR PEACE AND EUROPE'S WAR

The centenary of Waterloo threatens to be marked with another and greater Waterloo. That is the grimly deplorable fact which confronts Europe and the world. Only a little while ago the nations were preparing to celebrate the completion of a hundred years, if not of European peace, at least of exemption from general continental warfare. That would have been perhaps the only full century of such exemption in European history. But it was not to be. Before the hundred years were completed the Continent was again plunged into war, potentially the most extensive and certainly the most destructive in all its blood-stained annals. In a sense, that is Europe's affair rather than ours. What

is very much and very directly our affair, however, is the fact that our own centennial anniversary of peace with Great Britain should find that country so desperately involved in war elsewhere as to make anything like the intended celebration impossible, and to render still more vain any hope of interesting therein some of the Continental Powers.

From one point of view this impingement of war upon the centenary of peace is disheartening. We lose, and the world loses, the inspiration, the instruction, and the almost immeasurable ironic impulse which would have arisen from such a celebration. We lose the Third World's Peace Congress at The Hague, which would have come next year or the year after, but is now indefinitely postponed—if not to the Greek Kalends. We lose the fond expectation that the ending of one century of general peace in Europe would prove, as in Anglo-American relations, to be the beginning of another such era. All these things have been swept away in the mad torrent of needless and devastating war. Perhaps the worst of all is the fact the war has been marked by a cynical disregard and repudiation of treaties in which even those who are not skeptically or pessimistically inclined can scarcely avoid seeing a bad omen for the future sovereignty of international law.

There is beyond doubt much ground for these grave views of the situation. Yet neither America nor the world at large has cause to mourn as those without hope. If it is disheartening to have this war darken our centenary of peace, it is conversely encouraging to have that centenary and its suggestions lighten in some measure the gloom of the European cataclysm. It relieves to an appreciable extent the horror of the European situation to be gratefully reminded that while those Powers could not complete a century of peace, it has been possible to preserve amity for a full hundred years between two great world Powers which were formerly twice at war and which have been, and indeed still are, peculiarly subject to rivalries and diplomatic friction and causes of war; and that, moreover, the completion of this century of peace strongly confirms confidence in the continuation and perpetuation of that happy status.

How is it that America and Great Britain have been at peace for a hundred years and seem increasingly likely to remain at peace forever, while the great Powers of Europe

have had several extensive wars among themselves during that period and are now involved in one of unprecedented magnitude? The question is well worthy of both our and their most careful consideration.

The reason for this contrast is not historic. There are traditional disputes and animosities between America and Great Britain, no less, if not, indeed, more, than between Great Britain and Germany, or between Germany and Russia. We have a record of two wars and many bitter disputes with Great Britain, and some of the issues over which the second of those wars was waged were not finally disposed of until only a few years ago. On the other hand, until the present there never was a war between Great Britain and Prussia, or between Germany and Russia; their record being one of unbroken peace. We have only to recall Florida, Oregon, Central America, Behring Sea, Venezuela, and Fortune Bay, not to mention the *Trent,* the *Alabama,* and the Laird ironclads, to realize how often and how perilously our century of peace swerved and swung toward the verge of war.

The reason is not geographic. It is true that we are separated from Great Britain by the whole Atlantic Ocean. But it is also true that for thousands of miles our national territory abuts directly upon that of the British Empire, and upon that portion of that empire which is most sensitive, most jealous, most self-assertive, and most inclined to cherish hostility toward the United States. No two European countries come into more intimate contact. Moreover, the practical annihilation of time and distance by modern scientific invention has made it a matter of indifference whether the width of the Atlantic or of the German Ocean divides two nations.

The reason is not ethnic. It is true that the United States was originally chiefly planted with and is still chiefly dominated by British stock. Yet it has, and long has had, so large and influential a non-British element that it is now as a whole scarcely more akin to Great Britain than is Germany. Great Britain and Germany, indeed, belong to the same race, while the three chief Allies are of three different and traditionally antagonistic races. If it be said that there is a racial cause for war between Germany and Russia, the Teuton and the Slav, the reply is that precisely as much of the same kind exists between France and Russia.

The reason is not economic. It is true that there has been

for some time industrial and commercial rivalry between Great Britain and Germany. But it has been no more keen than that between Great Britain and the United States, and it has not lasted nearly as long as the latter. For a full generation our tariff legislation was chiefly framed and directed against British competition, and ever since our Civil War we have regretted or resented Great Britain's supplanting of American commerce on the high seas.

The reason is not to be found in non-militarism. It is true that while the chief international boundaries of Europe are marked with double lines of monstrous forts, the thousands of miles between American and British territory have not a single guarding gun. But it cannot be maintained that that condition is the cause of peace. Great Britain has not refrained from the erection of powerful fortifications at Vancouver and Halifax, nor from the establishment of naval stations at Bermuda and Santa Lucia. Her navy has potentially been arrayed against us as much as against Germany; and we have not discriminated in her favor in the redevelopment of our naval power. We and she are not at peace because our abutting borders are unarmed; rather are they left unarmed because we are agreed to be at peace.

The chief reason for this grateful contrast, then, is suggested by that word, agreed. These two countries a century ago not only made peace, but agreed to maintain it. They began to cultivate the habit of agreement, or of seeking agreement, through diplomacy and arbitration and adjudication. That has been the dominant and significant feature of our century of peace. A roster of all the world's international arbitrations and adjudications in the last hundred years shows an amazing plurality of such processes between these two countries, over those among all others. Long before the beginning of our century of peace, indeed, Franklin and Hamilton, possibly the greatest two of our statesmen in that era if not in all time, and also the two who preeminently impressed and influenced Great Britain as well as America—they two gave to this country its bent toward such peaceful methods of settling disputes, and enlisted therein the practical sympathy and co-operation of Great Britain.

Doubtless there are other reasons, operative to some extent. Among them is certainly the wise policy established

by Washington at the very beginning of our constitutional life, of observing strict neutrality between alien belligerents, and of refraining from entangling alliances with European Powers. But the overwhelmingly dominant reason for the difference which is now so strikingly displayed between Anglo-American relations and the relations among the European Powers is that these two countries have invariably contemplated peaceful rather than forcible means of composing their differences, while in Europe the habitual recourse has been to the sword. Between America and Great Britain the invariable comment upon a disagreement has been, "Well, we've got to settle this thing without fighting over it!" while among too many European Powers it has been, "Well, we shall have to come to a fight, some time or other!" As a nation thinketh, so is it. The nations which, with all their friction and rivalry and straining of relations, have consistently thought of peace between them, have succeeded in keeping the peace. The nations which have accustomed themselves to think of war, have war.

If the full significance of that can be impressed upon governments, and still more upon the people who increasingly are holding governments in the hollow of their hands, it will not be in vain that our peace commemoration occurs amid the clangor of a great world-war.

DUNDONALD'S DESTROYER

The present war in Europe raises again the more than century-old question, What was Dundonald's Destroyer? What was the invention of that extraordinary genius which would infallibly enable one belligerent to annihilate another at a stroke, but which would be so appalling in its results that the British Government would not "shock humanity" by employing it, but kept and still keeps it shut and sealed securely away from the knowledge of fighting men?

The fame of Thomas Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald, has been clouded by his own imprudence, indiscretion, and ungovernable temper. It must be conceded, however, that for daring and resourcefulness as a naval officer he ranks second to none in a service which has known the deeds of a Drake, a Blake, a Rodney, and a Nelson; and that as a scientist, in research and invention, he was of truly eminent at-

tainments. A device put forward by such a man inevitably commands attention and piques curiosity as to its character.

It was in 1811 that he first proposed his scheme to the British Government. This was during the period of his disfavor and non-employment by the Admiralty, because of the affair of the Basque Roads and its sequel. In that attack upon the French fleet Dundonald had performed marvels of skill and daring, rivaling the finest deeds of Drake and Nelson, and was prevented from totally destroying the French fleet only by the conduct of his superior officer, Lord Gambier, which was marked with an almost inconceivable degree of either imbecility or scoundrelism. Dundonald could not restrain his righteous indignation, and said things which made it necessary for the Admiralty to bring Gambier before a court-martial. But as the Admiralty was both grossly biased in favor of Gambier and notoriously corrupt, he was of course acquitted, while Dundonald was cast into disfavor and left without a command.

Despite these circumstances, the great captain made his invention and laid it before the Government. That body appointed a secret committee to investigate it and report upon it. The composition of the committee indicates the seriousness with which the Government regarded the matter, and also the weight which is attached to the report which was made. The chairman of the committee was the Duke of York, second son of George III., commander-in-chief of the army, and while an unsuccessful soldier in the field, perhaps the ablest administrator of military affairs of his age. Associated with him were Admirals Lords Keith and Exmouth, two of the very foremost and most competent officers of the British Navy; and the two Congreve brothers, of the ordnance department, one of whom, Sir William, was the inventor of the military rocket which bore his name and of many other military and industrial appliances of great value. It would probably have been impossible, in Great Britain or elsewhere, to select a committee of five of a more competent and authoritative character.

To these men Dundonald disclosed his device, at least sufficiently to convince them concerning it. He had said that it afforded "the infallible means of securing at one blow our maritime superiority and of thereafter maintaining it in perpetuity—of at once commencing and terminating a war

by one conclusive victory." Again he declared of it that "no power on earth could stand against this attack." The committee, after careful investigation and consideration, reported that he had not exaggerated the potency of his device. There was no question that it would do all that he claimed for it. As a method of attack upon an enemy, on either sea or land, it was irresistible and infallible. Of this, they declared, there was no room for doubt. His demonstration left nothing to speculation, but placed the scheme upon the basis of indubitable and absolute certainty.

The committee would not recommend the adoption of the scheme. Why? Not because of any doubt of its efficiency, but rather because of the certain assurance of its too great efficiency. Its destructiveness was too great. Its devastation would be inhuman. It would transcend the limits of permissible warfare. Therefore they recommended that it be not adopted, and that it be kept a profound secret, so that no other Power, less scrupulous than England, could get it and use it for the annihilation of England and the conquest of the world.

The need of some means of coping with Napoleon was so great, however, that the British Government laid the plan away with much reluctance. It even wanted to use it in part, or to use a part of it, against the French at Toulon. To this, however, Dundonald would not assent, and the committee supported him in his dissent. To use only a part of it would not be fair to him. Moreover—and this was a much more grave objection from one point of view—such partial use would reveal the whole plan to the enemy and to other countries, and enable them in turn to practise it against England. If used at all it must be used fully, and carried to the logical extent of establishing and maintaining British supremacy over the whole world.

Yet in order to demonstrate the efficiency of the thing, and to strike a decisive blow at the enemy, he offered himself to employ it against Flushing, which was then Napoleon's center of menace against England, provided that he was permitted to use it in all its fullness. To this, however, the Government would not agree, on the ground that a full application of his device would be too unspeakably dreadful. It would not be war, they said; it would be annihilation.

The close of the war ended for the time all need of such a device. Dundonald then went to South America, there to

be the chief agent in liberating Chili and Brazil from European domination. Before he went he entered into a solemnly sworn obligation not to disclose his device to any of those countries, nor to use it or to permit it to be used anywhere, unless in behalf of England. This promise he loyally kept, although in doing so he forfeited a large bounty which the South-American countries would have paid him for placing the invention at their disposal.

In 1846 there were fears of trouble with France, and Dundonald again called the attention of the Government to his device. Again the Admiralty appointed a secret but most distinguished and authoritative committee to investigate it, and to see if it seemed as efficient and as dreadful in the then advanced state of military science as it had seemed in the more primitive times of a generation before. In January, 1847, this committee reported that the former estimate of it still held good. There was not a shadow of doubt that Dundonald's device would not merely defeat, but actually destroy, annihilate, sweep out of existence, any hostile force against which it might be directed. But the use of such utter devastation was contrary to the principles of warfare to which civilized nations were committed. Besides—and this was a most significant statement, which Dundonald himself had made before—the first application of it would so reveal it to the world as to put it into the hands of all other nations. So the thing was not tried.

During the Crimean War Dundonald twice again put forward his proposal. The first time he was met with a prompt refusal, on the ground that the thing was too horrible. The second offer was made much later, when both Sebastopol and Cronstadt still seemed impregnable. The offer of means of reducing them in an hour was almost irresistibly alluring, and the British Government deliberated over it long, and at one time was inclined, in sheer desperation, to accept the offer. Indeed, it told Dundonald that it would accept and use his device if he would disclose it to two engineer officers and instruct them fully how to employ it against Sebastopol. But he refused. If it was used at all, he insisted, he must be commissioned to do it himself. While the Government was still haggling with him over this point, the war ended and the whole matter was again dropped.

He made no further offer of it, and he died in 1860, before another great war gave any occasion for the employment

of his invention. But he insisted to the end, without contradiction, that the thing was all that he claimed it to be, and that one day it would be so recognized by the world. "Had it been known to the rebels in the Indian Mutiny, not a European in India would have escaped." The testimony of the experts who investigated it confirm this declaration as entirely reasonable. Since his death the plan has not been revived. It is supposed that an account of it is carefully hidden away somewhere in the pigeonholes or vaults of the British Admiralty, but even that is not certain. It may be that the essential details of it perished with its inventor.

What the device was remains a profound mystery, and piques both military and scientific curiosity. Of it we know little, but we do know some significant things. One is, that it was capable of being used on either land or sea, against navies, armies, or fortresses. This is demonstrated by his proposal to use it against the French fleet, or against the Russian fortresses, and his statement that it would have been effective against the British army in India. A second is, that it was exceedingly simple, so that comparatively unskilled people, like the Indians, could use it. A third was, that it was quite obvious in its application and operation, so that any one seeing it used once would know all about it and be able to use it. This latter is perhaps the most extraordinary feature of it, so far as we know it.

These three known characteristics eliminate the possibilities of its having been an aerial engine, unless it was simply a gas balloon dropping explosives or inflammables; a device which would scarcely have justified the estimates of it which experts made. It could not have been a submarine boat or a torpedo, for they had been known before, and they would be incapable of use on land or against forts. It could not have been any of the inventions in military science which have since then been made by others and been adopted into the use of armies and navies, for none of these approximate the destructiveness and decisiveness which Dundonald claimed for his device and which at least two committees of experts, at an interval of thirty-five years, confidently ascribed to it. In brief, we know pretty certainly what it was not; and must conclude that it was some mechanical, electrical, or chemical device such as never has been hit upon by another and thus has never been put into practice, or else that Dundonald himself and half a dozen of the most accom-

plished scientific and military experts of his time were victims of a most extraordinary delusion.

NATURE SOLVING A RACE PROBLEM

Nature seems to be slowly but surely solving our chief race problem. That is the conclusion which is almost inevitably drawn from an analysis of the vital and other statistics of American negroes which have just been published by the Census Bureau at Washington, statistics which are highly suggestive of various phases of the problem, and which are full of encouragement alike for the negro race itself and for those who regard with embarrassment and apprehension its numerous existence in this country.

The statistics cover the ten years from 1900 to 1910, the first ten of the century. They show, to begin with, what seems on its face to be a large increase in the negro element of population. In 1900 they were only 8,833,994, while in 1910 they were 9,827,762. That meant an increase of 993,768; which is, beyond doubt, a considerable number. Proportionately to the whole population, however, it does not appear so great. In fact, it shows a marked decrease. For in 1900 the negroes formed 11.6 per cent. of the whole population, while in 1910 they formed only 10.7 per cent. A decrease of 0.9 per cent. in ten years is not great, but neither is it so small as to be negligible.

Nor is this proportionate decrease of the negro element merely because of the enormous influx of white immigrants from Europe. It is true that the number of foreign-born whites in this country increased in those ten years by 30.7 per cent. But the number of native-born whites also increased by 20.8 per cent., or not far from twice the rate of the negroes, making it obvious that the proportion of negroes to whites would have declined if there had been no immigration at all.

This latter fact is the more noteworthy when taken in connection with some other features of the case. We are told that in 1910 there were only 989 male to 1,000 female negroes, while there were 1,060 male to 1,000 female whites. For obvious reasons an excess of females over males should tend to increase, and an excess of males over females should tend to decrease the birth-rate. Yet even with that circumstance in their favor the negroes lag far behind the whites.

These figures may superficially seem discouraging if not actually ominous to the negro race. There is, however, another aspect of the case, which shows that the negroes are making marked advance in intelligence, health, and wealth. In the ten years under consideration illiteracy among negroes of ten or more years of age was reduced from 57.1 to 30.4. That was a splendid reduction, and the figures speak eloquently of the good work which has been done by even the rudest and most primitive "district schools" among the negroes. At the same time the sanitary conditions of the race were so improved that the death-rate, in the registration district, fell from 29.4 in 1900 to 25.5 in 1910. That fact also makes the slower increase of the negroes than of the whites the more worthy of note.

Finally, it appears that the total value of farm property of all kinds owned by negroes increased from $499,941,000 to $1,144,181,000. Now that was an increase of 56.30 per cent., while at the same time the value of all farm property in the United States increased only 50.13 per cent., showing that the negroes are acquiring wealth as farmers more rapidly than the rest of the nation. In connection with that it is to be remembered that while negroes formed in 1910 only 10.7 per cent. of the whole population, they formed 14.5 per cent. of the farmers.

As we have already said, the net result of these statistics is favorable and welcome from both points of view. The most ardent friends of the negro race would prefer to have it proportionately fewer in numbers as compared with the whites, provided that at the same time it became more intelligent, more thrifty and wealthy, and longer lived. Better a small element of sound and prosperous men than a large one of wastrels and derelicts.

In brief, Nature, left to her own beneficent processes, or with the appropriate adjuvant of man's patiently benevolent assistance, seems to be steadily working out a satisfactory and permanent solution of the so-called negro problem. It will be the part of highest patriotism to promote this process; not, of course, by arbitrarily trying to lessen still further the rate of negro increase, which is something which must be left to nature, but by assisting to improve the mental, physical, and pecuniary condition of the race; so that if it continues to grow proportionately fewer, it will at the same time, in even greater ratio, grow more fit.

THE NEW EUROPE

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

I SUPPOSE there is nobody outside of Germany who does not see that this war can have but one ending. When the first great rush of the German armies upon France was met and foiled by a greater retreat, followed up by an offensive that hurled the invaders back almost upon their own frontiers, the issue of the struggle was virtually determined. It was vital to Germany's chances of success that she should crush the Allied forces in France during the opening weeks of the campaign. She came within measurable distance of doing so. The world has never seen, and may never see again, a spectacle of such overwhelming military efficiency as the Germans furnished after their momentary check at Liège. It justified everything that the warmest admirers of the German army as a machine and an organization have ever said in its praise; and it completely confounded those who thought that the very vastness of the structure might make it unwieldy. So far as the outside world could judge, scarcely a cog slipped. The perfection of its equipment, the massive simplicity of its strategy, the skill with which overpowering numbers were always concentrated at the decisive point, and the mobility, endurance, and disciplined valor of the troops during the month of August more than reproduced the staggering impression made upon our fathers by the German handling of the war of 1870. They hacked their way through northeastern France up almost to the gates of Paris. The splendor of the performance dazzled, I think, most people's eyes to the fact that it accomplished little. So long as the Franco-British armies, while always pushed back, had not been dissipated, much less destroyed, were still intact and still fighting, the German attack had failed in its main objective. For the task set the invaders was, and still is, not merely to sweep the Allies before them, but to place them *hors de combat,* to wipe them out on the field

of battle or to lock them up behind the ramparts of fortresses—in any case to render them incapable of further effective action. The task set the Allies, on the other hand, was and still is to fight for time, to contest every yard of ground, to retire, if need be, to the Atlantic, but at any cost to remain in being. To keep Germany fully occupied in France, while Russia accumulates her forces for the invasion of the Fatherland, that is the supreme goal of Anglo-French strategy.

It has been most adequately achieved. Not only did the Allies cease their retirement, but in the first week of September they assumed the offensive, they drove the Germans first beyond the Marne and, secondly, beyond the Aisne, and for nearly a month, as I write, have held them there as in a vise. Thus after nine weeks of incessant fighting the smashing blow which was to annihilate the Anglo-French armies and leave Germany free to settle accounts with Russia has not been delivered, and, to all appearances, never will be delivered. Meanwhile the Russians, whose energy and dash and leadership have been perhaps the biggest surprise of the war, continue their remorseless and locust-like advance from the East, while the Serbs and Montenegrins with the utmost gallantry and success are harrying Austria-Hungary from the south. The Germans, I imagine, never counted much on their Austrian ally. But they can hardly have expected such a complete and humiliating exhibition of military inefficiency as the Dual Monarchy has displayed to the world from the opening gun of the war. The ill fortune of Austria on the battlefield has long been proverbial; this time it has pursued her into the very grave of the realm of the Hapsburgs. Moreover, though sorely stricken, Belgium still maintains her heroic fight with an army that has abated nothing of its martial spirit. And this Belgian resistance has made necessary the detention of at least two army corps that the German General Staff would have been glad to use in other directions. Over two months, therefore, from the commencement of hostilities, even the military situation, which the Germans expected and were expected to mold pretty much as they pleased, is anything but auspicious to German arms. Nothing can hide the fact that their initial enterprise, after coming within an ace of triumph, has completely miscarried and that they have suffered a severe strategical defeat.

It is difficult to see how matters can improve for them as time goes on. Other nations, now neutral, may join in the war, but their accession will prove on the balance to be decidedly disadvantageous to the Teutonic Powers. But even if the struggle is restricted to the present combatants, the Germans in another six months will find themselves, even when they have called up their last reserves and drilled their last volunteers, outnumbered by at least two to one. In equipment and organization, apart from their commissariat arrangements, they are probably superior to any of the Allies; in the qualities of generalship and high command it is too early as yet to say that they have any advantage; in *morale* and determination the German nation is undoubtedly the equal of the Russians, the British, or the French, but the German troops in the field seem already to be showing signs of a weakening fiber; and their prodigious losses, especially in officers, and the consciousness that they are engaged in a losing fight against Time, are beginning—or so, at least, there seems reason to believe—to work with disheartening effect. In other and not less vital particulars the scales are heavily tipped against them. Germany's import and export trade has virtually ceased; her merchant marine has been swept off the seas; the British navy is exerting to the full all the economic and strategical advantages of the control of the seas; and whatever may have been the preparations made in advance for this struggle, they are almost bound, before another year is out, to crumble away beneath the converging pressure of industrial paralysis, dwindling food-supplies, and a growing burden of unemployment and distress. Compared, again, with her antagonists, compared especially with Great Britain, Germany's financial resources are shaky and slender; and if Mr. Lloyd George's prophecy that "the last few hundred millions will win this war" proves to be correct—and there is all history to back it—then there cannot be much doubt they will be found in the British and not the German purse. These are terrible handicaps; and though the Germans, especially when they are driven to fight on the defensive in their own land, will put up a long and desperate resistance that it will need every ounce of power that the Allies can command to break down, still the ultimate issue is beyond question.

It is not, therefore, premature to let one's mind play over

the shape and circumstances of the new Europe that is to arise out of this prodigious upheaval. The old Europe is admittedly dead. After an uneasy life of little more than forty years it has passed in thunder and lightning to an irrevocable eclipse. A fresh framework will have to be constructed, and unless it, too, is to be torn to pieces a generation or so later, the architects will have to be animated by a very different spirit from that which has guided the diplomatic jerry-building of the past. We in Great Britain, happily, are quite clear as to that. We mean, if we can, to chain down Prussian militarism for ever, but not in order that the path may be smoothed for the coming of some other pistoling bully. We believe that from this war will arise an opportunity never vouchsafed to Europe before to sweep away all or nearly all the old, cumbersome, and embittering barriers that have kept the nations apart in wasting and venomous ill-will. We want a map of Europe that even for the defeated in the present war will leave no soreness behind: a settlement that for all peoples and races will be in the nature of a liberation; a readjustment that will have no ragged edges of dismembered and revengeful nationalities. Other wars have ended in terms of peace drawn up to suit the calculations of diplomatists, dynastic ambitions, and the petty plans of strategists. We intend that this war shall end in terms of peace drawn up to square with one principle —the principle of nationality—and to meet one supreme consideration, the needs and wishes and desires of the several peoples concerned. We were forced into the war to preserve Belgium from extinction. That object, therefore, will not only find expression and attainment in the ultimate settlement, but will furnish the keynote of British policy in safeguarding the future of all the other states, large as well as small. For the familiar type of peace treaty negotiated by an aloof and not infrequently a sinister diplomacy we shall aim at substituting a peace treaty that will vindicate and be welcomed by the democracies of Europe. The fatal and vitiating flaw in the old dispensation was that it dotted Europe with patches of unrest, fragments of people divided from their kinsmen and thrust into a hated and alien association, regions held and governed by one Power that racially and historically belonged to another Power. The dismemberment of nationalities was the root cause of the militarism that has produced the present war. Their

restoration to unity will prove, we believe, the one sure road to a lasting peace.

Mr. Winston Churchill has summarized very clearly British hopes and intentions in this matter. "Let us be careful," he said, "not to make the same mistake or the same sort of mistake as Germany made when she had France prostrate at her feet in 1870. Let us, whatever we do, fight for and work toward great and sound principles for the European system. The first of those principles which we should keep before us is the principle of nationality—that is to say, not the conquest or subjugation of any great community, or of any strong race of men, but the setting free of those races which have been subjugated and conquered. And if doubt arises about disputed areas of country, we should try to settle their ultimate destination, in the reconstruction of Europe which must follow from this war, with a fair regard to the wishes and feelings of the people who live in them. That is the aim which, if it is achieved, will justify the exertions of the war, and will make some amend to the world for the loss and agony of suffering which it has wrought and entailed."

In somewhat similar terms Mr. Asquith, speaking at Dublin on September 25th, defined the end which Great Britain ought to keep in view. "Forty-four years ago," he said, "at the time of the war of 1870, Mr. Gladstone used these words. He said: 'The greatest triumph of our time will be the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics.' Nearly fifty years have passed. Little progress, it seems, has as yet been made toward that good and beneficent change, but it seems to be now at this moment as good a definition as we can have of our European policy—the idea of public right. What does it mean when translated into concrete terms? It means, first and foremost, the clearing of the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relations of states and of the future molding of the European world. It means, next, that room must be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities, each with a corporate consciousness of its own. Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, Greece, and the Balkan States—they must be recognized as having exactly as good a title as their powerful neighbors, more powerful in strength

and in wealth, to a place in the sun. And it means, finally, or it ought to mean, perhaps by a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the clash of competing ambitions, for groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise, of a real European partnership based on the recognition of equal right and established and enforced by a common will. A year ago that would have sounded like a Utopian idea. It is probably one that may not, or will not, be realized either to-day or to-morrow. If and when this war is decided in favor of the Allies, it will at once come within the range and before long within the grasp of European statesmanship."

With these fixed points to go by—the principle of nationality tempered in disputed cases by the principle of local option—it is possible to project the general outline of the new Europe. In doing so one has, of course, to make certain assumptions over and beyond the grand assumption that Germany will be beaten. One has, for instance, to take it for granted that Russia and France will fall in with the British view of the form reconstruction should take. The three Powers, it will be remembered, engaged on September 5th not to conclude peace separately and not to demand any terms of peace without previous agreement; and to this undertaking both Japan and Servia have since subscribed. That does not, however, necessarily imply that unanimity among them as to the guiding principles or the main provisions of a settlement will be easily reached. But I think there is good ground for feeling sanguine that no serious differences will arise, and that on practically all points the British view will prevail. If I may content myself with that bald assertion without stopping to give the many sound reasons that might be urged to justify it, it is obvious that the first care of the Allied negotiators must be to provide the amplest possible reparation for Belgium. To that the whole power and credit of the British Empire and the passionate determination of its people stand gladly and admiringly pledged. If you were to ask an average Englishman to-day what it is that Great Britain may hope to reap from the war, he will answer either, "Nothing," or, "I really don't know." Then it will occur to him that perhaps Heligoland or some of the German possessions in Africa and the Pacific may be desirable additions to the Empire. But it will be clear to you that he has not pon-

dered the question and is not greatly interested in it. Mention the claim of Belgium, however, and you will find him hotly insistent that it is a British duty to see that Germany discharges it to the hilt. For herself Great Britain is not likely to demand very much, and certainly nothing in Europe or in European waters, unless it be the retrocession of Heligoland. In the main, she will be satisfied if the menace of Prussian militarism is effectually removed. But for Belgium she will certainly demand large and tangible reparation for the violence and treachery that the country has suffered at the hands of the enemy. It will be presumably both financial and territorial. A swinging indemnity and the annexation of the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg, which signally failed to defend its own neutrality, are the very least that Belgium could be offered as compensation for the injuries she has received.

It is inconceivable that there should be any difference of opinion whatever either among the Allies or among neutral nations as to the justice of forcing Germany to make whatever amends are possible for the base brutality of her treatment of Belgium. One may take it equally for granted that the outside world will likewise unanimously approve the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to France. A more difficult question, however, is suggested by Schleswig-Holstein, the province wrenched from the Danes in the war of 1864, and still predominantly Danish and anti-Prussian in sentiment. A strict application of the principle of nationality would require its retrocession to Denmark in spite of the fact that throughout the present war the Danes have remained neutral. But the problem is complicated by the building of the Kiel Canal within the Schleswig-Holstein area. There will undoubtedly be a desire in many quarters that the terms of peace should include the internationalization of the great waterway connecting the North Sea and the Baltic. The canal, it is possible, may become the boundary line between Denmark and Germany and be placed by the Allied Powers under Danish administration for the commercial use of all nations. That is, at any rate, a suggestion which is pretty sure to come up for discussion, though one cannot as yet say that opinion has hardened upon its merits or otherwise. If Denmark and Belgium and France, however, each receive a portion of what is now German territory, it is tolerably safe to assume that Holland, following

the example of Rumania after the Balkan War, will put in a claim for "compensation." The position of Holland throughout the war has been an excessively trying one. For reasons which amply satisfied the prudential character of the Dutch, the Government at The Hague decided to preserve a strict neutrality while its independence, and indeed its very existence as a free and self-governing state, were being fought out on the plains of Belgium and amid the vineyards of France. Nobody, least of all in Great Britain, has made any complaint of the Dutch attitude; it has been perfectly intelligible and eminently cautious; but no one, so far as I can observe, is at all inclined to regard it as meriting any special recognition and reward at the hands of the Allies. The Dutch have no particular cause of complaint, historical or otherwise, against Germany; and any claim of theirs to German territory as compensation for their indirect sufferings during the war would meet, one imagines, with a remarkably cool reception in the Allies' camp. Certainly the hope entertained by Great Britain is that Germany, while rendered impotent for harm, will not feel humiliated by the terms imposed upon her; and no proposal of a purely predatory nature is likely to meet with British support.

If now we turn to the east of Europe it is to be confronted with one dominant fact—the collapse, to all appearances the irremediable collapse, of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In the August number of The North American Review I gave some reasons for thinking that the Dual Monarchy was never likely to fall to pieces through the violence of its centrifugal elements, and that its dissolution, if it were ever to be dissolved, would be brought about by external pressure and not by an internal explosion. But I had no idea, when I wrote, that the external pressure would so soon be brought to bear upon its trembling fabric. Beyond question we are witnessing the death-throes of the realm of the Hapsburgs. Humanly speaking, there is no possibility that it can survive the appalling catastrophes that its own military inefficiency, its insoluble racial distractions which have always made it rather a Government than a nation, and the vigor of its Slav enemies have brought upon it. The "ramshackle Empire," as Mr. Lloyd George called it the other day, has reached its last days. The event which Europe for half a century has dreaded as a cause of war

has now come about as the result of war. And in Great Britain, at any rate, much as we like the Austrians as individuals and as a people, there are few lamentations over the imminent blotting out of a Power that for centuries was the strongest in Europe. On the contrary, the impression deepens that it is better for the peace of southeastern Europe that Austria-Hungary should go and that its territories should be divided among the nationalities that have the best right to them.

The partition of the Dual Monarchy, in any case probably an unescapable consequence of the war, was converted into a virtual certainty by the decree, issued in the name of the Czar and promising the recreation of the Kingdom of Poland. That promise, I venture to predict, will be redeemed in full; and its redemption means the amalgamation of the Polish provinces of Austria, Germany, and Russia under the scepter of the Czar. Apart from that it is conceivable that Russia may make no further territorial demands on Germany either for herself or for any of the Slav peoples. The rest of Austria-Hungary up to a certain extent follows what might almost be called natural lines of division. The Rumanians will gravitate toward Rumania; Bosnia, Croatia, Slavonia, Herzegovina, and other predominantly Slav districts of southern Hungary will form themselves into one or two Slav kingdoms buttressed on Servia and Montenegro; while Italy will take in the Trentino and Trieste and possibly Pola and Fiume. The great increase in the Servian power and dominions that will thus ensue will, it is hoped, make it easy for the statesmen of Belgrade to hand back to Bulgaria some of the Macedonian districts, in which Bulgars outnumber the other races, that were torn from her after the war between the Balkan Allies. The problem of Albania will probably prove as baffling as it is now. It will certainly do so if Italy asserts her claim to control the destinies of that distracted province. But if Italy can be induced to regard herself as sufficiently compensated by her accession to the Italian-speaking districts of Austria-Hungary and to the ports of Pola, Fiume, and Trieste, and will relinquish interests in Albania that must automatically lose much of their importance with the extinction of Austria-Hungary, then the Albanian question is not insoluble along the lines of Swiss federalism. These speculations, of course, depend to some extent on what

part, if any, Turkey decides to play in the war. Her intervention in behalf of the Teutonic Powers, by completing the ruin of her European empire and adding thereto the loss of her Asiatic dominions, would raise the complex and pregnant issue of Constantinople—an issue, I may add, that nobody wishes to face until he is absolutely compelled to.

Even after the Dual Monarchy had thus been carved and handed round there would remain two peoples still undisposed of—the Magyars of Hungary and the German-speaking Austrians. The former, a virile, fascinating people, with a thousand years of self-contained history behind them, might well be invited to form a homogeneous state of their own. The Germans, on the other hand, would be urged to throw in their lot with their kinsmen of the German Empire. In that way, it will at once be seen, Germany, though beaten, would emerge from the conflict with more subjects and larger territories than she possesses to-day, and one of the dreams of Pan-Germanism would be realized when all who speak the German tongue in Europe would be gathered under a single head. A certain hesitation on the part of the Germans to admit some ten million Catholics to the Empire, a certain reluctance on the part of the easy-going Austrians to live in permanently close quarters with the Prussians, would naturally fail to operate against the ideal of a comprehensive German union. The Allies, I imagine, will be found quite prepared to carry their doctrines of nationality and local consent so far as to leave Germany in a position as good as her most ardent patriots have ever prophesied for her. In Great Britain, at any rate, there is no enmity, and no desire whatever to act harshly, toward the German people. We have even persuaded ourselves that in this struggle we are freeing Germany as much as Europe; and the terms of peace that Great Britain will put forward and support will be framed with the twofold object of preventing the resurrection of Prussian militarism, and of creating the conditions most favorable to the commercial and literary and artistic genius of the German people, to German culture, and to the sober pride and tranquillity of an Empire that will be deprived of its last excuse for either seeking or desiring revenge.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

WAR

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
Professor of English Literature at Yale

From the standpoint of Christianity, there is no such thing as a foreign war. Every war is a civil war. If the phrase "brotherhood of man" is anything except cant, it means that nearly all Europe is now engaged in wholesale fratricide.

When a nation declares war on another nation, it simply passes a law making legal, and thereby encouraging, murder, robbery, and arson; with the unavoidable and clearly foreseen accompanying crimes of rape and torture.

It is absurd to deny that there have been cruel outrages in Belgium and France; just as absurd as it would be to suppose that there will be no outrages in Germany if the allied forces occupy that country. It is equally absurd to express surprise or horror at these events. They are a necessary part of the horror of war, and invariably follow it. War means murder and destruction on the largest possible scale. There is nothing beautiful about it; nothing fine; nothing admirable; nothing noble. Why lift up the hands in amazed protest when bombs are dropped on cities and women slaughtered by soldiers? These things are a natural part of war. Is there any torture for a woman worse than the murder of her son? If both parties in this conflict rejoice when they murder a particularly large number of young men, why should any one be astonished or grieved at the murder of old men, children, or women? War means that so-called civilized nations have relapsed into barbarism, and that formerly rational and peaceful citizens have become frenzied demons. Does any one suppose, when a million armed men bent on murder and destruction occupy a country they are endeavoring to destroy, that courtesy, gentleness, consideration, are the words to

describe their conduct? War is now what it always has been, not a courteous joint debate, but hell on earth.

Nor should any one be surprised that all modern methods of slaughter should be employed in this war. Just as in ancient times scythe-bearing chariots and elephants were used, just as each nation in war took advantage of every possible method to inflict suffering and death on the antagonist, so it is natural and proper that this war should develop not only on land, but in the air and in the waters under the earth. Aerial bombs and floating mines should excite no protest whatever. War is in itself wholly bad, and it is impossible to draw nice distinctions; when a nation is bent on murder, you cannot expect it to remember the rules that govern polite society.

In times of war those in the ranks become devils and those who stay at home lose their reason. If it were not for the unspeakable horror of war, its main feature would be its colossal absurdity. We, in neutral America, will never know for certain what nation is to blame for this war; because the so-called intelligent persons in each nation, whose word would have weight in other matters, are absolutely firm, not only in their hope that their particular country will win, but in their faith that their particular country is on the side of God, Truth, Honor, Civilization, World-Idealism. This is a proof that in times of war men are not guided by their reasoning faculties at all, but are simply blinded by passion.

If this were a war between the English people and the German Kaiser, then we might arrive at some clear conclusion. But the good and intelligent English people are not one whit more convinced that England is right than the good and intelligent German people are convinced that Germany is right. The same fact is absolutely true of Russia and of France. A number of English writers—men and women whose names command high respect—have signed a statement that England is right and pure, Germany wicked and wrong; but the difficulty is that the German writers believe just the opposite. Romain Rolland, the distinguished French novelist, appealed to Gerhart Hauptmann, the distinguished German dramatist, to protest to the German Government against the " atrocities " in Belgium; but Herr Hauptmann is apparently just as firm in his faith that the Germans can do no wrong as M. Rolland is in his attacks

upon them. M. Maeterlinck, a kindly, intelligent, philosophical Belgian, wants the whole German nation smashed: he thinks they are a generation of vipers, with no place in modern civilization. Perhaps the most striking evidence of the incapacity to think clearly and dispassionately, or to use reason at all, is seen in the case of the distinguished Russian writer Andreev. No man, not even Zola, has written against the horror of war more eloquently than Andreev. His novel, *The Red Laugh,* should be studied by every one who thinks there is anything fine in warfare. Yet now we find this apostle of peace saying, "Though I am opposed to war on principle and regard bloodshed with horror, I welcome war with Germany as necessary. This is a war for the soul, for spiritual liberty." And that is exactly what the Germans think, from the most enlightened university professors down to the most ignorant peasants.

Henri Lavedan in France and John Galsworthy in England have simultaneously published their "creeds"; and it is interesting to observe that it took nothing less than a war to get a creed out of the astute English spectator and analyzer of life, who has always disliked partisanship. Both these creeds are lofty and noble in language; in sentiment honest and sincere. But Germans of equal intelligence and sincerity believe precisely the opposite.

That is one reason why war is useless. It never settles the rights and wrongs of any conflict of opinion. It never brings us any nearer to the truth. It simply settles by brute force (and at a waste of life and property that cannot even be estimated, for its results are felt for many generations) which party in the conflict is the stronger. Men's opinions in the fight are determined not by reason, but by the mere accident of birth; just as in the American war of 1861–65, those who happened to be born in the South had clear convictions that the South was right; those born in the North were equally clear in the contrary conviction. So they murdered each other.

In a recent number of the London *Athenæum,* in a column of book advertisements, there is an unintentional but grim humor in the order—*The Russo-Japanese War, The Invasion of France, The Franco-German War, Text-Book of Insanity.*

It is a curious result of this war that many persons are wondering whether or not Christianity is a failure. With-

out stopping to inquire how a remedy can be a failure when it is not given a trial, it looks to me as if everything was a failure except Christianity; and that it might be a good idea in the future for America to try Christianity and see how it works. Diplomacy has totally failed; one of the chief purposes of diplomacy is to avert disaster, to ward off bloodshed, and we are witnessing the worst war in history. Socialism is a total, ignominious, laughable failure; before the war the Socialists in Europe, knowing well that if they all united, regardless of boundary lines, they might put a stop to war, told the world what great things they would do for the cause of peace; how they, at any rate, would not be deceived by any false sentiment about a country's flag. But at the first outbreak of the war the Socialists in each country flew eagerly to arms. Science and learning are failures, for all the efforts of lonely men in laboratories to preserve human life and to save the body from suffering are negated in a day. Learning is a failure because it did not prevent the tide of barbarism from controlling Europe; and during the war there is not even the pretense of going on with it. Armaments which have stolen the money that might have been used to elevate and improve mankind are a colossal failure, as we who believe in peace have always known. We were never deceived by the legend that the surest way to prepare for peace was to get ready for war; it was certain that sooner or later those who had the guns would use them. It is to be hoped that their scientific curiosity on the question of efficiency is already satisfied.

Each government has successfully persuaded its people that they are fighting in a holy cause. Germany insists on the danger of Pan-Slavism; but if this is the real danger, why do the Germans hate the English so much more intensely than the Slavs? England tells its people that they went to war to preserve the neutrality of Belgium; but does any one believe that if Germany had taken another route to France England would have remained neutral? It was a fortunate thing for England that Germany did break her word to Belgium; for the English people have what is called a non-conformist conscience, and some would surely have spoken out if the only cause of the war had been England's self-interest. France insists it is fighting in the name of civilization; but if France had not lost Alsace and Lorraine would she be fighting Germany now? No, this war

means that each nation would rather fight than suffer a material loss. Patriotism is easily aroused, but no passion of patriotism ought to deceive those whose citizenship is in heaven, who have enrolled themselves in the service of the Kingdom of God. War is absolutely incompatible with such service and such citizenship.

When a country is once at war the government informs its people that, no matter what their individual convictions may be, they must all support the war. Or, as one statesman has expressed it, "It is no time to consider rights and wrongs when the house is on fire." But when a man's house is on fire he does not run off to find and punish the man who set it on fire. He tries to put the fire out. Thus the best news that can come to America is not that the Allies or the Germans have been victorious; the best news will be the news that the conflagration is over, that peace is at hand. Benjamin Franklin, who was far more advanced in civilization than the vast majority of people who are living to-day, said: "All wars are follies. There never was a good war."

Even now some Americans are insisting that we go in for increased armaments and a great navy; that we should take money needed for education and internal improvements and spend it on fighting-machines. Would it not be well to give Christianity a trial? The religion of Christ is as reasonable as it is noble. It is the only method of settling quarrels that combines absolute good sense with pure ethics. In time of war, for the purpose of inflicting death, mutilation, and destruction on those whom we call our brothers, every one is called upon to make heroic sacrifices. Would it not be fine in the future if the United States of America should make some actual sacrifices to prevent war? Would it not be splendid if we actually sustained insults and material damage from some other country and did not fight? A faith is no good unless one is willing to suffer for it. Peace will never come to this uncivilized planet until some nation shows, not by its professions, but by its behavior, that it believes in peace. Some nation will have to suffer in the cause of peace as so many nations have suffered in the evil cause of war. Will it not be fine if that nation should turn out to be our own?

William Lyon Phelps.

WHY THE BRITISH EMPIRE IS AT WAR

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

THE title of this article covers a fact which is of considerable importance. The three partners in the Triple Entente who are opposing Germany and Austria-Hungary are generally spoken of as Russia, France, and England, but it is not England, nor "Britain," but the British Empire, with which the German hosts have to reckon, and that means that we can count on the manhood and the resources not of one nation, but of five. In the well-known book of General Bernhardi, *Germany and the Next War,* the apostle of the mailed fist, writing in 1911, says:

> The British Empire is divided from the military point of view into two divisions: into the United Kingdom itself, with the Colonies governed by the English Cabinet, and the self-governing Colonies. These latter . . . can be completely ignored so far as concerns any European theater of war.

That this is only one of many miscalculations made in Germany in the last ten years must already be apparent even to the casual observer of recent events. Before this article is printed troops from overseas—from Australia, New Zealand, and Canada—will be fighting side by side with the British army in the ranks of the Allies, and, since an army fights on its stomach, we must also reckon among the advantages of our scattered Empire those reservoirs of food and those markets for trade which, under the protection of our Fleet, are now placed unreservedly at our disposal in a manner which obviates for Great Britain the greater part of the material sufferings inflicted by the near proximity of war on more self-contained countries. We are fighting the greatest fight, probably, of our existence with a minimum of hardship and even inconvenience to our civilian population.

Was Great Britain responsible for the war? One of the

best answers to this is found in the reiterated statement throughout the diplomatic correspondence relating to the war, that, in the opinion of Germany, Great Britain was sure to be neutral. The Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs on July 25th told our Ambassador at St. Petersburg that "Germany was convinced she could rely on (British) neutrality," and in the conversations at Berlin, Vienna, Paris, the Russian capital, and London, the British representatives steadfastly refused to accede to the requests of their French and Russian colleagues to throw the weight of Britain into the scale. On July 29th the German Chancellor offered, as the price of British neutrality, to "respect the territorial integrity of France," but not, as he subsequently admitted, of her colonies. Could such a proposal, justly characterized by Mr. Asquith as "infamous," have been made to a Power which was known to be working for war? On August 4th, when the final rupture was inevitable, the British Ambassador had an interview with Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg. In this historic interview the Chancellor, immensely excited and "overcome by the news of our action," was astounded that Great Britain should go to war for "a scrap of paper," "just a word—'neutrality'—a word which in war-time had been so often disregarded." At this date the invasion of Belgium was an accomplished fact, and Sir Edward Grey had already (on July 31st and August 1st) warned the German Government that public opinion in Great Britain would not tolerate the violation of Belgian neutrality. It appears, therefore, that Germany regarded the warning conveyed as "bluff," and was exceedingly surprised to find that we should fight either to uphold our treaty obligations or for any other reason. What evidence is there in all this of bellicose intentions on our part? On the contrary, Germany obviously made her gambler's throw in supreme confidence that, at the moment chosen, we were unable, owing to domestic dissensions, to take an adequate part in any European conflict. The extremity of Britain was Germany's opportunity. Her grounds for this belief were more reasonable than now seems possible. The Home Rule question had brought us to the verge of civil war, and the agents of the German Government may very well have misunderstood the nature of our people. The German Empire is made up of states whose inhabitants, while subscribing heartily to the ideal of German unity, have no true German national feel-

ing. They are Prussians, Bavarians, or Saxons first, and their union into a German Empire is too recent to permit of any strong national feeling—a fact which goes far to explain the easy assimilation of Germans in foreign countries. It might well appear to Germans that the cleavage between Irish and English, even between north and south Ireland, is deeper and wider than any political tie can bridge, but as a matter of fact the United Kingdom, nay, more, the British Empire, is bound together by a strong sense of nationality—not only racial affinity, but common tradition and devotion to the little islands that bred our stock. We had fought and bled side by side on many a battlefield before the German Empire was welded together in the campaign of 1870. At the first sign of a foreign danger domestic differences were forgotten and only our common heritage was remembered. The miscalculations of German agents were, therefore, not unnatural, and they were certainly encouraged by the ill-judged attitude of a portion of our press.[1]

Ever since the Boer War, when the Kaiser did his best to form a European coalition against Britain (and bitterly reproached his own people for not having provided a navy to take advantage of the situation) there have been two parties in Great Britain holding divergent views as to our relations with Germany. On the one hand there were those who insisted that friendly relations with that country could only be secured if we also took care to maintain our naval superiority unquestioned and to provide adequately for land defense, and on the other there were those who, even when they did not advocate complete disarmament on our part, were convinced that friendly relations could be maintained by the exchange of visits, courtesies, and a general policy of confidence and admiration. Naturally, among the latter were found numbers of sincere idealists to whom Germany was still the land of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Kant, Wagner, and Schubert—poets, philosophers, and musicians—and who had never realized the growth of Teutonism, whose apostles are Treitschke, Bernhardi, Von Tirpitz, and the Emperor William. The Socialists of Great Britain, the Humanists, the Great Illusionists, and all the faddists

[1] German writers have, of course, pointed out that Great Britain's naval expansion was a "threat" to Germany. Into this controversy it is unnecessary to enter here. The point is that in July, 1914, the British Government had no desire for war and took no steps toward it until forced to take the defensive.

who pin their faith to the brotherhood of man—all these preached, in season and out of season, the doctrine that war between Great Britain and Germany was "unthinkable."

In this connection it is necessary to note, what has long been common knowledge in the journalistic world in England, but was officially unveiled in a despatch from the British Embassy at Berlin in February last (made public only recently), that the efforts of Germany to secure a "good press" in foreign countries did not stop short of the methods of Bismarck. It was his creature, "little Busch," who inaugurated what was known as the "reptile press," fed from official sources and bound to them by ties too strong to be broken. The preparation of "news" by the Foreign Office and its dissemination by the semi-official "Wolff Bureau" is a recognized feature of German life, but the indiscretions of one of the journals revealed another institution, heavily subsidized by Government, which under the guise of "trade development" has spread German journalistic agents of the Government all over the world, aims at controlling the advertising in foreign journals, and is thus in a position to secure that German views and "news" shall be presented in a favorable light. Its attempts to "square" certain international news agencies fortunately failed. These were pre-war arrangements. Readers of this Review will be aware of more recent efforts, but the insidious nature of this propaganda has concealed it from view in many an unsuspected quarter. Since the outbreak of war a singular instance has been revealed. The London *Times* received a communication, purporting to be a letter from a very eminent person, deprecating certain views regarding the Kaiser, and urging that his deep religious convictions made him essentially opposed to war, which was, in fact, being forced on him by Russia. This communication was not printed in the *Times,* but on the evening that it might have been in type a telegram, obviously intended for the London representative of the "Wolff Bureau," was accidentally delivered to the *Times.* It said: "*Times* is publishing to-morrow ——'s statement on the situation. Please telegraph it word for word. [Signed] Wolff Bureau, Berlin."

Finally, in a very different camp, there were to be found a number of men, many of them public characters of distinction, who laid it down as axiomatic that Great Britain could

never be called on to send a military force to the Continent, and therefore that a small, highly trained army, for despatch to distant parts of the Empire, was all-sufficient for our needs, though they good-naturedly acquiesced in the formation of a citizen force (to be trained *after the outbreak of war*) for purposes of home defense. The only comment necessary on these views is found in the fact that already seventy battalions of our citizen army have volunteered for foreign service, and will be sent to the front as soon as they are fit. They would be sent now if they were ready. Meanwhile our gallant little force of 150,000 must hold the fort as best it can, and has already borne a full share of the fighting in France.

With so many elements in public opinion openly hostile to any aggressive attitude on the part of Great Britain, with such obvious unpreparedness for a land campaign, and with a Government which dared not commit itself to any definite line of policy until public opinion had been openly roused over the question of Belgian neutrality, it is not possible for any unbiased observer to make out a case for a British "attack" on Germany.

The responsibility of Russia is now loudly proclaimed by Germany. The question of the exact date of mobilization is obscure. The term means different measures in different countries and, moreover, the length of time taken to effect complete mobilization differs so greatly that it is impossible to decide at what stage mobilization ceases to be a precautionary measure and becomes aggressive. It is an accepted fact, however, that Germany could mobilize in much less time than France, and nearly twice as quickly as Russia. This was the situation when Austria, the ally of Germany, declared war on Servia.

The sovereignty of Servia is as important to Russia as the independence of Belgium is to France or ourselves. It is no mere sentiment of Slav unity or desire to protect a small kindred nation which dictated Russia's policy, though the cause of Servia was popular in Russia on those sentimental grounds. Servia, as the vassal state of the Germanic Powers, would give them a predominant position in the Balkans. Servia won back her independence as a nation by a heroic struggle, and she has never ceased to cast longing eyes at the provinces still peopled with her own race which formed part of her ancient kingdom. She has intrigued

with her lost tribes, as have Rumania and Bulgaria outside the Austrian dominions, Croatia, Poland, and Bohemia within them. Secret societies, intrigues, and the cultivation of forbidden nationalism are the breath of life to all Slav peoples—essentially dreamers and democrats. Austria and Hungary have each their batch of oppressed nationalities to cope with, and a singularly complete and ubiquitous secret police system keeps an eye on their doings. A few years ago a trial, in which thirty or forty well-known citizens of Croatia were accused of treason, proved that certain documents on which the charge rested had been fabricated in the Austrian Consulate at Belgrade. One needs to remember the Friedjung trial before passing judgment on Servia! She is accused by Austria of fomenting disturbances which threatened the integrity of the Austrian dominions, but it is inconceivable that Germany would have plunged herself and Europe into war over such a charge as this, much less over the specific question of the murder of the Archduke.

On the latter question some plain speaking is necessary. The Archduke was pro-Slav, his wife was a Czech. He was known to be at variance with the strong pro-German and military element in Vienna, and the aged Emperor's grasp of affairs has long been slackening. Those who, like the writer, have been in Serajevo and know the efficiency of the Austrian police, find it almost impossible to credit that the murder, which was the result of a second attempt, could have taken place but for deliberate negligence on the part of the Austrian authorities to take the usual precautions. With the removal of the Archduke the moderating influence which had made itself felt in the last Balkan war was gone. Vienna was entirely ruled by the bellicose element which takes the word from Berlin. Little pretense was made in Vienna of regretting the Archduke's death, still less that of his morganatic wife, whose position was resented by those born in the purple. Can it be conceived that righteous indignation for the murder was the moving force in this great European tragedy? No, it is obvious that the aim was so to weaken Servia as to render her the vassal of Austria and through Austria of Germany. The coveted route to Salonica and the East runs through Servia, and the British Ambassador at Rome telegraphed reliable information that Germany was preparing to seize the Salonica railway. The Austrian Am-

bassador to Constantinople let the cat out of the bag in a conversation which the British Resident reported to Sir Edward Grey. He spoke of the "deplorable condition of Salonica under Greek administration, and of the assistance on which the Austrian army could count from the Mussulman population." Obviously, as the Resident remarked, Austria's designs extended considerably beyond a mere "punitive expedition into Servia."

Besides these ambitions there was, for Germany as for Austria, the disturbing racial question. Prussia cannot tolerate, as Austria has done hitherto, the growth of Slav national feeling, yet her eastern provinces, almost to the gates of Berlin, are the ancient home of the Slavs, and there are colonies of these prolific people in Westphalia and elsewhere. The crushing of Slav national feeling has been vigorously attempted, but with little avail.[1] After a long night of oppression these gifted and tenacious people have seen, in every part of Central Europe, a revival of their language, music, art, and historic traditions. In temperament and ideals they are antipathetic to the Prussians who rule Germany, and Bernhardi has laid it down that the first step in the spread of Teutonism must be the crushing of the Slavs in Germany.

Russia could not be expected to acquiesce in the Teutonizing of the Balkans or in an All-German route toward Constantinople. She made no objection to the humiliation of Servia, as a warning not to intrigue, but she was bound to secure the national independence of that country. Since her action in mobilizing was only begun after Austria declared war on Servia, and since Austria could at any moment have been restrained by the moderating word which Germany over and over again refused to speak,[2] it seems difficult to fasten the responsibility on Russia. It is beyond question that as late as July 29th, on the urgent representation of the German Ambassador, M. Sazonoff (the Russian Minister) made a definite offer in writing that Russia would stop all military preparations if Austria would "eliminate from her ultimatum (to Servia) points which violate the principle of sovereignty of Servia (White Paper No. 97).

[1] "The Achilles Heel of Germany." NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, June, 1909, by A. R. Colquhoun.

[2] White Paper Nos. 43, 46, 57, 68, 80, 90. On July 31st, when it was obviously too late, the German Chancellor made great professions of his desire to "press the button" in Vienna.

There is one point which history will, perhaps, be able to clear up. Was Germany in any sense responsible for the terms of Austria's ultimatum to Servia—that ultimatum which the German Chancellor, on July 25th, declared to "leave something to be desired" as a diplomatic document and which he admitted contained things which "Servia could not swallow" (*Ibid.* No. 18)? As to Germany's foreknowledge of this ultimatum we have no direct evidence, but Sir Maurice de Bunsen, British Ambassador in Vienna, believes, on private information, that the German Ambassador in Vienna, who is notoriously anti-Slav, knew the text of the note and telegraphed it to the German Emperor (*Ibid.* No. 95). In any case he (the German Ambassador) told Sir M. de Bunsen that he indorsed "every line of it." On July 27th the *Westminster Gazette,* a leading Liberal paper which has been distinguished by special communications from the German Chancellor, and cannot for a moment be suspected of Teutophobia, wrote that "In all the circumstances it is difficult to believe that the German Government was not completely aware of the terms of the Austrian note, and that the time and the method were not concerted between the two Powers."

The crux of this question of responsibility lies in the selection of a particular moment for springing the mine out of which conflagration was bound to come. Was the moment favorable to Great Britain? That question has been dealt with. To Russia? In three years' time Russia would have completed a reorganization of her army which would have enabled her to mobilize at a line much nearer to the German frontier. She was engaged in a bitter industrial dispute, and she was on the eve of negotiating a big loan. The moment was obviously not chosen by Russia. As for France, we have indubitable proof of her desire to preserve peace. She had just convicted herself of grave errors in army administration. Her northern coasts were undefended, and Great Britain gave her no pledge. French troops were kept well within ten miles of the frontier, and not until German forces had crossed did she take the offensive. From the fact that she was unable to advance to the rescue of Liège it is obvious that France did not begin her mobilization early enough to threaten Germany before that country could defend herself, and had not the Belgians made such a heroic

stand France would have been taken at a disadvantage. Both she, Britain, and Russia consented to any form of mediation or conference or consultation whereby the catastrophe might have been averted. Finally, the President was actually absent from France at the time of the crisis, and was traveling home during the four most critical days of the negotiations.

It is needless to go on piling up evidence of the fact that the moment was chosen by Germany because she thought her two continental rivals were less favorably placed than might again be the case, and because she was firmly convinced that Britain could not afford to fight, and that a continental war, if she entered into it, would cost that country the allegiance of her overseas dominions, and particularly of Canada. "English Imperialism," said Bernhardi, "has failed to link the vast Empire together either for purposes of commerce or defense."[1] And he went on to add that the Dominions would only support Great Britain in a cause which appealed to them. It was part of German strategy to make the Servian incident the nominal *casus belli,* and to concentrate attention in Great Britain on Russia. Would Britain support Russia—autocratic Russia—and would she fight over Austria's squabble with Servia? The herring across the trail was more nearly successful than one cares to remember.

It is not necessary to recall verbatim speeches which have since been recanted, but, in the many debates which have taken place over the obligations of the British Dominions beyond the seas for the defense of the Empire, there has always been one school which inclined to the view that "entanglements in European politics," though they might drag Great Britain into war, would not necessarily involve the overseas Dominions. It is one of the vital problems before the British Empire that she cannot expect the whole-hearted co-operation of the Dominions in military and naval defense without giving them a share in the direction of the foreign policy on which military and naval operations turn. The mere payment of contributions in money, even if it satisfied the national aspirations of the Dominions, would not meet the case. We need man-power as well, and responsible gov-

[1] "The experience of all time shows that colonial empires are more fragile and less enduring than continental ones. We consider a great war with England in the twentieth century quite inevitable."—EISENHART, *Germany in the Twentieth Century.*

ernments must have a voice in the disposition of their own forces. Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa have adopted military training for the manhood of their country, in different forms, and the two former are also embarking on naval programmes of their own. These measures do not render them independent of the protection of the British navy, but at this crisis they enable South Africa, for instance, to undertake its own land defense, while Australasia has annexed a German Colony in Samoa, besides despatching forces to supplement those of Great Britain. Gifts in kind of meat, butter, fruit, and other Australasian products are also on their way.

It must be said, moreover, that the Pacific Dominions have never quibbled about the position of any naval forces they might raise in a war undertaken by Great Britain. They have always asserted that such forces should automatically pass under the control of the British Admiralty in time of war. They have fully realized that if Britain is at war every corner of the Empire is at war. Canada, with a larger and more mixed population, was the region in which doubts were expressed, and where the theory was ventilated that it might be possible to remain within the Empire without joining in every dispute in which Britain might be involved. This is mentioned here chiefly to point a contrast. In Great Britain many Radical journals continued to criticize the Government's action in declaring war even for several days after the violation of Belgian neutrality. But in Canada there was no holding back, and there has been little attempt (if any) to criticize, though it must have been difficult for many Canadians to understand the why and wherefore of the war. The response from Canada has been magnificent. She sends us gifts of flour, cheese, fruit, coal, money, and, above all, men. She will send as many of these as Lord Kitchener wants.

There is one item of news from Canada which must have a paragraph—a grateful paragraph—to itself. It is reported that 60,000 citizens of the United States resident in Canada applied to join the Canadian volunteers. Their offer, for obvious reasons, cannot be accepted, but in Toronto alone they have subscribed £40,000 for families of Canadians serving in war. In England American residents are foremost in Red Cross and other work, and Anglo-Americans are forming a corps of their own.

Another German miscalculation: India, it was expected, would be in flames at the first sign of trouble for Great Britain. India has flamed—but with an ardent desire to fight by our side. Her seasoned troops are now landed on the Continent, and with their arrival vanished the German hope of stirring up Mohammedan discontent through Turkey.

And now what are we fighting for? We have been forced to fight primarily to defend the neutrality of Belgium—a neutrality guaranteed by international treaty. This is no quixotism on our part. The neutrality of Belgium is essential to her independence, and her independence of German control is a vital matter for us. At the same time it has for long been evident that the position of Holland and Belgium, at the mouth of the Rhine, and occupying the coast line opposite England, constituted a permanent barrier to German expansion as a great naval and mercantile power. The violation of Belgian neutrality has long been openly part—an essential part—of that advance on France which was to begin Germany's next war. Treitschke and Bernhardi have preached to the present generation of Teutonized Germans the doctrine that only by blood and iron can the German Empire come to its own.

The oft-repeated assertion that there are no international boundaries in the world of thought is directly contradicted by Bernhardi. "The dominion of German thought," he said, "can only be extended under the *ægis* of political power," and the first step must be to crush out the Slavs, who, even in the heart of Germany, continue to increase and to retain their national ideals. The fight between Teuton and Slav has always been, on the part of the latter, a struggle for liberty of thought and action, for the Slav is a practical and not merely a theoretic democrat. How far the rulers of Russia have in the past departed from Slav traditions is only too well known, but there is more true democratic feeling in Russia to-day than in Prussia, where the military caste reigns supreme and rides roughshod over all else.

The second step is for Germany to "consolidate our position in Europe," and then the time will be ripe to seek for colonies. But first "France must be so completely crushed that she can never more cross our path." After this colonies —preferably in parts suited for white occupation—must be

acquired, as the result of a war in Europe.[1] That these colonies can be acquired without injury to England no German has ever pretended. On August 27th the Cologne *Gazette* said:

> It is the essence of the English power-idea, that it cannot bear a strong Continent, and above all one standing under a unified leadership. *For then her colonies would be torn from her.* . . . Our people, who have respect for our French opponent . . . are filled with fury against England, who could have prevented this terrible world war, but out of *the very pettiest jealousy* did not do so.

Professor Hans Delbrück, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of January, 1900, wrote:

> As England is not expected to give way peaceably, and as her great naval power cannot be overwhelmed by a single State, the best remedy would be an alliance against her of all her rivals together, especially of Russia, France, and Germany. The diplomacy of King Edward VII. destroyed this little scheme, but Germany was no less bent on war.

Treitschke (in his *Politik* I., p. 76) says:

> God will see to it that war always recurs as a drastic medicine for the human race.

Bernhardi says:

> War is a moral obligation, and, as such, an indispensable factor in civilization. . . . The efforts toward the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely immoral. . . . We Germans have a far greater and more urgent duty toward civilization than the Great Asiatic Power. We, like the Japanese, can only fulfil it by the sword.

Those who have watched the growth of a new Germany, inspired by these Prussian militarist ideals, have frequently been told that they do not represent the real Germany. It is difficult to form an accurate idea of a "real Germany" in which so many divergent streams are blended. The truth seems to be that, despite all the enlightenment and liberality of thought which characterized the old Germany, her present generation has taken on very easily the imprint of Prussia. Industry and mechanical efficiency are the hall mark of German work, but those who believe that a liberal atmosphere, freedom of thought and action, and a love of abstract truth are the real signs of civilization will not see in the Prussian sausage-machine any real evidence of human advancement.

The sausage-machine has produced a wonderful army,

[1] Bernhardi. *Germany and the Next War.* Ch. V. "We must wish that at any price a German country, peopled by twenty or thirty million Germans, must grow up in Brazil." Lecture by Professor Schmoller, of Berlin University, member Prussian Privy Council.

whose men, at the word of command, will march forward in solid blocks to be mowed down; whose artillery is heavy and deadly, and whose officers can be trusted to carry out the most drastic commands without compunction. It is this army and its doings which must be taken as the symbol of modern Germany. No longer can we take the professor, the poet, or the philosopher as our typical German. It is Kaiser Wilhelm and his soldiers who stand for all time to typify the nation whose mission was to civilize and humanize the world.

The American public will have had ample opportunities of hearing how the Kaiser and his soldiers have comported themselves, from the moment when the grandson of Queen Victoria sent an *aide-de-camp* with an insulting message to the departing British Ambassador, to the burning of Louvain, the bombarding of the unfortified town of Malines, and the strewing of trade routes with explosive mines. Of the frightful barbarities inflicted on hapless Belgians no doubt any longer exists. Some of the mutilated victims have reached England. What must be realized by those who want to understand this war is that the principal outrages are not due to isolated acts of wanton cruelty on the part of soldiers, but are part of a calculated policy, ordered by superior authorities, with the design of spreading terror in the hearts of the conquered people and preventing reprisals. They are, in short, an essential feature of the *Kulturkampf*. "Germany," declares Professor Lamprecht, the historian and apostle of culture, "is now the protector and pillar of European civilization, and after bloody victories the world must be healed by becoming Germanized." Bismarck himself laid down the proper policy to be pursued in conquered territory. "Leave them," he said, "nothing but their eyes to weep with." An eye-witness has described to the writer the conduct of German troops entering Belgian villages. Certain houses were marked and fired upon; for ten minutes, perhaps for half an hour, every inhabitant showing his or her face was shot, and then, relaxing from their toils, the German soldiers became quite amiable and friendly. The Huns, with whom the German armies have been compared, pillaged and ravaged because they knew no better. The German does it as part of a deliberate policy. He does not make war in kid gloves. The Duke of Wellington, a hundred years ago, described the Prussians on campaign as

"horrid," and added that he believed that such excesses defeated their object. "My plan," he said, "is to bear lightly on the individual and grind the State." Laurence Oliphant wrote:

> Contact with the German armies, in 1870, has not the effect of enlisting one's sympathies in their favor. The official or Junker class detests England with a mortal hatred because they instinctively feel that the institutions of England strike at the root of their class prejudices and bureaucratic system.

The assumption that "necessity knows no law"[1] is the guiding spirit in Germany's proceedings. On that assumption treaties, engagements, conventions—all the paraphernalia of civilized intercourse—are valueless. We return to the Dark Ages when might was absolutely right. It is against this theory, and against the domination of the "blood and iron" school of Prussia, that the Allies are arrayed. Our partners in this fight have been our foes of old; they may be our rivals in the future, but for the present their cause is ours because Prussian hegemony in Europe would mean the triumph of a crude and brutal militarism. The British Empire is not afraid of nationalism; it views with sympathy the revival of national aspirations in the smaller Slav peoples, and its heart warms to Belgium; but above all we, as a free democracy, are opposed to Teutonism, which is enshrined in a military autocracy and knows no law save its own desires and ambitions.

Because the policy of Russia in the past has been illiberal and despotic some of our people have had misgivings as to our alliance with her. But the proclamation to the Poles, besides being an astute piece of strategy, may herald in a brighter era for Russia. How far Prussian influence has been responsible for the reactionary policy in St. Petersburg can be judged from the brutal oppression of Prussia's own Polish subjects. In any case the victory of the Allies will not mean the hegemony of Russia in Europe, but a stronger France, a stronger Italy, and a federation of stronger Balkan States.

In such a reconstruction of the map there will be room for a diversity of national aims and ideals, and the possibility of a quickening of intellectual and artistic life far greater than could have occurred under the weight of Prussian hegemony. National revivals are invariably marked

[1] German Chancellor's Speech in the Reichstag, August 4th.

by esthetic renascence, and the stimulus of national patriotism seems to be the necessary inspiration for creative work. It has suited Prussia to represent Teutonism as a "*Kulturkampf*," but Germany led the world of thought and science before she had bowed the knee to the God of Battles or embarked on the quest for World Power.

The morality of waging an aggressive war does not come into the present discussion. Other nations have done it in the past, and done it as ruthlessly as Germany. Her excuse is, simply, that the Slavs, France, and the independence of the Low Countries are all obstacles in her path. Believing in herself, she must clear them out of her path or else compromise her future. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the morality of the State is on a different footing to that of the individual, so that the former may be justified in declaring that "necessity knows no law," when we have made these admissions (which are necessary if German conduct is to be condoned) we are faced by the fact that our "culture bearer" is simply asking us to return to the state of "Nature red in tooth and claw"—the primitive condition in which hunger was the first compulsion and might the only right. Without donning any pharisaical robes we may safely say that at the present stage of our civilization public opinion in the British Empire would not sanction war on such grounds or by such methods. We do not claim to be "culture bearers," but we do claim to give justice and freedom wherever we go and to keep our plighted word, and it is because we have done this that we can count, confidently, on the whole-hearted support of all the people of the Dominions—even of those who were, a short time ago, our foes.

The British Empire believes that it is fighting in the cause of liberty, that it is on the side of oppressed nationalities and opposed to a military despotism more ruthless even than that of Napoleon which threatens Europe.

We are not so free as the Kaiser with the Deity, who to that medieval monarch appears as Jehovah did to the Jews of the Old Testament—a domestic deity, to be flattered, exhorted, or thanked. But in the fine words of a recent poem we say our doxology:

> To God, whichever way the battle rolls,
> We, fighting to the end, commend our souls.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

THE HEGEMONY OF THE FAR EAST

BY JOHN C. FERGUSON

The stirring events now transpiring in Europe should not be allowed to divert the entire attention of the world from the changes which the present war will make in the Far East. Up to the outbreak of hostilities this summer a comparison of the interests of Europe and America in Asia would have shown the relative superiority of Great Britain. Even in comparison with Japan, Great Britain could rightly claim a preponderating influence in Asia. Is this likely to be maintained, or is the hegemony to pass into other hands?

A rapid survey of the far-reaching influence of Great Britain east of the Suez Canal is necessary in order that its scope may be grasped. Arabia is a negligible territory apart from the commanding seaport of Aden and the island of Perim at the southern entrance of the Red Sea, but both of these places are British possessions. The strength of the British position in Persia was evident during the events of 1911 which centered around Mr. Morgan Shuster. In spite of the armed forces of Russia which threatened the northern boundaries, English diplomacy was able to obtain without any warlike demonstration an equal voice in the supervisory control of the Persian Government. This result was accomplished notwithstanding the alleged support by Germany of Russian designs. The reason for the desirability of leadership in Arabia, Persia, and other small countries of Asia centers around the British possession of India. India is the most vital of all portions of the British dominions outside of the British Isles. The amount of territory owned, controlled, or dominated by the Government of India has grown steadily year by year since the eventful battle of Wandiwash in 1760, and the capture of the hill fortress of Giugi during the following year, by which events the French lost the last vestige of their control in the penin-

sula. The position of Governor created for Lord Clive in 1758 grew into the importance of that of Governor-General for Warren Hastings in 1774, and of Viceroy for Earl Canning in 1858. On January 1, 1877, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India at the great Durbar held at Delhi. The influence of the great British Empire of India now reaches to Afghanistan, Beluchistan, Tibet, Burma, Straits Settlements, and Ceylon. It controls the sea from Suez to the Pacific Ocean and spreads to the islands of the Malay Archipelago.

From India the extension of influence to China and Japan was easy and natural. In 1792 William Pitt sent Lord Macartney on his mission to the Chinese Emperor, Chien Lung, and in 1815 Lord Liverpool sent Lord Amherst on a second embassy. In 1819 the island of Singapore was purchased from Johore as a half-way station to China, thus making possible the forward policy of Captain Elliot in 1839, which resulted in the Treaty of Nanking in 1842. Under this treaty Great Britain obtained the cession of the island of Hong-Kong and the opening to trade of the five ports of Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai. Subsequent treaties gave Great Britain "concessions" in ports which were opened to foreign trade, and these concessions, now numbering about a dozen, are controlled by British consuls. Following on the heels of the American opening of the doors of Japan came the extension of British influence. In 1858 Lord Elgin signed the treaty by which Japan agreed to open six places to British trade and residence, and to leave the settlement of questions affecting British subjects to the jurisdiction of British authorities. American influence in Japan has been very strong, but it has been second to that of Great Britain, to which nation, as in China, must be granted the first place. British writers such as Curzon, Norman, and Krausse have not been slow to claim the predominant rôle in the Far East for their nation, and no matter how unwelcome the fact may be to other nationalities its truth must be acknowledged.

Previous to the Russo-Japanese War of 1904 the only rivals to British leadership in Asia with large territorial areas were France and Russia. The earlier competitors from Spain, Portugal, and Holland had long since been outdistanced, but France had not forgotten her ambition to offset her loss of India to the British. "Farther India"

allured her, and she waited for a favorable opportunity. Louis XVI. made an alliance with Gialong, the exiled King of Annam, but was prevented from reaping any benefits from it by the outbreak of the Revolution. French missionaries continued to carry on their work, but met with constant opposition and not infrequently with cruel deaths. In 1858 a strong force was despatched by France against Tourane as an act of reprisal for the treatment of missionaries, and subsequent military campaigns fully established French power throughout Annam, Cambodia, Tongking, and Cochin-China. A brief war with China occurred in 1884, the chief result of which was the extension of French influence into the southwestern Chinese provinces of Yun-nan and Kueichou. For the last quarter of a century the chief rival to British influence in southern China has been France, and this rivalry has been of no small importance.

Russian influence has been exerted wholly by the upbuilding of Siberia. She was the first of the European nations to make a treaty with China, the Treaty of Nertchinsk having been signed in 1689. The Trans-Siberian Railway was the culmination of the policy of the Russian development of Siberia. The desire for an ice-free port was responsible for the formation of the Chinese Eastern Railway Company which built the line southward from Harbin to Port Arthur and Dalny. This was followed by the decision of Russia to fortify these places, and thus to plant the seeds of her own undoing. This railway brought slight, if any, commercial advantages to Russia, and there was no threatening by it of British commercial supremacy. The rivalry of military strength was, on the other hand, so serious that Great Britain replied to it by leasing from China the port of Wei-hai-wei, directly across the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, and Japan soon found that war was necessary to prevent the strangling of her plans for the annexation of Korea.

In 1898 the Philippine Islands fell into the hands of the United States, and in the same year Kiao-chou was seized by the Germans, but it is doubtful if either nation has acquired any additional prestige or strength from these new possessions. Neither of them has been a serious rival of British supremacy, although both have been constantly adding to their large interests.

More serious than the growth of French and Russian in-

fluence has been the rapid advancement of Japan. In 1872 the first Japanese railway was opened, in 1889 a Constitution was granted by the Emperor, and in 1891 the first Parliament met. In 1894 occurred the war with China and the beginnings of Japanese Empire in Korea; in 1897 a gold standard was adopted; in 1899 extra-territorial rights of foreigners were abolished; in 1904–5 Russia was driven out of southern Manchuria. These great changes have been followed by the annexation of Korea, the extension of Japanese prestige in Manchuria, and the joining of Japan with Russia, England, France, and Germany in forming the Quintuple Group which is loaning money to the new Republic of China. In twenty years Japan has advanced from being regarded by Europe as on the same level as China to being a first-class Power, allied with Great Britain, and consulted in all matters affecting the Far East by all nations. This growth has been phenomenal and could only have been achieved by a nation of extraordinary ability. Her territory extends from Sakhalin through the Japanese and Loochoo Islands to Formosa, includes Korea, and is reaching out to the three eastern provinces of Manchuria. Chinese students have flocked to Japan, Japanese travelers, teachers, merchants, and agents have swarmed to every port of China. Japan has easily passed ahead of France and Russia and has become the chief competitor with England for the hegemony of the Far East. Will England retain it or has it now passed to Japan?

Many features of the present situation point to the retention by England of her hard-won leadership. Her financial interests are larger than those of any other nation. The annual revenues and expenditures of India are larger than those of Japan, so that the consideration of the comparative domestic conditions of the two nations would leave Great Britain still in the lead of Japan as an Asiatic power. In investments outside of their own territories Japan has little to her credit balance outside of a few small loans to China, which would aggregate about ten million dollars. On the other hand, England has investments everywhere from Suez to Japan. As an example, China has borrowed more from British investors than from all other nations combined. Japan buys from England three or four times as much as she sells to her, just as she sells more to America than she buys. In the one example of the sale of cotton

goods in China, Japan in the last five years has cut into the trade of Great Britain and America, but she has only succeeded in outclassing us, while Great Britain still keeps the lead. In 1909, 10,690,000 pieces of British, 3,850,000 pieces of American, and 1,390,000 pieces of Japanese cotton goods were imported into China. In 1913 the British continued to head the list with 11,700,000, Japanese came next with 5,710,000, while American imports had dropped to 2,280,000. This supremacy has been maintained in spite of Japan's relative nearness to the market and the cheap wages of her salesmen.

In banking, leadership in China and Japan still remains with a British bank, the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, strongly supported by the Chartered Bank. Japanese banks, such as the Yokohama Specie Bank, have risen rapidly to importance in their own country, but cannot compete in large business with their British competitors. In shipping, Japan comes nearer to the level of Great Britain in the Far East than in any other commercial condition, but even in this she still holds a secondary place. In a word, it must be confessed that all phases of the financial and commercial relations of the Far East show Great Britain still to hold the commanding leadership. The proposal of a Japanese statesman last summer that there should be a union of British money and Japanese brains for the development of China shows the estimate held in Japan of British preponderance in financial matters, even though it is not conclusive as to mental outfit.

In the size and location of her territories, as in finance, Great Britain leads. The vast territory of India is protected on all sides, and its natural location shuts it off to a large extent from immediate contact with its neighbors.

The most influential factor in determining for the immediate future the hegemony of the Far East is the comparative military and naval strength of the two nations, and here Japan has everything in her favor. Europe will call for all the military and naval equipment which Great Britain can command and will leave no surplus which could strengthen her present forces in the Far East. The comparison must therefore be made between Japan and the forces of Great Britain as they are now actually in Far-Eastern service, without taking into account Great Britain's European contingent. In other words, the military and

naval strength of India and the British colonies of Asia, together with Australasia, should be compared with that of Japan.

As to the army, Japan has a homogeneous force, commanded by her own officers, with a large number of men that have seen severe fighting in the Russo-Japanese war. India has an army of her own men commanded by British officers. In potential numerical strength there can be but little difference in the two armies, but in effective fighting the unified national spirit of the Japanese should make them superior to the mixed army of India. In naval strength Japan leads. Among the people of China, Siam, Persia, Tibet, and the smaller Asiatic states, Japan has the prestige of having defeated Russia and declared war on Germany. The thrilling effect of a single Asiatic power being able to resist a European army and to conquer it has spread throughout Asia and has aroused hopes in the hearts of all Asiatics that in some good future time Europeans may no longer be able to dominate them. Too much importance can scarcely be given to the new hopes of Asia which have been directly traceable to the defeat of Russia by Japan. The present attack upon Kiao-chou will stimulate these aspirations. In a comparison of prestige among Asiatic peoples, as also in military and naval strength, there is no doubt in my mind that the leadership has now passed to Japan.

The effect of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has been to secure the stability of English rule in India, but by making possible the defeat of a second European nation in China it is having the effect of carrying away the hegemony of the Far East from Great Britain, which has long held it, and passing it over to Japan. It may be considered as a natural corollary of the rise of Japan that the leadership of Asia should be held by this Asiatic nation, but we may be sure that England has not wished for such an outcome of the changed conditions. Her hands have been forced by the larger considerations of her vast empire. My conclusion is that she will retain for a long time the controlling influence in all financial and commercial matters, but that the real hegemony of the Far East has now definitely gone to Japan. Other nations can only hope that Japan will show the same generous spirit to others which has characterized British leadership.

JOHN C. FERGUSON.

THE WEAKNESS OF THE GERMAN MACHINE

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WOULD any one save a fool go to war with a certain knowledge of defeat? Would a monarch go to war when victory or defeat was evenly balanced? Not unless uncontrollable circumstances forced him into war to save national existence or to accept war as the lesser alternative to revolution. A king who was not a fool would want something more than an even chance before risking his all on the hazard of the sword.

Now it may be set down at the outset that the German Emperor is no fool. Other things he may be, certain qualities he may be deficient in, but a fool he is not. Why then did the German Emperor plunge Europe into war at the beginning of August?

The German Emperor went to war because he believed it was a safe thing to do. No man can say positively how many troops the Great European Powers are able to put in the field, probably not even rulers or war ministers, because of the discrepancies between paper estimates and mobilizations, but theoretically the two rival groups, the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, lined up:

Germany	5,000,000	Russia	6,000,000
Austria	2,300,000	France	3,900,000
Italy	1,250,000	England	negligible,

an advantage in favor of the Entente of 1,350,000. Seemingly the Triple Alliance would enter the campaign heavily outnumbered, which would give its opponents a superiority almost impossible to overcome.

But while the numerical advantage was with the *Entente* the strategical advantage was with the Alliance. France, between Germany on the east and Italy on the southeast,

would be compelled to divide her forces. On the declaration of war France must send an army to attempt to hold Italy in check, and the French troops on the eastern frontier could not be concentrated until it was known where Germany was to deliver her attack. While the French were in doubt the Germans were certain. They had the inestimable advantage in war of the element of surprise.

Germany, therefore, supported by her Italian ally, had a twofold advantage at the beginning of the war. She could call into the field six and a quarter million men against the four million of France, or an actual superiority of over fifty per cent.; she would compel France to meet attack on both flanks, and the French defense would be uncertain until Germany had developed her campaign, and by that time the German armies, working as a unit, would have penetrated France, while the French armies would still be scattered.

This leaves out of the calculation Austria and Russia, and unquestionably both were dropped from the Emperor's calculations in the first stages of the war. The war at the beginning was to be a war between Germany and France, with such assistance as Italy might render. The German Great General Staff put no high value on Italy's military strength, but Italy was valuable to the Triple Alliance for political reasons, to make her a thorn in the side of France, and for her naval strength. Italy must either be the ally of France or Austria, therefore it was good policy to make her the ally of Austria and the enemy of France; her geographical position made her always a menace to France, and her fleet would compel the French to maintain a strong naval force in the Mediterranean.

Russia did not have to be considered, because her strength would not count until France was defeated. The German Emperor and his military advisers believed they could go through France, smash the French armies, and be in front of Paris in three weeks after the declaration of war, and because Paris is the heart of France more truly than is the capital of any other country, with Paris in their hands the war would be over. As it would take Russia from six to eight weeks to mobilize and bring her armies into the field, there would be plenty of time for the German army after its victorious campaign to be sent back to the eastern frontier.

Every calculation made by the German Emperor miscarried, and he left out of his calculations several factors of supreme importance. Had he not been misinformed as to Great Britain, Belgium, and Servia, the war would not have been provoked.

The Emperor, of course, must have taken Great Britain into account. He must have convinced himself that either Great Britain would remain neutral, or, if she became a combatant, her military resources were negligible. Everything points to the Emperor's belief that England would remain neutral; if this supposition is correct it shows how wretchedly served he has been and what a blown-up bubble German efficiency is.

Three years ago Germany was on the verge of war with England and France. Space will not permit me to do more than mention the Agadir incident in June, 1911, but it was the greatest crisis in the relations between Germany and England since the Emperor had flung the glove in England's face by sending his provocative despatch to Kruger at the time of the Jameson raid. In July, 1911, Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, told the House of Commons that England would act in concert with France in the issue raised by Germany over Morocco. I am revealing nothing that was not general knowledge at the time. If Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium, France was told, an English expeditionary force would be sent to her assistance, and the War Office began to make plans to despatch a hundred thousand men. I asked some of my military friends if England could do this. Few believed it, but they thought by great exertion seventy thousand men could be put in the field. Great Britain's military unpreparedness was, of course, as well known to the German Emperor and his General Staff as it was to the average Englishman. It was a fact so palpable and patent that it could not be concealed.

In the three years that have elapsed there has been no increase of British military strength, and everything seemingly convinced the Emperor that England was incapable of engaging in a serious war. It is a political tradition that a Liberal Government will do anything rather than make war; the present Government was supposed to be too much engrossed with social and economic reforms to jeopardize them by war and the financial burdens it imposed, and besides there were many other considerations to tie

the hands of the Government. The German Emperor believed in the truth of the reports made to him that Ireland was on the verge of civil war, and that rifles bought in Germany were in the hands of Ulstermen to resist the forces of the Crown. He was told of the unrest in India, of the mutterings in Egypt. South Africa was only waiting a favorable opportunity to drive out the English. With British garrisons requiring to be strengthened in Ireland, India, Egypt, and South Africa, England would have few, if any, troops to send to France.

We must give the Kaiser credit for being more cautious than some of his actions would indicate. Suppose the British Empire not to be as badly disaffected as the Kaiser's agents had reported, England might be able to do something, but how much? There was, of course, her fleet to be reckoned with, but the British navy must protect England from invasion, and England dare not strip herself of troops. While the British navy was kept in home waters German cruisers would sweep the Atlantic and the Pacific, and drive every British cargo ship off the great trade routes, shutting off the foodstuffs on which England is dependent to feed her people, and the raw materials without which her great industries must stop.

The Kaiser believed England would remain neutral. He had come to have a contempt for England. The English had grown rich, and with wealth they had become indifferent and soft. The fighting spirit had gone out of them. All they wanted was to be left alone, to play football and cricket and golf, to week end, to amuse themselves, and the future might take care of itself. They could be bribed or bullied into remaining passive, and after France had been crushed, and Belgium annexed, it would be easy to settle with England.

To take nothing for granted, to be always dominated by caution, to exaggerate rather than underestimate the enemy, it would be well to concede England throwing her feeble strength with France and Russia, and still the weight would be on the side of Germany, for not only could Germany put more men in the field than France, but she had an army a hundred per cent. more efficient than England, France, or Russia, and mere men are nothing, but efficiency is irresistible.

Efficiency! It is a most alluring word. The whole world

has been made a little mad by it, as if great deeds could be done by mouthing syllables. Men as well as nations have been ruined by the fetish of a name. It is the device of the modern gods, whom they would first destroy they hypnotize with a pet phrase.

For years we have been told of the perfection of the German military machine, and that in two words tells both its strength and weakness. The German army was a "military machine," but an army is something more than a machine. An army consists of three parts—men, *matériel,* and brains, and the first two are valueless without the last; and the German military system made brains subordinate to the machine. The rapidity with which Germany mobilized and brought her soldiers to the colors was a triumph of the machine; the failure of her plans in the field shows her military chiefs relied too much on the machine and attached too little importance to the human element.

I was in Berlin a few years ago and remarked to a friend, who had lived there a long time, that one instinctively felt Berlin was well governed; it was apparent even to a casual visitor that the municipal officials knew their business and were on their job. "Berlin is a striking illustration of German system and German slavishness to rules and regulations," he replied. "Between certain hours on certain days in the week *Unter den Linden* must be watered, and if at that time it is raining cats and dogs you will see the watering-carts stolidly plodding up and down and adding their little contribution to the torrent. To the German an order is an order, and if it runs foul of common sense, so much the worse for common sense. In an English or American city a foreman or a gang-boss acting on his own initiative would keep the watering-carts in the stable. In Berlin, I suppose, nothing less than an edict of the Emperor could suspend an ordnance duly made and provided."

That is efficiency when carried to the *n*th power.

The Emperor's dream of an easy conquest fell to pieces like a house of cards, because seldom, if ever, has there been a government in which inefficiency has more strikingly been revealed than in the one government that has been held up to the world as a model of all that is efficient. A rigid bureaucracy palmed itself off upon its imperial master as genius, and William the Deluded believed what was told him.

It is astounding, it would be unbelievable did we not know it to be a fact, that the German Emperor went to war without being sure of the position of his Italian ally. Italy was an important element in the Kaiser's military and naval plans, but German diplomacy is so feeble that Italy was able to find an excuse for refusing to obey her treaty obligations and to leave Germany in the lurch at the most critical moment in her history. Had Italy done what the Emperor expected, had she sent her troops into France and her fleet to the Mediterranean, England and France would have had a harder task.

The Kaiser's diplomacy was equally as inefficient in regard to England. He believed implicitly what he wanted to believe. To be told that English regiments were on the verge of mutiny, and Irish regiments could no longer be relied on, must have been as gratifying as the reports of the hopeless condition of the French army. The Kaiser has been occupied with too many other matters to be able to devote much time to modern English literature, but had he read *The Mutiny of the Mavericks* it would have profited him more than the reports of his Great General Staff and his secret agents and spies. Nobody understands the Irish —not even the Irish themselves—except the English, and their knowledge is at times rudimentary. It was the Second Conspirator who remarked, after Mulcahy had failed to corrupt the Mavericks: "I consider this will be a lesson to us. We're left again. Those cursed Irish have let us down. I knew they would." It is a way "those cursed Irish" have, "the genius of the Irish for conspiracies is remarkable." The Irish will fight the English for the love of fighting, but woe to the outsider so rash as to join in the fray.

The Kaiser drew his sword, and, lo! it worked magic. Irishmen forgot their grievances. The native princes and the people of India rallied to the defense of the Empire, and Sikhs and Ghoorkas fought by the side of English and Irish on the soil of France. South Africa perversely elected to fight with England instead of against her. Fatuously the Emperor believed that Canada and Australia were "disloyal," and they gave of their best blood and contributed their money to confound him. The bugle sounded, and before its notes ceased from every quarter of the widely scattered Empire her sons were falling into line, shoulder

to shoulder, English and Irish, Scotch and Welsh; from the frozen north and the burning plains, from valley and veldt the legions came; under the Southern Cross the watch fires gleamed, from the rim of the Arctic her soldiers streamed.

Turn from diplomacy to the strictly military and the inefficiency of the Great General Staff—than which in all the history of the world there was supposed never to have been its equal—is even more glaringly revealed. It was the business and duty of the Great General Staff to have known the precise military resources of France, the military efficiency of Russia, and the "weight" of Austria in the military equation. The Kaiser's military advisers, as the results have shown, underestimated French strength almost as much as they did that of England; their knowledge of the celerity with which Russia could mobilize was as inexact as that of the ordinary layman; they deluded themselves when they regarded Austria as an ally upon whom they could rely.

They were so little masters of their profession that Belgium as a foe never entered into their calculations. They expected to overrun Belgium as a swarm of locusts lays bare the vegetation on which it alights, and the Belgian army was a nest of hornets, with death in their sting. Of the fighting quality of the Servians they knew nothing, and the Servians fought so well that they were able to hold Austria at bay until she was compelled to gather up all her loosely jointed strength in the hopeless attempt to stay the Russian advance.

The German soldier has fought magnificently, but he has been recklessly, brutally, foolishly sacrificed by his commanders. Grant was criticized for being a "butcher," but Grant could afford to sacrifice men in his attempt to turn Lee's flank because of his superiority in men and resources. The Germans were justified in risking enormous losses to fight a short and decisive campaign. But when the German encircling movement before Paris was checked, and the British left first halted Von Kluck's advance and forced the retreat of the entire German army, it must have been obvious to the German General Staff that the war, instead of being over in a few weeks, would last many months. The advantage of numbers was no longer with the Germans. Every day saw the German ranks thinned and those of the Allies growing stouter, fed by British reinforcements and

the overseas troops of the Empire. The situation called for a change in both strategy and tactics, and especially the conservation of their resources, but the German officer is wedded to formalism and cannot change.

The German navy is admittedly weaker than the British, but that inferiority was to be compensated by dashing raids on the English coast and the paralysis of British commerce. These were the plans the *Admiralstab* long ago worked out. "War is attack," Von der Goltz declared. The importance of striking the first blow German strategists have repeatedly affirmed. What the German navy may do it would be unwise to predict, but at the time of writing the war has lasted nearly two months and the German navy has done nothing. That statement does not ignore the destruction of British ships by mines or the brilliant feat of the submarine attack on the *Cressy* and her consorts, but the loss of a few cruisers will no more decide the mastery of the sea than the wiping out of a patrol of uhlans will determine the fate of a battle. Only when the ships of the line, the dreadnoughts, have come into action will it be known whether Britannia still rules the waves or a mightier naval power has come out of the North Sea.

On the other hand, the British navy has penned up the German High Sea Fleet in the North Sea and compelled it to seek the security of Heligoland and the Kiel Canal, and so long as it remains behind land fortifications it is safe from attack, and it is also useless. Great Britain has brought troops from all over the world, she has sent her army and supplies to France, and her commerce is practically uninterfered with. In co-operation with France she has bottled up the entire Austrian navy and kept the Mediterranean open. And all this has been accomplished with the loss of five cruisers, which is offset by the destruction of three German cruisers and three or more submarines.

What then is the explanation of the German collapse, military and diplomatic, the confusion of the Emperor's calculations? There are two reasons.

The first is that the whole world has lain under the obsession of the might of German militarism, and Germany has been no less obsessed than the rest of the world. The Great General Staff has not been composed of Moltkes or Von Roons, but Prussian Thomas Gradgrinds. Junkers of reali-

ties. Junkers of facts and calculations, slightly to paraphrase Dickens. Junkers who proceeded upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who were not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Junkers with a rule and a pair of scales and the multiplication table always in their pockets. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. The Great General Staff was a much better guide-book to Europe than the latest Baedeker. They knew the exact distance in kilometers from Berlin to obscure villages in France; they had the forts and bridges starred; they knew down to a fraction the range of guns. Facts, nothing but facts. They made a fetish of facts. Their system was perfection.

But the whole perfect system was wrong because it was created on wrong principles. It was an attempt to make men machines, and when training is carried to such extreme lengths that men become machines they cease to be valuable as men. If a man is required to do the same thing in the same way at the same place day after day, week after week, month after month, year succeeding year, the nearer he comes to being a machine the better, perhaps, he will do what is required of him, but that is not war. No two days in war are ever the same, no two battles are ever exactly alike. It was easy for the German General Staff to weigh and measure and multiply. So many men so much food, so many men so much ammunition, so many miles from here to there, so many hours to get from here to there, and all the calculations worked out, checked, approved, and initialed, passed upon by the higher authorities, indexed and filed. Everything correct, nothing left to chance, no hurry, no danger of anything being forgotten. But this is not war, although it is magnificent office work. It is the perfection of system, but campaigns are not fought with card-indexes. Probably it is true that the German Staff maps of France are better than the maps of the French General Staff, but battles are not fought on maps. The Germans are so enmeshed in details that from them they could not escape; they had become so much slaves of system, habit, routine, that on the field they were still weighing and measuring and multiplying. And that is not the way battles are won.

And the other reason to explain the collapse, the lifting of the obsession, the destruction of the myth of German military genius, is the vicious and immoral spy system that

is one of the results of militarism. The German Foreign Office, the German General Staff, the German Admiralty—and it is only fair to say that what Germany did all other nations also did—relied for information on men and women who were employed to lie and steal and corrupt, whose value was their ability to lie and steal and corrupt. It was on these wretched creatures, without conscience and without morals, without even loyalty to their employers, without the honor that is supposed to exist among thieves, who took money from Germany and betrayed her, who traded in secrets they were hired to obtain, that the German Emperor relied on for information. These were the men, for instance, on whose reports the Emperor believed that civil war was impending in Ireland, that India was seething with sedition; these were the men who were employed to encourage rebellion in Ireland and to preach sedition in India; and, again, it is unfortunate that the Emperor does not know his Kipling.

That any nation should place the slightest reliance on the hired spy, known to be willing to sell his services to any government foolish enough to buy them, is to the average person having even slight knowledge of human nature incomprehensible, and yet this is the foundation on which the political and military departments of all the European governments rests. Every government is spying on every other. Every government is trying to find out the political and naval and military secrets of every other. Every government is constantly corrupting the servants of every other. If France has a new gun it will not be long before Germany knows, and then the men who can betray the secret are entangled or bribed or seduced. It is a state of affairs so shocking, so disgraceful, so vicious that it reflects upon civilization, and withal it is so futile. No nation profits by it, certainly no nation can trust in the good faith or the candor of its spies. A spy may be able to steal or buy a document or plan, who but a fool would believe the information brought by a spy? And that is the mystery of it. Rulers and statesmen are not fools, but they are foolish enough to take the word of a spy as if he were an honest man. If the world is to be freed from the menace of militarism the first requirement is the banishment of the spy, whose employment is as revolting to moral conscience as the poisoner and the hired assassin.

A. Maurice Low.

THE PROBLEM OF UNDIGESTED SECURITIES

BY CHARLES A. CONANT

It was declared by an American banker a generation ago that the system of re-deposited reserves, by which country banks were allowed to keep a part of their supposed cash in the form of a deposit in New York or some other financial center (instead of in real "money" in their own vaults), was "one of the most explosive elements of American banking." The process of investing savings in fixed capital, converting the titles to such capital into the form of negotiable bonds and shares, and then turning them loose in the stock-market, may, by analogy, be described as one of the most dynamic factors of modern international finance. It is not a new thing that the security-market should find itself overloaded with new issues and that prices should break violently when it was discovered that the amount offered to the public was greater than the appetite for its absorption. It was this condition which caused such a sudden collapse of the stock-market in 1903, and which was condensed by the late Mr. J. P. Morgan into the pithy phrase, "undigested securities."

A much more serious situation than any merely local panic, however, or any temporary nausea from an overloaded digestion for new securities, confronted the New York market on the gathering of the recent war-clouds, when it was flooded with orders to sell American securities owned in Europe, many of them "at the market," and without regard to the sacrifice involved. The closing of the Stock Exchange became necessary in order to prevent the complete demoralization of prices which this excessive offer of securities, almost without buyers, produced. The volume of American securities owned abroad could not be absorbed by the

entire banking power of the United States. It was not conceivable, of course, that the offers to sell would equal the entire amount thus held, but it was clear that offerings were much in excess of buying capacity at any reasonable price, without preliminary organization, and that there were, in effect, no buyers to offset the army of sellers. If the calculation of Sir George Paish is correct—that the amount of foreign capital invested in the United States is approximately six thousand millions of dollars—the offer of one-fifth of this amount at one time upon the New York Stock Exchange, or even of one-tenth, would be a load far beyond the power of the market to digest.

The conversion of fixed capital into negotiable forms is one of the greatest achievements of modern finance. It has done much to hasten the development of the new countries by placing at their command the savings of the capitalistic countries. In Canada at the present time it is estimated that the amount of foreign capital embarked is $3,500,000,000, and in other parts of America than Canada and the United States $10,000,000,000 more. If, however, these great loans by the capitalistic countries to the poorer countries, running for long terms of years, according to the terms of each particular issue of bonds, and running indefinitely in the case of stocks, can be converted at the will of the lender into call-loans payable on demand, then they involve a very serious menace to the monetary safety of the borrowing country.

The financial world cannot turn backward in the employment of negotiable securities as a factor in international exchange. It must in future, however, take into consideration that a factor which usually operates to equalize rates for money, to settle adverse balances, and to diminish the demand for gold may under certain conditions become an element as dangerous as a cargo of cannon-balls broken from their moorings, and crashing, unrestrained, about the deck of a storm-tossed vessel. The problem in this form is a very modern one, because of the enormous increase in the amount of capital converted into the form of negotiable securities in recent times, and especially the listing of such securities on foreign markets, which gives them the character of international instruments of exchange.

At the time of the Franco-Prussian War, which was in itself a local contest, the quantity of securities in existence

in the entire civilized world was estimated at about fifty thousand millions of dollars. So few American securities were held at the time in France and Germany that quotations on the New York Stock Exchange did not decline, on the outbreak of the war, more than two or three points, and there was no occasion for the suggestion that the Stock Exchange should be closed to await the passing of the storm. At the present time, however, it is estimated by good judges that the total amount of securities listed on the various stock-exchanges of the world is in excess of one hundred and fifty thousand millions ($150,000,000,000). This is nearly twenty times the amount of gold in use as money, which is about $8,000,000,000, and is more than six times the banking-power of the United States.

These figures of total issues of securities now outstanding are probably rather within than outside the mark. In the United States alone, according to the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue on the collection of the corporation tax, the capital stock of corporations rendering returns for the calendar year 1912 was $61,738,227,730, and the bonded and other indebtedness was $34,749,516,353, making a total of stocks and bonds, with perhaps some deduction for floating debts, of more than $96,000,000,000. This amount is subject, however, to deduction for practical purposes for those small corporations the distribution of whose stock is wholly a family affair.

The test of the menace to the stock-market is found primarily in the record of securities actually listed on the stock-exchanges, and this is substantially all that is covered by the estimate of $150,000,000,000 in securities which play a part on national and international markets. On the New York Stock Exchange, on February 15, 1914, the total par value of the securities listed was $25,975,000,000. This amount does not represent, however, the total of securities of large corporations and governments which play a considerable part in the American money-market. The outstanding municipal bonds of cities of over thirty thousand inhabitants, according to the latest report of the Census Bureau, represent $2,507,000,000, of which only a small portion is listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The capital of national and state banks and trust companies, apart from a few New York institutions, is not listed on the exchange. The total for the United States is about $1,700,000,000. Of

the big-share capital and bonded indebtedness of the railways, the Stock Exchange listings fail to cover about $5,500,000,000, and of traction and electric companies about $3,000,000,000. These additions to the New York listings bring up the total of securities of some degree of importance and activity very nearly to $40,000,000,000 for the United States alone, without seeking out securities of a certain importance which are listed on other American stock-exchanges, but not in New York.

Of these active securities careful calculations by French authorities put the amount held in France at about $22,000,000,000, of which about $15,000,000,000 are securities of French governments and corporations, and the remainder represent French holdings of foreign securities. In Great Britain it is estimated that investments abroad are equal to nearly $50,000,000,000. One of the best evidences of this is the great excess of merchandise imports, amounting, in 1912, to more than $725,000,000, which Great Britain exacts from the rest of the world, in addition to freights and banking commissions, as the interest on her loans. In the field of joint-stock-company organizations alone, in the United Kingdom, the official estimate of active " going " companies in April, 1912, put the number of such companies at 56,352, and their paid-up capital at £2,335,000,000, or nearly $11,500,000,000.

One of the best evidences of the rapid increase in the amount of capital saved and converted into the form of negotiable securities is afforded by the statistics published annually by the Belgian financial periodical *Le Moniteur des Intérêts Matériels* on the annual output of new securities throughout the world. These figures, which lack somewhat in completeness for the United States and other countries remote from Europe, nevertheless show new security issues in recent years at the rate of more than four thousand millions of dollars per year. It does not follow, of course, that the footings of these new demands for capital over a series of years would afford a true mirror of the real additions to dividend-earning and interest-paying securities, for some of them represent enterprises which prove abortive and whose securities soon disappear from the exchanges. The figures are so illuminating, however, especially in respect to the growth in the ratio of new security creations in recent years, that the totals for a series of years,

reduced to American money, are set forth in the following table:

ISSUES OF SECURITIES

From Le Moniteur des Intérêts Matériels

Year	Total Issues	Conversions	Net Additional Issues
1896	$3,227,359,000	$1,465,451,000	$1,761,907,000
1897	1,852,173,000	132,182,000	1,719,991,000
1898	2,034,766,000	316,530,000	1,718,235,000
1899	2,175,823,000	120,873,000	2,054,949,000
1900	2,289,642,000	.....	2,289,642,000
1901	1,917,916,000	.....	1,917,916,000
1902	3,597,489,000	1,639,921,000	1,957,568,000
1903	3,534,248,000	1,687,729,000	1,846,519,000
1904	2,785,138,000	353,445,000	2,431,693,000
1905	3,688,124,000	323,487,000	3,364,637,000
1906	5,126,014,000	1,991,526,000	3,134,488,000
1907	2,961,378,000	43,908,000	2,917,470,000
1908	4,092,255,000	63,541,000	4,028,714,000
1909	4,743,200,000	474,090,000	4,269,110,000
1910	5,101,000,000	687,700,000	4,413,300,000
1911	3,756,900,000	143,100,000	3,613,800,000
1912	3,896,590,000	132,800,000	3,763,790,000
1913	4,043,800,000	118,150,000	3,925,650,000

This great mass of securities represents the savings of capital made during the past generation from year to year and put into the form of railways, docks, mills, and other forms of industrial equipment. Never before in the world's history have such accumulations been possible, because never before has the productive power of the race been raised to so high an intensity by the application of steam, electricity, and machinery to the processes of production. How vastly these forces have increased the productive power of civilized men may be judged by a few figures. In France, according to M. Edmond Théry, the number of days of machine capacity put annually at the command of each French citizen increased between 1875 and 1891 from 394 to 823. During the fifteen years from 1892 to the close of 1906 the increase was from 823 days of labor efficiency to 1605 days. Or, put by M. Théry in another form, "The average number of iron slaves working every day for the well-being of the French population rose from 2.26 per inhabitant in 1891 to 4.40 in 1906." In the United States the power of engines and motors employed in manufacturing alone rose from 10,097,893 horse-power in 1899 to 18,675,376 in 1909.

In the German Empire the actual work done by steam-engines in the year 1907 was equivalent to the work of 52,000,000 men, and the increase of actually effective steam horse-power from 1895 to 1907 was equivalent to the increase of the working population by about 28,000,000 men.

This accumulation of wealth is given a transferable and more or less liquid character by the issue of bonds and shares. Indeed, without the form of the limited liability company, which limits the risk of the individual usually to the amount of his investment, it would have been almost impossible for such a fabric as that of modern industry and transportation to have been created. The system of limited liability not only makes it safe for the man of small savings to participate in large enterprises without excessive risk, but permits him to limit his participation to such amounts as he thinks proper to hazard in a single enterprise and to distribute his investments over a variety of enterprises. If his securities are of a character which are quoted on the Stock Exchange, he has the advantage of a daily bulletin as to their value presented to him by the newspapers every morning or afternoon in the Stock Exchange quotations.

When such securities are quoted on the stock-exchanges of more than one country, or are quoted on the stock-exchange of a different country from that in which they were issued, they are known as "international securities," and become a factor in the international exchanges. Under normal conditions they are a steadying and tranquilizing element, which tends to maintain uniformity in rates for money and in the distribution of capital in the principal money-markets of the world. If the rates for money tend to rise in one market, there is a disposition to transfer international securities to a market where money is more plentiful and thereby maintain the tendency of capital toward a uniform level when it moves in an unfettered market.

The ability of owners of negotiable securities to borrow on them at banks of deposit, up to 75 or 80 per cent. of their market value, has added greatly to the amount of loans for short terms or on call made by such banks. By this process securities, although representing fixed capital, have been converted in effect into call-loans, especially in their international relationships. In their character as obligations maturing at remote dates in the future or not maturing at all, they impose no burden for maintaining cash reserves upon

the companies by which they are issued. When pledged, however, for short-term loans they impose upon the banks the necessity of maintaining practically the same reserves in gold or other lawful money which are required against other demand and short-term liabilities.

In the case of a panic in the international markets, such as has recently been witnessed, negotiable securities possess still more the character of a call-loan which can be promptly realized by the sale of the securities in those markets where purchasers can still be found. It is doubtful if the investor who has paid for his securities in full often throws them over in a period of panic. Indeed, among conservative European investors of certain classes the disposition to take a loss by the sale of securities which have fallen in price, especially if the enterprises which they represent continue to pay dividends, probably decreases with the increase of the loss. It is quite otherwise, however, with securities which have been pledged for loans, and especially with those securities which are held by the banks themselves, when put under such severe pressure to convert their assets into cash as occurred when the full import became apparent of the recent Austrian message to Servia and the intervention of Russia in Servia's behalf.

It was these conditions, in a degree never before equaled since the organization of the modern money-market, which caused the closing of the New York Stock Exchange on July 31st last. Never before has a situation arisen where the desire to convert securities into money attained such magnitude as in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and other European markets, all at one time. Early in the year distrust of some of the enterprises represented by American securities played some part in the heavy sales made in the New York market or for New York delivery. It became quite evident, however, during the closing week of July that the impelling motive of the sales was not the character of the securities themselves, but the desire of European bankers and investors to turn everything possible into cash.

It is to be hoped that the event of a universal European war will not again cast its terrorizing shadows over the security-markets; but it is conceivable that other causes might bring about again an offer to a given country of an amount in its own securities in excess of its capacity to absorb them. For Americans the problem presented, there-

fore, is whether their financial mechanism can be so organized as to withstand in the future the sudden return from abroad of several hundred millions of securities issued by American corporations. If no other protective measures are sufficient, recurrence must be had again to the desperate expedient of suspending the sessions of the Stock Exchange and thereby depriving the foreign seller of a market for his offerings. Obviously, however, the Stock Exchange cannot remain closed in perpetuity. A market of some character must exist for the sale of securities, or the whole mechanism of modern finance has broken down as completely as the collapse of Roman authority in the West when barbarian incursions, unbearable taxation, and abandoned farms made it no longer possible to support the machinery of government.

The most obvious remedy for an excessive offer of securities from foreign markets would, under ordinary conditions, be the formation of a bankers' pool to take over such offerings at prices which were likely to prove profitable in the end and which would not involve the complete demoralization of the market. If France alone, for instance, had been involved in difficulties, and had in consequence begun to sell American securities, such a pool might have included the strong international banking-houses of London, Berlin, and Vienna. The American members of the pool could well have agreed to take over the American securities acquired when opportunities arose for distributing them in the American market as new investors appeared from time to time with new savings. The question involved is largely that of time. Undoubtedly, among the banks of the United States and their clients could be found a market for even so large a sum as $500,000,000 in American securities at the low prices reached on the New York Stock Exchange on July 30th, the last day before its closing. The readiness and ability of the American public to take $500,000,000, if offered in the form of a government war-loan, can hardly be questioned. Even the French people, with less than half the population of the United States, subscribed forty times over for the new loan of about $161,000,000, offered on the French market on July 7th, before the presentment of the insolent note of Austria to her Servian neighbor.

Under the unusual conditions of July and August last, however, hardly a dollar of foreign support could be looked

for by American bankers in taking over or carrying American securities held abroad. It is possible that if a strong man like the late Mr. J. P. Morgan could have taken the matter in hand he might have brought about a pool among a dozen or so of the big banks of issue and joint-stock banks of London, Paris, Petrograd, and New York, to carry the load of panic offerings temporarily, until American bankers were ready to take over the burden. Under the particular circumstances which developed, three important countries remained at peace with the United States and with each other—England, France, and Russia. Even little Belgium and Holland, among the richest and most prosperous countries of Europe, would probably have contributed some help in the formation of a strong international pool. Such a plan would almost inevitably require the co-operation of the banks of issue, like the Bank of France, the State Bank of Russia, and the Bank of England, because only through the exercise of the power of rediscount by those banks would the joint-stock banks, like the Crédit Lyonnais, of Paris, or the London County and Westminster, of London, have been able to tie up their assets, even temporarily, in securities.

Up to the present time the New York money-market would be at a disadvantage in any such plan of co-operation, because there is no central banking authority in existence authorized to take the lead in a policy of co-operation. This evil will be partly cured when the Federal Reserve system is in effective operation. It will then be possible for the Bank of France, which was unable to discern any central authority rising above the wreckage of 1907, to recognize the Federal Reserve Board or the Federal Reserve banks of New York and Chicago as its peers in financial responsibility. A pool in which the parties were the Bank of England, the Bank of France, the State Bank of Russia, and the Federal Reserve system of the United States would represent gold holdings of more than two thousand millions of dollars and a much greater volume of liquid assets.

The Federal Reserve banks organized under the law of December 23, 1913, are practically debarred by the language of the law from ownership of securities or from lending on securities, except certain classes issued by federal, state, and municipal governments. This limitation follows the wise policy of the European banks in discriminating between the character of commercial paper, which is paid at maturity

and which contracts in amount with the contraction of business, and the rigidity of shares and bonds, which have no power of contraction except by a fall in price. The new law rests, therefore, upon a sound theory, which should not be departed from under normal conditions. It might contribute, however, to checking panic if the law was so amended as to permit the Federal Reserve banks to aid in carrying securities under exceptional conditions. If their assets were clear of such burdens in tranquil times, they would be in a stronger position to relieve the investment banks of part of the load in periods of pressure.

The Federal Reserve banks could not be asked to take the risk of the depreciation of securities, but would be compelled to require the national banks, or any other institutions submitting securities for rediscount purposes, to make themselves responsible for the loans granted. If the present provisions of the law prohibiting loans relating to security issues and investment were left in full force, subject to suspension with the approval of the Federal Reserve Board in case of great emergency, the same object might be accomplished which is accomplished by suspension of the Bank Act in England in respect to commercial obligations—that there would be a refuge somewhere for obligations which the other banks were for a moment unable to support.

The extent to which the Federal Reserve system might be capable of coming to the aid of the market for securities in grave emergencies is not an entirely unexplored field. It was contemplated by the plan of the National Monetary Commission for the formation of a central institution to support American banking that the National Reserve Association thus formed should take over the entire amount of United States bonds pledged by national banks to secure circulation. The amount held for this purpose in January, 1912, when this plan was presented, was in excess of $700,000,000. It was evidently the judgment of the Monetary Commission, therefore, that the Central Reserve Association would be strong enough to absorb and hold this mass of securities as a part of its assets until they could be distributed upon an investment basis. This presumption was reasonable and was not generally assailed in the criticism evoked by the framework of the plan. The new Federal Reserve law contemplates a similar absorption by the Federal Reserve banks of bonds held to secure circulation, which

amounted on August 1st last to $740,220,660. The process of absorption is limited by law to $25,000,000 per year, beginning two years after the passage of the act. This limitation, however, did not have the approval of all the friends of the new financial mechanism, who urged that the amount of bonds taken over annually should be left to the judgment of the Federal Reserve Board, to be exercised in the light of events.

If the Federal Reserve system already held in its assets $700,000,000 in bonds, it would be in a very poor position to take over other obligations of a similar character. If, however, these bonds had been distributed to investors, or even if the Federal Reserve system had not yet purchased more than a small percentage of the total amount now in the hands of the national banks, the system would be in a position to aid the investment banks in shouldering the burden of a sudden torrent of foreign orders to sell American securities. If the judgment of the National Monetary Commission was justified as to the amount which could be absorbed, a sum as high as $700,000,000 might be taken care of temporarily in this manner. If the strong national banks and other investment institutions in New York were to enter into a pool with the Federal Reserve system, the foundations of the breakwater thus set up against the tidal wave of foreign selling would be still further broadened. Inevitably, it would be essential that the Federal Reserve system should keep its hands clean of such operations in normal times, and should reserve such powers for exercise only in great emergencies, as the governments of England and France reserved the power to issue small notes until they were faced by the emergency of a European war.

There remains, finally, the question whether the United States or any other country is ethically bound to buy back a great mass of securities issued by its corporations and municipalities when to do so threatens financial and economic disaster. Of the obligation to pay promptly securities which have reached maturity there is no question. But it may be otherwise with those issued for terms of years, of which the maturities are still distant. It would not be contended by anybody that a corporation was bound to provide for the payment of its bonds or the redemption of its stock before the dates set by the terms of the contract. If an investor holds a five-per-cent. collateral trust bond of the

United States Steel Corporation, due in 1951, he would be apt to receive scant courtesy if he should walk into the office of the corporation some morning and say he would like to get his bond paid off. Corporations are not in any way obligated, tacitly or otherwise, to pay their securities before maturity, and those few which have made a public offer to take them off the market at a given price have usually been those guilty of dubious financing and have been victims of ultimate disaster. An obligation of fixed maturity or no maturity at all, like a share of stock, is a contract binding the holder according to its terms. Against it the issuing corporation is under not the slightest obligation to accumulate a cash reserve, as a bank is required to do against demand liabilities, nor to take any other step for its protection or ultimate redemption except the prudent conduct of the business and the gradual accumulation of funds for taking care of those obligations which mature.

When national economic life is involved it is a question whether the controlling financial powers in a nation have not the right to take the same point of view. If the United States is a borrower in foreign countries to the extent of $6,000,000,000, as estimated by Sir George Paish, such borrowings were obviously made with the expectation that the obligations issued for them would not be presented for redemption until maturity. In the ordinary course of business in tranquil times it is a matter of indifference, alike to the issuing corporation and to the powers of high finance, whether some of these securities drift back to the issuing country or not. There is, indeed, a profit sometimes in taking them back at prices below the prices of issue, and they serve a convenient medium for balancing international transactions. When, however, the problem becomes essentially a national one, the question arises whether it is not within the ethical rights of the borrowing nation to say, as a nation, through its higher governmental and financial authorities:

"We adhere to the letter of the contract. We borrowed this money for fixed terms extending far into the future, with the express object of protecting ourselves against the sudden demand for its repayment. We object emphatically to the attempt to convert this time-loan into a call-loan against this country, simply because the holders of the obligations find it convenient to demand the money. We refuse, therefore, through our Stock Exchange regulations, and

through the co-operation of our banking-houses, to treat this vast debt as a call-loan and to pay it off, even on the favorable terms you offer, by permitting the sale of the securities on our stock-exchanges under conditions which would impair the value of every other share of stock and every bond held in this country, would reduce the value of the assets of our banks, and would shake the foundations of our fiduciary institutions which guard the savings of the poor."

This is a position which the nation as a whole, without being subject to criticism on ethical grounds, might take through its constituted financial powers, as a step in the proper distribution of the burden of taking over the securities thrown back upon the American market. It would not be practicable, even if it were desirable, to erect a permanent barrier against their return, if the holders desired to dispose of them. It may be both practicable and desirable, however, to so distribute and mitigate the process as to avert a panic on the American market and give to the liquidation an orderly and gradual character which would prevent serious losses, not only to American bankers and investors, but to the foreign holders of these securities themselves.

In such a matter there should be co-operation between the leading banking-houses with foreign clients, just as there is co-operation in the matter of exchanging clearing-house certificates and restoring the free movement of foreign exchange. The house of J. P. Morgan & Company had little difficulty in securing an agreement among the exchange-houses in 1895 to sell exchange only at a price slightly above the gold point and to refrain from shipping gold. Similar co-operation would seem to be practicable under proper rules between houses engaged in the distribution of securities. Even those with a considerable foreign clientèle should place foremost the interests of their own country. In the long run, they would probably render a service to their foreign clients whose securities they refused to dump on the American market at panic prices, and who would thus be left in better position when the restoration of confidence brought a return to normal prices and conditions.

CHARLES A. CONANT.

OUR QUEST OF FOREIGN TRADE

BY C. T. REVERE

At last the restless energy hitherto largely expended in developing and supplying the greatest "home" market in the world is turning to broader fields for conquest. American commerce also comes seeking a "place in the sun." Oversea trade is no longer to be viewed with casual condescension—gratefully accepted in seasons of surplus production or periods of depression, to be forgotten when domestic demand again stretches forth eager hands. Belated, but none the less deep-seated, has come the conviction that foreign markets can be won if they are treated as primary markets, whose requirements should receive as much unremitting care and study as our own, instead of regarding them as the outlet for our overflow or the cemetery of our manufacturing mistakes.

On previous occasions we have made spasmodic efforts to "capture foreign trade." In each instance, however, the flutter has died away when the gale of boisterous publicity subsided. Our prospective customers, especially in the Latin-American countries, have been inclined to view these forays as a scramble after the nimble dollar, and have cast their lot with the slow shilling and the equally slow and perhaps surer mark. Old Europe, wise with the seasoning commercial experience of centuries, has smiled cannily at our boasts over "favorable trade balances," taken our shipments of raw materials, and grown still richer in returning these same raw materials in the form of manufactured goods. Nay, Europe has been even painfully solicitous about encouraging American exports—of foodstuffs and raw materials. She can view with undisturbed complacency consecutive decades of "favorable trade balances" furnished at the expense of impoverished soil, depleted mines, and denuded forests.

Affording a clear relief against the confusing blur created by our feverish outbursts of foreign trade activity stand the notable successes achieved by certain branches of American industry. Backed by well-organized sales departments, offering merchandise of an approved and established standard or articles possessing the unique stamp of Yankee ingenuity, considering the needs and wishes of oversea customers as deserving of attention as domestic requirements, they have blazed the trail into every country on the globe. This pioneer task has been performed chiefly by the leaders in American enterprise—"big business," if you will—but the path worn by these exports of steel, oil, and tobacco products, farm implements, sewing-machines, cash registers, and typewriters can be followed by thousands of small manufacturers, with the reward contingent chiefly on their attitude and methods.

In the first place, we are no longer almost exclusively an agricultural people. In 1880 the products of the soil formed 84 per cent. of our total exports; in 1913 the proportion had dropped to 46 per cent. In 1880 manufactures constituted 15 per cent. of our exports, and in 1913 this proportion had increased to 49 per cent. In spite of the fact that more than 60 per cent. of the world's acreage of corn is located within our boundaries, we imported more than 8,000,000 bushels of this cereal from the beginning of October, 1913, to the end of February, 1914. While the miracle of this season's wheat crop has again furnished occasion for agricultural optimism, our farming methods will have to undergo a decided improvement if our supply of breadstuffs is to be more than adequate for domestic consumption.

In addition to the gradual shift from an agricultural to an industrial basis it is necessary to consider certain other features, less fundamental, perhaps, but equally potent in their bearing on the character of our commerce. The new tariff law has been accepted as placing us on a competitive basis with other manufacturing countries. In order to maintain our place in our own markets we must equip ourselves to fight for other markets. Our surrender of neutral ground to European competitors enables them to reap the advantage of larger profits, thus affording the sinews for the campaign to capture American trade on a price basis which the domestic manufacturer cannot meet.

The opening of the Panama Canal furnishes a new high-

way for the commerce of the Western Hemisphere. The nations which reap its advantages will be those which best avail themselves of it. While certain unjustified hopes may have risen regarding the benefits which the Federal Reserve law will confer in the promotion of foreign trade, it is at least conceded that it helps to carry out the declared purpose of President Wilson that trade shall be set free. The privilege granted to Federal Reserve banks for the establishment of foreign agencies paves the way for the creation of direct banking relations with other countries, the lack of which has always been regarded as a restraint upon our oversea commerce.

The following factors, therefore, may be regarded as furnishing the underlying basis for our efforts to obtain an increased share of foreign trade: Changing industrial conditions, a tariff forcing us into manufacturing competition with older countries, the benefits held out by the completion of the Panama Canal, and new advantages believed to have been created by the passage of our new currency law. The time was ripe. Then as if to give dramatic emphasis to the hour that had been struck, the paralysis attendant upon war benumbed the energies of the Old World and for a period has given us uncontested access to all neutral markets. Accident or augury, an opportunity has arisen such as never existed before. Are we equal to it?

Foreign students of our commercial life take the view that we are never likely to succeed permanently as important factors in world commerce, chiefly because it is not a matter of life and death with us. According to the last decennial census, our manufactured products in 1909 reached the enormous total of $20,672,052,000. Estimates by the Bureau of Manufactures based on this showing placed our total manufactured products last year at $25,000,000,000. This is more than the total of the manufactured products of England, Germany, France, Belgium, and Holland combined. Our foreign exports last year reached a total of $2,484,000,000, of which $1,185,000,000 consisted of manufactures. Our exports of manufactures, therefore, represent only 4.7 per cent. of our total output of such products. England, Germany, France, Belgium, and Holland shipped abroad a total of manufactured goods equal to 60 per cent. of their production. The record per capita exports of the United States—reached in 1913—were about $25. Those of Holland were

$210; Belgium, $100; Great Britain, $53; Germany, $33; and France, $32.

The assumption that America will not obtain an increased proportion of foreign trade because it is demonstrably not vital to its commercial existence, can hardly be supported. Proper appreciation of the American temperament suggests that refuge in the last ditch is not essential to arouse the fighting spirit. Adequate incentives undoubtedly will be found in the realization that exports aid in stabilizing home industry; that foreign business may be *profitable without a profit* if it reduces costs in our own country; and that the expansion of our oversea trade is necessary as a defensive as well as offensive measure. Our manufacturers must maintain a great volume of production in order to meet success on the narrowed margin of profits brought about by increased competition with foreign manufacturers. Our recurring periods of depression, if not prevented, would at least undergo some mitigation as a result of commercial expansion, because our foreign trade would take up some of the slack attendant upon an over-rapid advance.

These are some of the conclusions which have been responsible for the renewed effort to increase our oversea commerce. At the recent convention of the National Foreign Trade Council in Washington the situation and the prospects were ably discussed by the leading representatives of our industrial and commercial bodies. The activities of this organization have not been confined to felicitations and resolutions, but have been manifested in sustained effort to arouse interest and promote activity along definite lines.

Speaking in broad terms, no permanent success in world commerce has ever been achieved by any nation without a certain command of the machinery by which it is conducted: ocean transportation, banking, exchange, and insurance facilities. America may accomplish this miracle without the aid of this equipment, but reliance upon fortuitous circumstances in lieu of approved methods is an invitation to disappointment. The manufacturer who makes the goods and the merchant who sells them undoubtedly come first in the list of essential factors. A general discussion of our bid for an increased share in the oversea trade therefore entails the problems of how the products are to be manufactured, sold, financed, and transported. An important place also must be given to the *attitude which the exporting country*

maintains toward its citizens who are engaged in foreign trade.

Those manufacturers who have won success in foreign fields, especially in the less developed countries, have given first consideration to the fact that the foreign market must be treated as a primary market. This is the method followed by Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, and to a certain extent by France. It seems trite to say that the article to be sold must be something that the foreign customer really wants. This truism, however, has never been fully appreciated by the American manufacturer. With a few notable exceptions there has been no systematic effort to meet the requirements of foreign buyers. In times of depression the threatened congestion has aroused an impatient eagerness to sell, not what the foreign market needs, but what the domestic manufacturer has on hand. This policy has been largely responsible for the complaints of rejected shipments and unpaid accounts which have loomed like scarecrows in the fertile field of foreign trade.

Thanks to the increasing efficiency of our consular service and the helpful interest manifested by the Department of Commerce, no American manufacturer need rush blindly into unprofitable errors. Specific reports on the demand for certain products, surrounding market conditions, tariff restrictions, and credits are available upon inquiry. The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce has been constituted the ganglion of our system of trade development. Recently, through the assignment of trained specialists known as " commercial attachés " to the task of studying foreign manufacturing and business methods, a step has been taken to grant to our commerce a place in diplomacy rivaling that which previously has been monopolized by our international political relations.

Only those who have been engaged in the export trade are in a position to appreciate the marked improvement in our consular service, in the alert interest manifested toward increasing our commerce. One instance should suffice for illustration. A few years ago, it will be recalled, the carelessness of American methods of packing were cited as among the chief causes of our failure in the Latin-American field. Machinery was so poorly crated that it often arrived in a damaged condition. This meant a delay of months before the missing parts could be replaced. Goods intended

for shipment on mule-back over the Andes were put up in such bulky form that their transportation to the ultimate destination was an impossibility unless the style of the original package was changed.

The persistent hammering of our consuls changed all this. Month after month in their reports to Washington and in their communications to exporters they preached the gospel of proper packing. They exploded the idea that the demand of the foreign customer was a mere whim. They set forth the necessity of protecting the contents of cases from drippings in the holds of tramp steamships, from careless handling by stevedores. As a result of this campaign the complaint of faulty packing by American exporters is based largely on legend, which, however, is faithfully nurtured by our trade rivals.

In recent years diplomacy has been turning more and more to the furtherance of foreign trade. This function, previously largely confined to the negotiation of commercial treaties, now intrigues for government contracts, concessions, and participation in loans, the safeguarding of patent rights, and opposition to laws inimical to the extension of trade.

The leading European countries, in fact, consider diplomacy the basis of their oversea commerce. In many respects Germany presents the most striking example of results achieved by the co-operation of government and business. Through the unremitting vigilance of its Foreign Office and the enactment of favorable legislation, German commerce has been given a stimulus and vigor which the energy of its manufacturers and merchants alone could not have imparted. Trade in Germany also has been "set free," and the business legislation of that country shows an encouraging absence of statutory attempts to nullify economic laws. The government policy even goes to the extent of forcing unusual credits to exporters from banks or granting freight reductions on railroads or steamship lines in order that foreign competition may be met.

Second only to the manufacture of articles which meet the requirements of the export trade comes the selling of these products. For the purpose of this discussion it would seem best to treat the question from the standpoint of the small manufacturer. The export relations of our large corporations have been won only by campaigns lasting for years,

entailing enormous expenditures of energy and money. No such resources are at the command of the small manufacturer, although the pioneer work done by the large American concerns has been of assistance in creating markets and establishing prestige for American goods.

Generally speaking, however, no small manufacturer can develop a foreign market except for patented articles in which there is no competition. The expense of advertising and other methods of establishing trade, the necessity of maintaining personal contact with customers, the credit risk, unless there are ample facilities for investigation, all these and many other features would entail an outlay too great to be borne, except by a business of large volume.

Once more German methods may be cited with profit. The export business of thousands of small German manufacturers is handled almost entirely by large selling units, which have been found to perform the merchandizing function more efficiently and economically than would be possible by the individual of moderate resources. It is necessary to employ men of high character, thorough business training, and equipped with a knowledge of the language and social and business customs of the country to which they are assigned. Strong selling organizations *under American management,* equipped to give adequate service to the exporting manufacturer and the purchaser, and to furnish the needed capital for extending credit would solve the problem of the disposal of our products and remove from that branch of commerce many of the traditional difficulties which have hitherto stood as lions in the path of our pilgrims seeking foreign trade.

The extension of our foreign business would tend logically to the development of co-operative associations of manufacturers producing articles along kindred lines. Makers of electrical supplies, railroad equipment, appliances for hydro-electric power, cotton goods, and other needed forms of merchandize could be organized into separate groups, thus laying the basis for concentrated effort, and at the same time eliminating the element of ruinous competition among our own exporting producers. The expense to the individual members of these selling groups would not be onerous, as efforts would not be directed so much to obtain profits for the co-operative association as for its constituent members.

One obstacle to the development of selling combinations for the foreign field has been presented by our legislative attitude. With the competitive instinct receiving emphasis from statutory mandate the question has been raised as to whether an attempt to foster selling combinations for the foreign field would not come under the ban of our anti-trust laws. The absurdity of regulations which would prevent our manufacturers from getting together and cutting down selling expenses in order to meet the manufacturers of Germany, Great Britain, and other countries on even terms is too patent to deserve further comment. Nevertheless, the doubt upon this point acts as a restraint upon our commerce, and until judicial decision or Congressional disclaimer removes the possibility of criminal procedure we may expect our merchandizing progress to be impeded. While the principle of the Sherman Law has been accepted in its application to our home market, the indirect extension of its provisions to make it inure to the benefit of the foreign competitor furnishes an implication inconsistent with our national intelligence.

The course of Germany in the famed potash imbroglio supplies an instance of helpful paternalism and the unwillingness of Government to put upon its citizens engaged in foreign commerce any forced competition or unreasonable restraint that would reduce the profit accruing to its own people. In this case the Minister of Commerce abrogated the contracts entered into by independent producers because the sales had been made at prices which the potash syndicate did not care to meet. This action was justified on the ground that there would be a drop in prices (to quote the official explanation) "to such an extent that the *profit of foreign countries* and the loss to the domestic production would be very considerable."

Although there has been a faint disposition to question the importance of establishing direct banking relations in the furtherance of foreign trade, the contentions are not sustained by the experience of commercial nations from Venice down to the present day. Credit machinery is needed to finance the distribution of products and to carry the goods until they are paid for. It is merely a question as to whether this function is to be performed for our export trade by European or American bankers. Until the American banker establishes the dollar as a stable measure of

value by the side of the pound sterling, so long will American commerce be handicapped by the impost of additional exchange transactions which do not constitute a tax on the trade of our most formidable rivals. Moreover, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that a considerable advantage is accorded our competitors from the espionage of documents accompanying bills of exchange upon their arrival in foreign banks, thus revealing our plans and trade secrets, giving information which may be placed at the disposal of home customers in the country of the bank's origin.

These two elements—and there are many others—should furnish sufficient incentive for direct banking relations, a step which has already been undertaken by the far-sighted management of the National City Bank of New York.

Of supreme importance to our commerce, and as a logical development of direct banking relations, would come the pronounced extension of our investment operations in the less developed countries. Direct banking relations would perform the reconnaissance work, lay the basis for essential amity, and remove numerous misconceptions arising from past blunders and insular egoism. With the ultimate flow of capital into the new fields of our activities the stimulus to commerce would produce returns through countless channels.

The mercantile intelligence of Great Britain, and later of Germany, has been alive to the importance of developing the resources of the countries in which attempts have been made to extend commercial relations. Funds advanced for the building of railways, tram lines, irrigation works, and public improvements involve a preference in the furnishing of equipment and supplies, and in numerous instances a voice in the administration of the new projects. It has become the established practice in loan contracts made by the leading European nations with the less developed countries to stipulate that the materials shall be furnished by manufacturers of the country lending the money. While we have been dazzled by the shibboleth "Trade follows the flag," the practical Old World merchant has built up his solid success on the principle that "Trade follows the loan."

The magnitude of European investments in the newer countries is almost as difficult to grasp as astronomical dimensions. Sir George Paish in the last annual banking number of the *Statist* estimated that upward of $40,000,000,000 of

capital had been supplied to the less-developed countries by the five "lending nations" — Great Britain, Germany, France, Belgium, and Holland. The investment of this vast sum has enriched both borrowers and lenders. The aggregate value of the imports of the five lending nations two generations ago was less than $1,250,000,000. Largely owing to the impetus given to industry by advances of capital for development, these same five countries are now buying $10,000,000,000 worth of goods annually from other countries. On the basis of London Stock Exchange listings, British investments in Latin-America are estimated at $5,800,000,000, yielding an annual return of more than $200,000,000. The purchases of the United Kingdom from Latin-America in 1912 were only slightly in excess of $300,000,000, and the investment returns pay nearly two-thirds of the bill.

Investing power is a national asset. It can be utilized when other advantages such as cheap labor, cheap raw material, and improved machinery have been reduced to the common factor and canceled. We are a nation of borrowers. So was Germany when she started to build up her foreign trade. She took advantage of her high credit to borrow at low rates in order to have funds available to loan at still higher rates. The big returns on these advances rest on the principle that the obligation of the borrower is not confined merely to the repayment of the debt with interest.

The need for American ships to transport American products has not yet become a commercial ideal with us. Until that time comes our goods will continue to be taxed with higher freight rates than Europe pays. Tonnage assembles where commerce is most active, and commerce above all things has a habit of moving along the lines of least resistance.

If the American genius for organization, already demonstrated in the domestic field, is really about to be concentrated on the extension of oversea trade, many existing obstacles will be removed. The courage of our industrial leaders and common sense of the people at large warrant such a prophecy. Sacrifices must be made, but these have no terrors. Notwithstanding our limited experience, we have already learned that in the game of world commerce psychology plays a part almost equal to that of economics.

C. T. Revere.

AFTER THE WAR

BY STUART H. PERRY

With an unconcern that is characteristic of the American people in all matters involving foreign relations, the press and public of this country apparently are giving little definite thought to the ultimate consequences of the present European war.

The horror and the pity of it move us deeply; its commercial and financial effects are a matter of keen speculation; the performance of our duties as a neutral power is a subject of conscientious vigilance. But our concern apparently extends no further than the duration of the war itself. The peace to follow—for us more portentous than the active hostilities—is relegated to the dim and misty horizon of our political vista.

Assuming that the present war ends decisively, a sort of political probate court presently will be in session. The business in hand will be the settlement of the estates of one or more deceased world powers, and the guardianship of certain minor powers.

A glance at the map will afford an inventory of these political estates: To Germany, possessions in Africa, China, and the Pacific Ocean; to France, possessions in Africa, Asia, South America, and the West Indies; to Great Britain, possessions on every continent and in every sea.

The estates of those minor powers for whom guardianship may be demanded are also easy to inventory: To Holland, possessions in the East and West Indies and in South America; to Denmark, islands in the north Atlantic and the Caribbean Sea; to Portugal, possessions in Africa, Asia, the Atlantic, and the Indian archipelago.

Now let us look into the future—perhaps the near future—and forecast the possible trend of events. The most serious political effects would result from such a victory as

would lead to the maximum disturbance of existing territorial sovereignty. This obviously means that the defeat of the nation or nations having the most extensive or important possessions would, *ceteris paribus,* be most disturbing. Such disturbance would be augmented in proportion to the commercial and political activity and militancy of the victorious nation. The disturbance also would be proportional to the changes wrought in such nation's position and temperament. A nation with many territorial possessions might change little in action or spirit by the acquisition of more; whereas a nation with few possessions, and suddenly acquiring many, would experience a subjective change that might be even greater than her territorial aggrandizement.

Applying these principles, without prejudice or favor, and with reference solely to facts that can be seen or anticipated with reasonable certainty, it is obvious that the most serious disturbance would arise from a sweeping victory for Germany and a correspondingly crushing defeat for Great Britain. In such a case the vast estate of the British Empire would be parceled out in favor of Germany, to the utmost extent and degree that German military and diplomatic powers could bring about. French possessions would be similarly dealt with, and an inevitable sequence would be the virtual or actual absorption of Holland into the German Empire.

Germany has the keenest land-hunger of any nation save Japan. In ambition she is unsurpassed by any. Her commercial necessities are great, her commercial desires insatiable. Coupled with these attributes would be a matchless military organization, a militant spirit exalted by victory to the highest pitch, and a methodical unification of national energies unequaled by any people in any age.

It is hardly necessary to point out the resultant of these forces. Germany's demands would be a function of her power. What she would obtain would be limited only by the residuum of resistance in the conquered nations, plus such obstacles as might be interposed by interested powers now neutral.

Chief among these interested neutral powers, and most vitally interested of all, would be the United States. That situation would arise from the geographical distribution of British and other possessions, as well as from the known and visible trend of German ambitions, both political and

commercial. The cession of Canada is hardly within the range of possibility; but it is certain that among Germany's first demands would be the cession of some or all of the British possessions in the West Indies and in Central and South America, as a logical step toward the ultimate political control of some part of South America and the immediate commercial control of the whole of it.

These possessions comprise the Bahamas, a majority of the Lesser Antilles, Jamaica, British Guiana, and British Honduras. Coincident with the disintegration of the British Empire and the subjugation of France, would come the transfer to Germany of the French West Indies and French Guiana. Next would come the absorption of the Netherlands. That step is logically so necessary an element in the German plan that there is no room for dispute as to its probability, nor could even its propriety be questioned. It would be a necessary step in order to extend the German Empire's offensive and defensive frontier as against both France and Great Britain, and it would be an equally necessary step in the unhampered development of German commerce. It is very unlikely that German ascendancy over the Netherlands would stop short of complete political absorption; and when the flag of Germany was hoisted at The Hague, it would simultaneously rise in the East Indies, Dutch Guiana, and the island of Curaçao.

Thus in addition to the acquisition of British possessions in the Caribbean Sea and along its littoral, the existing Dutch possessions in the same region would also become a part of the German Empire. By the same process, and in furtherance of the same designs, French Guiana would be consolidated with the former British and Dutch Guiana under the German flag, which also would rise on the French West Indian islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe.

Denmark's case would remain, and it might be delayed in court, continued from term to term, for a period of years. But the final judgment, though perhaps tardy, would be no less certain. Denmark's horoscope may be read in her geographical position, in her strategic importance, in Germany's obvious desires and military necessities. With the extinction of Danish sovereignty, the German flag would rise at St. Thomas, the premier strategic point of the Caribbean Sea.

Thus in the event of a complete German triumph, and a

proportionately complete British disaster, we should witness (if we elected to be mere witnesses) the transfer to the German Empire of the entire West Indies, excepting Cuba, Porto Rico, and Haiti, together with considerable holdings upon the mainland of both Central and South America. The Panama Canal could be reached only through a complete ring of German possessions.

This sudden reversal of existing political conditions in the Caribbean would have its counterpart on the other side of the world, where our interests, though less vitally important, would be equally isolated by an identical process.

Such are the possibilities latent in a German triumph—possibilities that may vanish like a mirage with the news of the next battle, or which may suddenly spring up before us, a veritable *Erdgeist,* leaving us aghast.

A victory for the Allies interests us directly only through its possible effects on British possessions and on the attitude of the British nation. In the Caribbean Sea there would be no changes of sovereignty. In the Pacific we find a reversal of the situation in the Caribbean, as Germany has numerous island possessions, some of strategic value, which would go either to Great Britain or to her Oriental ally. From present appearances it seems probable that Great Britain rather than Japan, in such case, would gain these islands, and when the full diplomatic history of the last two years in both hemispheres is written this surmise may appear to be based on something more substantial than a bare assumption. It is enough to say that we have no present grounds to question Japan's motives or to discount her declarations.

What the effect of such acquisitions would be on Great Britain's policies is somewhat problematical. The probability is that it would be nugatory; for such accessions at most would represent a very small increment to her present empire, and in themselves scarcely any increment to her strategic strength. It is likely, therefore, that the subjective influence of such changes would be correspondingly slight. She already has a world empire, and the spirit that goes with it—a spirit strongly imperialistic, but with well-defined limits. A few more islands would not make her empire much greater, nor would it necessarily enlarge the scope of her ambitions. Her unoccupied, or sparsely settled, lands already are so extensive that her emigrant population would

have to increase prodigiously before she would feel that land-hunger which is the mainspring of territorial expansion.

It is possible, however, that this forecast of British disposition is wrong. It also is possible that some act of ours —right or wrong—might force her into a different attitude. In such an event British acquisition of the present German Pacific possessions might be fraught with some significance to us, reproducing to some extent in the far Eastern waters the conditions we have described in the Caribbean area, though our interests there are less vital because more distant. Nor is it to be overlooked that Great Britain's increased ascendancy in Europe, and the elimination of German influence as a deterrent, would give her a practical protectorate over Holland and Denmark, whose islands in both the East and West Indies would thus become potentially British territory for all strategic purposes.

Looking at another possibility, this time from the standpoint of a German defeat rather than from the standpoint of a British victory, it can be seen that even that situation would contain elements of possible, and even probable, future interference with American progress. Like the recoil of a gun, Germany's defeat in Europe would react upon the American sphere of influence on this side; and just as the power of the gun's discharge determines the recoil, so the activity of Germany in this hemisphere in defeat would, to a certain degree, increase with the severity of such defeat.

This apparent paradox is cleared up by a forecast of Germany's position in the event of defeat. On the one hand her imperial designs as against Great Britain, France, or Russia would be smothered for a time, and her power to execute them paralyzed. Unable to realize her dream of absorbing Austria-Hungary and overpowering the Balkan States, the *Drang nach Osten* would vanish like a bubble. The plan of erecting a new world-empire upon the ruins of the British Empire would be pigeonholed during the lifetime of Germany's present rulers.

But the German people will not be subjugated, even though Germany's present government should be humiliated. There still will remain in Germany sixty millions of the most clear-headed, strong-willed, industrious, educated, unified, co-operative, and fecund people on the face of the earth. They still will possess all the secrets of human learn-

ing, all the skill of human hands. Such a people embodies all the making of a great commercial power, and ultimately of a resurrected political power of the first magnitude.

In such circumstance we might anticipate the course of development in this wise. The first step would be to repair losses; for German trade, industry, and credit would be prostrate. This process of reconstruction would take a certain definite, though not protracted, period of time. With the curtailment (either voluntary or by outside compulsion) of military expenditure, a larger amount of both capital and labor would be released for productive effort, which would bring about a restoration of commercial prosperity even though a large indemnity had to be settled.

This industrial and commercial regeneration of Germany, therefore, may be counted upon as a certainty, and within a period of years not greatly exceeding the duration of France's recuperation from the war of 1870. When that process is completed, Germany once more will be a keen competitor in the world's markets—as keen and aggressive commercially as ever, and possibly more so. South American trade then, as hitherto, will be the keynote of her commercial policy.

Thus we shall soon find Germany potentially, and later actually, a political factor in the Western hemisphere. The exact value of this factor cannot be foretold for any given time, or at all. Germany's disposition may be negligible, or amicable, or even co-operative. On the other hand, it may, by some sudden realignment of other powers, flare up into a burning flame of new-born ambition and aggressive policy. It is impossible to foretell, but easy to imagine, just how this might come to pass. It might be through an alliance of Germany with other powers; perhaps through a future defeat of Great Britain by Russia; perhaps by the weakening of the United States through some disaster; possibly by reason of the attitude of the United States, either alone or in combination with other powers. Many causes might be sufficient to remove the barrier which temporarily would obstruct Germany's expansive activity.

In such an outcome, and in fact considerably in advance of it, the strengthening of Germany's political influence and strategic position in her South American sphere would become a cardinal principle in her policy, and probably the first of her new policies to be consciously acted upon. The

Germanization of South America would go forward steadily and inexorably, peacefully but effectively. Opposed by peoples so weak numerically as the South Americans, and of so little racial vigor, the Teuton could not fail to make rapid progress wherever climatic conditions were favorable. The fecundity of the French in Canada might be equaled or surpassed. And while this process was going on, the acquirement of strategic points in the Caribbean Sea and on the mainland of South America would be as inevitable a feature of German policy as the establishment of banks or the laying of cables. The abject status of Haiti and Santo Domingo would offer both the temptation and the opportunity for such acquisition.

Thus ultimately in defeat, as immediately in victory, we may expect German commercial expansion and its concomitant political pressure to impinge against us in the South. In defeat its progress will be slow, until accelerated by some favorable turn in world politics; in victory it will come like the swoop of the eagle.

It is elementary to point out the necessity of the United States holding, and at all times retaining, absolute military supremacy in the Caribbean. This necessity is not a matter of argument. Assuming that the United States aims to remain the dominant power in this hemisphere, and to be and remain secure from molestation, such necessity is axiomatic. To deny it means nothing short of a voluntary renunciation of that ambition, a voluntary surrender of such security.

With the construction of the Panama Canal, the absolute military control of that entire theater of strategy became an instant and inexorable necessity. Whether viewed in the light of a commercial factor, or as the keystone of our structure of national defense, the Panama Canal is of supreme importance. We might be shorn of half a dozen States and still not be weakened as a world power so much as we should be through the loss of the Panama Canal as a military asset. Its possession being vital, its security is equally so. Therefore at one stride the Caribbean Sea comes into the foreground as one of the world's chief strategic centers.

Obviously the Caribbean basin, almost landlocked by its encircling chain of natural naval strongholds, would be the principal theater of war should we collide with any nation having imperial ambitions in either North, South, or Central America. In existing circumstances the United States with

a single developed naval base dominates this theater. But this is owing solely to the absence of preparations by any naval power elsewhere in the prospective area of action. Just as easily as Guantánamo now dominates the Caribbean, just so easily might a hostile naval base at Charlotte Amalie or Port Antonio nullify such domination.

With two such hostile bases we could retain our present naval supremacy only by maintaining a mobile naval force of overwhelming strength constantly in those waters. With a triangle or a quadrilateral of such hostile bases, the United States would be eliminated from the Caribbean Sea, and the Panama Canal would become a part of the enemy's defenses —a naval base of incomparable value—the key to empire—the death-warrant of American ambition as a world power.

Such strategic triangles and quadrilaterals are easy to draw. Indeed, it would be easy to trace strong strategic pentagons, hexagons, and octagons. Such naval bases as nature holds out in the harbors of Jamaica, Curaçao, Tobago, St. Lucia, Martinique, Antigua, and St. Thomas, with Belize on the mainland to the west, would make a veritable spider's web of naval control; while Guiana to the southeast, and the Bermudas with their fine harbor far to the northeast, would complete the matchless labyrinth of sea power. Every route of trade to Central America, to either coast of South America, to the entire Pacific, to our own west coast and all our overseas possessions, would be sealed to us in case of war. The Caribbean would be a *mare clausum*, into which we could enter only by sufferance.

In normal circumstances of world politics such a consummation would be almost as remote a contingency as the impact of a comet; but in the present juncture the entire situation as outlined might threaten to materialize at any time. For by a most singular and portentous coincidence, every one of these strategic points, and many others, might fall to Germany as spoils of war, or might fall virtually under the domination of Great Britain if Germany should be eliminated as a world power. From the Bermudas to Curaçao, every island in the sea save three belongs to either Great Britain, France, Holland, or Denmark, while British, French, and Dutch territory in Guiana and Honduras furnish *points d'appui* at the eastern and western extremes of the Caribbean area.

Every consideration of national ambition and self-pres-

ervation should impel the United States to maintain the *status quo* in this area, and in all continental regions having any direct relationship thereto. This principle, which of necessity must form the keynote of all our foreign policy, might well be officially defined at some opportune time, before its enunciation could have any direct and visible application to any particular foreign power. If we wait until the possibility becomes an actuality, it would be necessary to assert our position with offensive directness.

This policy was foreshadowed by the Lodge resolution of August 2, 1912, which was adopted by an almost unanimous vote of the Senate as follows:

> Resolved, that when any harbor or other place in the American Continent is so situated that the occupation thereof for naval or military purposes might threaten the communications or the safety of the United States, the Government of the United States could not see without grave concern the possession of such harbor or other place by any corporation or association which has such relation to another government, not American, as to give that government practical power of control for national purposes.

This clearly reveals the probable attitude of the United States in any of the several contingencies already referred to; but the statement of this policy ought, at some proper time, to be made broader in scope, as well as more binding and authoritative in form as a declaration on the part of this government. As regards its scope, it could hardly stop short of stating that the transfer of sovereignty over any territory in this hemisphere, otherwise than to the inhabitants thereof or to some existing American nation, would be a matter of concern to the United States.

Such a declaration of policy could not properly be regarded as unfriendly by any nation that did not already contemplate measures inimical to such a policy. If it were received in an unfriendly spirit by any nation, such unfriendliness would only be a premature manifestation of the greater unfriendliness which inevitably would develop later without such a declaration on our part. At this time Germany already has intimated through official channels that she has no political or territorial designs in South America, and Great Britain and Japan have disclaimed any intention to extend Japanese sovereignty in the Pacific Ocean. These nations, therefore, are estopped from questioning the friendliness of a declaration on our part in favor of main-

taining the existing status of any islands within our sphere of influence. Neither Russia, Austria, nor France could find any reasonable ground for complaint. The declaration at most would contemplate nothing beyond the maintenance of the *status quo*, and not only ought it to be thus limited in its wording, but it should be enunciated at such a time and in such circumstances as would preclude the suspicion of any immediate aggressive designs. The United States has no aggressive designs against any power whatsoever, and such a statement of policy would be uttered in the deepest sincerity and friendliness, as a policy solely of self-protection and of non-interference with other powers.

In this discussion the consequences of German victory have been more fully discussed only because it so happens that German victory might bring about immediate and extensive changes in sovereignty in the Caribbean area. Nevertheless, our policy should not regard any one nation or group of nations, nor any particular period of time. We should look with scarcely less concern upon the transfer of the Dutch and Danish West Indies to Great Britain, unless their acquisition were accompanied by a clear acknowledgment of our special interests, and by a proper abstention on the part of Great Britain from further military or naval developments in that area. We have no reason to question the friendly intentions of any nation; and, on the other hand, we cannot count absolutely upon any power remaining friendly at all times and in all circumstances.

It is not needful, or fruitful, to pursue the indicated American policy further than the point of its definitive enunciation, nor to discuss any alternative course based upon hypothetical answers of other Powers to such an announcement. It is sufficient to say that from this hour no opportunity should be lost to develop our present and prospective naval bases in the Caribbean and Isthmian strategic area, and to maintain our absolute naval supremacy in that area at all times and at all cost. This policy is, and should remain, a policy strictly of self-protection, free from any taint of aggression, of extravagant ambition, offensive pretensions, or covert unfriendliness toward any Power in either Europe or Asia.

STUART H. PERRY.

IF THIS BE ALL

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

If this be all, and when we die, we die,
Then life is but a wanton, monstrous lie;
  And of the hapless creatures that draw breath,
We, who seem flower and crown, rank far below
The least of living things that does not know
  The dread of loss, the certainty of death.

If pain and sorrow are without a scheme,
Dealt out by chance, then like an evil dream
  Of some dark fiend, this smiling, gracious earth;
If we that hunger, never shall be filled,
The sooner that our empty hearts are stilled,
  The better for them, and their aching dearth.

Yet close, I feel, there wraps us all around,
Some mighty force, some mystery profound,
  And, through my doubts and ignorance, I trust
The power that bound with laws the moon and tide,
And hung the stars in heavenly spaces wide,
  Must, by their witness, be both wise and just.

MILDRED HOWELLS.

THE GREAT TRADITION—MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

BY FLORENCE LEFTWICH RAVENEL

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné, has been the subject of a voluminous literature. She never wrote a line for print herself, but as soon as her tireless pen was laid aside, her keen eyes—done at last with their ready smiles and tears—closed upon this world, forthwith collectors, editors, biographers, antiquarians seized upon her as their lawful prey, and from her day even until ours the stream of publication has never entirely failed.

The remotest branches of her family before and after her own time—in Brittany, in Burgundy, in Provence; the details of her daily life in sickness and in health; her friends, her children, her theology, her morals—everything that touched her, however remotely, has turned, it would appear, not to gold, but to ink. One of the very few writers who absolutely did not know how to be dull, she has inspired some of the heaviest and dreariest pages ever penned, and the long list of volumes on most divergent themes, which bear her name upon their title-pages, might suggest to the uninitiated reader of catalogues and publishers' lists that French science and scholarship would have fared very ill in the seventeenth century but for the omnipresent succor of the inexhaustible and apparently omniscient Marquise.

Of course we know very well, on the contrary, that Marie de Rabutin had no more than a ladylike interest in the problems of archæology or medicine, for example, and that her very commonplace cure at Vichy offers no new features to the student of rheumatic gout. If all these many men of many minds have laid greedy hands upon her name and her prestige, to give currency to their own theories and inventions, it is rather—is it not?—that they all find in this woman a certain power of universal appeal, which makes of

her, in a special sense, a representative of her age, her sex, and her country.

It is asserted by a famous historian that no true and adequate portrait of Julius Cæsar, either written, carved, or painted, has been preserved—or probably ever existed. And the explanation suggested is not that the great man was subtle, secretive, mysterious, beyond the common measure of men, but rather that in him the human and manly qualities were all so evenly developed, so nicely balanced and proportioned, that he was for his contemporaries, and has remained for posterity, rather a type of manhood than an individual man. And such in her smaller scope and degree might have been the lot of Marie de Sévigné. A great Frenchwoman, a great aristocrat, a great writer, a great friend—her individual physiognomy might have remained always a little vague and blurred had not this smooth and shining surface been broken by one blessed imperfection, one saving defect. The mother of Françoise de Grignan, blindly partial, doating, often unreasonable, steps down from her niche high up on the classic stairway, and walks with us the common earth, climbing with painful steps the *via dolorosa* appointed for mothers since time began.

The family of the Rabutin-Chantal was of an old but somewhat obscure nobility, not unmixed with bourgeois stock—a mingling of red blood with blue by no means uncommon even then, and not unimportant, by the way, when we come to take account of Marie's robust virtues and plebeian abhorrence of debt. She was born, an only child and an heiress, in 1626, at her father's town residence in Paris, and her life covers three-fourths of the great century.

For her good or evil fortune she was left an orphan at about six years of age, and at ten was placed formally under the guardianship of her maternal uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, who transferred his young ward to his own home, the Abbey house at Livry—a charming spot deep buried in vines and hidden in tall trees, though but a few miles from Paris. Here pure air, an out-of-door life, and the absence of all undue constraint or excitement made firm the foundations of that soundness of body and mind which were to be not the least precious part of little Marie's dowry. While in the interval the good, if somewhat unclerical abbé, was taking exceedingly good care of his niece's fortune, buying fertile acres, collecting rents, and piling up the

bright gold *écus* to be reinvested in safe and lucrative enterprises—making her indeed, irrespective of her personal graces, one of the best *parties* in France.

Nor did he forget or neglect the training of her mind, and here, too, whether by chance or intention, the originality of his methods is equaled only by the happiness of their effect. The systematic education of women is not—has never been—in the French tradition, and in the seventeenth century the orthography and punctuation even of queens and princesses made correspondence with them a painful honor; though as such great ladies rarely opened a book themselves, they were not reminded unpleasantly of their own eccentricities of style. But Marie de Rabutin, thanks, perhaps, to her comparatively modest rank, was destined to receive an instruction uncommonly thorough and comprehensive for any period. To dance and sing and make her *révérences* with grace and elegance—all that was a matter of course. It was not without precedent that a girl should read romances and revel in the play; but Ménage and Chapelain, the two pedantic and in some ways rather ridiculous tutors of her uncle's choice, made a far more sweeping innovation when they gave this little lady a Latin so sound and sufficient that Tacitus and Vergil were to her always a satisfaction and delight. They added to that the Italian of Tasso, the Spanish of Lope de Vega, and—another lesson also, more precious than all the rest—into this fresh, vigorous, and open mind they instilled the love of good books.

The well-groomed and disciplined Seventeenth Century Muse could not impart the love of Nature, in our modern sense, and yet in some odd, intuitive, unreasoned fashion Marie de Rabutin was all her life a lover of the woods and streams. The birds sing, the flowers bloom, spring comes and autumn passes, visibly and audibly, in many of her letters written from Livry, and I am persuaded that the oldest and tallest of the trees that arch the straight avenues at Les Rochers must still be mindful of her once familiar presence as she moved to and fro in their shadow, in joy or sorrow, under sun or moonlight, finding unconsciously in the serene beauty of these mute, insensate things something of that consolation and relief that were to lie unuttered for another hundred years. And as for friendship—to her who had already so rich a portion was added this also, a sincere and cordial liking for her fellow-men. Marie

de Rabutin's interest in men and women, high and low, great and small, never failed; while for her friends her love was a treasure-house indeed, inexhaustible in faith and patience, loyalty and service, through sickness and health, through good and especially through evil report.

Surely never had teachers and guardian a richer and more fertile soil, nor did any reap a fuller and easier harvest from their wise and thrifty planting. By what strange and perverse misfortune was it, then, that all their tact, all their foresight and wisdom, deserted these zealous and well-meaning counselors when a few years later the question of her marriage arose? Here at least must be inscribed a signal and quite undisputed failure of the old régime. With a wide range of choice and every advantage of youth, beauty, and fortune, the prize fell promptly and without protest to Henri, Marquis of Sévigné. Handsome, light-hearted, and fascinating, and of rank higher than her own, this young man might well have charmed the young girl's fancy had she been free to follow her own will; but he had all the faults of his age and position, without even the countervailing grace of a hearty affection for his bride. "He loved often and indiscriminately," writes Marie's sharp-tongued cousin Bussy, "but never by any chance any one so lovable as his wife." And—a worse sin against her from a contemporary standpoint—he wasted her substance in riotous living.

Of the Sévignés' married life we hear little—surprisingly little when we recall how much we know of the wife's later career. But in these eight unrecorded years something very important happened to Marie de Sévigné—there were born to her a daughter and a son. The son, Charles, at Les Rochers, the Sévigné home in Brittany; the daughter, Françoise Marguerite, a year or two earlier, though, oddly enough, neither the place nor the date of this capital event has ever been ascertained. And then in 1651, just in time, perhaps, to rescue his image from complete defacement in his wife's memory, the Marquis of Sévigné was killed—in a duel—and in a quarrel as trivial and fantastic as his whole career. Peace to his ashes! He was a poor, slight creature. A figure of too gallant an outside, perhaps, to be quite disdained, and too unsubstantial to arouse our wrath, he had yet brought to his wife the deepest and sweetest experiences of life. He left her embar-

rassed, indeed, in fortune, so that years of retrenchment and economy and infinite calculations on the part of the good old Abbé were needed to rebuild her inheritance, but rich in the treasures of maternal love which was thereafter to absorb all the energies of her soul. Moreover, her resolve not to replace him—to run no further risks with the life and the fortune to which her children had now the strongest claim—this decision, so widely canvassed in her day, was promptly and cheerfully taken, and adhered to without serious violence to her feelings or desires. For this woman's nature, so variously and bounteously endowed, was not without its arctic zone—a region where the sun might glisten with illusory brightness sometimes, but the ice never melted, even under the fierce ardors of besieging suitors' attacks. And perhaps, after all, there was the sting of truth in Bussy's malicious gibes when he insinuated that his cousin's irreproachable conduct and spotless reputation would have been more admirable still had they not been made unduly easy by a sluggish temperament and a cold heart. But this was a hard saying, and Bussy had to take it back on his knees.

Bussy, no doubt, was jealous as well as spiteful, for both as wife and widow Marie de Rabutin had many adorers—Bussy himself, of course, Cardinal Retz, the Chancellor Fouquet, the great Turenne, and other famous names besides, concerning whom I am fain to conclude, after mature reflection, that she was nevertheless better free of them all. The love they offered her—so casually lavish—was not worth even one of her ready tears. And so, the treasure of her heart, love and tears beyond counting, was reserved for Françoise; for, from the first, Mme. de Sévigné discriminated between her children. She made apparently no effort after maternal impartiality, and the usual rôles of son and daughter seem here to have been oddly reversed. Charles was a delightful fellow, of an infinite tact and delicacy, and firmly convinced of his haughty sister's better right to all the good things of life—including their mother's love. In health he was a genial, spirited, most entertaining companion, with a love of books as strong as hers, and a critical judgment far more invariably right; in sickness a skilful, devoted, and sympathetic nurse. And yet his mother (who perhaps knew him better than we, after all) had always a difficulty in taking him seriously in any relation. Even his

dissipation, his many light loves, cannot be said to have troubled her peace of mind half so much as the fading roses on her daughter's cheek, or the uncertain, often receding, date of her return to Paris. When the young man's health gave way—a result, in part, of the hardships and exposures of his military campaigns, but largely also of the life of disorder he had lived, Mme. de Sévigné was grieved, anxious, affectionate, but always with a sort of ironical detachment, a half-indulgent disdain, very, *very* different from the passion of whole-hearted tenderness which met and responded to every change of mood in her idolized, too often unresponsive Françoise. It was the age of absolute monarchy, and this daughter reigned to the end with undisputed sway over her mother's heart and life.

Matre pulchra filia pulchrior, as she was, Françoise de Sévigné's first formal *révérence* at St.-Germain was followed by all sorts of brilliant fêtes, masques, and ballets in which her rôle both as beauty and as accomplished dancer was conspicuous and flattering. It was a youthful court and had not yet lost its spontaneous gaiety and lightness of heart; corrupt already, no doubt, but far less callous and stereotyped in its sins than it was afterward to become. Louis himself was but twenty-three, and recently married to a queen younger still, toward whom he maintained as yet all the forms of gallant devotion; while for another, fairer still, he reserved his sincerer and tenderer observances. The lovely Louise de la Valière was not yet officially the King's mistress, and the little haze of romance that still lingered, we are told, around the royal wooing gave a certain morning charm—almost like that of innocence, to all their elaborate merrymakings—a sort of carnival of youth and love and joy, offered by the lover to his beloved.

Ah! in 1660 it was worth while to be young and noble, worth while even being packed into most insufficient and comfortless quarters in the old yet unmodernized palace of Versailles! For in those days Molière was directing the production of his own plays and Lulli presiding over the musical interludes and ballets; and—who knows?—it might have been the incomparable good fortune of some of us to assist on one of these glorious evenings with the other exalted guests at the first performance of "Tartuffe"! To Mme. de Sévigné, as to thousands of other French men and

women, this might well seem the crowning moment of all time, and she may be excused, I think, for a certain motherly pride and exultation—keener and more naïve in her, we may be sure, than any emotion which stirred the tranquil breast of Françoise—to find her idolized daughter of this most brilliant group.

But despite her brilliant beauty and substantial *dot,* Mlle. de Sévigné was but little sought in marriage. Two or three candidates, possible if not brilliant, must be rejected, and when the Count de Grignan—twice a widower and by no means a youthful Adonis—at last presented himself, one cannot resist the impression that mother and daughter held out welcoming hands to him as to a deliverer. Mlle. de Sévigné was handsome, she was even beautiful, no doubt, but of that inward grace of which beauty, to be effective, to be really successful, indeed, must be but the outward and visible sign—of that magical quality which we call charm—this daughter of the most charming of women had not a trace.

Her marriage was showy rather than safe, after all, for de Grignan, though of a distinguished family, was not rich, and his fortune was subject to the exorbitant demands of his official position as Lieutenant-Governor of Languedoc, as well as to his own love of display. But mother and daughter were prepared to make the best of his situation as of himself, and exert all their influence to secure for him a promotion in the form of some office at court. His actual appointment to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Provence, with the duty of residing in his province, was not made public till some time after the marriage, and to the elder woman at least was an overwhelming blow. There was no help for it—the parting of the ways was at hand. Eighteen months had elapsed, meanwhile, and it was not until after the birth of her first daughter, unwelcome, unloved little Marie Blanche, that Mme. de Grignan, with mingled feelings, no doubt, compounded of relief at escaping from her mother's too watchful, too absorbing and demonstrative love and care, and a certain vague remorse and regret at leaving that mother disconsolate—actually set out to follow her husband to their distant home.

And now at forty-five, the great active occupation and interest of her life consummated and done with, Mme. de Sévigné's career may be said to begin. Of course, she was

no novice in letter-writing—her long, if irregular, intercourse with Bussy, her letters to her cousins, the Coulanges, to Mme. de Lafayette, and to others also show her already in full possession of her talent. But these letters, these correspondents, were, all except Bussy, episodic and by the way; not till she lost her idol did the need of self-expression become urgent. Henceforth, and for twenty-five years, with the intervals of her visits to the Grignans and their sojourn in Paris, the tide of mother love and longing set steadily toward the arid, wind-swept plains of Provence and the stern and stately halls which sheltered and imprisoned her Countess, together with all the patriarchal tribe of Grignans, small and great.

The woman revealed—one might almost say, exposed to us—in these letters was not, was never supposed to be, a candidate for sainthood. Perhaps the only great quality which she possessed in common with the most eminent saints—St. Teresa, for example, and St. Francis—was her broad and tolerant humor with its accompanying capacity to adapt herself to all sorts of people and situations, and to make the best of that irrepressible human nature—of which, by the way, neither she nor the saints had too high an opinion. But all manner of follies and frailties linger in this buoyant and many-sided nature. Hers, for example, the cheerful hardness of heart, the serene disregard of all classes except her own, which made the lot of the noble under the old régime so comfortable and so perilous. Of all *classes,* I say, for in her relation to individuals, servants, dependants, inferiors, even animals, she seems to have been indulgent and kind to the point of soft-heartedness, and it is certain from many allusions that she was well loved and faithfully served all her life. In all feminine arts and wiles, moreover, long since denied and disavowed, if not entirely renounced, by the modern woman, Mme. de Sévigné is quite openly and joyously expert. Witness, for example, her frequent epistolary skirmishes with Bussy, whom, undoubtedly, she irritated and provoked with a zest only less keen than her pleasure in the ensuing reconciliation. She is indeed an adept in the flatterer's art, though she practises it not upon the hostile or indifferent, but only upon those whom she loves well enough to make the effort to please worth while. And if she lacks sometimes the charity that thinketh—and speaketh—no evil, it is impossible to treat

with rigor a failing to which are due such pen-pictures as those of Mlle. du Plessis and the fine ladies of Vitré and all the rest of the portrait-gallery made immortal by her delicious mockery. And, in further attenuation, it must be said that the evil she imputes is never of her own invention. "I hate and detest false news" is her frequent asseveration, and far more uniformly than any other writer of letters, memoirs, or journal of her day, Mme. de Sévigné looked at the life around her with the clear, sane, steady eyes of a sympathetic contemporary—penetrating but without rancor, and without personal ends to warp her judgment.

It is, perhaps, after all, her *esprit gaulois* that puts the severest strain upon the taste of a fastidious generation—and especially of its feminine half. It is futile to deny or belittle this vein. Mme. de Sévigné, like Bussy, like Molière and Lafontaine, dearly loved a *risqué* anecdote, a broad and salacious jest. I doubt if even her most scientific modern editors would venture upon an unexpurgated edition of her works for popular use. But—again by way of apology—hers was an age of incredible freedom of expression. The Hôtel de Rambouillet had done much toward refining both manners and language, but the familiar speech among the highest class, like the stairways and corridors of their noblest palaces, still harbored many an unclean thing. And those Rabelaisian episodes (few and brief, after all) which drop sometimes from her pen, won uproarious applause from her contemporaries and the easy pardon of even her modern French critics—the serious, low-spirited modern Gaul having yet this trait in common with his fathers. And, above all and through all, she is always interesting because she is always *alive*. This dead-and-gone old world of hers springs to life under her touch as infallibly as the young grass follows the drawing of the April sun. She has often to speak of commonplace, even sordid matters, in veiled and cryptic phrases, and of people, events, and things to modern ears remote and strange. She must even sometimes repeat the same tale to different correspondents; yet we follow on—puzzled, often disappointed, and sometimes even shocked; but never, *never* bored.

In this letter, for example, she overflows in complaint and lamentation over the slowness and uncertainty of the post—

her own intolerable anguish and suspense in waiting for news from Provence, and though we are assured of the result, yet we read on, conscious each time of a thrill of relief when we hear that the letters have arrived, the wished-for tidings been received. We are watching, too, as eagerly almost as poor homesick Françoise from her castle towers at Grignan for the gleam of some precious nugget of court news—the latest exploit, perhaps, of the King's ponderous, slow-moving armies, which, for all their splendid feats of individual daring and heroic leadership, seem yet to belong in many of their methods to the same school of warfare as the siege of Troy. Or, again, she flashes before the watcher's eager eye some delicate vignette after Watteau or Boucher; an intimate scene, perhaps, from royal antechamber or boudoir, or a tragi-comic episode from banquet-hall or ballroom, where the King, in the glory of brocade, jeweled buckles, and curled wig, offers his hand for the minuet to some lovely nymph whose coming greatness is reflected in his ardent eyes as well as in the ill-disguised chagrin of the reigning favorite and her unofficial court.

And so the years go by, the leaves are turned, one volume takes the place of another. It is no longer the young King nor the young court. There are pages of this chronicle that are like a solemn roll-call of the dead—Turenne, the Great Condé, Cardinal Retz, La Rochefoucauld, Mme. de Lafayette—and for one and all she has a fitting word, of farewell, of praise, of judgment, perhaps only of dismissal from this scene of their earthly triumph or defeat to that other tribunal where neither power nor rank, beauty nor influence, can avail or profit any more. And at the end—the last leaf turned, the last volume laid aside—having read, in all likelihood, the last lines Marie de Rabutin ever wrote, suddenly one comes to himself, as it were, with a start, realizing that he has so lived in her life that when at last she is gone he has grown old and wise with her years and her wisdom, and this world of her experience has become as real and vital and far more interesting than his own.

In 1690, her debts paid, her affairs in order at last, Mme. de Sévigné found herself free to follow her own desires. The last six years of her life were spent in closest companionship with her daughter and the young Pauline de Grignan, and in a happiness as complete as her vivid imagi-

nation, her anxious and tender heart, were capable of enjoying on earth. Little rubs there were still, no doubt, in their daily intercourse. Françoise was still herself, and it was not in her arid nature fully to satisfy her mother's absorbing love. Still, these years together, both in Provence and in Paris, were surely the best that life had to offer them both. With the lapse of time, too, it is easy to discern that both have changed; the daughter growing gentler, more considerate, with a clearer understanding of this great affection that from her birth had enwrapped her like an atmosphere—like an atmosphere, too, was subject to alternations of cloud and sunshine. And the mother, who could not be more loving, seems to have made a study of moderation and self-restraint. You see the years were passing over them both and they had both known sorrow, disappointment, and ingratitude.

The truth seems to be that none of the Sévignés were good courtiers. Charles retired at an early age from the court and from the service, where, more or less by his own fault, promotion was for him clearly unattainable. He married a young girl of Brittany who had never been beyond her province, and settled himself at Les Rochers to lead the life of a cultivated, unambitious country gentleman. Mme. de Sévigné herself was always well received at court, where she made periodic appearances and had many warm admirers. But she was openly and consistently faithful always to old friends, even those marked with the stigma of royal displeasure, and—worse yet!—she was never able to regard with becoming seriousness the long line of court beauties who succeeded one another so swiftly in the King's favor. She actually allowed herself occasionally a jest at their expense, discreet but unmistakable, and if certain of her letters were opened and read by the police (as she sometimes suggests that they were) the persistent ill luck of herself and her children may perhaps be partially explained.

Something of the sadness, a little also of the peace and detachment of age, are upon this woman. In the later volumes of letters she speaks often of death and of those last things of whose verity and supreme importance no doubt seems ever to have crossed her mind, though she remained to the end of her life (she never could quite understand why) a sincere but only moderately devout Christian and Catholic. The austerity of Mme. de Lafayette's later

years were to Mme. de Sévigné admirable—worthy of all emulation—but quite beyond the range of her sober common sense, as of her tenacious affections, still firmly anchored to the earth. It was but fitting, then, that her last days should be spent at Grignan, honored, cherished, beloved almost to her heart's content. It was fitting also that she should die and be buried there, and it really matters little that the nature of her last illness is still uncertain, or even that Mme. de Grignan, herself dangerously ill, should have been absent from her dying bed. Mother and daughter understood each other fully at last, and certainly one could do no greater despite to this great maternal spirit than by ascribing to her beloved daughter petty motives, unworthy fears, cowardly scruples in this great and final emergency. Mme. de Grignan was always a great lady, and *noblesse oblige.*

Among so many fallen or tottering literary idols, it is pleasant to find Mme. de Sévigné's fame quite solid and intact after more than two hundred years; as a writer of familiar letters she still holds the first place. More unstudied, vivid, and picturesque than Cicero, her only rival among the ancients, she is more convincingly sincere than Voltaire, and as much more interesting than the charming but unfortunate Cowper, as the France of Louis XIV. is more interesting than the England of George III. Few and obscure, then, are the French critics or historians of literature who have not felt it due to their own glory, if not to hers, to attempt some sort of appreciation of Mme. de Sévigné's personality and talent. And yet, from her contemporary, Bussy, the cocksure, to the cordial but slightly condescending Ste.-Beuve and the dogmatic M. Faguet—not one of them, to my mind, has achieved a characterization entirely adequate and satisfying. Intensely of her own time, she is almost equally of ours, not only in her literary style, but in her thoughts and feelings, her attitude toward life, even to the little fads and fancies which make so large a part of civilized woman's world; and concerning this unequaled *modernness* of Mme. de Sévigné, the last word, I am persuaded, is yet to speak. Truly all the ends of the earth were come upon this woman. She stood at the very heart and center of the civilized world, and before her eyes the pageant of humanity in little unrolled itself day

by day, while by a happy gift of Destiny she had in herself the seeing eye, the understanding mind, the loving heart. Here are the two significant factors: the extraordinarily interesting and stimulating society in which she lived and her own sensitive, impressionable, expansive nature wherewith to see, feel, and reflect the experience of every-day living.

The French language of her day, moreover, already so much subtler, more polished and delicate than any contemporary tongue, offered her an instrument admirably fitted to her use, and in the traditions and standards of the classic period forming around her she found an ideal of both form and substance—a mold, in other words, which restrained and fortified her flexible, exuberant genius. It is more than doubtful whether in any other language, or even in France at any other time, a correspondence so voluminous, so unstudied, so intimate as hers could have possessed both the high literary quality and the human charm and interest which make Mme. de Sévigné's letters perennially fresh and young. And finally the outward stimulus was not lacking. The creature she loved best in the world, intercourse with whom was to her the very breath of life, was withdrawn from her by a distance of five hundred miles. Henceforth into her letters to her daughter Mme. de Sévigné wrote *herself*.

And this habit of complete self-expression and expansion —of thinking, feeling, and *living* on paper—grew, no doubt, by long indulgence, as did also that unfailing sense of form, the infinite variety of phrase, the freedom and flexibility of movement, and the marvelous verbal felicity which must always be the despair of her imitators. And sometimes when this light and facile pen of hers encounters a great theme—some tragic history of death, defeat, dishonor—suddenly in the grasp of a great emotion her period swells like that of Bossuet into a solemn, majestic funeral chant; or with La Bruyère, her irony, light and swift and deadly, searches the heart of hypocrisy, servility, and greed. Not often, though, this latter strain. Very rarely do the mystery and mockery of life disturb her naïve and womanly faith and wring from her such a cry from the depths as this: "You ask me, my dear child, if I still cling to life, and I must own to you that in spite of all the fiery trials through which we must pass here, I still find myself un-

reconciled to death. I deem myself so wretched to be forced to conclude the one experience by the other, that I suppose if I could go back and begin life again, I should be glad of the chance. I am launched upon an enterprise which I know not how to conduct, embarked upon life without my own consent, and yet, though I know I must soon make an end of it all, that very knowledge cuts me to the heart. What, after all, will my end be? By what door shall I go out? Shall I suffer a thousand dreadful pains, so that my last hours shall be dark with despair? How shall I stand before God? What shall I have to show Him? Shall I wait for the hour of terror, or my utmost need, before I draw nigh to my Maker? . . . What have I to hope? What to fear? Am I worthy of heaven? Have I deserved hell? Indeed, death appears to me so dreadful that I cry out against life, rather that it is the road toward death than because of the terrors with which it is strewn."

Here, at least, is no shallow optimism, no careless and frivolous spirit. This woman did not ignore the great gulf that yawned beside her narrow road. Only it was in her happy temper to look longest and most often at the flowers that grew along the margin of the abyss, at the sunshine that gilded the sharp-edged rocks—above all, at the men and women who, coming by many devious ways and on many different errands, all found themselves at last on the same highway, bound toward the same inevitable end.

And so it would appear that those dry-as-dust scholars, doctors, and antiquarians were not without a fair share of astuteness and worldly wisdom when, borrowing Marie de Sévigné's name and prestige, they gave, at least for the moment, a certain savor to their musty treatises and monographs. Her real connection with their subjects might be remote indeed, but her name, written across their title-pages, does sometimes, like a golden Bible text prefacing the sermon of a dull preacher, put life into those sluggish brains and tip their leaden pens with fire.

Two hundred years! It is a long perspective—long enough to dispel all glamour and leave the critic's gaze quite keen and cold. If Mme. de Sévigné does still withstand the ordeal of modern criticism and analysis, it must be, I think, because her work—one and indivisible in spite of its variety—is at the same time in complete harmony with herself.

For in its essentials human nature changes little from age to age; it is only the fashion of this world that passeth away. Mme. de Sévigné's letters are simply the fullest, most spontaneous, and inevitable expression of her beautiful and beneficent nature.

For the most part the story of human achievement is written in blood and tears. It is a record of conflict—of difficult self-mastery and resolute repression and subordination of competing motives and impulses in the path of the ruling passion or purpose. Often the complete evolution of the special faculty or talent has implied the maiming of the human creature who has plucked out the right eye, cut off the right hand, in the process. But in Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné, we are invited, it would seem, to contemplate an exception to this rule. Her talent flowered in an age and a civilization to all intents as remote from ours as those of Greece, and yet her work remains a legacy of joy to many generations, blooming with undimmed luster, across the centuries. A legacy of joy, and perhaps a parable also, in which, if she interpret it aright, may lie a hint of admonition to our strenuous modern woman, with her elaborate programme of work and play, her too insistent claim for recognition, her slightly strident protest against the injustice and indifference of mankind.

To Marie de Rabutin, at least, literary excellence, literary glory, came not as the reward of painful effort, of laborious days and sleepless nights. She simply lived; and all the years that ripened and sweetened and deepened her nature and enriched her experience did, by the same mysterious process, develop her powers of expression. Her gifts of insight and sympathy, of humor and emotion, grew ever toward a completeness in which the woman's personality and her genius were blended into a harmonious whole as inseparable as the color and fragrance of the lilies of the field. And these, it is said, toil not, neither do they spin, yet they unfold into a perfectness of beauty to which even Solomon in all his glory could not attain.

Florence Leftwich Ravenel.

THE WORKMANSHIP OF "MACBETH"—II

BY SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

I

In my previous essay I discussed the essential meaning of Witchcraft; which subscribes to a total perversion of moral order, accepting evil for its good, Satan for its God. We of a later age may find this perversion frantic when put into practice by monarchs and statesmen, a vapid imposture when professed by ignorant old women: and the old women no longer terrify us. Civilized men have made *that* advance. But we still listen to philosophers who preach the infernal doctrine, wearing beards—

> You should be women,
> And yet your beards forbid us to interpret
> That you are so.

"You see, my friend," says Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, "there is nothing so ridiculous that has not at some time been said by some philosopher." Nor can a generation which has lived from the Ems telegram to 1914 and played meanwhile with the variously infamous writings of Nietzsche, Nordau, Bernhardi, maintain that the dream of winning all things by substituting evil for good has lost all power to hallucinate the intellect, even the strong intellect.

At any rate, the mass of Elizabethans, for whom Shakespeare wrote, firmly believed that old women could subscribe to this devil's doctrine, and could impress it upon their betters; and no one who has studied (or felt) the subtle whisperings of superstition will doubt that, of the audience in the Globe Theater, a majority even of those few who scoffed at witchcraft would be haunted by a fear that, after all, "there might be something in it," as we say.

So let us return to the *Chronicle* from which Shakespeare

drew his story. Holinshed relates that Macbeth and Banquo "went sporting by the way together, without any companies save only themselves, passing the roades and fieldes, when sodenly, in the middes of a launde, there met them 3 women in strange and ferly apparell, resembling creatures of an elder world"; and he adds that by common opinion these women "were eyther the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) ye Goddesses of destinee, or else some Nimphes or Faeries."

Now here (I make bold to say) is a passage upon which any man skilled in imaginative writing would seize by instinct and at once. But there is no need to labor the point that Shakespeare would *probably* have seized on it; since we know that, in fact, he did.

None the less it may be worth while suggesting how the mind of a practical dramatist would operate. Let me guess, therefore, that his mind would work somewhat in this way. He would say to himself, "I have to handle a murder; which is, by its nature, a deed of darkness. Here to my hand is a passage which—whether I can find or not in it the motive of my drama—already drapes it in the supernatural, and so in mystery—which is next door to darkness."

II

Let us remind ourselves how constantly Shakespeare uses darkness to aid the effect of his tragedies upon the spectator. In "Romeo and Juliet," his first, the tragic action really starts under a moonlit balcony and ends in a vaulted tomb. Of the four tragedies by general consent preferred as greatest, "Hamlet" opens on the dark battlements of Elsinore, with a colloquy in whispers, such as night constrains, between sentinels who report a ghost visiting their watch; "Othello" opens with the mutter of voices in a dark street, and ends by a bedside lit by one candle; the total impression of Lear is of a dark heath upon which three or four men wander blindly, lit only at intervals by flashes from the dark elements; and the physical blindness of Kent (the one morally sane character in the piece) enhances our sense of impotent moral groping. On "Macbeth" I cannot do better than quote Dr. Bradley:

> Darkness, we may even say blackness, broods over this tragedy. It is remarkable that almost all the scenes which at once recur to the memory take place either at night or in some dark spot. The vision of the dagger, the

murder of Duncan, the murder of Banquo, the sleep-walking of Lady Macbeth, all come in night-scenes. The witches dance in the thick air of a storm, or "black and midnight hags" receive Macbeth in a cavern. The blackness of night is to the hero a thing of fear, even of horror; and that which he feels becomes the spirit of the play. The faint glimmerings of the western sky at twilight are here menacing: it is the hour when the traveler hastens to reach safety in his inn, and when Banquo rides homeward to meet his assassins: the hour when "light thickens," when "night's black agents to their prey do rouse," when the wolf begins to howl, and the owl to scream, and withered murder steals forth to his work. Macbeth bids the stars hide their fires that his "black" desires may be concealed; Lady Macbeth calls on thick night to come, palled in the dunnest smoke of hell. The moon is down and no stars shine when Banquo, dreading the dreams of the coming night, goes unwillingly to bed, and leaves Macbeth to wait for the summons of the little bell. When the next day should dawn, its light is "strangled" and "darkness does the face of earth entomb." In the whole drama the sun seems to shine only twice: first, in the beautiful but ironical passage where Duncan sees the swallows flitting round the castle of death; and afterwards, when at the close the avenging army gathers to rid the earth of its shame. Of the many slighter touches which deepen this effect I notice only one. The failure of nature in Lady Macbeth is marked by her fear of darkness; "she has light by her continually." And in the one phrase of fear that escapes her lips even in sleep, it is of the darkness of the place of torment that she speaks."

"Hell is murky." Yes, and upon the crucial test of the guilty king's soul in "Hamlet"—the play-scene—what is the cry?

KING: Give me some light—away!
ALL: Lights, lights, lights!

What, again, is the scene that gives quality to "Julius Cæsar" but the brooding night in Brutus's garden? What, again (to go back among the plays), retrieves "The Merchant of Venice" from tragedy—from the surcharged air of the trial scene—to comedy but the Fifth Act, with placid night shimmering toward dawn, and the birds starting to sing in the shrubberies as Portia, mistress of the house and the play, says in four words what concludes all—

"It is almost morning."

It may well be that Shakespeare, as a stage-manager, had means of employing darkness at will, say by a curtain pulled overhead across the auditorium, or part of it. If he had not (and the first account of the play by a spectator is by one Dr. Forman, an astrologist, who paid for his seat in the Globe on Saturday, April 20th, 1610—that is, at a time of year when the sky over the theater would be day-lit),

I frankly confess my ignorance of how it was managed. But that Shakespeare saw the play in darkness, no one who has studied it can have any doubt at all.

He *saw* the whole thing in darkness, or at best in the murk light of the Scottish highlands. He saw it (as the play proves) a thing of night. Now, always and everlastingly, among men, as day typifies sight and sanity, night typifies blindness and evil. In the night-time murder stalks, witches ride; men doubt of God in their dreams—doubt even, lying awake—and wait for dawn to bring reassurance.

In darkness—in a horror of darkness only—can one mistake and follow evil for good.

III

So, as I reason, Shakespeare saw his chance. I am weary of commentators who dispute whether his witches were real witches or fates, or what-not. Schiller, as we know, adapted "Macbeth"; and Schiller was a poet; but Schiller was no Shakespeare, and by philosophizing Shakespeare's witches, as by other means, he produced a "Macbeth" remarkably unlike Shakespeare's "Macbeth." When he came to the knocking at the gate, Schiller omitted the Porter—in deference (I believe) to the genteel taste of his age—and substituted a Watchman, with a song to the rising dawn; and a charming song, too, with the one drawback that it ruins the great dramatic moment of the play. Schlegel rates Schiller roundly for his witches; and Gervinus says that Schlegel's censure is not a whit too harsh. But Schlegel proceeds to evolve out of his inner consciousness a new kind of witch of his own; whereupon starts up Gervinus, and says that Schlegel "gives throughout an opposite idea of Shakespeare's meaning"; and forthwith proceeds in his turn to evolve *his* camel, having started off with the observation that "the poet, in the actual text of the play, calls these beings *witches* only derogatorily: they call themselves *weird sisters.*" Profoundly true!—and has any one, by the way, ever known a usurer who called himself a usurer? or a pandar who called himself a pandar? or a swindler who called himself anything but "a victim of circumstances"? A few days ago, some enterprising firm sent me a letter which began (as I thought with gratuitous abruptness), "We are not money-lenders"—and went on to suggest that if, however, I should need "temporary financial ac-

commodation," they were prepared to advance any sum between £5 and £50,000.

As everybody knows who has studied the etiquette of traffic with Satan, it is the rule never to mention the real name. If Professor Gervinus had never, to ponder it, studied the tale of *Rumpelstiltzkin,* he might at any rate have remembered the answer given to Macbeth's salutation and the answer in Act IV, Scene 1:

> MACBETH: How now, you secret, black and midnight hags!
> What is't you do?
> ALL: A deed without a name.

And if the deed be nameless, why not the doer? But when a lady wears a beard on her chin, and sails to Aleppo in a sieve, and sits at midnight boiling a *ragoût* of poisoned entrails, newt's eye, frog's toe, liver of blaspheming Jew, nose of Turk and Tartar's lips, finger of birth-strangled babe, to make a gruel thick and slab for a charm of powerful trouble—if any one insist on my giving that lady a name, I am content with that printed in the stage-direction, and to call her "witch."

But if these philosophizing critics would leave their talk about Northern Fates, Nores, Valkyries—beings of which it is even possible that, save for the hint in Holinshed, Shakespeare had never heard, and certain that not one in ten of the Globe audience had ever heard—and would turn their learned attention to what Shakespeare as a workman *had to do,* could they miss seeing that a part of his very secret of success lay in leaving these creatures vague, the full extent of their influence dreadfully indeterminate? Coleridge on this, as not seldom, has the right word:

> The Weird Sisters are as true a creation of Shakespeare's as his Ariel and Caliban—fates, furies, and materializing witches being the *elements.* They are wholly different from any representation of witches in the contemporary writers, and yet presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience. Their character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; they are the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature—elemental avengers without sex or kin.
>
> Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
> Hover through the fog and filthy air.

I will put it in another way. Suppose that Shakespeare as a workman had never improved on what Marlowe taught. Suppose, having to make Macbeth choose evil for good, he

had introduced Satan, definite, incarnate, as Marlowe did: suppose he had made the man assign his soul, by deed of gift, on a piece of parchment and sign it with his blood, as Marlowe made Faustus do. What sort of play would "Macbeth" be?

But we know, and Shakespeare has helped to teach us, that the very soul of horror lies in the vague, the impalpable: that nothing in the world or out of it can so daunt and cow us as the dread of *we know not what.* Of darkness, again—of such darkness as this tragedy is cast in—that its menace lies in *suggestion* of the hooded eye watching us, the hand feeling to clutch us by the hair. No, Shakespeare knew what he was about when he left his witches vague.

Can we not see that very vagueness operating on Macbeth's soul? For a certainty, standing near in succession to the throne, he has (before ever the action begins) let his mind run on his chances. We need not say, with Coleridge, that "he who wishes a temporal end for itself does in truth will the means," but at least Macbeth has let his mind toy with the means. He has been on the stage scarce two minutes when, at the Third Witch's salutation—"All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!"—he starts, "betrayed by what is false within." Says Banquo:

> Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
> Things that do sound so fair?

If we read and ponder Macbeth's letter to his wife: if we read and ponder what they say—and *omit* to say—when she greets his return, we see beyond shadow of doubt that certain things are understood between them. They had talked of the chance, even if, until this moment, they had forborne to speak of the way of it. These are things which, until the necessary moment arrives—the moment that summons action, now or never—cannot be uttered aloud, even between husband and wife.

Let us pause here, on the brink of the deed, and summarize:

(1) Shakespeare, as artificer of this play, meant the Witches with their suggestions to be of capital importance.

(2) Shakespeare, as a workman, purposely left vague the extent of their influence; purposely left vague the proportions their influence and Macbeth's own guilty promptings,

his own acceptance of the hallucination, contribute to persuade him; vague as the penumbra about him in which—for he is a man of imagination—he sees that visionary dagger. For (let us remember) it is not on Macbeth alone that this horrible dubiety has to be produced; but on us also, seated in the audience. We see what he does not, and yearn to warn him; but we also see what he sees—Banquo's ghost, for example—and understand why he doubts.

(3) As witchcraft implies a direct reversal of the moral order, so the sight and remembrance of the witches, with the strange fulfilment of the Second Witch's prophecy, constantly impose the hallucination upon him—"Fair is foul, and foul is fair." "Evil, be thou my good."

And now mark the daring of the great workman. So far he has carefully piled up shadows, doubts, darkness, half-meanings upon the distraught mind of Macbeth. Suddenly he confronts him with a will that has no doubts at all, but is all for evil: this in his wife, his "dearest partner of greatness." She, poor soul, is to suffer hereafter; but for the moment she sees the way—which is the evil way—with absolute conviction. May I, without undue levity, illustrate her clearness of purpose by this comparison?

DEAREST EMMA [wrote a young lady], you will congratulate me when I tell you that Papa has this morning been offered the Bishopric of ——. It was quite unexpected. He is even now in the library, asking for guidance. Dear Mamma is up-stairs, packing.

IV

So before the First Act closes—for actually, though our reluctant horror drags upon it, the action moves with a curious rapidity—the hallucination is established, the scene is set, and we behold this man and this woman groping to certain doom. So cunningly has Shakespeare, to heighten our interest in these, flattened down the other figures in the drama that none of them (if you will think of it) really matters to us. Duncan's murder matters, but not Duncan. He sleeps, and anon after life's fitful fever he is to sleep well; but the only fever *we* feel burns or shivers in that tremendous pair. The thick walls of Inverness Castle fence in the stealthy, damnable work. The gate is closed, barred. Around and outside broods darkness, yet even this is aware of something monstrous at work within. An owl screams: "there's husbandry in heaven": the stars, "as troubled

by man's act," dare but peer through it as through slits in a covering blanket; in the stables the horses catch a panic and gnaw one another's flesh in their madness. For within, up the stair, past the snoring grooms, a murderer creeps to his deed, a woman prompting. In part, no doubt—mostly, if you will—themselves have betrayed themselves; but the powers of evil have their way and reign in that horrible house.

So! and so—when it is done—as Lady Macbeth takes the dagger and Macbeth still stares at his bloody hands, the hour strikes, and the word is spoken.

What word? It is the critical word of the drama; and yet no voice utters it. As befits the inhuman, impalpable, inclosing darkness, it is no articulate word at all. What is it?

It is this: *Knock! knock! knock! knock!*

A knocking at the gate—but *who* knocks? Can we suppose it is Macduff or Lennox, or any silly actor in a highland kilt? Who cares more than a farthing for Macduff? Who cares even less than a farthing for Lennox?

Then *who* is it—or, shall we say, *what* is it—stands without, on the other side of the gate, in the breaking dawn, clamoring to be admitted? What hand is on the hammer? Whose step on the threshold?

It is, if we will, God. It is, if we will, the Moral Order. It is, whatever be our religion, that which holds humankind together by law of sanity and righteousness. It is all that these two have outraged. It is daylight, revealing things as they are and evil different from good. It is—whatever you will, it is the tread of vengeance—*pede claudo,* the knock that shatters illusion. Macbeth is king, or is to be. But that knock insists on what his soul now begins to know, too surely. Evil is *not* good; and from this moment the moral order asserts itself to roll back the crime to its last expiation.

Knock, knock! "Here's a knocking indeed!" growls the Porter as he tumbles out. "If a man were porter of hell-gate he should have old turning the key. . . ." Aye, my good fellow; and that is precisely what you are!

V

Embedded in the works of De Quincey, like a prize in a bran-pie, there is to be found a little paper six pages long,

and prolix at that, which contains the last word of criticism on this knocking at the gate.

De Quincey starts by confessing that "from his boyish days" this knocking produced an effect on his mind for which he could never account. "The effect was, that it reflected back upon the murderer a peculiar awfulness and depth of solemnity." He goes on to tell us (as he told us elsewhere, in his "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts") how in the dreadful business of the murders in the Ratcliffe Highway—a series of crimes so fiendish that nothing like them again thrilled London until the days of Jack the Ripper—there did actually happen what the genius of Shakespeare had invented two hundred years before. The murderer, one Williams, who had entered the house of the Marrs and locked the door behind him, was startled, right on the close of his bloody work, as he had butchered the last member of the family, by the knocking of a poor little servant-girl, the Marrs' maid-of-all-work, who had been sent out on an errand. De Quincey draws a wonderful picture of these two, one on either side of that thin street door, breathing close and listening, the little maid on the pavement, the stealthy devil in the passage, with his hand on the key, which, mercifully, he did not turn.

[Here be it noted, in parenthesis, how fashionable this effect of the closed door has since become with dramatists. If we study Maeterlinck, for example, we shall find it his one master-trick. It is the whole secret of *L'Intruse,* of *La Mort de Tintageles*—the door with something dark, uncanny, foreboded, something that means doom, on the other side. Maeterlinck has variants, to be sure. In *Les Aveugles* he makes it the shutter of physical darkness in a company of old people, all blind. Sometimes, as in *L'Intérieur* and *Les Sept Princesses,* he rarefies the partition to a glass screen through which one set of characters, held powerless to interfere, watches another set, unconscious of observation. But in one way or another, always the dramatic effect hangs on our sense of this barrier, whether impalpable or solid, whether transparent as glass or dense as a door of oak, locked, bolted, barred.]

Let De Quincey go on. In what happened to the Marrs' murderer he says he found the solution of what had always puzzled him—the effect wrought on his feelings by the knocking in "Macbeth." A murderer—even such a mur-

derer as a poet will condescend to—exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Yet if, as in "Macbeth," the murder is to be the protagonist, upon him our interest *must* be thrown. But how?

If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister in a fainting-fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is that in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and, chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully in the silence and desertion of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man—if, all at once, he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases and the goings on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction. Now apply this to the case in "Macbeth." Here . . . the retiring of the human heart, and the entrance of the fiendish heart, was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human beings, human purposes, human desires. Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers and the murder must be isolated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid aside—tranced—racked into a dread armistice. [Time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion.] Hence it is that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds, the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

There are critics who find the Porter's humor offensive and irrelevant: who complain that it is a low humor and ordinary. For answer (if answer be seriously required) I would refer them to "Hamlet," and invite them to explain why Hamlet, after agonizing colloquy with his father's ghost, should break out into shouting back on it, "Art thou

there, true-penny?''; '' Well said, old mole!'' and swearing his comrades to secrecy upon the profound remark that

> There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
> But he's an arrant knave.

This is the laughter in which surcharged hysteria breaks and expends itself.

The Porter's speech is just such a discharge, vicarious, of the spectator's overwrought emotion; and it is quite accurately cast into low, every-day language, because that which knocks at the gate is not any dark, terrific doom—for all the darkness, all the terror, is cooped within—but the sane, clear, broad, ordinary, common, workaday order of the world reasserting itself, and none the more relentingly for being workaday, and common, and ordinary, and broad, clear, sane.

VI

We perceive, then, with how right an artistry Shakespeare throws all the effect of this knocking upon the souls *within*. Suppose an inferior artist at work upon the theme. Suppose that he sets the scene on the outside of the door. Suppose Macduff and Lennox to arrive in the dawn, after the night of tempest, and to stand there—Macduff with his hand on the knocker, the pair chatting lightly before they ask admission. That were a '' situation '' with no little of tragic irony in it, since we, the spectators, know upon what they are to knock. Suppose the door to open upon a sudden cry and the sight of Duncan's body borne down by his sons into the daylight of the courtyard. That were a '' situation '' indeed—yet how flat in comparison with Shakespeare's!

We may note a special reason, too, why it would have been flat; for this also illustrates workmanship. It is that, excepting only Banquo (and we are to talk of Banquo), Shakespeare has deliberately flattened down every other character to throw up Macbeth and Lady Macbeth into high relief. For why? Because he had, against odds, to interest us in them, and only in them. As I have said, nobody cares more than a farthing for Macduff or for Lennox. Says Dr. Bradley of the Macduffs:

> Neither they, nor Duncan, nor Malcolm, nor even Banquo himself, has been imagined intensely, and therefore they do not produce that sense of

unique personality which Shakespeare could convey in a much smaller number of lines than he gives to most of them. And this is, of course, even more the case with persons like Ross, Angus, and Lennox, though each of these has distinguishable features. I doubt if any other great play of Shakespeare's contains so many speeches which a student of the play, if they were quoted to him, would be puzzled to assign to the speakers. Let the reader turn, for instance, to the Second Scene of the Fifth Act, and ask himself why the names of the persons should not be interchanged in all the ways mathematically possible.

To be sure they could. Because Shakespeare was taking good care all the time that not one of these should engage our interest, to compete in it for one moment with the two great figures of guilt in whom he had so jealously to keep us absorbed.

In this "flattening-down" (as I call it) of the virtuous characters in "Macbeth" Shakespeare played a stroke which seems worth examining as a stroke of workmanship. The Elizabethan stage, as we know, had not a straight-drawn front with footlights, but threw forward from its broad platform a sort of horn upon the auditorium. Along the narrowed platform a player who had some specially fine passage to spout advanced, and began, laying his hand to his heart—

> All the world's a stage . . .

or,

> The quality of mercy is not strained . . .

or (raising his hand to his brow),

> To be, or not to be, that is the question—

and, having delivered himself, pressed his hand to his heart again, bowed to the discriminating applause, and retired into the frame of the drama. An Elizabethan audience loved these displays of conscious rhetoric, and in most of his plays Shakespeare is careful to provide opportunities for them. But you will hardly find any in "Macbeth." Here, by flattening the virtuous characters almost to figures on tapestry, Shakespeare flattened back his whole stage. Obviously, neither Macbeth nor his lady, with their known antecedents, were the kind of persons to stalk forward and spout virtue; and the virtuous receive no chance, because virtue has all the while to be kept uninteresting.

Moreover, this flattening of the virtuous characters gives "Macbeth" (already Greek in its simplicity of plot) a

curious resemblance to Greek tragedy in its sense of fatality. I repeat that nobody can care more than a farthing for Macduff on his own account. He had, to be sure, an unusual start in the world; but he has not quite lived up to it. His escape, which leaves his wife and children at Macbeth's mercy, is (to say the least) unheroic. Here, again, I suggest that Shakespeare's workmanship was sure. By effecting Macbeth's discomfiture through such men of straw, he impresses on us the conviction—or, rather, he leaves us no room for anything but the conviction—that Heaven is at work in retribution, and the process of its retribution is made the more imposing as its agents are seen in themselves to be naught.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

(To be Concluded)

THE ETHICS OF THE WOMEN'S CAUSE

BY DURANT DRAKE

I

Newspapers and reviews are teeming with accounts of the various phases of the feminine revolt which, after a considerable subterranean working, is now apparent to him who runs. Pleas for and against the shattering of the conventions which have separated the vocations and habits of the sexes are shouted from the house-tops. Clever political manipulation and acts of destructive violence add emphasis and sinister significance to this war of words. But in all the bewildering chaos of passions and demands few voices are raised to call attention to the underlying ethical principles involved. We hear on every hand of what women want; should we not rather ask what they ought to want, what opportunities should be accorded to them, what service required of them, for the community's good? We are told of rights; should we not rather consider duties? It is undeniable that women have been the suppressed sex. Does that prove that it is best for them, and for men (ultimately, of course, the interests of the two sexes are identical), that sex-lines should be broken and woman made over into the image of man? or, if so, that women may use any means at their disposal for effecting this change?

Here are two clear-cut ethical problems that may well invite the dispassionate consideration of the professional moralist. Granted, as we all must grant, that women should be treated justly—*i. e.*, given equal chance for a rich and happy and useful life—does it follow, in the first place, that they should be given identical opportunities and responsibilities; that all sex-boundaries, sanctioned by long custom and of obvious utility, are really unjust or inexpedient? Ought they to be allowed, when the passion for freedom possesses them, to take the bit into their mouths, to kick up

their heels, and follow uncurbed the leading of their impulses and haphazard ideals? Or must they subordinate their restless longings to whatever restraints and directive guidance the accumulating wisdom of the race may deem necessary? In short, may they claim offhand as a right whatever men have; or must they learn to find their happiness—not necessarily in what men have allotted to them, but in whatever spheres of usefulness dispassionate and free discussion of the matter may ultimately mark out for them?

The second moral question is this: If we agree, or if a number of women agree, that they have rights which are at present debarred them, may they seek to win these rights through lawlessness? Does the desirability and importance of the ends, if granted, justify whatever illegal and intrinsically undesirable means may seem useful for their attainment?

"Votes for women" are no doubt coming, universally and permanently; coming not so much because of any value they may have, for women or for the community, but because enough women want the vote to push hard for it, and few have any interest in opposing them. It is an epoch of expansion for women, and this particular field is one they will occupy with comparatively little resistance. It is impossible at this stage to predict what the balance of actual advantage will be; it will probably not be in itself an important change, one way or the other. It is primarily as a tool with which to effect further changes in sex-status that it will be important; it is as a symptom of a wide-reaching movement, containing far greater potentialities of good and far graver dangers, that it has for us its real significance.

To listen to the average suffrage-lecturer, or to read their pamphlet literature, is, at least for the man or woman of trained mind and unbiased sympathies, an almost inevitable provocation to impatience with the whole business. The best antidote to this disgust is to go the next day to hear an anti-suffrage speaker. In addition to that, if one reflects that men are, after all, no worthier of the suffrage than women, and vote no more intelligently than women will, one is in a properly chastened frame of mind to reckon up probable gains or losses.

As to the ballot in itself, apart from the further ends for which the feminist party avowedly intend to use it, it will probably, on the whole, be a gain to the community to give

it to women. Not that women are better or wiser in general than men; they are not essentially different, except for those organic differences that the function of sex itself implies. There is no conclusive evidence of any important psychological differentiation, save those general average differences produced recurrently in each generation by bringing-up, environment, and tradition. But there are certain evils which more deeply affect women—as the alcohol trade, prostitution, child-labor, inefficient schools, unsanitary conditions—and it may be hoped that it will be easier to eradicate these evils with their help. How, on the other hand, they may block, by their apathy or conservatism, by the dead weight of their indifference or the positive force of their adherence to tradition, other reforms that men alone might be goaded into putting through, does not yet appear. It is possible that, to greater degree than is the case with men, they may decide important matters by their instinctive sympathies rather than by their reason. One recalls the story (in one's less serious mood) of the woman who, being asked lately for which of the national parties she was going to cast her vote, replied, "For the Republican, the poor dear!"

We must remember that the first flush of enthusiasm for voting will recede and leave women apathetic, probably more apathetic than men. The upper-class women will largely cease voting, women of low ideals will be used by their bosses as men are. But certainly the more voters there are in proportion to the number of "jobs" to be distributed, the more difficult it will be for political bosses, by bribery or favor, to control their majorities. So that while much experience warns us of the desirability of restricting rather than expanding the suffrage, there will be compensating advantages in mere numbers.

Upon the women themselves the effect of possessing the ballot may perhaps be to some degree stimulating, arousing a keener interest in public questions and fitting them the better thereby for the education of their children. It will, at any rate, give them a deeper *sense* of equality with men, and compel from men a more general recognition of equality —which in itself will be no mean gain. It will tempt women into the political arena; and whether that will lower the ideals of women or raise the ideals of politics, it is difficult to forecast.

The ballot, however, will be but a superficial victory for women. The real struggle will arise when it becomes apparent to all that the militant women are after much more. That they may be free by law and convention to do everything that men do, that they may be free to do many things which even men are not now free to do, is their ultimate aim. To be President, if they can mass women's votes for a woman candidate, to ignore, if they dislike it, what has usually been considered woman's duty, of home-making and child-rearing, to—well, in short, to do anything they wish to do and avoid doing whatever they do not wish to do, seems to be the goal of their propaganda. Free divorce, or free love without marriage, will undoubtedly be among the aims avowedly sought by some. And why not?

The answer would seem to the moralist simple. It is not best for humanity that any class should be free to do as it wills. Liberty has now for long been an over-used concept. The passionate devotion to it of past generations was necessary for the overthrow of irrational tyrannies and arbitrary restrictions. But we are forgetting that restraint is also necessary, and discipline and self-denial and obedience. Women have no rights—no one has rights—to do anything except what makes for the general welfare. We are paying the cost for our excessive worship of liberty in the wretched social situation into which we have drifted; and our salvation can come only through a progressive curbing of individual rights, through an awakening of the spirit of service to supplant selfishness, and through the enforcing of the dictates of that spirit upon those whose wilfulness endangers the whole social structure. The woman-movement is largely an expression of wilfulness, of impatience of restraint. This can, of course, be idealized, and can awaken splendid and self-sacrificing loyalties; but we must not be misled by these. The fundamental requirements of our human nature, and the inexorable conditions of its existence, demand many sacrifices of desire. And so, however deeply we may admire and sympathize with the sex that has been so long repressed and patronizingly petted, however much we may long for women to have equally noble opportunities, and to be recognized through and through as men's comrades and equals, we must not assume that either men or women can rightly be freed from restrictions and often irksome duties.

Certain fundamental facts cannot be ignored. Woman is a child-bearing and, more, a child-rearing animal. There is nothing humiliating in this fact, however bluntly put, any more than in the fact that man is, by necessity, a money-making animal. Of the two vocations the one that nature decrees to women is the nobler, and, though attended with more pain, on the whole the happier. At any rate, it cannot without disaster be evaded. Children do not thrive well under institutional care; that is proved. They need the personal care, the patient, loving, skilful, endless care of mothers. If the human race is to continue, women must give the best of their strength to its perpetuation; if it is to develop its potentialities, physical, mental, moral, women must give years from their lives, the best years, for the care and nurture of children. They must give preliminary years to the acquirement of the knowledge and skill that shall fit them for this greatest of vocations. And if this task is decreed by nature for women, men are, by a complementary duty, bound to work for the support of the women thus engaged, and for the children—who must be allowed, say, twenty years apiece of play- and learning-time—before they become, if men, producers, if women, in their turn child-rearers. So much division of labor is, in normal cases, inevitable.

Why not be content to follow this leading of nature? Men cannot bear children, nor best rear them; why should not women be willing to leave to them these other, complementary, responsibilities? We have learned the value of division of labor within industries, why not welcome it in our social organization, decreeing to women, by convention and common agreement, that they shall be the home-makers, while men are the producers? Otherwise the lure of business or professional life may lead the ablest and most efficient women to abandon or partially neglect the rearing of children, and we shall witness a decline in numbers and nurture in the coming generations. Homes there will in so far no longer be, but only dwelling-places, the woman's energy as well as the man's being absorbed outside. A greater economic freedom for woman is certainly desirable, that she may not be forced, for support and standing in the community, into a loveless marriage. Greater freedom of acquaintance between the sexes is necessary, that thousands of men and women may not have to live and die unmarried

for want of meeting a proper mate. But it would seem (though we must speak tentatively and without dogmatism on this matter, until it shall have been thoroughly threshed out) that society must insist that the normal sphere of woman lies in the making of a home and the bringing up of children—a task so arduous and exacting as to forbid its proper fulfilment side by side with any other vocation.

Be this as it may, however, the main point to emphasize is that the question must not be decided by desire or passion. We must cease to be partisans, and calmly weigh gains and losses, in the hope to conserve all that civilization has been aiming at in its hitherto accepted conventions, and at the same time to free women from the disadvantages under which they now stand and provide for a fuller development and use of their faculties. We should be foolish to try to obliterate the charm and picturesqueness of sex-differences, and very wrong to connive with women to evade their inherent responsibilities. We must repeat that *it is not a question, ultimately, of what women want, but of what they ought to want, not a question of rights, but of duties.* The highest good of the community as a whole has precedence over the wishes of any class; the legislation and conventions of the future must be based not upon any plea for liberty, but upon solid considerations of general human welfare.

But the second query we have proposed for our consideration has not only a more superficial timeliness, it is actually a more important question. It involves possibly the gravest of all the moral problems that now confront us —one that is not obviously pressing as yet, but that looms menacingly on the horizon for those who have eyes to see. Militancy, like suffragism itself, is but a symptom—the latter of the general uprising of the hitherto stifled sex, the former of a new audacity in the use of violence to further causes. Whether a few more castles are burned or prime-ministers stoned, whether, indeed, blood flows in English streets, as it yet may, is not fundamentally important. But whether this destructive violence *succeeds,* accomplishes its end, is superlatively important. The moral question now up for trial is this: *May those who believe in a cause seek to achieve its triumph by a destruction of property, or of life, intended to intimidate their opponents into granting their will?*

We may rest assured that if the women succeed through this method, the lesson will not be lost upon other classes and parties. We have already witnessed the calculated use of dynamite by industrial rebels, and heard the direct instigation by some of their leaders to the destruction of property or life, in order to obtain the concessions which they believe are their due. A pamphlet lately issued by the Industrial Workers of the World asserts their intention to use "any and all tactics that will get the results sought with the least expenditure of time and energy. The tactics used are determined solely by the power of the organization to make good in their use. The question of 'right' and 'wrong' does not concern us. . . . In short, the I. W. W. advocates the use of militant 'direct action' tactics to the full extent of our power to make them."

The conviction of the McNamara brothers has temporarily put a damper upon dynamiting in this country. There is a lull in the French use of *sabotage,* and in the bomb-throwing of anarchists. The Socialist party is not yet committed to violence. But if the suffragettes succeed, or even seem to have succeeded, by this method, we may look for a resurgence of such barbarism. Impatience with tardy legal methods of reform is altogether too natural to men, as well as to women. The strongest efforts to educate the public conscience and create a universal sentiment against lawlessness will hardly avail for our escape. Such efforts, however, are scarcely being made. And now a little band of excited women are doing more to advertise this easy and alluring method of working for a cause than all the anarchists and downtrodden workers together. We may presently see the proletariat using these weapons far and wide for the furtherance of their, to them holy, cause; the saloon interests trying desperately thereby to avert the wiping out of their business; radicals of whatever stamp combining to thrust through threats their wishes upon the law-abiding and property-holding public. In the name of civilization, the British legislators cannot afford to give in now; nor, however dearly we may cherish their sisters' aims and resent their grievances, can we now hope for them to win. The price of victory would be too great.

The evolution of morality has involved a progressive discipline, a tightening of the checks upon the individual's methods of attaining his ends. Money, for example, is a

legitimate object of desire; but the code of the race more and more clearly formulates the Commandment, Thou shalt not steal! Thou shalt not steal by taking money from thy neighbor's till, by forcing thy competitor out of business, by adulterating thy goods, by paying low wages to thine employees! So to those who have at heart a cause the collective conscience more and more distinctly warns, Ye may work for this by all fair means, but ye shall not obtain it by violence or destruction, by lawlessness, by shaking the foundations of orderly self-government! It insists that the rules of the game be obeyed—which in a democracy means, among other things, that all changes must be made through the winning of votes and the influencing of legislators by fair argument and the persuasion of eloquence. Bribery, direct or indirect, is not playing fair; intimidation by the calculated destruction of property is not playing fair. *It is not only criminality, it is the most dangerous type of criminality,* the kind that is not ashamed of itself, that takes refuge under the banners of an appealing cause and invites others to similar deeds.

That the method of the militants is un-Christian needs no exposition; it is about as exact an antithesis to the Christian spirit as could be pointed out. It is a wonder that some pious prophet without a sense of humor has not designated Mrs. Pankhurst as the antichrist; probably some one has. Christ was indeed not the mournful-eyed anemic saint of the medieval painters; he was apparently a passionate and vigorous man, ready with sharp denunciation, keen satire, flashing wit, as well as with profound sympathy and an infinite tenderness. But his saying, "Not peace but a sword," was unquestionably metaphorical; his hatred of militancy is proved not only by his rejection of the method at his Temptation—where the suggestion is explicitly referred to the devil—and by his admonition to Peter to put up his sword at the time of his arrest, but by the whole tenor of his discourses and his life. As Matthew Arnold phrased it, his method was that of sweet reasonableness—not exactly the method of the militants—and it is worth noting that the success of the propaganda he started has been far greater than that which any violence has ever brought. We have, in the incident reported by Luke, in which the disciples wished to call down fire from heaven to consume the Samaritan village whose inhabitants had not fallen in with

their desires, a close parallel to the contemporary situation in England. "But he turned and rebuked them, and said, 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.'"[1]

The teaching of Christ on this point may well be supplemented by that of another great prophet. When Socrates, shortly before his execution, was urged by Crito to escape from that cruel and unjust sentence, he refused to break the law for his personal advantage.

"Consider the matter in this way" [he said]: "Imagine that the laws and the government come and interrogate me: 'Tell us, Socrates,' they say, 'what are you about? are you going by an act of yours to overturn us—the laws and the whole state—as far as in you lies? Do you imagine that a state can subsist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of law have no power, but are set aside and overthrown by individuals?' We might reply, 'Yes, but the state has injured us and given an unjust sentence.' 'And was that our agreement with you?' the law would say, 'or were you to abide by the sentence of the state? [Every one] must do what his city or his country orders him, except as he can change their view of what is right! Listen then, Socrates, to us who have brought you up. Think not of life and children first, and of what is right afterward, but of the right first. If you go forth, returning evil for evil, or injury for injury, breaking the covenants you have made with us, and wronging yourself, your country, and us, we shall be angry with you while you live, and our brethren, the laws in the other world, will receive you as an enemy; for they will know you have done your best to destroy us. Listen, then, to us and not to Crito.'"[2]

The Greeks never learned this lesson, and they paid the penalty here prophesied, in the collapse, one by one, of their city-states.

But if militancy is un-Christian and un-Platonic, it is at least human, and has been used from time unknown. Men have gained their ends by force, say the women—why not we? The *tu quoque* argument is not strong theoretically; but practically it goes home. Yes, men have been wicked and lawless; women are now getting even. But what a pity that they are seeking this evenness, this equality, by coming down to the level of men rather than by trying to lift men up to their former level! We had hoped for better things from women.

If militancy is war, it is the meanest and most demoralizing kind of war. It is one thing to fight squarely, to take the risks of battle, to dare your enemy on and meet him in the open. It is another and a baser thing to destroy innocent

[1] Luke ix, 55.

[2] Plato, *Crito*, 50–54, condensed.

people's letters, to smash innocent people's windows or heads, to burn historic houses, to hire ruffians to do criminal acts of various sorts, to make trouble generally for everybody. It is not war, it is intimidation through secret or open destruction of property; psychologically, and in its effects, a very different thing.

Much of all this comes from a pent-up love of excitement, with some risk—but not too much; zest in being in the foreground of events. It is a natural reaction from the deadly monotony of the life that too many women lead, whether household drudges or idle society parasites. One wonders how it is that they have not smashed things up long ago. But even when idealism is mixed with it, it is a selfish idealism, which is perhaps more dangerous than outright selfishness. Just as there is an *égoïsme à deux,* there is a class-egoism, a habit of putting the desires of a single class before the welfare of the community as a whole, which is extremely difficult to combat or to shame, because it parades under the guise of devotion to a cause.

The women's cause has thus become hopelessly tangled. Righteous as their underlying protest is, elements of selfishness and wrong-doing have so entered into their campaign that, though sympathizing with their needs, we cannot wish them success. It is not that we could not excuse and forgive their methods—for they have much to forgive in men—but we cannot afford to exculpate them. The only hope lies in the possibility that the great mass of sound-hearted Englishwomen may rise and rebuke their mad sisters who put the winning of an end before a scrupulousness about means, class advantage before the general welfare, victory before ideals.

DURANT DRAKE.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

I DOUBT if the class of readers into whose hands the books of Anatole France are likely to fall will care very much about his angels. The conventional ideas of Heaven and the angels are at the present time so alien to the skeptic that he can find but little pleasure even in their ridicule. And on this one point I should like to consult a true-blue Anatolian (to which proud title I have no claim, having read but a scant half-dozen volumes of the master): Is he not at times even for you, good Anatolian, a tiny bit too obvious? It is true that faith is pathetic and that faith is also absurd, and that the contrast between a pure faith and a knavish morality in the same soul is ridiculous; but when he conveys these simple matters in his crystal style, are they not sometimes a little too palpable? Or to take some instances from the present volume:

When Arcade, the guardian angel of young Maurice d'Esparvieu, decides to assume human form and reside for a time on this earth, he surprises the young man at a meeting with Madame des Aubels, and to the great embarrassment of the young couple plunges into a long and learned discourse on the nature of angels as established by the writings of the Fathers, the causes of their new revolt, and other matters.

"Nonsense," said Maurice, shrugging his shoulders, "you are not going to revolt against—" He pointed to the ceiling, not daring to finish.

But the angel replied:

"Do you not know that the sons of God have already revolted and that a great combat took place in the sky?"

"That was a long time ago," said Maurice, putting on his stockings.

Said the angel:

"It was before the beginning of the world. But nothing has changed since then in the skies. The nature of the angels is no different to-day from

[1] *La Révolte des Anges.* Par Anatole France. Calmann-Levy. Paris, 1914.

what it was in the beginning. What they did then they can do again now."

"No! it is not possible: it is contrary to the faith. If you were an angel, a good angel, as you pretend, you would not have the idea of disobeying your creator."

"You deceive yourself, Maurice, and the authority of the Fathers condemns you. Origen declares in his homilies that the good angels are fallible, that they sin every day and fall from heaven like flies. Perhaps you are tempted to reject this Father in spite of his knowledge of the Scriptures (if I dare say it), because he is excluded from the Canon of the Saints. In that case I will remind you of the second chapter of the Apocalypse, where the angels of Ephesus and of Pergamos are reprimanded for having failed to guard their Church. You will allege, doubtless, that the angels of whom the apostle here speaks are properly the bishops of these two cities, whom he called angels on account of their ministry. That may be so, I grant. But what do you oppose to the opinion of so many doctors and pontiffs who all teach that the angels are subject to good and evil? Saint Jerome affirms it in his Epistle to Damasus. . . ."

"Monsieur," said Madame des Aubels, "leave us, I beg of you."

But the angel did not hear and went on:

"Saint Augustine, On the *True Religion,* chapter XIII; Saint Gregory, *Morals,* chapter XXIV; Isidore . . . Bede, on Job . . ."

"Monsieur, I beg of you . . ."

"Chapter VIII; Damascenus, on *Faith,* Book II, chapter III."

There is humor, of course, but of a sort that is almost too authentic. Even the best of Anatolians must weary of elemental incongruities if indefinitely prolonged. An invisible angel browsing among the volumes of the d'Esparvieu library, frightening the librarian out of his wits, taking human form and clothing himself in the rags of a suicide, living in an attic, frequenting restaurants and cabarets, drinking, gaming, brawling with the police, dueling, philandering, cheating, lying, betraying his friend, and at every point finding sound theological or philosophical or angelic warrant for everything that he does, offers, I admit, the widest ironical, satirical, sardonic, and humorous opportunities. It is of course quite absurd that an archangel should be playing the flute in a Paris orchestra, writing a musical comedy that no manager would accept, living with a little chorus girl who snubs him, and keeping his wings in a cupboard where they are eaten by moths.

Then drawing his former comrade in celestial glory into the kitchen entry, he (the archangel) set his candle down, drew a key from his pocket, opened a cupboard, and, lifting a cloth, disclosed two large white wings.

"You see," said he, "I have kept them. From time to time, when I am alone, I go and look at them. It does me good."

And he wiped his reddened eyes.

After a few moments of mournful silence he held the candle near the feathers, which in spots had lost their down.

"They are being moth-eaten," he murmured.

"You ought to put pepper on them," said Arcade.

"I have," replied the angel-musician, with a sigh. "I have used pepper, camphor, and salt. But it does no good."

The causes of the celestial revolution are set forth with some precision. The more advanced thinkers among the angels had ceased to believe that the God of the Jews and Christians was the only God, or that he had created the heavens and the earth, or that he was eternal and infinite. At most he had merely organized a small portion of the world, and even this part was very badly managed. He himself had been a polytheist at first, recognizing many others of his own degree, but later pride and the flattery of his adorers had made him a monotheist. In short, he was no more than a demiurge, who had usurped powers formerly shared with Dionysus and many others, and his real name was not Jehovah but Ialdabaoth. Ever since the fall of Lucifer affairs in Heaven had been at a standstill. Human beings did after their crude fashion progress, but the angels always remained the same, and the majority were content with things as they were. The angelic middle class—*la petite bourgeoisie céleste*—consisting of the Virtues, Dominions, and Powers, were, like the middle class everywhere, narrow-minded, timid, and selfish. The upper class, the Cherubim and Seraphim, were sunk in luxury. There was no incentive to improvement. Why should the mind bestir itself in a land where the climate was so soft and existence so easy? Thinkers are rare even on earth where need pricks on the intellect; in Heaven they are still rarer. Heaven has always been a military autocracy in which public opinion has no voice.

The angels do not reason at all; men, superior to the angels, do reason, though badly. I am not speaking of those professors who think to define the absolute by means of sounds that they have inherited from the pithecanthropus, the apes, the marsupials, and the reptiles, their ancestors. It is fine buffoonery. How the demiurge would be amused by it, if he were intelligent.

As a *reductio ad absurdum* of Jehovah, Heaven, and the angels, this is no doubt excellent. There is frequent play of fancy and of wit; the style is admirable; and the satire of Anatole France has always, as is well known, faultless

and charming manners. Yet somehow it is not as amusing as it ought to be. Perhaps this is because satire at the present day requires objects less remote than Jehovah, Heaven, and the angels. It is difficult to rehabilitate Beelzebub, not because people are of one mind concerning Beelzebub, but because they are of no mind at all. One can burlesque a prime minister, a department store, a House of Lords, or a Jew peddler; one cannot effectively burlesque a cloud. In short, a certain degree of intimacy between ourselves and the object of derision would seem to be necessary, and it is doubtful if even a very great genius could, for example, satirize in a manner pleasing to the modern mind the follies of Egypt under the Hyksos or the goings-on of the Pelasgians, however inherently absurd. This may not be the proper explanation of it, but I believe the best of Anatolians must flag at times under this long angelic allegory. It is as if Mr. Bernard Shaw were to apply all the resources of his subversive intelligence to a ludicrous rendering of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

And we need have no scruples in measuring the pleasure we find on the surface without regard to the thought beneath, for by the terms of his own philosophy there can never be a thought beneath. The chief tenet of his creed as a thinker is the futility of all thinking. Thought, he has elsewhere told us, does not govern the main affairs of life, or enable us to judge men, or lead us to the truth. It is, he says, the worst of all things—the "acid that dissolves the universe"—and the whole world would vanish the moment its inhabitants began to think. By sentiment alone, not by reflection and intelligence, do men attain "the highest and the purest verities." Thus, to take him at his word, we ought not to try and think about his angels, but merely to find in a sort of animal way what pleasure we can in their company. As a pleasure-giver he is more successful in his guesses at flesh and blood. The mundane characters in the present volume are, some of them, adorable, and he ought to have let us stay with them, instead of dragging us off to that celestial farce. It is more fun in a book to meet a new friend than an old cosmogony, and the art of creating him is a higher art.

Perhaps there is no other writer who could, in a novel of some four hundred pages, deal so gracefully and lightly with the following themes: The origin of all religions; the apoca-

tastasis; the dawn of civilization; animism; the mythopeic tendency; euhemerism; the history of Greece till her downfall; the history of Rome till her downfall; the stages of Gallic culture till the influx of the Burgundians; Gothic art; medieval superstitions; the abominations of Latin Christianity; the Renaissance; the Reformation; the pre-revolutionary philosophers of the eighteenth-century; militarism; scholasticism; the debate between nominalism and realism; Napoleon; clericalism and the law of separation; pragmatism; the history of heaven to the present moment; and a bird's-eye view of God. But I for one prefer him in a mood less encyclopedic, as when describing some corner of Paris that he knows, or detaching from universal history some concrete dog, cat, old college professor, or young chorus girl that is palpable to a finite intelligence.

The universe, as conceived by Anatole France, is guilty of the one unpardonable sin: it is uninteresting. On the other hand, the little people here below, so far as he gives us a glimpse of them, are very charming indeed. Better than all his battles in the skies is the following account of General d'Esparvieu in the drawing-room, expounding the art of war:

> General d'Esparvieu was recounting the great autumn manœuvers to some palpitating ladies. He spoke with art and pleased them. Drawing a parallel between the French and German methods, he defined their respective characteristics, brought out the merits of each with perfect impartiality, and did not hesitate to say that each presented certain advantages. At first he pictured Germany on equal terms with France, and the faces of the ladies darkened and grew long. But little by little as he developed more specifically the two methods, that of France seemed supple, elegant, vigorous, full of grace, spirit, and gaiety, while that of Germany appeared heavy, awkward, and timid. And little by little the faces of the ladies brightened with a cheerful smile. The general, then, to reassure these mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts, told them that we were able to make use of the German method whenever it was to our advantage to do so; whereas the Germans were quite unable to make use of ours.

F. M. Colby.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

LETTERS OF EDWARD DOWDEN AND HIS CORRESPONDENTS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1914.

With Edward Dowden, criticism, far from being a mode of self-expression, was a task that demanded the complete elimination of personality, "a subordination of self to the faithful setting forth of the entire truth of one's subject." No one at all familiar with his writings could well imagine that the lack of a personal element in them proceeded from a hard, dry, uncommunicative spirit; yet few outside the circle of his intimate friends can have guessed how much profitable pleasure his published correspondence would give to all honest-minded readers who care for the things of the intellect and strive to harmonize its claims, as he did, with those of life and of duty. Professor Dowden was a great letter-writer; he enjoyed writing to his friends (in fact, he was inclined to prefer this way of communicating with them), and he took pains to write well—to do himself justice. One feels, with constant satisfaction, just this—that the letters do the man justice. They are careful in expression, even studied—as good in style as anything he ever wrote;—but he was quite unlike those weak-eyed observers of life who have to look at a thing askance—as men do at a faint comet—in order to see it clearly, and must needs write hastily and moodily in order to represent their real selves. On the contrary, the more intently and directly he took time to see, the more "natural," in all true senses of the word, he was.

The Edward Dowden whom we come to know through his letters—and we come, it seems, to know him really well—is a man, above all, of singular equipoise; a man of warm sympathies, yet carefully just; of catholic tastes, yet of uncompromising discriminations; a thoroughly normal man. "I have always had good health," he says somewhere, in explaining a certain want of sympathy with romantic uncanniness, "and my father brought me up on Whately's *Evidences*." He is capable, not only as critic, but as man, of big, clean thoughts: these come to him without special effort. "I wonder," he remarks, casually, in a letter to his brother —"I wonder how many thousands of souls has industry saved. How much true enlightenment and liberality of mind commerce has brought about. A great deal, I think." And then he passes lightly to another topic; for he always knows exactly what he can best say in a given space of words or time, and never bores us with the struggle to think on paper. The thought remains unamplified; but we rejoice at even a bit of *that* kind of thinking. Here and everywhere the man's mental output is totally unlike that of the morbidly or shyly solitary thinker, though Dowden loved solitude in a measure, as do most men who are thinkers at all, and believed that the best flowed out of him, not in the tumult of many ideas, but in

"the brooding possession of a few." Human contacts, to be sure, are necessary to preserve mental balance such as his.

And along with his equipoise he possessed in rare unison the blessed gift of humor—of humor with an occasional note of "irrepressibility" in it, such as we may think characteristically Irish; though he called himself, in deprecation of such a thought, merely a "half-breed Irishman," and certainly was never in the shallower sense patriotic for Ireland. He was in fact rather discontented with the restricted round of life in Dublin, and found in the life of the country nothing with which he could particularly identify himself. For the notion that a national literature could be built upon the ancient folklore and epic base he had but little sympathy. The literary soil of Ireland seemed to him, on the whole, rather thin, and for hothouse growths he did not greatly care. On one occasion, indeed, he deliberately and bravely incurred unpopularity by writing to the committee in charge of arrangements for the Moore centenary, to the effect that such an honor as a centenary celebration should be reserved for poets in a high sense of the word great. Perhaps, after all, the note we catch in his humor is that of the eternal boy rather than of the Celt, though Celtic enough are his heartiness and his flexibility of spirit. If in us there be anything of these qualities, we warm to him the more because he is able to write even with remote irreverence to Wordsworth, the poet he loved and so often defended: "I made only one purchase—a portrait of Wordsworth, in which he looks like a silly old sheep going to baa out some sonnets." If there be a possible humorous side to Wordsworth, this possibility has seldom been better hit off in a few words.

As a man who drew strength and wisdom from literature in almost the same way as from life, Professor Dowden knew how to speak the right word of encouragement to fellow-writers dispirited by the reaction from a completed task, and to hearten the good workman without overpraising the goodness of the work. He would, too, on the least occasion, come to the assistance of a man with whom he fundamentally disagreed, when he thought that the latter had been too sharply assailed. Thus he promptly and vigorously replied to a friend who blamed Matthew Arnold rather too sweepingly for his failure to understand Shelley, that Arnold could take a sympathetic view of Shelley only by violating the unity of his own intellectual life. Moreover, in Dowden, along with this robust sense of truth and justice—as of the strenuous and large-hearted toiler—there is an occasional subtlety as far as possible from being the fruit merely of learning and the generous exercise of the mind. Now and then he would outline an intellectual emotion as delicately as could Pater—as when, for instance, he speaks of "the deep fact of fraternity, which is like a finer sex —a certain invisible barrier lying beyond it, as a certain barrier lies between man and woman." A man is known by the phrases he makes, and Dowden's phrasing—felt as a constant enrichment of his thought and as the power to meet adequately the demand of every right feeling—proves him, even in his prose, something of a poet: his prose has in unusual measure the poetic element without which writing of whatever kind is but the salt that has lost its savor.

A poet, indeed, he was, by instinct and by lasting preference—though not embittered, as some writers of less poetic talent have been, because the world would have from him prose instead of verse. "One of my afflictions," he wrote to his friend J. A. Noble in 1878, "is a theory that I

could do my best work in verse, and the circumstance that every year my lectures lead me to accumulating a quantity of material that is pleasant property for my outer mind, but is a positive injury to the soul within the soul." No doubt he was right as to this, but he was still more right in the determination that kept him to his soberer tasks. The verses he did compose he thought "so far good that each is a genuine record of some moment of pleasure or some moment of mastery of pain; but I know how small a pinhole in the universe they all peep at." At least he had the pleasure of knowing that this work of his was sincere and of worth—a knowledge unspoiled by over-modesty or by disappointment.

He had his share of drudgery as a teacher, and he hated the dreary toil of making out examinations and reading papers, as all the elect do. "Think of having to torture Adonais into questions, and then to find that one's own questions are indeed poetry compared with the answers which a foolish conscience obliges me to read." Yet his conscience went deeper in such matters than the foolishness of reading dull papers. He desired to give his pupils the literary bread of life, in larger measure than is usually possible. "I am afraid," he once wrote, "we in college lectures give too much of the history of literature, and too little of literature itself. I should like to have a small class sitting round a table, and go through chosen poems from such books as the *Golden Treasury*—trying to deepen the feeling for what is beautiful in literature, rather than the talk about books and authors which may tend certainly to broaden, but does not do much to deepen, one's sense of what is best in poetry." Despite drudgery, there is plenty of evidence that Dowden took pleasure in most kinds of the work he did; including the literary joinery and work of remodeling involved in making a little book out of his big book on Shelley—this last a very real kind of enjoyment, as he testifies.

As a critic he, in later years, charged himself with "too ready submission" to authors whom he was "right in admiring with qualifications," and wished to set forth his reservation about such as Goethe, Walt Whitman, and George Eliot. The writers mentioned, however, are not the ones with whom his name is chiefly associated and whom he most studied. These were, of course, Shakespeare, Shelley, and Wordsworth, and in relation to them he could scarcely accuse himself of partisanship, beyond the involuntary partisanship of imperfect human knowledge. He was, indeed, no blind worshiper at any shrine. "No poet," he wrote, "has been, or ever can be, to me quite what Wordsworth has been, for during many years I was lost in him. It was Shakespeare who made me a citizen of the world; but all my vows (substitutes for those of poverty, chastity, and obedience) were heard by Wordsworth." Yet there is temperateness in his ardor: the maximum of sympathy with the minimum of hyperbole. Toward Shakespeare he felt, like others, great and small, a kind of awe—"I looked on each of his great plays as a huge Alp in an Alpine range"—and he confesses that he has often turned from him, "in order to read what I admired far less." The less great could hardly hold him. Drawn to Browning as he was inevitably in the beginning—as to Walt Whitman—he eventually tired of him. "My falling away from Browning," he wrote in 1902, "dates from 'Pachiarotto.' . . . I seemed to have learned by heart all he had to tell, and I did not want it said over in a more tangled way." As attesting his catholicity as a critic and his sensitive response to genius, it is pleasant to know that Dowden was among the first to note the

promise of Swinburne—a soul so different from his own and from those he most admired. Writing in 1865, he told his brother: "If I were to risk a prophecy I should say that Mrs. Swinburne's *cousin,* I think, the author of 'Atalanta in Calydon,' is the most promising of the young writers." Dowden was always well aware of Swinburne's posing, and by a law of his own nature he disliked the poet's diabolism and excesses of all kinds; but he could admire even where he did not wholly like, and he had a good word even for Swinburne's critical faculty, "full of fire and penetrating admiration," though "quite untrustworthy." Always despite much "submission," he preserved his soul entire; he dreaded to lose himself in the "maelstrom" of Goethe, and cried out from the depths that Goethe is not an all-sufficing gospel.

As in the case of nearly all great men, we are smitten with wonder, when we approach his life closely, at the much that Dowden accomplished despite drudgery and distractions, though to him our "much" was little enough. Professor Dowden liked his leisure and his musings. "I swim and walk and lie on the cliffs in the sun all day and every day," he writes from the coast of Kerry; and often to a similar effect. He had time for this sort of thing, though not so much as he wished for; and one letter reveals him as an interested, if not an enthusiastic, golfer. We remember that the fine spirit that sees its way clearly and moves undistractedly, knowing that there are other things in the world besides labor and learning, may surprise us by the amount of its accomplishment as well as can the spirit, less fine perhaps and altogether strenuous by temperament, of the born delver.

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THE BERRY PAPERS. Edited by LEWIS MELVILLE. New York: John Lane Company, 1914.

One would like to find in these letters of Mary and Agnes Berry—genuine, familiar records of social life from 1763 to 1852—one would like to find in these letters, rescued from forgetfulness and carefully edited, something of real value to human nature and to scholarship; and one is inclined to feel some shame that one is not easily able to do so. The special claim of the Berry sisters to our consideration is that Horace Walpole took very particular notice of them. "Many who would long since have sunk into oblivion," writes Mr. Melville, "survive until to-day in the pages of the greatest biographer or the greatest letter-writer that the world has ever known. This, it must be confessed, is the lot of Mary and Agnes Berry." For them Walpole wrote his *Reminiscences of the Courts of George I. and George II.,* and to them he dedicated the famous *Catalogue of Strawberry Hill.* He was lover-like toward both in a caressing, elderly way, and he playfully referred to them as his two wives. So far as the personality or genius of the Earl of Orford is concerned, the record is not very illuminating. It shows him perhaps rather more in the light of a good-natured and somewhat silly old fellow than we have been accustomed to think of him. He was even said to be jealous of the friendship of Mary Berry for the talented sculptress Mrs. Damer—before her marriage, Anne Seymour Conway—whose statue as the Muse of Sculpture, carved by Ceracchi, stands in the entrance-hall of the British Museum.

As personalities, the letter-writers are, for the most part, grievously disappointing. The sisters and Mrs. Damer are extremely garrulous, and as

informing as a nice sense of what was due to their position in life allowed them to be. They are garrulous—but not like Pepys. Pepys, one supposes, might nowadays be described as what is popularly called a "low-brow"; the Berrys, on the contrary, and Mrs. Damer—especially *Mrs. Damer*—are quite painfully "high-brow"—the latter term connoting, it may be supposed, something of the affectation of learning. Mrs. Damer is endlessly guilty of the present much-berated fault of using a French word where an English word would do as well (the heinousness of this crime was not widely appreciated in the early eighteen-hundreds), and, what is worse, she is for ever dragging in Latin quotations by the hair of their heads—not sparing even the venerable *Forsan haec olim meminisse juvabit.*

All three ladies continually protest their undying affection for one another, and they squander a vast deal of paper and ink in proving to their mutual satisfaction how exactly right and consonant with the highest ideals of ladyhood and good sense are their opinions upon largely rather trivial matters. Really, they run on at a terrible rate. One section of the book is devoted to Mary Berry's love-affair with General O'Hara—the same who figures in all text-books of American history as the officer by whom Cornwallis sent his sword to Washington at Yorktown. They were betrothed, it seems; but they never married—largely, we gather, on Walpole's account: a circumstance which seems to imply a rather weak supposal of the soldier's worth, or a serious lack somewhere. The affair is not heart-warming. Indeed, if the letters are interesting at all, it is for the same reason that they are rather unattractive: namely, that they are stained so deeply with the spirit of society in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Much of the gossip in the book reminds one somewhat of the language attributed (no doubt falsely) to the Knave of Hearts:

> "My notion was that you had been
> (Before she had this fit)
> An obstacle that came between
> Him, and ourselves, and it."

"Is the right word," we ask, somewhat puzzled, "'important' or 'unimportant'?" The ladies are bowed on to the stage by Walpole, and bowed off, with perfect grace, by Thackeray. All "the between" is rather barren; though there is mention of contemporary notables on nearly every page of the letters, and the close student of the period will doubtless find something to ponder in them.

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Famous War Correspondents. By F. Lauriston Bullard. Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1914.

The war correspondents are men one likes to know something about; they are in many cases men of parts, men of resource, too, whose delightful and dangerous business it is to be where the most excitement and danger are to be found. Mr. Bullard, in his workmanlike book, *Famous War Correspondents*, gives substantial and often picturesquely interesting accounts of the best known "specials," from William Howard Russell to Richard Harding Davis. The volume seems specially good reading for the young man interested in newspaper work or for the student in a school of

journalism; for, besides being interesting, it gives some insight into the methods and personal efficiency of the men who give the world timely news of great battles, and incidentally it adequately emphasizes the dignity of the profession.

Mr. Bullard makes a real contribution to the history of his subject by calling attention to the fact that the art of war correspondence, in anything like its modern form, was first practised and developed by the men who reported the war of 1846 and 1847 between the United States and Mexico. These American newspaper men who rode with Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor had to do their work under exacting conditions; they displayed as much enterprise in getting and sending the news as have the men of a later day; and they antedated Russell, who is commonly looked upon as the inventor of war correspondence. Before them, and him, there had been Henry Crabbe Robinson, who called forth the protests of the Duke of Wellington by his reports of military operations in the Peninsula in 1807 and 1808, and Charles Lewis Gruneisen, who in 1837 was sent by the *Morning Post* to watch the Carlist campaign. But Crabbe Robinson thought it no part of his duty to see a battle, and though Gruneisen did see fighting he had none of that competition to contend with which strains the nerve and taxes the brain of the modern war-reporter.

To the general reader the book comes not amiss, for the narrative not only acquaints us with interesting personalities, but brings certain historic occasions somewhat vividly before us. To follow the war correspondent in the field is a pleasant way, so far as it goes, of reading history. We learn how Russell, despite hostility, published his accounts of abuses and sufferings in the Crimea, and how he saw the charges of both the Light Brigade and the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava; how Archibald Forbes witnessed the meeting of Bismarck and Napoleon III., and how he entered beleaguered Paris; of the strange ride of Januarius Aloysius MacGahan through Central Asia to Khiva in pursuit of a Russian column, and of how the same man came to be called the Liberator of Bulgaria. We read about Frederick Villiers, who used to draw pictures on a little pad while bullets spattered around him; about picturesque Edward O'Donovan, Bennett Burleigh, the five Vizetellys, adventurous Winston Spencer Churchill, Creelman, who led a bayonet charge at El Caney; Richard Harding Davis, and the shy, enigmatic Stephen Crane, who was described by Davis as the coolest man, whether officer or civilian, whom he saw under fire at any time during the Spanish War.

The book is a storehouse of the kind of truth that is more strange and vivid than is most fiction. It is written, if one may say it without disrespect to a noble profession, in a somewhat "journalistic" way: facts of biography or history, dates and details, beckon our attention hither and thither, while outlines are sometimes blurred. Nor are all the extracts the author takes from the writings of famous correspondents always very readable, now that their substance is no longer news. But the book itself is readable, as a whole, and worth reading.

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With Poor Immigrants to America. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

Much as one likes Mr. Graham's style and his way of getting at the less obvious truths of things, one cannot but feel somewhat disappointed in

his new book *With Poor Immigrants to America.* To most readers—especially American readers—this volume of sketches, which tells a little of the immigrant in the steerage, a very little about the immigrant after he lands in America, and a great deal about how America impressed an Englishman who tramped from New York to Chicago, will seem far inferior in charm and interest to Mr. Graham's book of last year, *With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem.* Part of the apparent falling-off is due, no doubt, to the nature of the subject-matter in the new book as compared with that of the old. Truly there are few such experiences awaiting an Englishman who speaks Russian like a native and knows the humbler forms of human nature with the knowledge of sympathy, as the journey to Jerusalem in company with a thousand devout Russian pilgrims. Mr. Graham made good use of the opportunity this journey offered. He made his book *With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem* a true interpretation. Into it he put mature and educated feeling, ripened thought. His American sketches, on the contrary, are rather scattering and hasty; they lack, of course, to us, the effect of strangeness which his account of the Russian Pilgrims possessed in an eminent degree; and the interpretations he offers are of a sort that have grown rather familiar to our ears. The voyage in the steerage was brief and rather uneventful; Mr. Graham had no time to enter deeply into the life of New York's East Side; his experiences with the American farmer, with the American housewife, and, rarely, with the recently arrived immigrant, were in the main much like what any one of us would expect to meet with on a long tramp from East to West. One is sorry that the author was not oftener able to exercise his remarkable gift of getting the essence of a man's life-story or character out of him, and making it as interesting to the reader as fiction. He makes some discoveries, of course, and now and then he speaks from his heart in a way that is telling. "One thing I noted in America," he writes: "that the blossom of religion seems to have been pressed between Bible leaves, withered and dried long ago. What is called religion is a sort of ethical rampage. . . . Far from fearing God, preachers announce from their pulpits that they are 'working with Him,' or 'co-operating with the inevitable tendencies of the world,' or 'hastening on the work of evolution.' For my part, I believe that it is my sacred due to my brother that he be given an opportunity of facing this world, the mystery of its beauty and of his life upon it, that he find out God for himself and learn to pray to Him. But that is at once Eastern and personal." The tone of this confession of faith is grateful. On the whole, however, the author's contrast of East and West, of Russia and America, is of a somewhat obvious sort. We have been a good deal written about by foreigners other than Mr. Graham; and Mr. Graham, in his very readable and even enjoyable book, has written about us, as the others have done, well.

A Far Journey. By Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

Perhaps no other class of immigrants make a greater change of environment in coming to live in the United States than do the Syrians. Their own land differs wholly from ours; it is a land of little things and of primitive ways in most matters. Arabic, the language the Syrian speaks, is so radically different from English as to make thinking in the words of our

tongue a far more difficult task for him than it is for the man of Teuton or Latin race. Even the mistakes of pronunciation which the Syrian makes are of a sort more likely to render his speech unintelligible than are the corresponding errors of the German, Frenchman, or Italian who is learning to speak English. Yet the Syrian is "assimilable" in a high degree; he is by nature kindly; he is often commercially capable; moreover, he has ideals of civilization and even of scholarship, and is inclined to be intellectually ambitious. It is worth noting that learning among the Syrians is held in some reverence and the poet is not scorned.

Mr. Abraham Mitrie Rihbany gives us, in the beginning of his autobiography, pictures of Syrian village life and society which enable us to understand the violence of the contrast, as he felt it, between New York City and his old home near Beyrout. The author tells of the fierce contentions between rival clans in his birthplace—contentions, however, which seldom resulted in the death of any combatant—and he makes us feel the fascination that clannishness certainly exercises upon the human spirit, whether in Kentucky or Syria. He tells us amusingly, but not contemptuously, of how his father strove to rid himself of a row of magnificent oaks which stood close to his land, shadowing his mulberry-trees and drawing their nutriment from his soil. The elder Rihbany tried prayer, and was willing to try magic, but he would not, as he was advised to do, resort to poison. It was all crude enough, but pleasant enough, too; the life, we gather, was sufficiently spacious for a boy, though it soon became too narrow as the boy approached manhood.

Mr. Rihbany is a man whose life has been such as to enable him to moralize now and then with good effect, and we listen to his occasional reflections upon life with more respect than we do to most utterances of this kind. Looking back upon his boyhood, he writes: "I realize most clearly how limited, how meagerly inventive, is love without culture; how almost helpless is sympathy without knowledge. Love is, indeed, 'the greatest thing in the world'; but without knowledge, acquired knowledge—real culture—love is like a skilled workman without his tools, a mariner without his chart and compass."

This, no doubt, is one of those commonplace truths which only one speaking from experience can make us heed. The author's whole life, his struggle for advantages that many of us possess and hold lightly, shows the value of even a little education; and it shows, too, how even under adverse circumstances, enlightenment, thought, the habit of thinking freely and truly, does its work. Mr. Rihbany was expected to be a stone mason like his father, and toiled at this trade; but the thought of endless manual labor stifled him, and he insisted upon getting an education. He entered the American boarding-school at Sûk-el-Gharb, and soon his religious views underwent a transformation; the Bible, which he now read and studied for the first time, affected him as strongly as it did Englishmen when it was first given to them in English. The result was that he discarded the teachings of the Greek Orthodox Church, in which he had been reared, and became a Protestant. This turning from the old faith to the new seems to have been rather a matter of gradual conviction than of emotional experience; it was one of those quiet alterations of the mind that may matter as much to the soul as do stormier changes.

For several years Mr. Rihbany was a teacher in a Syrian school. Then, at last, he took his great resolve and went to America. For a time he was

editor of a Syrian newspaper in New York City. Later, he became a lecturer and drifted from place to place, often penniless and disheartened. But after long waiting and at least one cruel disappointment, he obtained what he most wanted, a college education, studying as a special student at Ohio Wesleyan. After leaving college he became for a brief period a political speaker; but his goal was the ministry, and when the political campaign of 1896 was over he accepted the invitation of the Congregationalists of Morenci, Michigan, to become their pastor. His life-story is an unusual one, and it reveals a sufficient depth of thought and character to give it somewhat more than the interest of novelty.

Introduction to the Study of English Literature. By W. T. Young, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1914.

"This little book," says its author, "attempts to advance a step toward the ideal of a History of Literature which may be used without being abused; in other words, which may be accepted as a guide to deeper and wider reading, not as a short-cut to a superficial and specious knowledge of the classics of our language." The treatise is scholarly and evidently inspired by a vital interest in English literature. The only question that arises in connection with it is whether it does not go somewhat far in the direction indicated in the passage quoted from the preface. Extreme economy of space—the book contains but little over two hundred pages of text—augments the difficulty encountered in all such manuals—the difficulty of adjusting the claims of closely crowding facts with those of illuminating comment and description. As to the descriptive part of Professor Young's work, one finds it something of a fault that the general characterizations are seldom such as to convey very definite ideas to readers not already pretty familiar with the works described. Nothing, of course, could be worse than "specious," second-hand knowledge in place of real, first-hand knowledge; yet there is room for such a gift of graphic, if somewhat hyperbolical, characterization as was possessed by Lowell, and for the humane persuasiveness of an Andrew Lang. In dealing with the facts the author has shunned a rigid, text-book style, and adopted that of a rather condensed lecture. Facts of little more than tabular significance are woven into fluent sentences, and it is doubtful whether the gain in apparent grace and coherence compensates for a kind of smooth impenetrability to intellectual grasp which such a treatment presents. Professor Young's work is in its way zestful, and it is far from pedantic. It is possible to conceive of a book both more stimulating and better adapted to thorough, detailed study.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DISRAELI AND FRENCH

SIR,—Sir William Richmond, in his very interesting article on "Conversations with Prince Bismarck" in the September REVIEW, in referring to the Berlin Congress quotes Bismarck as saying: "The diplomatic language to be employed was French. Disraeli refused to speak in it, a tongue with which he was not familiar. He spoke in English."

The story of how Lord Beaconsfield came to address the Congress in English is somewhat differently told in *Collections and Recollections,* as follows:

"When the Congress of the Powers assembled at Berlin in the summer of 1878 our Ambassador in that city of stucco palaces was the loved and lamented Lord Odo Russell, afterward Lord Ampthill, a born diplomatist if ever there was one, with a suavity and affectionateness of manner and a charm of voice which would have enabled him, in homely phrase, to whistle the bird off the bough. On the evening before the formal opening of the Congress Lord Beaconsfield arrived in all his plenipotentiary glory, and was received with high honors at the British Embassy. In the course of the evening one of his private secretaries came to Lord Odo Russell and said, 'Lord Odo, we are in a frightful mess, and we can only turn to you to help us out of it. The old chief has determined to open the proceedings of the Congress in French. He has written out the devil's own long speech in French and learned it by heart, and is going to fire it off at the Congress to-morrow. We shall be the laughing-stock of Europe. He pronounces *épicier* as if it rhymed with *overseer,* and all his pronunciation is to match. It is as much as our places are worth to tell him so. Can you help us?' Lord Odo listened with amused good humor to this tale of woe, and then replied: 'It is a very delicate mission that you have asked me to undertake, but then I am fond of delicate missions. I will see what I can do.' And so he repaired to the state bedroom, where our venerable plenipotentiary was beginning those very elaborate processes of the toilet with which he prepared for the couch. 'My dear Lord,' began Lord Odo, 'a dreadful rumor has reached us.' 'Indeed! Pray, what is it?' 'We have heard that you intend to open the proceedings to-morrow in French.' 'Well, Lord Odo, what of that?' 'Why, of course we all know that there is no one in Europe more competent to do so than yourself. But then, after all, to make a French speech is a commonplace accomplishment. There will be at least half a dozen men at the Congress who could do it almost, if not quite, as well as yourself. But, on the other hand, who but you can make an English speech? All these plenipotentiaries have come from the various Courts of Europe expecting the greatest intellectual treat of their lives in hearing English spoken by its greatest living master. The

question for you, my dear Lord, is, will you disappoint them?' Lord Beaconsfield put his glass in his eye, fixed his gaze on Lord Odo, and then said, 'There is much force in what you say. I will consider the point.' And next day he opened the proceedings in English."

The latter story is so good that perhaps you may care to reproduce it in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

R. WATSON,
Former Colonial Secretary of Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

MEXICANS AND INDIANS

SIR,—The writer rejoices that in your interesting July number the article entitled "The Real Mexican Problem" is followed by "The Changed American." The latter explains the former; otherwise it would seem impossible that you could have found a professor of history in an American university apparently subscribing to such sentiments as these:

"We may possess ourselves of the soil of Mexico and of all that appertains thereto by virtue of the selfsame logic and the identical legal and ethical considerations which always justified to our fathers' consciences their dispossession of the red man in that part of North America called the United States, the home of Liberty, of Freedom, of Justice—for white men. . . . Indians have no rights which white men are bound to recognize. . . ."

The author several times contradicts himself, as, for example, on page 47, when he says: "The white men *invaded* North America"; and in the next paragraph declares: "Indians cannot be *conquered* nor can their territory be *invaded*."

In his characterizations of our history he is undoubtedly correct, but assuredly he errs in thinking the Mexicans of to-day no better than our own savage nomad tribes. Apparently he has not read Prescott or visited the modern city of Mexico, where he would find a national opera-house superior to anything of the kind we have in the United States. The Spanish colonizers are known in history as "conquerors" (*conquistadores*), and Cortés captured the city of Mexico one hundred years before Captain John Smith landed in Virginia or the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock. The Mexican Indians were not nomads like our own, but the Aztecs disputed with the Incas the place of supremacy in civilization in the New World. They lived in permanent cities, built of stone or brick and *adobe*, possessed a calendar with approximately correct divisions of time, and their canals and other public works surprised the Spaniards by the knowledge of engineering displayed in their construction.

Our own Indians have never been converted to Christianity. The Mexican Indians, with the exception of one or two isolated tribes, when not corrupted by unprincipled leaders, are and have been for four centuries good, docile, and industrious Catholics. Even in the recent revolution they were no more savage than the participants in the late Balkan wars.

It is not true, as the author intimates, that Indians are the owners of the Mexican soil. The landlords, comprising about twenty-five per cent. of the entire population, are as Caucasian as we in the United States and are an educated and refined class, many of them poets, painters, and musicians of

no mean order. Indeed, the fine arts are practised in Mexico to a greater relative degree than in our own country.

How absurd then are such comparisons!

The author's logic would seem to be that of Captain Kidd. In the words of "The Changed American" above referred to—"our neighbor has property. Why not take it from him—under the forms of law, of course, but still so as to convert his property to our own use?"

H. R. L.

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA.

APPRECIATION

SIR,—I have been an admiring reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW ever since Colonel Harvey left *Harper's Weekly* and became its editor. It was the taste I got of the Colonel's quality in the *Weekly* that led me to follow him to THE REVIEW.

The October number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is superior to any magazine I ever saw. The first article, the one by the editor appealing for the support of the President, is one of the finest essays I have ever read. I wanted a friend to read it, so I marked it; when I finished the magazine I found I had marked every article save one, and that I hadn't read.

After reading the editor's article I said to myself, Macaulay, Thackeray, Symonds, Goldwin Smith, Walter Pater sit closer, here is one worthy of a seat on your throne.

I didn't know till now that my old friend THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was a centenarian. I must congratulate her on her robust health and youthful appearance.

JOHN L. LANK, M.D.

MONONGAHELA, PA.

SIR,—Between the "Horrors of Peace" and the "Horrors of War" it is hard to choose a place to live.

And this is Armageddon! It does look some like it indeed.

"Since upon night so sweet,
Such awful moan could rise."

But for forty years the Kaiser overcame the forces of inertia and kept down the dogs of war.

You put news and knowledge all together so skilfully that your thirty-five-cent magazine is worth as much as a one-dollar-and-a-half book.

JAMES F. MALLINCKRODT.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

SIR,—I want to express to you the great satisfaction I derived from your most admirable article, "Uphold the President." While greatly admiring President Wilson and his administration for the most part, I heartily agree with the criticism you make in regard to the extravagance of the Democratic party, which is such a gross violation of its solemn promise to the electors.

It seems to me that one of the gravest dangers and tendencies of the

Government to-day is the tendency to increase the army of official pensioners and to enlarge the executive functions of government in such a way as to menace the integrity of free government by making the executive departments overshadow the legislative and, to a certain extent, the judicial departments. Departments, bureaus, and permanent commissions are increasing on every hand, and what is most disquieting to me is the fact that the Democratic party, which is supposed to be the conservator of the Jeffersonian theories, appears to be vying with the Republican party in this doubly dangerous innovation.

Quite apart from the principal objection—that is, the menace to free institutions—is the economic objection. Every department, bureau, and commission established not only increases the army of officials to be supported by the taxpayers, but invariably leads to a number of new appointments and increased expenses, incurring a vast amount of unnecessary taxation. It seems to me that we are becoming a commission-ridden people. Our city, State, and National Governments seem to be tending toward bureaucracy, with Russian and German ideals taking the place, to a great extent, of the old robust democratic theories of the elder days.

B. O. Flower.

Boston, Mass.

WHAT TO DO TO TREATY-BREAKERS

Sir,—The editor in the September number of The Review, in writing of the flagrant breaches of treaty obligations which have characterized the opening of the war, struck one hopeful note when he declared that never had the breaking of solemn obligations met with such universal disapprobation as now.

Skeptics assert that back of every agreement made between man and man or nation and nation lies force, which alone guarantees their enduring —force of law, represented by the courts, or force of arms. If a man breaks his agreement he can be arraigned, judged, and punished. If a weaker nation breaks her agreement she can be overpowered by a stronger one. But it does not often come to pass that the Lamb troubles the stream of which the Wolf will drink! And how then shall a strong nation which breaks its solemn promise to a weaker state be dealt with? Who shall arraign it before the International Bar? That is not difficult. Who shall judge it? Of judges there will be no lack. But who has the power to punish it?

Once the liege lord sat above the penalties his vassals suffered, even as his donjon towered above their huts. Once a king could do no wrong. But what king would dare slay ambassadors to-day? And now even the nations do not dwell, like the gods, on an Olympus above the law.

But where is the force which is to punish their breakings of the rules which they themselves have made and sworn to observe? *Public opinion.*

It is the Jack the Giant-killer among the ogres, slight of stature, yet invincible when it has climbed the beanstalk of publicity.

The strength of public opinion has never yet been really tested. It is newer even than wireless electrical manifestations. So far the demonstrations of its power have been so slight and as apparently uneventful as the scraping phonograph toys and the early experiments of Galvani. It has been a high-sounding term which conveyed no definite impression; yet certain

Columbuses, while waiting for queens to pawn their jewels, have peered across the oceans, sensing the majestic outlines of this vast new continent. Here they behold prophetically the birth of legions, the harvests of sustenance for armies which shall set forth to subdue ancient wrongs, proud and confident from lack of opposition.

As to this new continent of our America, streams from many lands shall flow of men who shall behold from a wider horizon, free from narrow sectionalism and jealousy, the old boundaries.

Let us see how in a small way this force of public opinion already exerts its influence. Laws are made, but public opinion enforces them. Those who govern in council and cabinet decide that certain measures are advisable, and set about the machinery to put them in motion. But Public Opinion thinks otherwise and calls out, at first quietly, then with a voice that resounds through legislative halls until perforce its call must be heeded. In the business world, public opinion goes by another name—business honesty —and the business conscience is tuned to play higher notes than those which the mere law requires. Perhaps it is in the social life that its power is most felt. A man is not prevented from beating his wife—provided he has an inclination for such exercise—by the penalty which the law may inflict upon him, but by the remarks which his next-door neighbor will make about his brutality. Most of us are far more sensitive to criticisms of our manners than of our morals. The punishment which public opinion metes out to the offender who transgresses its code may seem ridiculously inadequate—a cut, a boycott by those whose society he has shared, a back turned when a hand is held out—yet such methods have driven men to suicide. It is the punishment of Cain—the mark on the forehead and the loneliness.

Is it possible to apply such methods on a larger scale effectively? Is there anything in these general truths which can be fitted to the conduct of nations? Even in this universal turning of plowshares into swords, in this reversion from diplomatic measure to armed force to settle Heaven knows what is the question, no cannon have as yet destroyed the Peace Palace at the Hague. Foolhardy indeed would be the nation that dared demolish it and wipe out the words of hope that have been written within its walls! No! They will do no more than ignore it, forget its existence, until the day of exhaustion or victory. Then before the fields even have turned from red to green again they will remember it. Its very walls will accuse them and they will start running toward it from every side, shouting out like school-boys: "I didn't begin it!" "He was bigger than I." "He wasn't fair." "He hit before I was ready; punish him!"

And then comes the day of Public Opinion and her judgment. She has said in every language and in the code of the savage as well as that of much-vaunted culture, that solemn agreements must be kept; that he who breaks what he has sworn to uphold is an enemy of human progress. A neutral country has been invaded after reiterated promises that its neutrality should not be violated. "What have you to say for yourself?" asks Public Opinion. "It was necessary, a matter of life and death to me!" is the excuse. That is not sufficient justification answers the judge. "That road leads to Chaos. You are guilty."

Suppose, however, even this judgment pronounced, that the guilty nation were still the stronger, that all its neighbors together could not force it to its knees to apologize. What then could Public Opinion do? Listen to its verdict:

Guilty! Your penalty shall be social ostracism. Your neighbors shall not speak to you; their children shall not mate with yours; they will never sing your songs nor invite you to their feasts. A conqueror—if you have conquered—may forbid actions; he cannot control non-action or silence. You shall be sent to Coventry until you acknowledge your wrong.

Let us be practical now and see exactly how such a threat might be carried out. When war is over and conditions in Europe are fairly normal again, suppose the nations at The Hague Tribunal arraign those countries, vanquished or victor, who have broken their solemn treaties. If they have lost, their loss is the fortune of war, but not the special penalty of violation of agreements. That must be a separate punishment, one which will confront in the future any other nation which might urge the same excuse of necessity—a warning which might prevent a similar action. As in the civil courts, when for one reason or another a man's body cannot be imprisoned, he is fined. Let this penalty, then, take the form of a huge fine—millions, to be used not as a war indemnity, but to be expended in some manner for the benefit of all Europe, restocking the ravaged farms, perhaps, rebuilding hospitals, or furthering the cause of international peace. Until this sum were paid let all diplomatic amenities be suspended with the penalized country. If some form of diplomatic representation were absolutely necessary, let no civilities accompany it, no brilliant uniforms be worn, no interchange of courtesies. Let the guilty countries be boycotted commercially—an idea which Atherton Brownell has recently portrayed dramatically in his peace play, "The Unseen Empire." Let tourists abstain from traveling to their cities; let painters refuse to exhibit in their galleries, singers from singing in their operas; journalists from writing of their doings.

At first the penalized countries would laugh to scorn such a punishment, would refuse to be frightened at such mild measures, but gradually the accumulated impressions of their isolation would annoy, anger, and finally overwhelm. From every class of their society appeals to the government would flow in to pay the fine—from which their lands would also reap some benefit—that they might again be welcome at their neighbors' firesides.

Suppose this be tried.

V. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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is the son of the well-known German journalist, Friedrich Dernburg, who was editor-in-chief of the Government paper in Bismarck's time. In 1906 he was made Director of Colonial Affairs of the German Empire, and in 1913 he was called to the Prussian House of Lords as a life member, a special mark of royal confidence. Dr. Dernburg came to this country in August last to organize the German Red Cross Society, and in this work he has been very successful.

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Former United States Minister to the Argentine, is a graduate of Yale University, which institution has conferred upon him the degrees of Bachelor of Laws and Master of Arts. He is the author of a number of books which include: *Stained Glass Tours in France, Stained Glass Tours in England,* and a similar volume on Italy.

Ida Husted Harper

is of New England parentage. Born near Brookville, Indiana, she received her education at Indiana University and Leland Stanford University. She is the author of the *Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony,* and co-author, with Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Anthony, of *The History of Woman Suffrage.* She has written many pamphlets on the different phases of this question and is a contributor to various magazines. As delegate and Speaker Mrs. Harper has attended the congresses of the International Council of Women and the International Woman Suffrage Alliance in London, Berlin, Copenhagen, Paris, Amsterdam, Geneva, The Hague, Budapest, and Rome.

William Parr Capes

was educated at Hamilton College. He acted as secretary to the Mayor of Schenectady for four years, and assisted in the formation of the Conference of Mayors and other city officials of New York State, becoming secretary of that organization. He is a member of the staff of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor; and for the last five years has been a student of municipal work and social conditions. His book on *Municipal Welfare Movement* made him an authority on the subject.

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has held the King Edward VII. Professorship of English Literature at Cambridge University since 1912. A prolific writer, there being some thirty and more volumes to his credit, his notable work as an anthologist is indicated by *The Oxford Book of English Verse, The Oxford Book of Ballads,* and *The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse.*

FREDERICK T. LEIGH

BORN AUGUST 30, 1864. DIED NOVEMBER 10, 1914

TREASURER OF HARPER & BROTHERS AND ASSOCIATED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS WITH THE MANAGEMENT OF THIS "REVIEW." A TRUE AMERICAN WHOSE DOMINANT CHARACTERISTIC WAS FIDELITY, WHOSE MIND NEVER HELD AN IGNOBLE THOUGHT, AND WHOSE LOSS IS IRREPARABLE.

OUR CENTENARY

PERHAPS we should say "Centennial," because that implies a celebration; but "Centenary" signifies "a hundred years in the life of a person or an institution"; and that is what A.D. 1915 is going to be. Not in the life of a person, no, no; a leap from Madison to Wilson would transcend human capabilities; in the life of an Institution, that is it; because assuredly, after a full hundred years of publication without the missing of a single number, that is what THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has come to be.

Would that it were the person at that! He would be William the First of THE REVIEW, founder and editor, as another became William the Second fifty years later—a teething period well remembered by his living successor. The one was a Tudor, the other a Howells, as names go, both Welsh by descent, and followed, conformably to historical tradition, after another half-century, by a Stuart, whose name also, we suspect, would have been William if he had discovered a circulation worth while.

William the Second is still with us and presently will address you upon the Fascinating Vicissitudes of an Editor in Boston, or something like That. We, in common with all humankind, are glad he is here because, beyond any one else, he continually and with dogged persistence refreshes our minds and keeps them young. But upon second thought regret at the not untimely departure of William the First (in 1832) becomes less poignant. We find upon inspection that he prefaced his first article in the first number of this REVIEW with these carefully selected words:

[The Editor, in making some researches in the history of North America, was induced, for his own convenience, to form a *catalogue raisonné* of

works relating to it. As this may be of some utility to persons engaged in similar pursuits, and not wholly uninteresting to others, he means," etc., etc.]

And then he begins:

"*Virgo Triumphans, or Virginia in generall; but the south part thereof in particular; including the fertile Carolana, and the no less excellent island of Roanok, richly and experimentally valued.*"

Which reminds us so pungently of *Arma virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab oris* that we fear that William the First might find modern expression in his great REVIEW out of step, so to speak, and disapprove; and, if so, naturally we should worry.

But what we started to say, partly with intent to convey valuable information and partly for advertising purposes, is that the Centennial Celebration of this American Institution called THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is going to be worth heeding. Nearly every member of the big "REVIEW Family," comprising former distinguished contributors, has welcomed the opportunity to say what is in his mind about whatever interests him chiefly.

Then there will appear many reproductions of essays and the like from numbers published scores of years ago, and portraits of former editors and other good men, and facsimiles of odd pages and yet more peculiar verses, and—but we must not hold up the regular procession longer.

The fact, however, should not be overlooked that *now*—*i. e.*, before the January number shall be published—is the time to begin to prepare to get ready to suggest to your friends to *subscribe*—for THE REVIEW? no, no—to the doctrine of Benevolence, Philanthropy, and True Helpfulness, to wit:

What *A* proposes to *B* that *B* might well do for *C*.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1914

THE VERDICT AT THE POLLS

BY THE EDITOR

It was a characteristic American verdict epitomized in the classic phrase of the Farthest West:

"Not guilty; but don't do it again!"

The Administration was not repudiated at the polls on November 3rd; it was sustained; it was not even effectively rebuked; but it was unmistakably warned. We still adhere to our declaration in the October number of this Review that the return of a Democratic House of Representatives, under the existing distressful conditions, would "signalize the most striking personal triumph of any President since Andrew Jackson overwhelmed the opposition in 1832," but in all candor we have to confess that another such victory might prove embarrassing to the party in power.

As usual, everybody is satisfied. President Wilson calmly and justifiably accepts the increased Democratic majority in the Senate and the reduced Democratic majority in the House as an indorsement; Mr. Taft is "reconciled" to the smashing repudiation of the First and Only Chief of the disappearing Recessives; Mr. Roosevelt, again emulating Mr. Bryan, reverts philosophically for consolation to the Scriptures; Mr. Bryan himself—but we will pass Mr. Bryan for the moment. Let us turn from the exponents of the higher statesmanship to the wise men of politics.

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PARTISAN INTERPRETATIONS

First appears upon the scene from the Ferry of Dobbs, rubbing his eyes, Mr. Charles D. Hilles, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, under whose dexterous guidance Mr. Taft triumphantly carried Utah and Vermont in 1912. To his enraptured vision the result in 1916 is not merely foreshadowed; it is become a positive certainty. Not even an earthquake can prevent the Republican party from resuming full control of the government for another fifty years. Let us see. Conceding the possibility—and it is at least that—of the election of a Republican President and a Republican House of Representatives, what of the Senate? To obtain control of that essential factor, the Republicans must gain at least seven seats. Assuming somewhat optimistically that they hold California, Delaware, Michigan, New Mexico, Utah, Washington, and Wisconsin in addition to Connecticut, Massachusetts, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Wyoming, they must still supplant seven Democrats. Assuming further and quite reasonably, we should say, that they can hardly expect to carry Arizona, Florida, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Tennessee, Texas, or Virginia, there remain Indiana, Maine, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, and West Virginia—eight in all. If Mr. Hilles really believes, in view of the very recent Democratic gain of three Senators, that his party can win over seven of these States and lose not one of those now held, we frankly have to confess a deeper respect for his wish than for his thought. Whatever else may happen, "complete control by the Republican party in 1917" is a mirage, to be mistaken for reality only by a hopeful Rip Van Winkle fresh from the Ferry of Dobbs.

Then comes Mr. Thomas J. Pence, Vice-Chairman-in-Charge of the Democratic National Committee, who finds himself quite unable to confirm the interpretation of Mr. Hilles. On the contrary, says Mr. Pence after due reflection, it was a marvelous Democratic victory, presaging overwhelming success in 1916. Better yet, he proves his assertion from figures—real numerals taken directly from the tables of addition and subtraction. If, says Mr. Pence, if—how we hate that intrusive monosyllable!—if it had been a Presidential election, "the Democracy would have had nearly one hundred majority in the Electoral College," to wit:

DEMOCRATIC STATES

Alabama, 12.	Kentucky, 13.	Mississippi, 10.	South Carolina, 9.
Arizona, 3.	Louisiana, 10.	Missouri, 18.	South Dakota, 5.
Arkansas, 9.	New Mexico, 3.	Montana, 4.	Tennessee, 12.
California, 13.	Maine, 6.	Nebraska, 8.	Texas, 20.
Colorado, 6.	Maryland, 8.	Nevada, 3.	Virginia, 12.
Florida, 6.	Massachusetts, 18.	North Carolina, 12.	Wisconsin, 13.
Georgia, 14.	Michigan, 15.	Oklahoma, 10.	Wyoming, 3.
Indiana, 15.	Minnesota, 12.	Oregon, 5.	

Total, 307.

REPUBLICAN STATES

Connecticut, 7.	Iowa, 13.	New York, 45.	Rhode Island, 5.
Delaware, 3.	Kansas, 10.	North Dakota, 5.	Vermont, 4.
Idaho, 4.	New Hampshire, 4.	Ohio, 24.	Washington, 7.
Illinois, 29.	New Jersey, 14.	Pennsylvania, 38.	West Virginia, 8.

Total, 220.

DOUBTFUL

Utah, 4.

Leaving the ever morally doubtful Utah out of the calculation, this mathematical deduction provides a clear Democratic majority of eighty-seven—a wholly sufficient number, even though materially less than the more comfortable margin of 339 in 1912. But again, for the sake of natural curiosity, with Mr. Pence as with Mr. Hilles, let us analyze. Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas? Yes. California? How about that pernickety, dissociated commonwealth, with Governor Hiram re-elected and eight Republican Representatives out of eleven? Let California stand aside for a moment. Massachusetts, too, with twelve Republican Representatives to four Democrats, and a total Republican plurality of nearly 40,000; and Maine, with three to one; and Minnesota, with eight to one; and Wisconsin, with eight to three; and Michigan, with eleven to two; and Oregon, with three to none; and Montana and Nevada, most uncertain. No, no; this will never do; well-meaningly and confidently as in duty bound but with unconscious surety, nevertheless, Mr. Pence is electing a Republican President. Conceding the 220 electoral votes allotted above in his own table, the Republican candidate would need to get only 46 additional from the following 91, to win,

California, 13; New Mexico, 3; Maine, 6; Massachusetts, 18; Michigan, 15; Minnesota, 12; Nevada, 3; Oregon, 5; Wisconsin, 13; Wyoming, 3.—Total, 91.

We cannot abide such figures; they are both illusive and dangerous; and they signify no more nationally than the election of Governors here and there on local, State, and religious issues. The one vital fact is that temporarily the Democratic party has lost pretty nearly everything east of the Alleghanies, has been weakened somewhat in the Middle West, and has rather more than held its own in the Northwest and on the Pacific slope. The causes are sufficiently obvious.

WHY THE EAST REVOLTED

Take the East. Hundreds of thousands of workingmen are out of employment and have been for months; manufacturing is curtailed by lack of demand for products; business is worse than dull; real estate is a drug; enterprise is estopped completely by the closing of the exchanges; reductions in dividends that have not yet been made are anticipated; incomes are shrinking; hateful economies are being enforced in shop, store, and household; nobody perceives a prospect of opportunity to make money; everybody feels poor and nearly everybody is. Mr. Bryan, we regret to observe, detects the age-worn conspiracy of manufacturers to despoil their employees and themselves by "suspending operations or cutting down their forces before the election under conditions which left little doubt that they hoped to arouse opposition to the new tariff law." Drearily we deny the accusation. We do not question Mr. Bryan's belief in what can only be his surmise, but we do wish he would acquaint himself with the facts. Such things may have been done for political purposes years ago, but if ever there has been a time when managements conscious of their responsibility have strained every nerve, against adverse market and financial conditions, to keep the wheels of industry revolving, that time has been the trying year now approaching its unhappy end. We can only hope that Mr. Bryan speaks with accurate foreknowledge when he adds that "now that the election is over the protected manufacturers will resume work."

But it is no less futile than it is disagreeable to touch upon phases of the situation which give rise to impatience. The important task confronting the Administration is to regain the confidence of the great industrial States, for the loss of which it is not wholly responsible, but without which, as we

have indicated clearly above, it cannot hope to succeed itself. It is a common saying that "the war saved Wilson," and to this extent the saying is true, namely, that if, in the last month of the campaign, thousands of patriotic citizens who otherwise would not have voted at all had not responded to the appeal to uphold the President before the world, Congress would have been lost to the Democrats. But it is by no means certain that the general effect of an uncontrollable situation which not only made war taxes necessary, but also intensified the common depression, did not more than offset any political gain from higher motives. The plain fact is that the Administration lost the East because the people of the East had come to suspect, if not quite to believe, that the Administration stood between them and prosperity, that its attitude toward business was unnecessarily and unwisely antagonistic, that it was attempting too much and accomplishing too little of real benefit, and that, while striving for high and commendable things, it was striving without practical judgment and without due consideration of actual conditions.

NEW ENGLAND ESTRANGED

Connecticut affords a striking illustration with its complete turn-over from five Democrats to five Republicans in Congress. Here the presumed effect of tariff reduction played the chief part, no doubt; but if a finishing touch were needed it was furnished, as Governor Simeon Baldwin tartly remarked, by the indiscriminate indictments of New Haven railway directors on the day before election. All New England resented and still resents that proceeding not merely, as Mr. Baldwin intimated, as having been timed for political effect, but as a travesty upon justice itself. This is evidenced beyond question by the press. It is not surprising that a strong partisan journal like the Hartford *Courant* should pronounce the prosecution "a gallery play produced just in time for election effect," and conclude bitterly:

> Some of those indicted never voted for the operations complained of. But they are offenders with the rest. And why? Because they live in New England.

Denunciation so wholly unwarranted as this from such a source merits little consideration, but it is time to take notice when the Springfield *Republican* speaks as follows:

There are plainly to be found in the Government's net some who do not deserve to be there, because they were as innocent of the original offending as any of the agents of the Department of Justice. It can scarcely be held in common sense that men who have been called in to help rescue the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad from its difficulties, so as to protect its stockholders, are among those who sought to "monopolize commerce" in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law.

It is difficult to understand how the lines have been drawn in this matter. Among the list of the indicted appears the name of Theodore N. Vail, who did everything that he could, acting from a high sense of public duty, to save the company from its troubles. Then there are Edward Milligan, of Hartford, and Francis T. Maxwell, of Rockville, two men of first-class ability and standing, who went into the board of directors in 1910, after the things the Government complains of had been done. In fact, five members of the present strong board, which has been doing excellent work in rehabilitating the property, are indicted. As if to make the muddle all the more inexplicable to disinterested observers, the man who led in the policy of aggrandizement, of gathering up corporations, is not among those indicted.

It would seem as if Mr. Mellen's name should lead all the rest, but it is not there. The explanation appears to be that by testifying before the grand jury the late president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad has secured immunity from prosecution.

Second only to the Springfield *Republican* as a staunch supporter of the Administration is the Boston *Post*, which expresses the same opinion. Still another is the Waterbury *American*, which says:

The feeling of strong criticism expressed by Governor Baldwin on the political side, regarding the gratuitous act of the Attorney-General's office in dragging into the "New Haven's" prosecution the names of the honored citizens of Connecticut long dead, is generally shared on all sides. Calling dead men "conspirators" when the case is so evidently futile and malignant is to damage the Government's chances on the real merits of the question.

Among other especially indignant citizens is Rev. Dr. E. P. Parker, of Hartford, a leading clergyman of Connecticut. He instances as the victims of this desecration men whom he well knew: Luzon Morris, of New Haven, the last Democratic Governor preceding Governor Baldwin; Leverett Brainard; Henry C. Robinson, of Hartford; and Colonel Frank W. Cheney, of Manchester. Whatever their mistakes of judgment, he describes them as men who lived lives of public service, of absolute fidelity and integrity. He thus ends his protest:

"It is this particular part of the indictment programme that seems to me indecent and disgraceful. To rob a grave of the flowers piously strewn upon it or to deface the stone that marks a grave is wanton sacrilege. What then of the useless attempt to assail and dishonor the dead themselves who can no longer reply? I, for one, wish to speak plainly for my dear dead friends, and to protest against what seems to me a heedless if not wanton sacrilege. One would rather go to Hell with some men than to Heaven

with others. I would rather my name should be in that black-list with such names as Morris, Brainard, Robinson, and Cheney than in the official list of their detractors and defamers."

These utterances manifestly indicate a bitterness of feeling which unhappily is more likely to be intensified than modified as time goes on. We are not now assuming to pass upon the merits of the case, but this much at least may be said with confidence: Whether or not injustice has been done in unfair discrimination between individuals designated to bear the ignominy of indictment, and whether or not any real public benefit can be derived from blackening the reputations of dead men shorn of the power of self-defense, the facts should not be ignored that the Department of Justice protested vehemently against the bestowal of immunity upon Mr. Mellen by Mr. Folk, that Attorney-General McReynolds co-operated earnestly in an effort to save the railway property, that Attorney-General Gregory has convinced all concerned of the singleness of his purpose to perform his duties conscientiously, and, finally, that the President himself has had no part whatever in the making of a general crusade whose justification or even excuse has yet to be demonstrated. Nevertheless, it is idle to attempt to blink the fact that New England, whose accord and sympathy with an Administration whose chief attribute is intellectuality of the highest order, is definitely, and it may prove to be permanently, estranged. A pity indeed it is, but true.

NEW YORK AND ILLINOIS

While the party in power suffered from the business depression in New York, the result was due primarily to strife among Democratic factions, to the protest against Tammany recorded in the 116,000 votes cast for the discredited Sulzer, and in no small degree to the activities of Mr. Roosevelt, whose campaign of denunciation materially strengthened Mr. Whitman at the finish. The fact that Mr. Gerard ran 70,000 ahead of the State ticket clearly indicates the special favor in which the Administration is held and might even, with some stretch of the imagination, be construed as leaving a doubt of his defeat if the Senatorship had been the sole issue. In any case, it is nonsensical to herald the result as fixing New York irretrievably in the Republican column two years hence. Pennsylvania

need not be considered. It never yet has failed to uphold the highest of high protection, and probably never will.

Barring Illinois, where also factional strife defeated the Democratic candidate for Senator, the Middle West stood well for the Administration, and the great wheat belt, which has not yet felt the pinch of hard times, registered unmistakable approval. So, too, on the Pacific slope the President received hearty indorsement, notably in California, which elected a Democratic Senator while giving the Democratic candidate for Governor only one-fourth as many votes as were polled by Hiram Johnson.

THE RECESSIVES AND OUR COLONEL

But what of our faithful allies—the dauntless Recessives? Alas, says the *Outlook:* "Generalizations are unsafe, but it may be deduced, perhaps, from the results that, without economic prosperity, the nation has little stomach for political and social reform"—a wise saying and worthy of grave consideration by Democratic leaders. But let Mr. Beveridge speak. "Even if we grow no stronger," he writes, "we hold the balance of power. Neither of the old parties can win without us. And possibly, quite probably, we shall grow stronger. We stand for the great industrial and social movement which"—but never mind about that. "Also," he concludes, "is it not fair to say that we outclass the old parties in bright men?"

In one bright man assuredly, but there we draw the line. The Phœnix of Indiana stands alone. We leave him to struggle manfully in the ashes of his defeat, and turn as ever with delight to the Prophet become Philosopher—Our Colonel. The newspapers report as follows:

> He quoted Scripture to make his point. When he was asked what he thought about the election results he drew forth from his pocket a well-worn leather-bound copy of the New Testament, and with the prefatory remark that he had carried it with him all the way on his expedition through Africa, proceeded to make the following reply:
>
> "In the Episcopal Church lessons taken from the Bible are appointed for every day of the year. The lesson for November 3 includes the second Epistle of Paul to Timothy, Chapter iv., verses 3 and 4, which read as follows:
>
> "'For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears, and they shall turn away their ears from the truth and shall be turned unto fables.'

"I have nothing to add to this at present. Later, after all the returns are in, I may have something more to say."

From the self-same Lesson, contained in his well-worn leather-bound copy of the New Testament which he carried with him all the way on his expedition through Africa, Our Colonel might have continued to quote these apt and telling passages:

Alexander the coppersmith [Taft?] did me much evil; the Lord reward him according to his works.

For Demas [Munsey?] hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.

Only Luke [Perkins?] is with me. Take Mark [Beveridge?] and bring him with thee; for he is profitable to me for the ministry.

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course.

And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom, to whom be glory for ever and ever.

To which, in common with Paul to Timothy, we say with fervor:

Amen!

But alackaday! Our Colonel quotes from the wrong Lesson. And yet we would not chide him; it may be that a leaf was lost from his well-worn, leather-bound copy in the African wilds. Be that as it may, he speaks from the Lesson for November 4th instead of November 3d, which includes the following of peculiar pertinence:

This know also . . . that perilous times shall come.

For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, . . . truce-breakers, false accusers, fierce, . . . despisers of those that are good, . . . heady, high-minded, . . . having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away.

Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.

But they shall proceed no further; for their folly shall be manifest unto all men.

Thus for present purposes endeth that, the true, Lesson for November 3d. That Our Colonel should have mistaken another for it is both understandable and pardonable; better, indeed, could hardly have been expected of a Dutch Reformer who presumes to cite a Protestant Episcopal Lesson from an Africanized Testament.

What Our Philosophical Colonel meant to convey to the

minds of the eager populace was what he really did say "in a letter (dated September) to a gentleman in Maryland" [Bonaparte, by chance?] who had promised to support him for the Republican nomination in 1916, to wit:

> I am very sorry to say that I do not think anything whatever can be done through the Republican party as now organized; in any event, as far as I am concerned. The result here in New York has shown that it is utterly useless for me to endeavor to get any Republican of prominence to come out in such a way to make it possible for there to be co-operation between the Republicans and Progressives on any terms which I would consider.
>
> In all big States the Republican party is more reactionary, more completely under the control of the bosses, than it was two years ago. There is literally nothing whatever to be done with it while it continues as it is now; it at present is as far as the poles from the vital principles of Abraham Lincoln Republicanism, and I am sorry to say that actual experience has convinced me that any effort to make a combination between the Progressives and the decent Republicans for good government has resulted only in these decent Republicans being forced into subservience to the machine, and the machine gleefully and screamingly announcing that the Progressives have surrendered to the Republicans, so that the situation becomes worse and not better.
>
> As things are now, it is worse than useless to support the few Republicans who announce that they are for me, but that they intend to remain in the Republican party, for this merely means that if elected they will strengthen the great mass of Republicans, who not only intend to oppose me, which is unimportant, but to oppose all the things for which I stand, which is very important.

Briefly, Our Colonel continues to stand upon the burning deck whence pretty nearly all but him have fled. In the course of his constant search for public policies to square with his personal resentments, he may shift his position occasionally to alleviate the pain of singeing soles, but upon the whole he is as firm for war upon everybody in sight as Mr. Bryan is for peace among contentious men and voting women. And praise be! Our Colonel is happy. On the day after election he "made it plain that however much he may be chagrined by the election of Charles S. Whitman as Governor of New York State, he feels that the nation-wide Republican victory has dealt a tremendous blow at President Wilson's prestige and that he is intensely gratified at that." Compared with the glee which Our Colonel would have radiated at Republican disaster this is as honey extracted from a mother-cask of vinegar. "He did not say so himself, but the secret of his cheerfulness is his belief that the danger of Woodrow Wilson's eclipsing him in personal popularity has passed and that his own chances of election

to the Presidency in 1916 have been vastly bettered, whatever happens to the Progressive party." Wonderful, wonderful man! "Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

THE PRESIDENT'S NEXT TASK

President Wilson enters upon the second stage of his administrative work under conditions wholly different from those which confronted him upon his inauguration. Committed as he was at the outset to the prompt enactment of remedial legislation, he pursued the course which he had marked out for himself undeviatingly and with a certain scorn of political considerations which could not fail to evoke admiration for his courage, even though at times the expediency of his insistence seemed questionable. The mere keeping of a jaded Congress in session for so unconscionably long a time involved the gravest risk, and the injection of a war-tax measure upon the eve of an election marked the climax of political audacity. A McKinley would never have dreamed of doing such a thing, and even a Roosevelt would have been feazed, if not dismayed, by the possible consequences. The country itself balked at first, but was reconciled finally by realization of the fact that Mr. Wilson simply would not permit partisan advantage to supersede a pressing need. That the Democrats lost many votes in consequence of this persistent urgency must be assumed, but upon the whole the President is warranted in regarding the outcome with complacency.

The Administration passes now into its second and critical period with all important pledges respecting domestic legislation substantially fulfilled and with hands free to grapple the greater problems which have emerged from a world-wide catastrophe. Chief among these, though hardly precedent to the difficult Mexican situation, are the conduct of our foreign affairs and the necessity of achieving resumption of common prosperity. With respect to the former no complaint has come thus far from any source. The most eager critic is unable to put his finger upon a single mistake—a fact which not only augurs well for future conduct, but takes additional strength from confidence already won.

But what will be the condition of the people—our own people—when the great war shall have ended? Upon that

all depends. Compared with it the recent elections are quite barren of significance. If President Wilson shall carry the second part of his programme to a successful conclusion through the resuscitation of business upon a large and sound basis, to the obvious material advantage of the whole people, there will be no changing of horses in crossing the stream two years hence. If he shall fail in that endeavor, even through no fault of his own, the Democratic party will surely go down to disastrous defeat. Excuses will avail nothing. The American people are not consciously unjust or ungenerous, but they know what they want when they need it; and that something just now is better times, which the party in power must provide or make way for another. When pockets are full and life is easy, humans rather enjoy the nagging of one another and cheer on the demagogues, but once the pinch becomes universal they see there is but one boat containing all; and woe to him who rocks it.

That the President understands this may be assumed with surety. Even though his keen vision may have missed such striking symptoms as the killing of the absurd, though presumably popular, "Full Crew Bill" in the Missouri referendum and the storm of noes to the twenty-odd radical proposals in wildest Oregon, the overwhelming repudiation of Our Colonel and all his works cannot have escaped attention, to say nothing of certain Democratic reversals in—shall we say with due diffidence?—New Jersey and other recently enlightened commonwealths.

RAILWAYS AND COMMISSION

But it is not necessary to surmise. Mr. Wilson proved conclusively his breadth of view and his grasp of understanding of the immediate situation when he wrote, in reply to the appeal of railway managers, on September 10th:

> You ask me to call the attention of the country to the imperative need that railway credits be sustained and the railroads helped in every possible way, whether by private co-operative effort or by the action, wherever feasible, of governmental agencies, and I am glad to do so, because I think the need very real.
>
> The interest of the producer, the shipper, the merchant, the investor, the financier, and the whole public in the proper maintenance and complete efficiency of the railways is too manifest. They are indispensable to our whole economic life, and railway securities are at the very heart of most investments, large and small, public and private, by individuals and by institutions.

I am confident that there will be active and earnest co-operation in this matter, perhaps the one common interest of our industrial life. . . .

But the emergency is, in fact, extraordinary, and where there is a manifest common interest we ought all of us to speak out in its behalf, and I am glad to join with you in calling attention to it. This is a time for all to stand together in united effort to comprehend every interest and to serve and sustain it in every legitimate way.

The present condition could not be epitomized more succinctly or more accurately. There can be no real revival of industry while stock exchanges are closed and owners of bonds and shares cannot market their holdings, and it follows with like certainty that an open market cannot be afforded while hundreds of millions of American railway securities held abroad await only an opportunity for liquidation because of uncertainty respecting interest and dividends. Here is the key-note of the whole situation. An increase in rates by governmental authority which would help to offset the tremendous loss of $120,000,000 of net operating railway revenues in the year ending June 30, 1914, would do more than any other conceivable thing to make possible the general trading which is essential to renewal of confidence and business activities in the United States. It is not, moreover, a mere matter of stocks and bonds; a far more vital thing even than that is credit. Railway companies cannot obtain money for extensions, betterments, or even maintenance when hovering in the shadow of bankruptcy. And this means that manufacturing concerns, iron-makers, steel-makers, tie-makers, and all of the innumerable others who ordinarily supply the railway companies with all sorts of material are estopped completely from performing their normal functions.

Why? Because higher rates are not really needed? No. That fact has been established beyond question. Because the public objects? No. The public long ago was convinced that the higher costs of living and wages reach to the railway companies no less than to all others. Because the Interstate Commerce Commission cannot or will not perceive the "extraordinary emergency" mentioned by the President as making for a "very real need"? Possibly, to a degree; but clearly the chief obstacle in the way of first steps toward prosperity, in the way of open markets, in the way of the United States Government, the Democratic party, and the Democratic President, is Mr. Louis Brandeis, counsel and

guide of the Interstate Commerce Commission, who solemnly insists that the right to "regulate" rates comprises only the right to "reduce" them. The natural assumption is that if that had been the intent of Congress, Congress would have said so, but Mr. Brandeis holds or at least asserts the contrary view—and the amenably autocratic Commission obediently acquiesces.

What to do in such a circumstance? Technically the President is helpless, and Congress, too. Government by Commission invariably involves abandonment of authority by the chosen representatives of the people. The President does right, therefore, even while making his own opinion known, in keeping within the strict letter of the law and refraining from interference. But even a Commission which plumes itself upon being on a plane with the Supreme Court is no greater than the source of its creation; and we say plainly to the patient President that, if this particular body should persist in its present inexcusably dilatory, incomprehensibly stupid, and arrogantly obdurate course, he can do no more popular thing than to ask a willing Congress to legislate it out of existence.

THE FORTHCOMING MESSAGE

More definitely than at any previous time President Wilson is the man of the hour. His party still retains full authority and he continues to be its undisputed leader. The certainty that his recommendations will be heeded lends a very vital significance to the policy which he will outline in his forthcoming Message to Congress, which necessarily becomes at this critical period a far more momentous declaration than was contained in his Inaugural Address. That its tone will evince full realization of existing conditions and breathe the spirit of sober hope is foreshadowed by his letter to the Secretary of the Treasury. May we not also anticipate with confidence that it will not lack definiteness? The wish no less than the need of the country is plain: Rigid economy in appropriations; no yielding to the fostered War Spirit which demands great expansion of armaments on sea and land at a time when the rapid exhaustion of other nations renders our position freer from danger than ever before; no river and harbor squandering; no new legislation of any kind except such as may help to reopen the channels of trade and commerce or to facilitate the suc-

cessful operation of the Banking Act; no financing of one section or one industry at the expense of others in plain contravention of sound public policy; no consideration of proposals which might tend to make necessary an extra session of Congress; no encouragement of sheer radicalism bearing the specious label of progression; no attention whatever to the partisan harangues of political opponents who can discredit only themselves by seeking advantage from distressing conditions forced upon us by foreign peoples.

This is the straight and true course. Plain announcement of it and firm adherence to it are the sole requisites of common advancement—advancement, in the President's own inspiring words, "with a new spirit, a new enthusiasm, a new cordiality of co-operation," to the end that the whole country may, indeed, and at no distant day, "look back upon the past as upon a bad dream."

OUR PRAYER FOR PEACE

But without faith, it is impossible to please Him, for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.—Hebrews xi: 6.

Prayer suggests a Power not our own which we may invoke. It is not magic. It has its own principles, its own ordered world. Its root principle is faith. And faith is receptivity. Prayer challenges us to put ourselves in a receptive attitude to Unseen Agents, to Invisible Helpers. We believe there is help beyond man's counsel. We believe that there are hints, suggestions, assistances all about us in an Invisible realm, if we will but listen. We are a Nation in prayer, waiting for a hint from the Unseen of how, under God, we may achieve peace and good-will in a world at war.

Now, if we are to secure this help; if we are to get this divine hint; we must be clear as to what we really want. If prayer is not magic, neither is it confusion. It is not a wild, anarchic thing, crying for aid to a God of caprice. Nor is it a helpless wail. There is a time and place for the prayer that is the "infant crying in the night"; but this is not the time for that kind of prayer.

Part of the prayerful effort of America is to crystallize the moral and spiritual public opinion of the civilized world;

to seek God's help in doing this, and to bring to our aid His assistance in making it effectual. We have a right to do this as a thing in which God is interested. Already the request we have to make, and the kind of assistance we require, is becoming clear. The intelligent soul of this neutral people wants no temporary truce. The consensus of religious feeling and opinion is that nothing will satisfy us but a lasting Peace. We pray that at last that principle of action among nations which came into being with the Hague Tribunal may now be made effective in a parliament of the world. In keeping with this spirit is a resolution passed by The Baptist Missionary Society, wherein it was Resolved "that this Society shall seek to promote and permanently conserve the welfare of all nations now engaged in war and of the world at large, and shall involve a federation of nations with an international court, and international army and navy, with disarmament of the several nations of the federation and cessation of the manufacture of implements of war, except by the national government under control of the international federation." Believing that such aspiration is in line with the eternal Purpose of Spirit, we seek divine help to bring it about.

Our prayer as a people, then, must be one of *humble restraint.* The thing we are praying for is so tremendous that we must indeed "wait on God." We must not mistake our own fancies and hot desires for the divine voice. If we are waiting for God to speak, we must be in readiness to hear. And we cannot hear if we are engaged in inconsequential chatter. There is much sentimentality and hysteria in the land. Hypocritical and sensational demands for peace and intervention are being made in press and public gatherings by folk who seize upon a world disaster to secure a passing notoriety or, worse still, selfish gain. There are also many well-intentioned emotional folk who need the rebuke the mariner gave in Shakespeare's "Tempest"—"You Assist the Storm"—or that modern version—"Sit Down; You're Rocking the Boat." Divine interventions and solutions of human problems have often been made abortive by man's untimely action. Too soon is as bad as too late; and a hurried early intervention, even if possible, might but perpetuate and extend the mistake of false rivalry and international fear witnessed in burdensome armaments, now being wiped out in blood. Into this seething whirl of false ambition and

national pride America might herself be drawn; thus inviting a still more dreadful future Armageddon, and postponing for centuries Christ's thousand years of peace. We pray, therefore, to-day for restraint that as a nation we may know God's hour; and, taking it at its flood, may be led by Him to lead the world into the ways of an enduring and worthy world peace.

And surely part of our prayer for restraint is, that as a people God will keep our hands clean in the use we make of the war. These are our brothers. If we are to be used of God at the right moment to intervene for Peace, we must see to it that there is no just suspicion of a neutrality maintained from sordid motives. We are called upon in a measure to care for the commerce of the world. And we must strive to enter into the opportunity justly thus afforded. We must as a wise people correct those evils in navigation and commerce that have hindered our own development. The war "stabbed us broad awake" to many domestic wrongs, and antiquated customs outworn and inadequate. With clear vision we must correct these and set our commercial house to rights while the light is given. But we must not as a nation say, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and strive in unfraternal ways to profit by our brothers' misfortune. And let us put down with wrath the evil spirits worse than starving ghouls in the battle's wake who use the war as pretext to make it harder for the many to live.

We must prove to the nations that ours is not a sinister neutrality. Let us pray, rather, that in this hour the soul of America may at last be revealed. Then the peoples of the earth will understand that ours is the warfare of peace, the warfare for freedom, for the rights of men, for generous rivalry in expanding opportunity. They will see that it is our dedication to the principle of human rights that makes us disinterested. As a nation we believe in the right to live and grow according to an inner and divine destiny of all sorts of races and peoples. We do not desire to Americanize the world. We believe in variety in unity; in diversity of life within one spirit of freedom and love. This principle accounts for our open-door policy in China, for our restoration of Cuba to the people of the Island, for our promise to the Philippines, for our method of dealing with Mexico. To fight for one's own rights is to be strong. To

fight for the rights of others is to be invincible. Let us ask God, then, to keep us as a people on this high level of disinterested faith in the right of every people to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," to the end that when the hour shall strike the nations will trust us; for they will know, as our President has said, that "America puts human rights above all others, and her flag is not only the flag of America, but the flag of humanity."

WORLD POWER, OR POWERS?

THE fundamental question to be answered by the result of the present European war is whether the grandiose phrase "world Power" is henceforth to be singular or plural. Is there to be a world Power, or are there to be world Powers? Is some one country to dominate the globe, as Rome did at the beginning of our era? Or shall there be a number of nations of world-encompassing interests and influence, existing in amicable co-ordination?

The question is not new. It is practically as old as history. Its existence in semi-mythical times is suggested by the opening lines of Firdusi's *Shah Nameh:* "Kaiumers first sat upon the throne of Persia, and was master of the world." Of that proud assumption of the early rulers of Iran we have a reminder to-day in the half-pathetic title of the impotent sovereign of decadent Persia, "Shah-in-Shah" or King of Kings. Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, and Alexander of Macedon successively aspired to universal dominion, each advancing nearer to the goal, perhaps, than the predecessor. Rome and Carthage were rivals for it, and after the final and complete overthrow of the latter the former attained it probably more fully than any other nation has ever done, before or since.

In the decline of Rome the nations were thrown into the melting-pot, and presently the old question began again to take form. Charlemagne for a time gave promise of solving it, but failed and left the world more devoid than ever, not only of a single supreme Power, but also of important Powers not seeking universal conquest. Then, while the numerous petty European states were wrangling and fighting among themselves, the Mohammedans and also the Tartars strove for world-wide primacy. Both failed, but their stupendous struggles had the salutary effect of awakening Europe to the

necessity of pursuing a new policy which should both permit and encourage the development of great Powers. At last the fall of Constantinople gave the final impetus, and Christian Europe eagerly leaped forward into an era of expansion and of the organization of world-embracing empires.

Through fortuitous circumstance, Spain was enabled to take the lead. It was by the merest chance, decided by the turning of a hair, that the American continents were discovered under Spanish instead of British patronage. The result was to exalt the Iberian kingdom, which had recently been struggling for local existence, into something more like a *Weltreich* than the world had seen since the days of Rome. King of Spain, Emperor of Germany, and sovereign at least in claim of the whole Western Hemisphere, Charles V. came nearer to being a veritable King of Kings than any one in a dozen centuries. Only the stubborn Netherlands and British Isles barred his way to universal power.

The speedy sequel was the development of three great Powers, each of which aimed at world-wide supremacy, and war after war was waged among them for the attainment of that end, in Europe and in America. Out of two centuries of such strife the smallest of the three emerged the greatest; and at the end of the Seven Years' War, if Great Britain was not the one supreme world Power, she was at least much nearer to that estate than was any other, and she had effectively destroyed the hopes of France and Spain.

In the course of that very war, however, another vigorous and ambitious aspirant to world-dominance was revealed; and it is one of the colossal ironies of fate that this new Power came into puissant being largely through the good offices of the very Power with which now, over this very same question of world-dominance, it is engaged in most bitter and unrelenting strife. If it had not been for British aid, Frederick the Great might not have made Prussia a great Power; and if he had not done that, there might have been no German Empire in our day.

France under Bonaparte was the next aspirant, and for a time it seemed not unlikely to attain its end. Only a single nation stood in the way. If Bonaparte could have crushed Great Britain at the end of the eighteenth century, he might have had all the civilized world at his feet. For he could then have taken possession of Louisiana and Canada, as he designed to do, and the United States would thus have been

circumscribed with hostile limits which would have made it impossible for it to rise above the second rank of nations. But the breaking of the Peace of Amiens sealed the doom of Bonaparte's dream of universal rule.

In the century since Waterloo, three further essays in the same direction have been made. One was fantastically futile from its very inception—that of Louis Napoleon. It never became sufficiently advanced to merit serious attention. The second was that of Russia, continued through many years; which may have been designed less to attain world-wide dominion than merely to secure an adequate outlet for that empire upon the open high seas of the globe. Whatever its real purpose, however, it was vigorously and effectively resisted by one of—and in one notable instance by both of—the very nations which are now allied with Russia in withstanding the third and last of these attempts at exclusive *Weltreich.*

This last attempt is being made by Germany, under Prussian hegemony, as the culmination of a train of antecedent circumstances not surpassed in history for international interest. Nominally and logically Germany, as the continuation of the "Holy Roman Empire," was centuries ago entitled to be the premier Power of Christendom. It was prevented from being that, and was relegated to a comparatively minor station for several centuries by its own lack of unity and indeed the dissensions and antagonisms which prevailed among the fragments into which it was divided. This condition was aggravated by the shrewd diplomacy of other Powers, particularly France, which was steadily directed toward keeping the German states divided. That policy of France, initiated by the Valois if not the Capetian kings, was continued by the Bourbons, by Bonaparte, by the Restored Bourbons, and by Louis Napoleon; justifying the declaration of Bismarck in 1870 that he was fighting Louis XIV.

It was the Great Elector, the founder of the Prussian state, who first practically realized this fatal weakness of Germany, and set himself to the correction of it; and it was his great-grandson, Frederick the Great, who made that correction effective. The *leit motif* of Frederick's policy was the unification of Germany, the means adopted to that end being the aggrandizement of Prussia through the conquest and absorption of neighboring states and provinces. Held perforce in abeyance during the Napoleonic period, that policy was re-

newed with consummate skill and vigor by Bismarck, in the Danish war, the Austrian war, and finally in the war with France in 1870; of which, at its very beginning, King William significantly declared: "Love of the common Fatherland and the unanimous uprising of all the German races have conciliated all opinions and dissipated all disagreements. . . . From this bloody seed will arise . . . the unity of Germany."

The unity of Germany having indeed thus been achieved, attention was directed toward colonial expansion, in practically every quarter of the globe. A large part of Africa was seized. Many Pacific islands were annexed; including the chief members of the Samoan group, of Germany's dealings with which America has a keen and not agreeable recollection. Japan was despoiled of the fruits of her victory over China, and then a considerable foothold in China was seized by Germany. Large colonies were developed in South America, and there arose suspicions that plans were being made for the acquisition of either the Dutch or the Danish West Indies. Vast concessions were secured in Asia Minor. Never, probably, did any nation extend its possessions more rapidly and its influence more widely. Most marked of all, perhaps, was what we may call diplomatic expansion. The proposition was broached that Germany was legitimately concerned in almost everything that went on among all nations of the world, and must therefore be consulted concerning them. Following her intervention between China and Japan she sought, though vainly and with the British Ambassador as an unwitting catspaw, to intervene between the United States and Spain in 1898. The marplot activities of Germans, if not of Germany, in Colombia were responsible for most of the delay in canal diplomacy and of the unpleasantness between this country and its South-American neighbor. Her gratuitous intrusion into the Morocco affair threatened at one time to embroil Europe in war. There was demanded for Germany "a place in the sun" diplomatically, commercially, and colonially.

At the beginning of this war, then, what we may call the Prussianized German Empire was one of the greatest and was by far the most aggressive of the world Powers. In colonies and commerce she was second, as also in naval strength, while in armed strength on land she was easily first. This growth had, moreover, been legitimate: or if any of it had been effected by questionable means it would be

difficult to point to a nation of comparable rank so free from such faults as to be entitled to cast the first reproachful or chastening stone. Yet there had also grown up a strong distrust of and antagonism toward Germany, on the part of several other Powers, notably France and Great Britain, such as were felt toward no other nation. These feelings are declared by Germany to have had their origin in nothing but jealousy of that Empire's superior growth and prosperity. But those who entertained them attributed them to the fact that Germany alone accompanied her civil and industrial expansion with enormous and unprecedented preparations for military conquest. Mirabeau once said that war was the national industry of Prussia, and the same characterization was applied in recent years to that German Empire of which Prussia was the head and heart.

Between the two views of the case we need not here attempt to judge. Neither need we concern ourselves with the much-disputed question of responsibility for the actual precipitation of the war. The salient fact is that most of the great Powers took the view which we have attributed to them, and that the Allies are now acting upon it. There is and there has been no such feeling toward any other Power. Great Britain and France, for example, have developed their great colonial holdings in Asia, Africa, and the Pacific, without any thought that an armed clash over them would ever have to occur. Neither of them has suspected the other of aiming to become the sole world Power. Perhaps the feeling toward Germany is quite unwarranted. But it has existed, and it exists to-day; and belief in its accuracy is so strong as to form the dominant motive in the war. Indeed, it is so strong that it will doubtless be regarded as a reality by whichever side may win. If Germany wins, she will take the Allies at their word, and reduce them to a less than world Power rank, leaving herself the only world Power of Europe. If the Allies win, they will doubtless administer a similar reduction to Germany; leaving themselves, however, all three world Powers. Which of these two results shall be achieved is perhaps the most important question to be determined by this war.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND THE WAR

It had to come, of course. No international controversy is complete without the Monroe Doctrine. That venerable

instrument has been invoked in Behring Sea sealing contests and in wrangles over canal tolls at Panama. It was brought forward when we annexed the Philippines, and was solemnly reviewed to ascertain its bearings upon our participation in the Morocco settlement. That a great European war could be waged without appeal to it was too much to be expected. And indeed this latest citation of the Doctrine is not altogether void of pertinence or profit, though much will doubtless be said which will cause the judicious to grieve. It presents for consideration a phase of the Doctrine, or rather of the foreign policy of this nation, which has not been as well determined, at least in the popular mind, as it deserves and needs to be.

The proposition is made that since Canada has sent troops to Europe to aid Great Britain in fighting Germany, Germany has a right to retaliate by sending a military expedition to attack Canada, to invade it, and to conquer it as any other belligerent might be conquered. This, it is argued, would be no violation of the Monroe Doctrine, since Canada forfeited its protection thereunder—if it ever enjoyed it—when it participated in the European war.

From one point of view that seems quite logical. We could not well maintain that Canada or any other country was free to attack others, but was itself exempt from attack in return. A nation which engages in war must give and take whatever fortunes the war may bring. We accept that principle for ourselves, and we could not withhold our protégés—if our neighbors were our protégés—from its application. Carried to its fullest extent, then, that would mean that Germany, if it were able to do so, might overrun Canada as it has overrun Belgium, and, if victorious in the war, might annex Canada and Newfoundland, Belize, and British Guiana, the Bahamas, the Bermudas, and the British West Indies, and also French Guiana and the French Indies, as spoils of war; as we ourselves took Porto Rico and the Philippines from Spain.

This view seems to be further supported by the record of our dealings with various American States in their controversies and conflicts with European Powers. Thus we permitted Great Britain to blockade the Plate River; and Great Britain, France, and Spain to wage war against Mexico; and Spain to fight Chili and Peru; and Great Britain to attack Nicaragua and occupy Corinto. In these cases the European Powers were the military aggressors, and their conduct

was thus potentially more menacing and offensive to the United States than that of Germany would be in simply retaliating upon Canada for the latter's aggression.

Still more, it is urged that we should not be as solicitous concerning Canada as concerning these others. It is obvious that for the purposes of the Monroe Doctrine the countries of the Western Hemisphere are divided into two distinct categories, namely, the independent American republics and the colonial possessions of European Powers. The Monroe Doctrine itself in its text very explicitly recognizes this distinction, and indicates a radical difference in the attitude and policy of the United States toward the two classes. "With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." It was with reference to these latter States that the Doctrine was framed and enunciated. With the former it had nothing to do. Obviously, then, our present concern is greater for the independent States than for the European dependencies. If we have permitted European Powers to wage wars against the American republics, we cannot forbid them to do so against the colonies or dominions of other belligerent European Powers.

So far from that point of view. But there are some other and very different considerations when we look a little below the surface and further into the case. It is to be observed, in the first place, that in the various conflicts between American States and European Powers the United States was never a disinterested spectator. On the contrary, it has always prescribed a limit of operations and has been prepared to enforce it. It has not objected to the exaction, even by military means, of redress for wrongs and of the fulfilment of obligations. But it has required that such operations should not be pushed beyond the attainment of such ends; and particularly that they should not be carried to the point of that oppression or control of destiny which the Monroe Doctrine forbids. For example, it did not prevent the exer-

tion of military pressure upon Mexico by Great Britain, France, and Spain for the fulfilment of international obligations; but when France strove in addition to subvert the native Mexican government and to control the destiny of the country through the establishment of a European monarchy, it objected and intervened in a very effective manner.

A similar course might be pursued in respect to Canada or any other European dominion on these continents. The United States might not seek estoppel of ordinary measures of warfare. It certainly would oppose, in whatever way might be necessary, any attempt at permanent occupation, annexation, or political control. Indeed, it would probably object to even a temporary invasion and occupation, reasonably holding that maritime and coastal operations, particularly blockade, should be sufficient for securing the satisfaction to which the attacking power might be entitled.

That would, it is true, be to treat the European dependencies very much as we treat the independent republics. Whether under the letter of the Doctrine we have the right to do so may be a moot point, though it is probably to be decided in the affirmative. There is a difference between ourselves interfering with those dependencies, which we have engaged not to do, and forbidding others to interfere with them. But there is another ground, both older and stronger, on which the United States could consistently and doubtless would object to anything resembling a conquest of any European dependency in America by any other European Power, in any manner or in any circumstances. That is, the principle which has come to be called the Polk Doctrine, because of its application by President Polk to the case of Yucatan in 1848, when the authorities of that country offered to transfer its dominion and sovereignty to Great Britain or to Spain. "We could not consent," said Polk, "to a transfer of this 'dominion and sovereignty' to either Spain, Great Britain, or any other European Power."

In that President Polk was quite right, but he was not original, and it is not clear that the doctrine thus enunciated should be called by his name. He himself did not claim authorship of it, but spoke of it as "our established policy" and attributed it specifically to the Monroe Doctrine, or at least to Monroe's message, which declares that we should consider any attempt on the part of European countries to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as

dangerous to our peace and safety. That attribution may not be altogether judicious, since it might be questioned whether the mere transfer of sovereignty from one Power to another was an "extension" of a system. But there are other reasons, based on older and more specific authorities than Monroe's message, for regarding Polk's doctrine as even then "our established policy."

The earliest specific enunciation of that policy was perhaps made by Rufus King, our Minister to England in 1801; when he told Lord Hawkesbury that "we are contented that the Floridas remain in the hands of Spain, but should not be willing to see them transferred, except to ourselves." Less than two years later King also said to Mr. Addington that the United States had no objection to Spain's continuing to possess New Orleans, but that for England or France to possess it would be contrary to our views and would be a matter of serious concern. We are all familiar with Jefferson's strenuous objection, in 1802–03, to the transfer of Louisiana to France and his purpose to go to war, if necessary, to prevent it. Again, in 1808, Jefferson declared: "We shall be well satisfied to see Mexico and Cuba remain in their present dependence; but very unwilling to see them in that of either France or England." At the beginning of 1811 Congress, by resolution, declared concerning Florida that the United States could not "without serious inquietude see any part of the said territory pass into the hands of any foreign Power," other, of course, than Spain, which then possessed it; and it authorized the President to take military possession of Florida if necessary to prevent such a transfer. In 1823 John Quincy Adams, foreshadowing the Monroe Doctrine, of which he was the chief author, declared that "the transfer of Cuba to Great Britain would be an event unpropitious to the interests of this Union. The question both of our right and of our power to prevent it, if necessary by force, already obtrudes itself upon our councils, and the Administration is called upon, in the performance of its duties to the nation, at least to use all the means within its competency to guard against and forefend it."

All those utterances and actions, and some others to similar effect, were antecedent to the Monroe Doctrine: They were followed by others of the same kind; even more forceful. Clay, when Secretary of State in John Quincy Adams's Cabinet, declared that the United States was willing to have

Cuba remain in the possession of Spain, but "could not with indifference see it passing from Spain to any other European Power"; indeed, that "we could not consent to the occupation of those islands [Cuba and Porto Rico] by any other European Power than Spain, under any contingency whatever." Polk was thus well within bounds when he referred to his policy toward Yucatan as "our established policy."

In these various enunciations, substitute "Canada" for Cuba, Florida, Mexico, or Yucatan, and the logical policy of the United States at the present time stands revealed, unmistakable and impregnable. Note that the references are to "transfer," to "passing into the hands," to "occupation," and to "any contingency whatever." That is to say—and the historical record of the circumstances confirms the interpretation—the United States was unwilling that a European dependency in America should be transferred to the possession of any other European Power in any way; in peace or in war, by sale and purchase or by martial conquest. It is not to be conceded, it is not conceivable, that we have now departed, or that we intend in any degree or respect to depart, from that salutary and indeed essential principle. Jefferson, Adams, and Clay down to date substantially declare:

"We could not consent to the occupation of Canada by any other European Power than Great Britain under any contingency whatever."

There is probably not one chance in a million that any serious attempt will be made at such occupation or transfer, in the case of Canada or any other British dependency. It is conceivable that it may some time be made in the case of the American possessions of some other Power; either Holland or Denmark. In any event, it is well that at this time the historic policy of this nation shall be reviewed, and that our own people, our interested neighbors, and the whole world, shall be reminded of what that policy has been, is, and will be—"yesterday, to-day, and forever."

One other point: It might be that some dependency, or its proprietary Power, would not wish us to exercise such a policy toward it; that, indeed, it might actually desire to have such a change of dominion and sovereignty effected. In that case, should the United States insist upon its policy, against the will of the parties concerned? The answer is found in historical precedents, and in the letter and spirit of the Monroe Doctrine. On more than one occasion there was an

unmistakable desire on the part of one Power to transfer its possessions to another, for a *quid pro quo,* and the bargain would have been consummated but for the known opposition of the United States. Again, it must be borne in mind that, contrary to a too common misapprehension, the Monroe Doctrine is not an altruistic, but a selfish enunciation. It was put forward not for the protection of our neighbors *per se,* but for the conservation of our own peace, security, and welfare. Monroe's message was filled with that idea. "*To the defense of our own* this whole nation is devoted. . . . We should consider any attempt to extend their system as dangerous *to our peace and safety.* . . . We could not view any interposition . . . in any other light than as the manifestation of an *unfriendly spirit toward the United States.*"

That confirms this policy for to-day. We objected to the transfer of Florida, Cuba, Yucatan, *et al.,* because it would have been unpropitious for the United States. So we should object to either a military conquest or an amicable cession of Canada or of Curaçao, of St. Thomas or of Cayenne, not because the country concerned did not want to be transferred, or because its European suzerain did not want to transfer it, but because such transfer would not comport with the best interests of the United States. That is the advanced and masterful interpretation and application of the Monroe Doctrine, or rather of the foreign policy of the United States as it has prevailed for much more than a hundred years. It may not be unprofitable that consideration of this policy has been provoked at the present time.

COMMENT

Nobody knew until after election that Sir George Perkins crept out stealthily after dark and ran surreptitiously for membership of the Constitutional Convention from the Twenty-second district on the *Republican* ticket—a truly shocking, but highly Progressive, performance. He was beaten, to be sure, by a Tammany leader, but even so, says the *Brooklyn Eagle,* sternly, "he should be stripped of his epaulettes as a Bull Moose commander for deserting in the face of the enemy." Sir George, however, made his position quite clear on the morning after when, replying to an interviewer regarding the result, he said, plainly:

When you buy bluefish get a large one. It costs about five cents a pound less than a medium-sized one, and if you buy a large one you will have

enough left over for another meal. Any fish left over can be used to make fish cakes or it can be creamed and put in a dish and baked.

An incontestable proposition, as Mr. Henry James is accustomed to remark.

Dolefully, the New York *Times* remarks:

There seems to be only one man in official life at Washington who is aware that the election approves and sustains his opinion that there is a new temper in affairs. All the others are laying plans anew for the old games which have failed to carry the country's approval. There is to be another River and Harbor bill, and another Ship Purchase bill, or perhaps a Ship Loan bill. There is to be a Public Buildings bill and a $25,000,000 Good Roads bill. Representative Lewis and Postmaster-General Burleson, of course, will revive their Government ownership of telegraphs and telephones.

But what boots it if there is but one man who comprehends a situation if that one happens to be the one in control?

George Harvey has scored as a prophet by missing every guess he made.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

Say not so! We surmised that the Democrats would carry the House by fifty or more, and their plurality is forty; we guessed, further, "that our Colonel's former ally, Sulzer, 'the crook,' will poll more votes than Mr. Davenport; that Senators Smoot, Penrose, Gallinger, and Dillingham will be re-elected; that Mr. Cannon and Mr. Longworth will regain their seats; and that Governor Walsh will beat Mr. McCall" —all of which came to pass. We misjudged New York and Illinois, more's the pity.

Measured by serenity and cheerful Amerian optimism, a most excellent guess.—*The World.*

Ah, but if the *World* had supported the ticket!

Speaking of the habit of General Kearny's soldiers of affectionately calling him "Phil," the President said he had always been sorry he did not have a "front name which admitted of shortening."—*New York Times.*

From which we infer that the President has definitely yielded to the Vice-President the use of Thomas as an original possession.

Even Senator La Follette finds occasion for gratification, saying:

Incidentally, the country rejoices that Wilson is President, not Roosevelt, whose recently expressed attitude toward disarmament confirms this judgment. The accumulating and increasing horrors of the European wars are creating a great tidal wave of public opinion that sweeps aside all specious reasoning and admits of but one simple common-sense, humane conclusion—a demand for peace and disarmament among civilized nations.

True enough; incidentally, too, the country rejoices that Wisconsin finally broke away from La Folletteism and elected a Democratic Senator.

President Wilson motored directly from the station to Piping Rock, where he played a round of golf in eighty strokes, which was considered very good, as he was playing with an entirely new set of clubs.—*The Times.*

Not bad, indeed! Assistant-President House, who kept the score, should have been engaged to "approximate" the election returns.

A gift that would be a welcome remembrance for the woman who takes her breakfast in bed is a well-designed tray.—*The Evening Post.*

"Breakfast in bed,"—the parasite! Put a frying-pan in her stocking.

GERMANY AND THE POWERS

BY DR. BERNHARD DERNBURG

When, like a stroke of lightning from a serene blue heaven, the world war broke out in Europe, Americans stood dumfounded, amazed, and horrified. All the attainments of twentieth-century civilization seemed to crumble under their very feet. All the endeavors that had been made to settle international difficulties by treaties or arbitration seemed to be absolutely futile. All the protestations that the various peoples of Europe had been making continuously for peace and good-will were discredited. It was not so much the resentment against the disturbance of trade, the stopping of exports, and inconvenience of unbalanced financial relations, the anxiety for a host of relatives and friends who had been entrapped in the warring countries, that roused this American feeling; the public on this side was deeply hurt in its ethical feeling, in its moral attitude, toward solemn obligations, in its sympathies for smaller nations. What was all that civilization that the world had been boasting of so much? What did the word " culture " mean if from one day to the next Europe could become the field of brutality, burning, and sacking? Was not the world thrown back for a century or more, and were not all the sincere endeavors to bring about a more human state of things by international treaties permanently in danger by this spectacle of treaties being disregarded and torn to shreds? What would all this mean for the United States? Had she not let herself be inveigled into a spirit of security, into an optimism without foundation, into the hope for a better and more peaceful world?

The breaking out of the war was considered here as a crime against humanity, and it cannot be wondered at that the next question was, Who was the author of that crime? Who permitted it, by act or tolerance, to be perpetrated? The answer seemed to come quickly on irrefutable evidence. The

brutality of the Austrian ultimatum; the failure of Germany to repress her ally; the Russian feeling for the small boundary states; the French resentment of the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine; the English attitude toward guaranteed treaties—all seemed to be a chain of evidence that laid the blame to the door of Germany, and Germany did not defend herself because she could not—being deprived of direct communication in consequence of the cutting of cables and the stringent British rules against the printing of uncensored news.

So the judgment was quickly formed. It could only be formed on the evidence presented, one-sided though it was. And, in the absence of facts, Americans had to rely on sentiment which strongly favored the Allies.

The greater the American nation has become the more it has built up a civilization of its own. The more intense national life has grown, the less Americans have had reason to busy themselves with the happenings in far-away countries, and as little as it can be expected that the men in the interior of Russia should know anything of American institutions and statecraft, as little can it be fairly demanded that Americans should be intimately acquainted with the intricacies of European politics.

Therefore it may not be amiss to try to sketch the state of things in Europe as it has been, the various peoples involved, their aims, ambitions, and necessities, the driving forces behind them, and the historical development that resulted in the explosion.

The immediate cause was the trouble between Austria and Servia. Servia has played the foremost part in the Balkans, as Professor Sloane in his remarkable book, *The Balkans, a Historical Laboratory,* has pictured. A strong and valorous people, dominated mostly by its clans, practically without industry, a peasant nation, continuously engaged for centuries in fights for national existence and in internal strifes for the supremacy of the great chieftains. Expansive, as all the Slav peoples, Servia has sought for many years to enlarge her territory. There were two possibilities: either at the expense of Turkey or at the expense of Austria-Hungary, in whose confines several millions of Serbs are living. "All Slavs are brethren"—that is the doctrine. All Slavs must be under Slavish rulers, and all territory inhabited by Serbs is part of an unalienable inheritance of

the Servian kingdom. So, a "Greater Servia" has been the aim of a people who had not many cultural goods to defend, no great wealth to effeminate them, frugal and warlike as they were. In order not to go back too deep into history, I would refer my readers to the Balkan Alliance, consisting of two treaties, the one between Servia and Bulgaria of February 29, 1912, and the second between Greece and Bulgaria of May 16, 1912. These treaties contain secret clauses that were published in 1913 in *Le Matin* of Paris. These secret clauses provide for a division of the Balkans between Servia and Bulgaria on a north-southerly line, leaving the western part to Servia, the eastern part to Bulgaria. The open part of the treaty provides for a purely defensive alliance; the secret part shows the aims and the element that has been dominant in the bringing about of that alliance, directed, as to Servia, against Austria, and as to Bulgaria, against Turkey. This dominant factor is Russia. Article First of the secret clauses says:

> That if Servia and Bulgaria convene to act, it is to be communicated to Russia, and if Russia does not oppose itself, the action will proceed. If they cannot agree as to an action, they will apply to Russia, whose decision will be obligatory upon both parties. Should Russia not give any opinion at all and the two parties cannot concert, that party that will undertake an action must proceed alone, the other keeping in friendly neutrality supported by partial mobilization.

Article Three says:

> A copy of this treaty and of its secret clauses will be jointly communicated to the Russian Government, which will be asked to take note of it, and to give proof of its good-will regarding the ends sought, and the Emperor of Russia will be asked to kindly accept and approve for his person and his Government the rôle assigned to them in the treaty. All differences that should result from the interpretation or execution of the treaty are to be submitted to the definite decision of Russia.

And Article Fifth says:

> This appendix is not to be published without the consent of Russia.

Thus it will be seen Russia was able to pull the strings, and she did. When Italy seized upon Tripoli, and the Turkish fleet was engaged with the Italian navy that took possession of a number of islands in the Ægean, the war was started against Turkey, and it looked for a moment as if she were to be driven out of Europe altogether. But Bulgaria aspired for more of the conquered territory than Rus-

sia was willing to concede, for reasons we shall see hereafter, and a new war broke out between Servia and Greece on the one side, and Bulgaria on the other. Bulgaria was brought very near to destruction; then the Czar of Bulgaria addressed himself for help to Austria. It was at this juncture that Russia saw fit to publish the secret clause of the treaty showing that Bulgaria had conspired with her and with Servia to fight Austria. Peace was finally concluded in Bucharest—a peace that was not to the satisfaction of Austria. She tried to engage Germany in her attempt to annul the Bucharest protocol—which Germany refused to do, although thereby greatly grieving her ally, in the interests of the peaceful people of the world. So Servia attained her end in about doubling her size; but the spirit of conquest cannot be repressed once it has started and has been successful. The Servian aim had been to gain free access to a harbor on the Adriatic. Austria had opposed herself, the Greater Servian dream remained still unfulfilled, and Servia now directed her attention to the Austrian provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, because the Austrian interests in the western part of the Balkans barred Servia's way to the sea. Then those conspiracies set in, sowing discord among Austrian peoples, inveigling into mutiny Austrian subjects, swamping Bosnia and the south of Hungary with Servian literature; it ended in the murder of the Crown Prince of Austria and his wife on June 28th, and nobody who knew anything at all of the doings in the Balkans could have the slightest doubt that Servia only tackled her big neighbor because of the promise of Russia to stand by her, as was evidenced by the treaty above cited. The aims of Servia are commensurate with the nature of her people, with the state of her culture, with the ambitions of her statesmen.

But why did Russia countenance all that? Among all the Slav peoples Russia has been the most restive for ages. She has added to her dominions constantly and is now the empire of the greatest territorial extension. She is autocratic, and she must keep the minds of her people busy. It is from her soil that all the hordes have ever penetrated into Europe, from the times of Ghengis-Khan and Timur-i-leng—Mongols, Tartars, and Poles. She has spread out east and south, her efforts always alternating in the two directions. An enormous empire that is turning now its efforts toward the building up of an indus-

try. Having been defeated in the East in 1904, unable to retrieve her defeat by Japan in consequence of the British alliance with Japan, and being handicapped in the efforts to reach the Indian Ocean by the British-Russian compact of 1907, she again turned her eyes to the south. World commerce and world power are no longer confined to continents. Any considerable export trade demands access to the sea, a mercantile marine, and a certain liberty of movement. Look how she is situated in that respect! This enormous empire, the largest on earth, has not even one outlet to the sea accessible at all times of the year. Her northern harbor, Archangel, is icebound as early as September. It is connected with its industrial center only by one single-track line of more than a thousand miles. The harbor of Kronstadt is equally ice-bound in the winter, and it is, moreover, only a harbor to the Baltic, that is dominated by Germany. A third harbor, Vladivostok, on the far Japan Sea, is of no account, freezing up also very early in the year. Her attempt to get into the Chinese Sea by way of Port Arthur has been finally frustrated, by Japan forcing Russia to retire from it in 1904, when equally she lost her chance of reaching out by way of Korea. But all the strong Northern peoples have always had their eyes on more clement climates, and there has been from time immemorial a constant pressing of Gauls and Teutons, of Slavs and Mohammedan Indians, toward the ocean to the south. But here again Russia finds herself absolutely barred. All attempts to get free access to the Mediterranean have invariably come to naught. The Powers interested in the Mediterranean did not want another strong Power to compete with them there, or to menace their domination. So Russia in her attempts to break the Turkish rule in the Dardanelles has always been opposed by the rest of Europe. The Crimean War was waged in 1854 against Russia by the combined forces of Turkey, France, and England, and ended in the Paris protocol, re-establishing the control of Turkey over the Bosporus, and forbidding any men-of-war to pass by Constantinople. When, by the help of Rumania, Russia was victorious in 1878 and forced upon Turkey the treaty of San Stefano, dictating its terms under the very doors of Constantinople, Europe interceded, and Russia was thrown back by the Congress of Berlin, and her efforts were again frustrated. But in 1908 she addressed herself to Austria for

a revision of the Paris treaty of 1856. Austria, while amenable to Russian demands, made her assent contingent upon French and English consent, and these two Powers did not see their way to satisfy her.

So the national tendency of Russia to get to Constantinople, and the Servian ambitions to get an outlet to the Adriatic, strengthened the natural political tie between the countries. Now it is easily understood why Bulgaria was not permitted to press forward to Constantinople, or to gain a great addition to her power. Once on the Bosporus a "Greater Bulgaria" would prove an unsafe factor to the Russian aims; therefore Bulgaria was first called back and then defeated with Russian assistance.

What was Austria's interest in this game? Her trade is mostly Oriental. Wherever the Russians go, the open door is closed. The looming up of a big Power on the southerly frontier meant the tearing from her of the Slav parts—a very great danger that in fact necessitated, as every one knows, a huge addition to the Austrian and German armaments in 1913. She could not split up her Slav parts without falling all to pieces. There are Rumanians in the east of Hungary; there are Serbs on the Hungarian frontier on the Danube; there are a great many of the same population in Bosnia-Herzegovina; and then, also, the great Bohemian crown land for the most part is Slav. She had a large interest in maintaining her treaty rights with Turkey. She knew of the relentless hatred of the Serbs, who could not enlarge their frontiers to the west, and the known Russian enmity that barred her way to the Ægean Sea. Austria's situation became unbearable, and the assassination of Serajevo was just a spark that fell into the powder-cask.

But could Germany forsake Austria in her struggle for life that she had to take up? In the first place, Germany had been the ally of Austria ever since 1879, for the avowed purpose of preventing Russian aggression. Then Austria is not only peopled with Slav and Hungarians—she is also a German nation—more than twelve million of her people (about twenty-five per cent.) being German by race, by language, and by civilization. The partition of Austria would have left that great part of the real kernel and backbone of the Dual Monarchy in a hopelessly impotent and reduced position, surrounded on two sides by people of a different

race, inferior cultural attainments, and an easy prey to either of the contending factors. If the bonds of nationality, of language and culture, count for anything, Germany could not do that. And then, for her, there is another consideration of equal importance: Germany is a nation of fast-increasing population. She is industrial for the most part. She can keep her people busy at home only by having the markets of the world open to German goods. The closing of the Bosporus by Russia would have excluded her enterprise for ever from Western Asia, where she has been doing so much cultural work, and would have left the enormous Asiatic Continent to be further divided by England and Russia. All her just endeavors to peaceful commercial expansion would have been thwarted. On the other hand, the breaking up of Austria would have meant a complete isolation of Germany, with the enormous danger of an array of the Powers against her as seen in this war. So when Austria had to fight, as she had, Germany had to join with her.

We now come to the situation of France. It is said that she is fighting for revenge, and revenge is generally interpreted as retribution for the taking of Alsace-Lorraine. But that is only the outward sign of the decay of French power. For hundreds of years France had been the foremost Power of the European Continent. She was dictating its politics, she dominated the cabinets of Europe, from the times of Richelieu and Louis XIV.; from the time of Mazarin to the French Revolution; from Napoleon I. to Talleyrand's splendid work at the Vienna Congress and as Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, down to finally Napoleon III., the French Court was always the focus of splendor, might, and imperiousness. France has been, as she styles herself always, *la grande nation*, and it was a rude awakening and a terrible disappointment when the power of United Germany definitely removed her from that position. Given to good living and comfort, and to the two-children system, she continuously lost ground as against parsimonious, frugal, and inventive Germany. The well-known tendency of Germany for family life and the raising of children under the home roof made the difference in population every year greater. Thirty-eight millions in 1870 in France and a like number in Germany changed into thirty-nine millions in the former and into nearly seventy millions in the latter country. So she felt that she could not

hold her own single-handedly, and she had to seek alliances which were not to be had for the asking. She found an ally in the Russian antagonism toward Germany that had sprung up ever since Bismarck had made himself the "honest broker" of Europe at the Berlin Congress, when the prize of her war against Turkey was definitely wrested from her. France had to engage to finance Russian railways, Russian state needs, and Russian armament. She had to loan to Russia more than ten billion francs of her savings in order to maintain that friendship. So there were two motives that caused France to draw nearer and nearer to Russia and to become the bonded ally to a Power so foreign to French culture and French ideals. The first motive was to regain her lost position in Europe. The second was the fear of losing her savings invested in Russia. Had she stood out, Russia would not have hesitated to cancel all her indebtedness to France by a single stroke of her autocratic pen. It was this sort of entanglement that brought France into this European war.

Let us come to England.

It has been maintained that her jealousy against German trade, German sea power, German industry, and German expansion had been guiding factors. They had certainly a very great deal to do with the public feeling in England, and it is public sentiment to which Great Britain, more than any other nation, thinks she must listen. Sir Edward Grey, in a despatch, on August 1st (reprinted under No. 123 of the English "White Book"), to Sir Edward Goshen, makes clear this point. He says that the German attitude with regard to Belgium affected feeling in England. If Germany could give the same assurance as France had given, it would materially contribute to relieve anxiety and tension in England. If Belgian neutrality was violated, it would be extremely difficult to restrain public feeling in that country. "He [Count Lichnowsky] asked me whether if Germany would promise not to violate Belgian neutrality we would engage to remain neutral. I replied that I could not say that. . . . Our attitude would be determined largely by public opinion." He did not think that they could give a promise of neutrality on that condition *alone*. The German Ambassador pressed him as to whether he could not formulate conditions on which England would remain neutral. He even suggested that the integrity of

France and her colonies might be guaranteed, but Sir Edward Grey said that he felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral on similar terms, and that England must keep her hands free.

It is clear that public opinion in England, while being strongly influenced by the Belgian case, had other grudges against Germany. That is why Sir Edward Grey would not even formulate conditions to remain neutral if Belgian neutrality was being guaranteed. I wonder why this significant despatch is always disregarded by the Americans formulating a case against Germany. While it is true that this British-German rivalry certainly played a very considerable part in the policy of the British Cabinet, I do not think it was decisive. The English policy for ages past, adapted to the isolation of the British Isles, has been the maintenance of European equilibrium, by which is meant that England saw to it that Europe was arrayed into two hostile camps, as equally matched as possible, while she kept her hands free in order to throw her weight into the balance of that party that served her aims best. Therefore, when France had to go to war as soon as Russia became involved, she was in great fear that this equilibrium might be seriously disturbed. I believe Sir Edward Grey wanted peace under existing conditions; the equilibrium was there, and England had nothing to complain of. But if war was to be declared, France being much the weaker, it was to be expected that she would be thoroughly crushed by the German war machine and the equilibrium would have gone for good. Even if France was not despoiled of any of her provinces or possessions, yet she would have been materially so much weakened that she could not play any further part in the European concert. So England's interest was bound up with France remaining a comparatively strong Power. And so, with eyes always on that point, England became entangled beyond what she ever expected. As early as November 22, 1912, Sir Edward Grey, without the knowledge of the Cabinet, exchanged letters with the French Ambassador, acknowledging an arrangement whereby the entire French fleet was sent to the Mediterranean to protect the joint interests there, while the English fleet was concentrated in the North Sea. This arrangement could not be changed when the war broke out. Sir Edward Grey said that much in a speech on August 3rd

in the House of Commons. He was bound to protect French coasts and had to see to it that the French were not being reduced. It will now be understood why the English always talk of the necessity of reducing Germany to a second-rate Power by crushing out her military force. That is the only way by which France can be strengthened and England can return to her former policy. She was afraid of German expansion, as of the German inroads into English trade. But that was not paramount. Paramount was the English interest of re-establishing a state of things such as had been the case before 1870. She knows that her next big struggle will be with Russia over her Asiatic possessions, and must keep her hands free for that, and be reassured of the state of Europe. Therefore, no matter what happened before war broke out, as soon as it was certain to come she had to be a party to it.

I stated the case of Germany as I proceeded. I have now to speak of three Powers that play a smaller rôle in the conflict: First, there is Japan. Next to Russia, Japan has been the most expansive Power, and since 1894 has acquired possession and control of three times what she had before that date. She is now out for the coast of China, pretending to fight the Germans in Kiao-Chou, while at the same time taking possession of all the railways from Peking south to the valley of the Yangtse. She means to dominate that part of China, just as she dominates the southern part of Manchuria, by controlling all the lines of communication, fortifying her position along those railways by putting in garrisons under the name of "railway guards," and definitely ousting European competition that cannot be maintained against the craft and frugality of the yellow man. That is a side issue whose bearing upon America I do not feel called upon to detail.

Then there is Portugal. Here there is a remarkable double play. While England is apparently assisting the Republic of Portugal and egging her on to go to war, by telling her that German expansion means a loss of Portuguese colonies, she is harboring at the same time in her confines the ex-King of Portugal; is the centre of the royalist revolutionary movements against Portugal, and she feels assured that whichever way this struggle turns she will have all the advantage.

Then I come to the case of Belgium, that made so much

stir in the United States. She also is not to be exonerated from blame. Belgium feels much safer as a buffer state in the interests of England, who she believed would maintain her independence and integrity, as England cannot permit any first-class Power to control the entrance to the North Sea. Belgium belongs geographically to Germany. So by playing upon Belgian fear that she, whose main harbor, Antwerp, is a natural outlet to the growing German industries, would become a German vassal, and by promising Belgium British help, assisting her in her fortifications, she made Belgium resist the two overtures of the German Chancellor, who promised integrity and indemnity in case Germany marched through Belgium. I will not dwell here on the treaty relations which Mr. Gladstone himself called a most complicated affair, and which he thought must not be maintained if they were against the English interests at the time when the occasion of acting under the guarantee arose. It was Great Britain's interest that this neutrality should be kept, but it was certainly not England's reason for the war, as is made clear by the despatch of Sir Edward Grey cited above.

The German Government has been taxed with considering treaties as "scraps of paper." That is certainly not the German record, nor the German position toward treaties. But this treaty was a scrap of paper; the English on their side did not put any faith in it, nor were they prepared to maintain it under all circumstances. They did not consider it enforceable in 1870, and replaced it by new arrangements between the North German Confederation and France. The Chancellor regretted very much that he had to go through Belgium, although Belgium had broken that treaty herself in spirit and in letter. The American doctrine is that treaty obligations must not and cannot be kept if it is against public policy (*vide* unanimous judgment rendered in the Chinese Exclusion Treaty cases by the United States Supreme Court, printed in Vol. 130 of *U. S. Reports,* page 600). And I must say that it is one thing to ask a private individual to keep an obligation, even when suffering great loss and inconvenience, and another if a statesman responsible for sixty-six million people who are in danger of losing their liberty, national existence, and civil rights takes upon himself to encounter criticism by the world at large. Belgian neutrality was an instrument played very skilfully by Sir

Edward Grey as a moral proposition. In fact, it was a proposition of public interest also for England, and neutrality had to be protected if England wanted to retain a dominant position on both sides of the Channel.

Then there is another aspect of the matter that Americans generally overlook. They always talk of Germany and Russia and the other countries as doing such and such things. They talk of statesmen having acted so or otherwise. They forget that behind these statesmen, behind these countries, there are hundreds of millions of people who have a life and a volition of their own. They forget that most of these states are guided and conducted by sets of people who do not appear very much in the foreground. The Servian people by itself has probably not been very willing to go to war again after the experience of 1912. There was a Crown Prince who was the real ruler behind the throne, and the military and clan party who, as it is now proven beyond any possibility of refutation, engineered a plot against the Crown Prince of Austria, spread a large propaganda, and drove the people to war by telling them that Austria wanted to exterminate the Servian people, notwithstanding the explicit guarantee of Austria that she would not take any Servian territory. The same is the case in Russia. The Russian people are very illiterate and uncultivated. Seventy out of one hundred Russians do not know how to read and write. They do not read papers. They follow the dictates of their clergy, the call of their " white " Czar, and implicitly believe what they are told. There is a military clique in Russia that has been constantly pressing upon the peaceful Czar that now was the time to get all the things they had wanted for so long. The Czar refused, and closed himself up for four days. The Minister of War was not in the councils of the war party, so it happened that the Russian mobilization went forward without the Czar's signature and after the Minister of War had given his word of honor that no mobilization had been ordered. This Grand-Ducal party finally got the upper hand, as reported by the Belgian Minister in St. Petersburg on July 30th to his Home Government, after having received the assurance that England would second France in case of a conflict. And this was before the Belgian incident ever arose.

Similar conditions obtained in Austria. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand had always cherished the plan of recon-

ciling the Slav portion of the Empire by making out of the Dual Monarchy a tripartite arrangement. Hungary, that would thereby lose most, was much against it. So when the Archduke was out of the way and the Hungarian Premier pressed for a more determined policy, the old emperor was not able to make the same strong resistance.

And the same holds good also in respect to England. Sir Edward Grey never communicated the exchange of letters with the French Ambassador in 1912 to his colleagues. But when this matter could no longer be kept back, the Cabinet was amazed. Three of its members stepped out at once, declaring that they would not have anything more to do with the Government. They were Mr. John Burns, Lord Morley, and Mr. Trevelyan, who in a letter to his constituents in Ellford declared that they had always been told that the hands of England were entirely free, that they were not obligated to France in any way, but that he had found out, to his disgust, that England was so hopelessly entangled that she had to go to war. The leader of the Socialist party, Ramsay McDonald, most severely criticized the Administration upon the same grounds, and the Liberal member of Parliament, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, wrote a letter most severely arraigning Sir Edward Grey on his double dealing. But there were some hotheads, like Winston Churchill and Lloyd George, and then there was the enormous danger of the Irish civil struggle that loomed up on the horizon and whose consequences could absolutely not be foreseen in a time of European conflagration. The Irish leaders were induced, by the passing of a Home Rule Bill of a very deceptive kind, to come to the aid of the Government, upon the ground of patriotism and national danger.

The only nation that is absolutely united to its Government is Germany. She knows, and it will be apparent to any thoughtful reader of the above recital, that all the nations around her want something of her—have an interest in the struggle, and are willing to fight under all circumstances. Russia wants Constantinople and the weakening of the Austrian monarchy. England demands the reduction of Germany to a subordinate Power; France, the re-establishment of her former dominating rule of Europe. Surely, no one would consider Germany so insane and absolutely bereft of common sense that she should have desired and

permitted all the nations in whose way she had been to fall on her, thereby catering for her own destruction? Will it be believed that a nation that has been constantly striving for peace, the only one of all European nations that has not had war for forty-four years, has never expanded except peacefully, never acquired territory except by treaty, knowing that a combination of much stronger Powers threatened her from all sides, would go wilfully and light-heartedly to fight nearly the whole world? And what had she to gain if she were victorious?

So I put my case, not on doubtful evidence, or on the teachings of people who want to make believe to the American public that diplomacy is the school of truthfulness and that diplomatic papers are a clean source of information, but I put my case, and I rest it, on the history of Europe, on the forces that have been at work, not since the 28th of July, but for many years past, whose self-interest I have made evident and whose powers, aims, and ambitions are explained—an explanation which the average American scholar will be able to verify every day. Germany is united because she knows that she is fighting for her very life and existence, and against Powers who wish to reduce her to her former state of impotency and weakness and to undo the great work of Bismarck, to crush, under Slav dictation, forces that have been a boon to the civilization and advancement of the world.

BERNHARD DERNBURG.

THE NEUTRALITY OF BELGIUM

BY PROFESSOR A. G. DE LAPRADELLE, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS

PERPETUAL neutralization is the condition of a State for ever removed and protected from all hostilities. After a sketchy attempt to apply neutralization to the Island of Malta, the legal notion of perpetual neutralization made its appearance in history in 1815. At this date Switzerland was neutralized. In 1831 came Belgium's turn; in 1867, that of Luxembourg; in 1885, that of the Congo Free State. The perpetually neutral State renounces the right to make war, and, in consequence, the right to contract alliances, even purely defensive ones, because they would drag it into a war to succor an ally or would place it in a situation of political dependence toward such an ally if the neutral State's ally should promise it succor without exacting reciprocity. All danger, then, of aggression on the part of the neutral State being avoided in this manner, the neutral State obtains in return from other States their promises to refrain from attacking it. This is the essential difference between temporary neutrality and perpetual neutrality. When two States declare war on each other, other States may at their will participate or not in the war, just as each of the belligerents may if it will implicate them in it; neutrality, then, is nothing but a precarious régime, since it is at the mercy, either of the neutral State or of one of the belligerents to end at any instant. Hence simple neutrality has been designated as temporary neutrality. On the other hand, a perpetually neutral State, Switzerland, Belgium, or Luxembourg, is legally restrained when a war breaks out, from taking part in it. But again, none of the belligerents may involve the perpetually neutral State in the consequences of the war, consequences which include the passage through its territory, without which prohibition one of the belligerents, menaced by the advent of the enemy, would naturally be led

to go to meet its enemy on neutral ground, which would be sure to provoke a battle exactly where it should be avoided.

The neutralized State, assured of never being, either directly or indirectly, implicated in a war, sees opening before it, if it remains peaceful and loyal, the hope of a peace guaranteed by law.

Noble thinkers, desirous of restraining war by every means, have asked themselves if precisely this perpetual neutrality, developed from country to country, does not contain in it the surest means of bringing about, through a continual progress, the reign of peace among nations. The Interparliamentary Peace Union turned its efforts to this purpose, while many minds in Holland, in Denmark, in Sweden, and in Norway were getting their bearings in that direction. In order to facilitate the passing of the European States from temporary neutrality to perpetual neutrality the Russian jurist, De Martens, had ingeniously developed the opinion that perpetual neutrality which, up to the present moment has always been the result of an agreement between the neutral State and other Powers, could, and from now on should, come into effect by a simple one-sided proclamation of the State that is a candidate for neutrality. On the other hand, jurists of neutral countries, such as Nys of Belgium, have endeavored to relax as much as possible the rigor of the conditions which perpetual neutrality imposes upon the sovereignty of a State. While the perpetually neutral State is incapable of concluding a customs union with a State not perpetually neutral (for a customs union leads to political union), one might foresee a possibility of its entering into a customs union with a neighboring State that was also neutralized, a fact which from the beginning relieves the economic union of all political intent or effect.

It was then possible to found the greatest hopes on the régime of perpetual neutrality, made wisely supple enough not to interfere with economic expansion. But in order that political régimes instituted as a result of juridical speculation may be defined, strengthened, and extended, they must be capable of sustaining the test of time. A system created to put a check to war cannot be judged, except in the course of a war. In 1870 the rigorously respected neutrality of Switzerland, Belgium, and Luxembourg was successful in localizing hostilities. But at that time there did not yet exist the barrier of forts between

France and Germany which, by making the attack difficult, has led the aggressor to invade neutral territory; for beyond, thanks to the confidence reposed in treaties, he knew he should find no barrier but that of a rampart of living men. So in considering the future of perpetual neutrality after the inconclusive precedent of 1870, it was the terrible eventuality of a Franco-German war which must be regarded as the decisive proof to settle the value of the institution.

The proof has come: it has surpassed all expectations, even the most pessimistic.

Germany has violated not only the neutrality of Luxembourg, which she had recognized and guaranteed, but that of Belgium, also recognized and guaranteed by her. Not only has she not held herself bound by the treaties she had formally signed, but she has shown the most singular misunderstanding of the substance even of these treaties. She proposed to Belgium to allow her troops to pass through her territory peacefully, offering to pay for all service demanded and given, first to the inhabitants, and then to the nation. That was acting as if neutrality were created in the exclusive interest of the neutralized nation, by virtue of a separate contract with each of the Powers who have recognized and guaranteed its neutrality. Just the contrary is the case; the neutrality which results not from a particular contract with each of the Powers, but from a collective contract with all of neighboring or interested States, possible belligerents, is a régime which, born of the will of several Powers in the common interest of the neutral State and of these Powers, cannot, legally, be done away with, except by their common agreement. Belgian neutrality, sprung from the treaties of 1831 and of 1839, without being, like that of Switzerland, desired by the neutralized nation herself, had been made the condition upon which she was given her independence. After the Powers had, in 1815, reunited Belgium and Holland to form the kingdom of the Netherlands as a barrier to French expansion, they had allowed Belgium to break away and weaken this barrier only on the condition that she herself should constitute another rampart—that of neutrality. Belgium did not, like Switzerland, of her own accord ask for this neutrality; she was obliged to resign herself to accepting against her will; it was for her the price of her independence—the ransom

of her liberty. Such being the origin of this neutrality, imposed upon Belgium, not in her own interest, but to protect European peace, how then could Germany make offers to Belgium to renounce in her favor a situation due not exclusively to the idea of protecting Belgian interests, but to the maintenance of European peace? Furthermore, to demand of Belgium to allow the German troops to pass through Belgian territory was not only contrary to perpetual neutrality, it was contrary to temporary neutrality. The Hague Convention of October 18, 1907, on the rights and duties of neutral States, signed by Germany and Belgium, is explicit on this point: "Art. 1. The territory of neutral Powers is inviolable. Art. 2. Belligerents are forbidden to move troops or convoys, whether of munitions of war or of supplies, across the territory of a neutral Power. Art. 5. A neutral Power must not allow any of the acts referred to in Articles 2 and 4 to occur on its territory."

If Belgium's neutrality had been a simple neutrality, purely voluntary, ephemeral, and optional for the neutral State and the other Powers as that of Denmark or Holland, even then Germany could not have demanded of her the passage of her troops, convoys, or munitions, without inviting her to be false to her obligations. Does not such an act imply not only the contempt of perpetual neutrality, but of temporary neutrality as well? To ask passage of her troops was for Germany to associate Belgium with her in the war, to expose her, in the improbable case of her assenting, to a just punishment by the Powers for such treason to her duties. For the Powers, by recognizing her neutrality, had not only the right but the duty to force her to respect it. If the neutrality of Belgium had been temporary, Germany could not, without forcing her to enter into an alliance with her, have demanded passage; such a concession would have been on the part of the neutral State an act of belligerence. Now, alliances cannot be forced. Even if Belgian neutrality had been temporary, Germany could have obtained from Belgium the right of passage only by forcing her to depart from her neutrality. When Belgium refused to accede to Germany's demand, Germany, who declared that she had no hostile intentions toward her, should then have rigidly abstained from action. All the more should she have abstained from asking Belgium

to violate her neutrality, since it was she who had expressly recognized it, and not only recognized—which obliged her to respect it—but guaranteed it as well, being thus constrained to make it respected by others. So then, when Belgium refused, she was under the strongest obligations to stop short. This was not what happened. No violation of neutrality can be imagined more concrete, more complete, more certain, more disdainful of the institution, more offensive, not only to the independence, but to the honor, of the neutral State than that with which the guardian of this neutrality punished the refusal to betray at her command the most express and well-defined obligations.

In vain can the juridical casuist search, not for a justification, but for an extenuation even, of such an act. In recognizing officially that the neutrality of Belgium had been violated, the German Chancellor thought to bring forward the excuse of necessity—that is to say, the necessity of legitimate defense. Not recent is the philosophy dear to Prussian militarism—which, according to Hegel and Treitschke, places the power of the State above law, morals, and even honor. Without doubt it affirms that the State is never bound by an obligation to respect that which would prove a danger to its security. But Belgium's neutrality could not imperil Germany, since its end and effect was precisely to prevent France from surprising by a flank attack the line of German fortresses. What Belgian neutrality did paralyze was not the German defense, but German *aggression*. It is true that Treitschke and Bernhardi would have us believe the State should preserve intact, not only its powers of defense, but its powers of offense. Nevertheless, this doctrine, menacing alike to the security of weak States and the peace of strong but pacific States, is but a monstrous aberration. To assert that Germany had the right to disregard Belgian neutrality means that Germany had the right to declare war on Belgium, to invade it, to occupy it, to annex it. Such acts may perchance be possible in the higher domain of actual politics; they cannot be justifiable in the realm of justice. Even in order that it may live, a people has no more right to sacrifice another inoffensive people than a man has to kill another innocent man in order that he himself may live. In vain Bernhardi, whose writings were not only a prophecy, but a programme, has declared, that Belgium ceased to be a neutral State by annexing, contrary

to the obligations of neutrality, the colony of the Congo. He would have it when, in 1885, the Powers recognized the independence of the Congo Free State under the sovereignty of the King of the Belgians. They permitted Belgium indirectly to indulge in colonial activity, so that the change from the Congo Free State to a Belgian Colony—the mere regularization of an act into a right—could not astonish them; moreover, if it were contrary to the condition of a neutral State to possess a colony, the guarantors of this neutrality should have warned her in regard to it, which Germany assuredly did not do; finally, the consequence of this point of view would have been that the Congo would have ceased to be Belgian, and not that Belgium would have ceased to be a neutral State.

Moreover, the reasoning of Bernhardi has not been sustained by any one. Professor Burgess contented himself in the New York *Times* of October 28, 1914, with pretending that

> between 1872 and 1914 Belgium became what is now termed a World Power; that is, it reached a population of nearly 9,000,000 people, it had a well-organized, well-equipped army of over 200,000 men and powerful fortifications for its own defense; it had acquired and was holding colonies covering 1,000,000 square miles of territory, inhabited by 15,000,000 men, and it had active commerce, mediated by its own marine, with many, if not all, parts of the world. Now, these things are not at all compatible in principle with a specially guaranteed neutrality of the State which possesses them. The State which possesses them has grown out of its swaddling-clothes, has arrived at the age and condition of maturity and self-protection, and has passed the age when specially guaranteed neutrality is natural.

To reason thus, is to forget that the neutrality of Belgium, like all other neutralities (but this more than all the others) was created in the interest, not only of the neutralized State, but of peace. If, as Professor Burgess states, Belgium had become sufficiently strong to make her independence respected against any hostile enterprise of France, how could Germany declare to Belgium that she could not trust to her to defend her against a possible French attack? As for insinuating that Belgium had allied herself with France and England, that was to offer to the Belgian nation and government the most gratuitous of insults. Finally, to pretend that if Germany had not taken the first step in penetrating Belgian territory, France would have preceded her, is first to forget that French mobilization,

slower than German mobilization, would not permit France to get ahead of Germany; second, that to the direct question which Belgium addressed simultaneously to France and Germany, France alone and without delay declared expressly that, faithful to her treaties, she would abstain from any act contrary to this neutrality.

Professor Burgess has doubts, too, not only of the guaranty, but of the recognition by Germany of Belgian neutrality. The treaty by which (May 11, 1839) the German Confederation recognized and guaranteed Belgian neutrality, according to him, could no longer in 1867 bind the North German Confederation, which, by the exclusion of Austria, was substituted for the preceding one, and consequently could not bind the German Empire. No German jurist had ever doubted that the recognition and the guaranty of Belgium were included among the conventional obligations of the German Empire. It is true that in 1870 special agreements took place between England, on one hand, and France and Germany, on the other, to assure the neutrality of Belgium during the war. But no one would pretend that at the expiration of this treaty in 1872 the neutrality of Belgium ceased to be recognized and guaranteed; for the treaty of 1870, whose object was to enforce and practically to assure the complete execution of the pledges made in 1839, could not have as a result the weakening of it. By the treaties of 1870 England promised, equally to France and to Prussia, to join her arms to those of either one or the other of these Powers if her adversary should enter Belgian territory. In 1867 England had declared that in her opinion, in the case of a collective guaranty, each of the guarantors was released from his obligations the instant a single one of them was faithless to her obligation. In 1870 she pointed out to France and to Prussia, co-guarantors, but possible transgressors of Belgian neutrality, that under such a circumstance she would not hesitate to take up arms, thus making the military assistance of the guarantor no longer voluntary, but obligatory. Such being the sense of the treaty of 1870, it is not possible to accept the interpretation which Professor Burgess gives to it. Finally, the treaty of 1839, signed by Prussia and Austria, should have been observed by one of the two and her observance assured by the other, even when the substitution for the German Confederation of the North German Confederation, and later of the German Em-

pire, had transmitted to each of the new bodies of German Federation the obligation which the first of these had expressly affirmed, May 11, 1839.

No doubt can exist of the violation of Belgian neutrality, expressly recognized by M. von Bethmann-Holweg. The German armies in crossing the Belgian frontier dared openly to make the directest and gravest attack against the law of nations ever recorded by history.

But while Luxembourg, deprived by Treaty of London (May 13, 1867) of the power to maintain an army, could not dream of defending herself against such a violation of law, Belgium, in spite of the disproportion of the forces, was in a position to resist. The forts of Liège and Namur—the work of General Brialmont—allowed her, if not to stop, at least to halt the march of the invader, while the two nearest guarantors of her neutrality, England and France, exerted themselves to come up to her assistance; her army, recruited by voluntary enlistments, permitted her to make the defense of her independence a truly national work. Faithful to her word, when Germany, after having recognized and guaranteed the neutrality which she transgressed, showed herself twice faithless to her word, the courage of Belgian people rose to the height of its duty. But this resistance only excited the resentment of the aggressor. Witness Louvain's University destroyed; Malines twice bombarded, although she was without defenses or without inhabitants; witness the murder of peaceful citizens taken as hostages—making Belgium pay dearly for the defense of her neutrality.

In vain, to excuse these new crimes, time-serving arguments would pretend that such acts were the just punishment of a civil population which, enraged with hatred of the invader, did not hesitate to take up arms such as the laws of war disdain. This explanation, frequently advanced for Germany's justification, even if we suppose it founded on fact, cannot be admitted in law. Indeed, the convention adopted at the Hague Convention, October 18, 1907, a convention signed by both Belgium and Germany states: "Article 50. No collective penalty, pecuniary or otherwise, shall be inflicted upon the population on account of the acts of individuals for which it cannot be regarded as collectively responsible." The principle that every penalty is personal should be applied to every punishment, whether military or

not. But, besides that, it would be an error to consider that in firing upon the invader civilians were acting contrary to law. According to Article 2 of the regulations concerning the laws and customs of war on land, adopted by the Hague Convention, October 18, 1907—" The inhabitants of a territory not under occupation, who, on the approach of the enemy, spontaneously take up arms to resist the invading troops without having had time to organize themselves in accordance with Article 1, shall be regarded as belligerents if they carry arms openly, and if they respect the laws and customs of war." Even if the inhabitants did not carry arms openly, even if they did not respect the laws of war, the aggressor could not lawfully reproach them with this, for under the terms of the Convention, signed by Germany, October 18, 1907, on the rights and duties of neutrals, Article 10 says: " The fact of a neutral Power, resisting, even by force, attempts to violate its neutrality cannot be regarded as a hostile act." The violating of neutrality does not put the neutral State in a state of war, but in a state of defense. In vain did Germany take care to declare war on Belgium; Belgium was not thereby placed in a state of war with Germany, for war is a legal situation, while the aggressive act of a State against which another had refrained from declaring war can only be a war *de facto*. Just as a man, face to face with a criminal, who has attacked him in the street does not need to observe the laws of dueling, even if in the present instance it could be proved—a proof which is legally impossible—that Belgium had in the zeal of her defense, failed to observe the rules of the laws of war, it might still be asserted that, under the present circumstances, she was not obliged to respect them. Such a reflection is a matter of grave import.

In addition to showing the fragility of the most strongly guaranteed neutralities, the cruel history of Belgian neutrality shows likewise the danger to a people of neutrality resting, not only by guarantees, but on the people itself. If neutrality does not exempt the neutral State from fortifying herself in time of peace nor from taking up arms in time of war; if the final consequence of this régime is simply to increase, by his surprise at an unexpected resistance, the exasperation of an enemy, who then carries out his crime with all the fury of his remorse, how then can a nation contemplate the thought not of becoming a neutral State, but even

of simply remaining one? And how if, at the expiration of the great war, Belgium, reinstated in her rights, should wish to be rid of her neutrality, could the Powers refuse to accede to her desire?

If such were to be the case, the experience of the war would be exactly contrary to the institution of neutrality which, condemned henceforth by experience, would have to be erased from history. Such a conclusion cannot be admitted. However quickly it comes into the mind, it must be ejected from it still more promptly and surely. If Belgium, her frontiers invaded simultaneously by two belligerents, had not been supported by either of these guarantors, then without doubt it might be said that the institution of perpetual neutrality had seen its day. Luckily, such is not the case. If Germany had had the same regard for right which France showed, Belgium would be at this moment happy and prosperous. While Germany forgot her promises, so far as to ignore the neutrality which she had not only recognized, but guaranteed, England did not hesitate to shoulder all her responsibilities. And the fury of the Imperial Chancellor when he learned that England still heeded "the scrap of paper" awakens the idea that if she had foreseen this possibility Germany would surely have halted before violating Belgian neutrality; the fear of the guarantor had been for her the beginning of wisdom. If Belgium is now suffering more than any people has ever suffered, it does not mean that in the mass of legal institutions that of neutrality is particularly fragile or more particularly imperfect, but that international law is at this moment too weak to resist the audacious onslaught of those Powers whose military pride has perverted their sense of right and whose devouring ambition has corrupted their sense of justice.

Belgium's cruel experience need not divert the hopes of the pacifists from the organization of neutralized States. It ought rather lead the nations to the widening of the system of the recognition and guarantees of neutrality. At this moment international law holds that two neutral States may not ally themselves together for the defense of their neutrality. It is a principle that a perpetually neutral State can only recognize, not guarantee, the neutrality of another State; this is the case of Belgium in relation to Luxembourg. After the war we shall have to see if this doctrine be not too narrow; if, in order to make neutrality an institution which

will be a real protection of national independence and the generator of world peace, it is not the time to permit to perpetually neutral States—the only guarantors of neutrality of whose disinterestedness it is possible to be absolutely certain—to guarantee one another mutually: the alliance, the real union of two neutralized States would then become possible. Neutralized Holland could conclude with Belgium, under the form of a reciprocal guaranty, the treaty of alliance which in the present state of the legal doctrine is forbidden her. Scandinavian neutrality could, understood in this manner, uphold that of Belgium and Holland; the neutrality of Switzerland, which geographically linked with that of Holland by a chain of other neutral States, could also enter into this system of reciprocal guarantees. Finally, the peace of the world requires that the numbers of the guarantors of neutralized States be increased. Every nation that is truly pacific and strong ought to feel that its duties toward peace and law increase by reason of its power and authority in the world. If the United States had guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium, is there to be found in all her boundaries one man who believes that in the present instance it would not now be respected?

A. G. de Lapradelle.

THE PRESS IN WAR-TIME

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

War and journalism have the common characteristic of being necessary evils, though the particular form of calamity which the former represents is sporadic, whereas the latter is endemic. But beyond being world-wide and apparently inevitable nuisances the two professions have so little identity of nature or interests as to be predestined enemies. War is as old as the hills, and though there can never be anything like finality in the study of it, still its principles, its effects, its natural history, its philosophy have by now been fairly well determined. But journalism still awaits its philosopher, awaits, I mean, some one who will work out the action and reaction of the new and tremendous power of organized publicity upon the general scheme of things. We are still too near to the eruption of this strange force that has burst upon the world to be able to assess its significance or formulate its relations to life and government and society. A generation still lives which saw the birth of journalism in its present form. It is the product of a quick succession of astounding inventions. The railroad, the cable, the telegraph, the telephone, the rotary press, the linotype, the manufacture of paper from wood-pulp, these are the discoveries of yesterday that have made possible the journal of to-day. But already the Press has taken its place among the permanent social forces. We see it visibly affecting pretty nearly all we do and say and think, competing with the churches, superseding Parliaments, elbowing out literature, rivaling the schools and universities, furnishing the world with a new set of nerves. What marks out our age from all others is precisely this ubiquitous phenomenon of publicity. The ancient world had religion, art, law, commerce, and war. But journalism, the reading habit, the penetration of the printed word—these are peculiarly mod-

ern accessories. The whole world of to-day lives in a glass house with all the electric lights turned on and a reporter at each keyhole and staring through every pane; and it is odd that nobody, to the best of my knowledge, has yet attempted to trace out the consequences of this new and pervasive force, to define its nature and functions, and to establish its place and prerogatives by the side of those other influences that were equally operative in the past as in the present. It does not need much perspicacity to foresee that the problem of how to deal with publicity, especially the publicity of the Press, and to adjust the relations between journalism and the private citizen, on the one hand, and the State, on the other, is going to be one of the big problems of the future.

In one supremely vital sphere of national energy the past ten years have seen a decided approach toward just such an adjustment as I believe is pretty sure to extend to other phases of life. War and journalism touch at innumerable points and in almost every case, up to the struggle between Russia and Japan, the points of contact were also points of conflict, and not, as they should and might have been, of co-operation. What we are now witnessing in Europe, in the form of a very rigorous and vigilant censorship of the Press, is an effort on the part of some of the most enlightened democracies in the world to assert the supremacy of the State over this novel and disturbing power of publicity. It was time that some effort of the kind was made. War brings out, as nothing else can, the perils of an unrestricted Press. Secrecy is of the essence of successfu. journalism. Publicity is of the essence of successful journalism. How is a common ground to be found or manufactured between these abrupt opposites? How is a belligerent to prevent the publication of naval and military movements, the disclosure of which may fatally impair the chances of victory? How is one to reconcile the freedom of an uncensored and irresponsible Press with the concealments, the disguises, and the false scents on which may depend not merely the fortunes of a campaign, but the fate of a nation? Some ten years ago, in what proved to be his valedictory speech as First Lord of the British Admiralty, Lord Selborne emphatically recognised the magnitude of this problem. "I am not exaggerating," he declared, "when I say that the most patriotic journalist, without a thought that he was doing his

country any harm, might, in the day or two which precedes war, publish news which might mar the whole issue of the naval campaign of this country."

That sounded like, but it was not, the language of rhetoric. It has happened a score of times in naval and military history that a belligerent has found in his enemy's Press an invaluable, though, of course, unconscious ally. Nor are the instances that one might give all of modern date. Even in the pre-telegraph days, even in Napoleonic wars, information that it was vital to conceal on the one side and equally vital to learn on the other became public property through the columns of an unthinking and unimportant Press; and the dangers of such a situation have, of course, since then been indefinitely increased by every new addition to the means of communication. In the Peninsular War the letters written home by British officers and published in the London newspapers became Napoleon's most trustworthy source of intelligence. In the Emperor's correspondence one constantly finds him basing instructions to his lieutenants on information gleaned from English journals. So serious was the leakage that Wellington had to issue a severe warning to his officers in the shape of a General Order, and, according to Maxwell, kept the plans of his famous lines at Torres Vedras to himself, divulging them neither to the Secretary of State nor to his generals. In the Crimean War it is exceedingly doubtful if Sebastopol would have been fortified at all had it not been for the clamor in the French and English Press that it should be made an object of attack. Sherman's march to the sea owed its inception to his quick utilization of news supplied him by the Southern Press, and it was through the same hospitable source that Grant was able to follow his progress through Georgia and meet him with supplies when he reached the coast. At the very opening of the Franco-Prussian War the German Staff, by a diligent reading of the French papers, was able to ascertain the composition and strategical disposition of all the French corps. A few weeks later, at a time when the German cavalry had lost touch with the French troops, the supremely important information was derived from the French Press that MacMahon was moving from Châlons to effect a junction with Bazaine. No suspicion that such was his intention had apparently crossed the mind of the General Staff; it took all the efforts of the French Press to con-

vince them of the fact. Once convinced, however, they swung their armies round to the northwest and within a week Napoleon had capitulated at Sedan. During the Spanish-American War every move and intention of the American naval and military authorities was published immediately in the American Press; it was not in the least the fault of their journalists that the Americans did not meet with a resounding disaster.

But the struggle which best exemplifies the perils of an unrestricted Press as well as the advantages of a restricted one was that between Russia and Japan. All the details of the Russian mobilization, of the despatch of the various units to the front, their passage of the Urals, their arrival at Baikal, and afterward at the theater of operations, were published in the Russian Press; and the Japanese were able in this way to keep themselves constantly and accurately informed of Kuropatkin's reinforcements. When the Russion squadron left Vladivostok in August, 1904, the news of its departure filtered through St. Petersburg and was published in the London dailies. It was promptly cabled to Japan, and Kamimura was enabled to intercept the force and defeat it. The Japanese, on their side, as every one recalls, made secrecy, just as they made sanitation, an offensive and defensive weapon of extraordinary potency. They took no chances. Least of all did they run the desperate risk of allowing the movements of the fleets and armies to be described or hinted at in the public Press. Whatever the Russians learned of their intentions was gathered without Japanese assistance. When matters were nearing but had not reached the crisis, the Japanese Government issued a comprehensive list of topics, embracing every detail of naval and military preparations, that the papers were forbidden to mention. Journalism in Japan became almost a sinecure; you either published nothing or you went to jail. It is not, indeed, too much to say that the Japanese won command of the sea by first winning command of their pens and tongues. Could they have surprised the Russian fleet in Port Arthur if every Japanese journal had announced the sailing of the Japanese squadrons a couple of days beforehand? Could they have entrapped Rojdesvensky if Togo's whereabouts had been divulged by the Tokio Press? Could Oyama have swept the Russians beyond Mukden if every detail of his numbers, his reinforcements, and the

position of his armies had been published for all the world to read? Nothing in that conflict struck one as more wonderful than the calm announcement by the Japanese Admiralty of the loss of a first-class battle-ship a year or so after the catastrophe had occurred. Until then not a word of the disaster had appeared in the Japanese Press. The facts were probably known, because rumors of them reached Europe. But the rumors were always promptly denied, the mystery was never once lightened, and it was not until after Tsushima that the Russians and the world at large learned the truth. And that was but the climax of a policy that knew no variation from the first shot in the war to the last. There is no need to enlarge on its obvious common sense. But I may perhaps add that the precautions which Japan found it necessary to take in her remote and comparatively unfrequented seas are ten times more incumbent upon us in Great Britain who occupy the busiest spot in the world's most crowded thoroughfare.

Yet until the present war we took no precautions whatever. Consider the conduct of the British Press at the time of the Fashoda crisis and the Dogger Bank episode. Nothing was concealed on either occasion. Every card was held face up, exposed to the full view of the world. Through thoughtlessness or ignorance or misdirected enterprise the London papers divulged the movements of British squadrons in a way that played directly into the hands of the other side. "Our own correspondent's" contribution to the Dogger Bank incident, when war with Russia seemed a matter of hours, was a telegram from Gibraltar notifying all whom it might concern that four vessels of the British squadron had been detached and were steaming under full pressure for the North Sea—a piece of news which, had war ensued, might have led to disastrous consequences. The whole world was informed that the British Home Fleet was off the Orkneys, the armored-cruiser squadron under refit, many of the ships being in dock, and that the Mediterranean squadron was in the North Atlantic. Now that surely was neither business, efficiency, sanity, or anything else but just our muddling, haphazard way of doing things. Americans who chafe—they cannot chafe half as much as we do in Great Britain—under the stringency of the present British censorship, and who not only accuse but convict it—a not very difficult matter, I fear—of endless stupidities, must bear

in mind from what a state of reckless chaos it has rescued us, and how successfully it has fulfilled its prime purpose of preventing the publication of any item of news that could be of service to the enemy. So far as I am aware, not a single point has been gratuitously given away. Amid all the blundering absurdities of the Press Bureau it can at least claim that the most diligent reading of the British papers since the war began would have failed to reveal the whereabouts of a single ship or the strength or movements of a single troop. A censorship is just as alien to British as to American ways and ideas. But the British papers, without exception, have voluntarily submitted to its imposition with patriotic patience and self-denial. Every scrap of news that could possibly give information to the enemy has been remorselessly "killed." Americans have only to imagine their own Press similarly gagged to judge the greatness of this achievement. They have only to recall the behavior of their papers during the Spanish-American War to realize that, whatever may be the shortcomings of the British Press Bureau, it has completely succeeded in its main object, that of suppressing disclosures that would be useful to the Germans. I have shown by the history of other wars that this is one of the indispensable elements of military, and still more of naval, success. To have compassed it with the microscopic comprehensiveness which has been attained in Great Britain is an achievement that may fairly be held to offset many deficiencies.

The trouble is, however, that the military mind is apt to stop at that point. When the Press is effectually muzzled the soldier is not only satisfied, but thinks he has solved the whole problem. That may be all very well in countries like Germany or Bulgaria or Japan. In those lands not only is the Press comparatively without influence, but compulsory and universal military service is the established custom. And in all matters touching on war and its preparations and prosecution, there is an immense gulf between the nations that have and the nations that do not have conscription. It is a gulf that in its way is at least as profound as the difference between a free State and a slave-holding State, or between a Moslem and a Christian community. It is a fundamental difference that affects and transforms all values, and nothing is more futile than for a British soldier to point to the example of Germany or Japan as one that

should necessarily be followed in the totally different circumstances of Great Britain. When he demands that he shall be left free to wage war as the Germans wage it and to publish just as much or as little of its progress as he thinks fit, it is necessary to remind him that Great Britain is not Germany. Both England and the United States are blessed with systems of government that give to the Press a power that is inconceivable in countries where everything is subordinated to preparing for success on the day of Armageddon. The Press with us not only disseminates news, but shapes the thoughts of the nation more constantly and with greater effect than any other instrument, and in war-time especially, when the public mind is excited and opinion exceptionally fluid, its influence is enormously enhanced. That is a condition with which the military and naval authorities have to reckon, or ought to reckon, in devising any sort of a Press censorship. They should remember that in gagging the Press they are gagging not only a news agency, but a molder of public opinion, and they should remember, too, that public opinion, in its turn, reacts nowadays with democratic decisiveness upon the policies of Governments and upon the operations of the naval and military commanders appointed to carry out those policies. It reacts upon them both favorably and unfavorably. On the one hand, a firm and intelligent support of a war by public opinion at home is a great fighting asset. It puts nerve into the Government; it greatly facilitates the financial problem and the recruiting and reinforcement problems; it furnishes the best substitute obtainable under a democracy for the inspiriting autocracy of a Chatham. On the other hand, public opinion in war-time is often ignorantly heedless in clamoring against individuals, in denouncing measures that are dictated by military necessity, and in agitating for, and often forcing, the adoption of policies or plans of campaign in the teeth of professional judgment. In this as in everything else one has to take the rough with the smooth. The main thing is to have it recognized that with the sort of political constitutions that are possessed by Great Britain and the United States, public opinion is a factor of inestimable power in the conduct of war on a big scale.

This, however, is just what the British Government has failed to recognize. It has been fully alive to the capacity of the Press for harm, but obstinately blind to its

capacity for good. No regular war correspondents, for instance, have been as yet attached to the British forces in the field or to the British Navy in the North Sea. Newspapers have sent out correspondents to the area of hostilities at their own risks. The War Office does not countenance them, except to the extent of forbidding them to approach within twenty miles of the firing-line or to describe anything that is not at least five days old. Now that seems to me a wholly mistaken policy. It means, in the first place, that we in England receive no accounts of the fighting from unofficial sources except at second or third hand, mere odds and ends of narrative pieced together from the reports, the necessarily confused and circumscribed reports, of stray combatants. Everybody, of course, realized after the Russo-Japanese War and the struggle in the Balkans that the spacious days were gone when a Russell, a Steevens, a Forbes, or a MacGahan could go to the front, could wander about pretty much as he pleased, and could send home his letters and telegrams with little or no hindrance from the censor. But between that and absolutely suppressing war correspondents there is a vast difference. One half of a correspondent, the half that is concerned with the gathering and transmission of news, must, I agree, be strictly controlled. But the other half of him, the half that, without in any way assisting the enemy, keeps the public at home informed, stimulated, and interested, that criticizes intelligently and, if the need arises, does not hesitate to expose defects that in the interests of the services themselves ought to be exposed, and will not be remedied unless they are exposed, the half that acts as a connecting link between the forces at the front and the nation at the fireside, that instructs the public in the nature of the task on which it has embarked, and by vivid descriptions strengthens the resolutions to see the thing through—that half of a correspondent may be at times something of a salutary nuisance, but he is also an auxiliary of the highest utility. The British people both like and feel they have a right to learn what is being done in their name at the theater of war, and to learn it from independent as well as official sources, and in furnishing them with legitimate news, fair-minded comment, and readable narrative the correspondent who knows his business is rendering no small service to the army and navy as well as to the nation.

Part of the art of war, indeed, in a democratic State must

be to keep the democracy intelligently interested, and for that purpose the war correspondent should be regarded as an indispensable unit in the equipment of any modern British or American army. By not allowing them at the front the British Government has done no service to the army, has cut itself loose from a valuable source of popular sentiment and determination, and has forfeited whatever benefit may be conferred—and in the past a great deal of benefit has been conferred—by the presence at the seat of war of a corps of trained and detached observers who are competent to discuss the problems of strategy, tactics, administration, and policy as they arise. The drama of war, the "sudden shining of splendid names," the deeds of courage, the life, the sufferings, the triumphs or defeats of our forces on land and sea—these are the things that fire the national heart and call forth the enthusiasm and the spirit of sacrifice and steadfastness that will be needed for victory, and the men to win it. At present for large numbers of the English people the war is too distant and too unreal; it has not been brought before their eyes and minds with even a tenth of the proper vividness; the secrecy of its conduct has done nothing to warm the imagination; and I for one certainly believe that had war correspondents from the first been attached to the British forces, there would not at this moment be the slightest difficulty in raising all the recruits that Lord Kitchener asks for. Moreover—and here again the Government has badly failed—in the absence of war correspondents, a prompt and ample supply of official intelligence becomes doubly essential. But the British War Office and Admiralty have been very backward in recognizing this. In the first three months of the war only three despatches from Sir John French have been made public; the curt daily bulletin issued by the French Government is our only regular and official source of news; and while an officer has been attached to the British headquarters for the express purpose of sending home reports of the operations, his narratives are infrequent, often ludicrously trivial, and not particularly well written. The papers show their opinion of them by either cutting them down or heaping upon them the indignity of small type and an obscure position. The whole business, in short, of stimulating popular enthusiasm by means of the Press has been scandalously mismanaged.

Almost equally pronounced has been the failure of the British Government to grasp the importance of the Press as an influence on Imperial and neutral sentiment. India and all the self-governing dominions have rallied magnificently to the side of the mother-land in this struggle for existence. South Africa, which may seem an exception to this statement, is really a confirmation of it, for the rebellion of Maritz, Beyers, and De Wet has served chiefly to evoke the loyalty and good faith of the vast majority of the Boers who fifteen years ago took up arms against Great Britain. To all these communities, and especially to India, the war is an even more dramatic adventure than it is to Great Britain. A wise statesmanship would surely have seen to it that everything that could be done was done to instruct them on the issues involved, to call forth and guide local patriotism, to keep constantly before their minds a picture of the power and resources of the British Empire, and to inform them without delay of the progress of events and particularly of the doings of their own contingents. Little more was needed than to give the London correspondents of the Colonial and Indian papers a free hand, subject, of course, to the necessary restrictions of the censorship. Yet nothing of the kind was done, and the different units of the Empire have been starved of news equally with Great Britain. One wonders, indeed, how any Englishman can have the face to talk of Germany's misreading of the British character when he finds the authorities in and around Whitehall in a state apparently of as great and far less excusable ignorance. They seem to understand war much better than they understand England or the human, harmless emotions that sway the man in the street or his passionate interest in the pomp and *réclame* of such a struggle as is being fought out in France and Belgium. Whereas every Indian and every Canadian, New Zealand, Australian, and South-African paper should be vivid with accounts of what the forces of the Empire as a whole and of each section in it are achieving, this war through the obtuseness of British officialdom is being waged in a disenchanting secrecy and darkness.

But the reflex action of this obtuseness upon opinion in neutral countries has been even more regrettable. There were at the beginning of the war several countries, such as Turkey, Greece, Rumania, Bulgaria, Italy, Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, standing on the very edge

of the whirlpool and liable at any moment to be drawn into it. There was also another country, the United States, whose neutrality was in no danger of being compromised, but whose sympathies all the belligerents were anxious to claim on their side. In each and all of these lands Germany has conducted a zealous and untiring campaign with the twofold object of influencing both sentiment and policy. They have been deluged with official telegrams from Berlin magnifying every German success, painting the condition and prospects of the Allies in the gloomiest colors, and embellishing the facts without hesitation to suit German interests. The Press, pamphlets, ambassadors, professors, and the hierarchy of the German spy system have all been assiduously worked, and the weapons have varied from the sort of interviews and appeals of which Count Bernstorff has been prodigal down to forgery and whole-hearted lies. Articles from the London *Times* that never appeared in its columns, speeches by British Cabinet Ministers that never were delivered, have been spread broadcast over the neutral countries of Europe and over the west of America by German agents. Political, social, and commercial pressure has also been brought to bear unsparingly. Americans must not think from the failure of German methods in the United States that they have equally failed elsewhere. On the contrary, Turkey's entrance into the arena, the long hesitation of Italy to throw in her lot with the Allies, the neutrality of Holland and Denmark, the repression by their rulers of the desire of the Rumanian people, and the decidedly pro-German bias of Swedish sentiment are all very largely the work of Germany's careful, shrewd, and quite unscrupulous propaganda.

No Englishman would wish to see his country countering German intrigue by German methods. Beyond furnishing its ambassadors and ministers abroad with dignified reports that bear on them the stamp of truth, the British Foreign Office has in fact taken hardly any action whatever. There was no reason why it should have done even that. It had at hand a far more intelligent and serviceable instrument than any it could have manufactured itself. London is full of the representatives of all the most influential papers published in neutral countries. With hardly an exception these skilled journalists are well disposed toward the cause of the Allies and anxious to set it before their

countrymen in the most favorable light. They ask nothing from the British Government except the permission to cable to their journals the news as it reaches them. I will not say that this permission has been refused to them, but it has been granted in such a way as to make it almost inoperative. The censorship, in other words, has been carried to such a ludicrous extent and placed in such incompetent hands that news of the most helpful character to British interests has time and again been held up in the offices of the cable companies and prevented from being sent abroad. Urbane fatuity has rarely, I suppose, been carried further in any Government department than in the British Press Bureau and by the half-pay officers who were installed at its orders in the cable companies' offices. These wondrous gentlemen simply blue-penciled everything that came before them. They censored the Prime Minister's speeches and Sir Edward Grey's, the King's messages to India and the Dominions, and even the official pronouncements of the Press Bureau itself. Happily they have now for the most part been dispensed with. But the Press Bureau still continues to fill the cup of vexatiousness to the brim and to furnish the world with a unique example of how the undoubted perils of publicity during war-time may be avoided and its benefits despised or at any rate ignored.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

SWITZERLAND AND THE WAR

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES BORGEAUD OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GENEVA

In an hour of poetical prophetizing, Victor Hugo wrote an alexandrine which contributed not a little to his popularity in Switzerland:

La Suisse dans l'histoire aura le dernier mot.

The Swiss know well that the name of their country was penned here by the great French poet of the nineteenth century merely to exemplify a commonwealth of the Old World, where union of different races and common pursuit of the high ideals of mankind are aimed at through the medium of democracy. But they are not the less proud of the recognition. One may say the consciousness of the honor which the civilized world generally pays to them by believing in their fitness for such a task is now helping the little Confederation to face one of the hardest trials of its modern history.

To-day, as a century ago, our country, providentially preserved from the horrors of battles and invasion, stands yet in the midst of the conflagration. As in the days of Leipzig and Waterloo, she has to bear, although in peace, the moral distress of war to an extent which precludes comparison in this respect with any other neutral State of Europe.

We are living at the geographical center where the highest summits converge, where the largest rivers of the continent have their sources. We belong to three races, three tongues, three cultures. Our dearest wish is to be the connecting link between them, is to see them concur, to work with them toward the realization of the loftier ends of man. Now suddenly, through a cataclysm—the anonymous authors of which, whoever they be, appear to us burdened with a satanic responsibility—we see races and tongues and cultures arrayed against one another in a gigantic conflict, where war

has the character of a tremendous international struggle for life. All the nerves of the powerful States around us are strained for the supreme effort, and the two whirlwinds hurled against each other clash over our borders with such violence that we feel on us the chill of the abyss.

To weather the storm, the Republic of the present is far better prepared than the feeble, disheartened Confederation of divided cantons which emerged from the Napoleonic disaster. A federative Union, wisely organized on the solid basis of the Constitution of 1848—a frame of government which borrowed from that of the United States some of its best features—considerably strengthened by the revision of 1874, which successfully effected a far greater concentration of national energies with the help of the people's amendment on the Referendum, to-day's Swiss State may be called politically strong. It carries out the will of the citizens and normally, progressively, realizes its end.

The nation in arms constitutes the defensive force of the country. From his twentieth to his fiftieth year every Swiss is a soldier. Thus the 1st of August, which is now annually celebrated as the National day, in remembrance of the signature of the first Federal Pact in 1291, saw this year the mobilization of 300,000 men, active army (*Auszug*), *Landwehr,* and even *Landsturm.* At that date, the Government's Treasury incurred the heaviest military outlay of our annals: one and one-half million francs per day, which means, if adding to it the personal expenses incumbent upon the men themselves, nearly half a franc for every head of population.

Deeply hurt by the economic crisis and by the sacrifices which meant the sending of such forces to the border, Switzerland has nothing to expect from the issue of the world's conflict, in which her people serve as cover to the flank operations of the adversaries alternately, save the respect of all and the maintenance of the international standing which she conquered peacefully.

Happily enough, the credit of the country is of first rank and unimpaired, its national funds never ceased to be the object of negotiation, remaining comparatively very steady during the worst days of a crisis without precedent. There exists as yet no direct Federal tax, and important monopolies, like that of tobacco, for instance, have been kept in reserve for the case of necessity.

In the moral sphere the task of the little free, neutral, and central State is still what it was during the nineteenth century, but in consequence of the unification of economic and intellectual intercourse, especially now through the enormous influence of the Press, of the news agencies of great European centers, that task has become incomparably more delicate, more difficult, than in former times. Foreigners will realize something of these difficulties when they consider that the people, whose eagerness for knowledge is proverbial, draw conclusions from their daily reading, discuss, sympathize, sometimes quite diversely because they start from opposite information received in different languages.

It is a conspicuous feature of the present war that it is waged not merely with the iron and fire of armies, but also with the weapons, quite up to date indeed, of disciplined, of trained public opinions. These weapons were placed more or less at the disposal of the General Staffs, who are concerned exclusively in having them serve their plans. As they obtained from their governments the exclusive monopoly of imparting news from the front, the various nations receive the same in special—oftentimes entirely conflicting—versions which follow the boundaries of languages and dominant intellectual influences.

Within the limits of the belligerents' territories this may be advocated as a consequence of martial law, as one of the necessities of modern warfare. But outside, with the neutrals who depend on more than one racial influence, it has the nefarious effect of extending the action of war across their boundaries by encroaching, on the battle-field of thought, upon their declared neutrality. Thus it can be observed that on vital questions of fact, presented in quite contrary versions by the press of the opposed camps, German, French, and Swiss are bitterly divided. It requires all the vigilance of their statesmen, all the prudence of their leading and best-informed intellectuals, to prevent such division becoming a political danger.

On the 1st of October, the Federal Government judged it expedient to issue an *Appeal to the Swiss People*, in which may be found, with the signature of President Hoffmann, such characteristic admonitions as the following:

> In our way of judging events, in the expression of our sympathies for the concerned nations, we ought to observe the utmost reserve, we ought to avoid what could hurt the States and populations involved in the war and

refrain from every kind of partiality. To judge events with restraint and moderation does not imply renouncing sympathies and feelings. The heart of every citizen will continue to beat warmly for those to whom he is bound by peculiarly strong ties or whose fate is, before all, dear to him. It is only when every one observes that rule that we will be able to fulfil the duties which follow from our situation as a neutral State and maintain the good relations of our country with the others. Never was this more urgent than in the present overthrow of Europe, and never more difficult.

We call every citizen, and especially the Swiss journalists of all parties, of all languages, of all sections, to strict moderation. It is the Press which gives expression and direction to public opinion. To it belongs the noble task of keeping down unfettered passions, of opposing tendencies which divide, of exerting everywhere a wise and conciliating influence.

Out of the trial we are enduring will emerge better times of intellectual, economic, and political developments. To that effect, we need the concentration of all the energies of our people. There ought not to subsist in them any irreconcilable opposition of racial feelings. We see the ideal of our fatherland in a community of culture which rises above races and tongues. First of all we are Swiss, and only secondarily Latins or Germans. Above all sympathies for the nations to which we feel tied by common descent we place the welfare of Switzerland, our common good. To that welfare we must subordinate all the rest.

This appeal was heard: for the Federal idea the national feeling is deep-rooted enough in the hearts of our people to insure their enthusiastic response to the first call of their popular magistrates. It has its sources in the historical growth of the Federal State.

When the league of the three small Waldstaetten rose within the Empire in the twilight of medieval history, it was exclusively Germanic. So also was the greater league of the eight cantons up to the end of the fifteenth century. In those times the ideal of the mountaineers' bond was to preserve German liberty, to maintain German democracy against feudalism and Cæsarism. This led them to sever their connection with the Empire which had become the instrument of domination of the House of Austria. After their amazing triumph over Charles the Bold, which made them the first military power of the time, the Swiss acquired Burgundian territories and received into their league Burgundian partners. The Italian wars brought them Latin possessions on the southern side of the Alps. The Reformation, which helped Berne to become, through important western accessions from Savoy, the most powerful canton, considerably added to the weight of Latin elements in a larger confederation, and ultimately the political influence acquired by French thought during the eighteenth century,

especially at the end, when Switzerland was revolutionized under the lead of France, profoundly modified the original character of the Swiss State. Its *raison d'être* ceased to be exclusively German, not to become French, but to become international.

Modern Switzerland, ever conscious of her debt to the forefathers, carefully preserving her precious inheritance of liberty and democracy, has the duty to render these instrumental in the pursuit of a still higher ideal, the task which the genius of Victor Hugo poetically described as the climbing of the last summits of history.

The Swiss national idea, no more to be realized by racialism, is a creation of mind and of will, not of race and language. It is the result of ascent, not of descent. No Swiss race exists nowadays, but in spite of racial feuds there is a Swiss mentality, a Swiss union on the basis of which the nation develops and prospers. This fact ought to be emphasized at a time when so many despair of interracial understanding in the Old World. To be faithful to such a human ideal, the Swiss, after successfully trying to remain not morally neutral, as it is sometimes wrongly put, but mentally equitable, have to show their neighbors by deeds that they have at heart the desire to alleviate their sufferings in every way open to them. The activity of the Red Cross inaugurated by the Geneva Convention just fifty years ago is the most conspicuous testimony to that desire.

The small European State which, through the initiative of the sons of its foremost Latin city, had the honor to be the cradle of that great international institution, can quote a charter with articles for mitigating the barbarity of war as far back as the end of the fourteenth century. This document, which was signed by the eight cantons, dates from the times of the purely Germanic league and bears the name of the most romantic victory of its heroic age. It is called the Sempach Charter. By that compact, medieval pillaging is controlled by strict regulations. It is altogether prohibited during a battle. The churches, cloisters, and chapels are placed under the special protection of the Confederates. Burning or plundering of the same is strictly forbidden. Women are to be respected as long as they themselves abstain from taking part in the fighting. This is why that document is also known in our history by the name of the "*Frauenbrief*," or Women's Charter.

Thus, as early as 1393, German mountaineers and citizens showed to the world that liberty and democracy, for which they fought so bravely bareheaded and barebreasted against Duke Leopold of Austria and his iron-coated knights, was the liberty and democracy of the future, not of the past. Thus they broke the way which their remote offspring was one day to follow hand in hand with their Latin brethren.

The first International Conference of the Red Cross was held in 1863, under the lead of a special committee of the "*Société genevoise d'utilité publique,*" having in General G. H. Dufour an illustrious and venerated chairman. When in the following year a diplomatic Congress, convened at the invitation of the Swiss Federal Council, adopted the celebrated Geneva Convention, dated the 22d of August, 1864, and signed by twelve States, a treaty not only initiated but really prepared by the same board of commissioners, they were practically confirmed as the "*Comité international de la Croix Rouge.*" That committee of Genevese, of which Henri Dunant, the founder and the pioneer of the generous idea, and Gustave Moynier, the successor of General Dufour in the presidency, were at the start the most active members, has now behind it a never-ceasing activity of half a century, a success which no doubt would have been commemorated this year under the present chairmanship of M. Gustave Ador, member of the Swiss National Council, had not the great crisis in Europe put off any joyful celebration.

The "*Comité international*" was the promoter of the national Red Cross organizations which cover the civilized world, and it now serves for all as a central committee for correspondence and for action. One of its latest moves was a circular address to all belligerent Powers, dated September 19th, reminding them of the twenty-fifth Article of the Geneva Convention, revised in 1906, which places upon the commanders-in-chief of armies the duty of enforcing the strict observance of all the prescriptions of the same. It was issued at the urgent request of the Director of the Austro-Hungarian Red Cross, who sadly enough had to complain that the declared neutrality of the sick and wounded, without distinction of any kind, as well as the protection of the sanitary and personal services of the several States, was not everywhere adequately secured.

To the various duties which it has assumed in previous wars, and still performs with an unflinching zeal, the Geneva Committee had lately to add important new ones toward prisoners.

One knows that the Washington Conference of 1912, considering that prisoners of war as well as wounded may be the object of generosity, adopted a resolution according to which special boards should be formed by the several Red Cross organizations for the purpose of collecting and sending to the International Committee of Geneva the relief funds designed for soldiers in captivity. The International Committee, through neutral delegates accredited to the governments concerned, is to insure the remittance of the gifts intended for individuals and distribute the others among the several depots according to the intents of donors, the needs of prisoners, and the instructions of the military authorities. After having reminded all the national committees of the wording of that resolution, the "*Comité international*" proceeded to form a new special office at Geneva which bears the title "*Agence des prisonniers de guerre.*"

The work of this office, which was started in September without funds of any kind and with free postage as its only material facility, was planned more liberally than the strict application of the Washington resolutions would have admitted. It extends to the transmission of the correspondence of prisoners of war with their families, to informing the latter about their dear missing ones, and to a wide field of inquiry not yet exactly defined. When one remembers that prisoners of war are already reckoned by hundreds of thousands, and that more than ten millions of men are in arms, one can form some idea of what such a task instantly became as soon as it was known. Some hundreds of letters were received and answered daily after the first weeks. After the first month, the official figure is from four to six thousand per day. Three hundred persons are now busy at this service. More will certainly be wanted.

The most interesting feature of the enterprise is that the work is done mostly by volunteers. Genevese and foreigners, gentlemen and ladies, compete in offering their services, and offers are so abundant that desks are booked in advance, vacancies being waited for like official berths.

Another new departure in the interest of the people who

are to live under martial law is what is being done now in Switzerland for the sake of the *civil* prisoners of war.

That in every country the non-neutral aliens are detained is known. Of these the individuals who are liable to bear arms in their own country may be assimilated with the military men in captivity and benefit as such from the protection of the Washington resolutions. A special commission of the "*Agence des prisonniers de guerre*" of Geneva undertook the task of corresponding with families and governments for the sake of such prisoners. Their number is great, and still growing as the armies advance and it is deemed expedient to make new arrests.

As to the others—women, children, and men who are not considered to be able to serve in the army or navy of their country—it is clear that the wording of the Washington resolutions do not extend to them. These victims of the state of war are not less worthy of commiseration. On the contrary, being feeble and often destitute, their situation is even more pitiable. The Swiss Government esteemed it to be among the duties of a neutral State to do whatever may be in its power to obviate the sufferings of such unfortunates, and especially, when subjects of neighbor States, to try and mediate for their early repatriation.

According to a decision of the Federal Council, dated September 22d, a Swiss office for repatriation of interned civil people ("*Bureau suisse de rapatriement des internés civils*") was created at Berne under the supervision of the Political Department. France and Germany, through their Legations, have already given their assent. Preliminary negotiations are in progress also with Austria.

Having obtained the lists of persons who are to be sent home, the office has to organize their reception at certain places on the borders; to take care of them, with the help of public benevolence, during their transit through Switzerland and take the necessary steps to secure their being met on their arrival in their own country. Certain questions, for instance, with respect to the standard of discrimination between men who are considered capable of bearing arms and those who are evidently under or above the age of useful service, offer some difficulties on account of the diversity of methods of classification in the countries concerned. However, it is to be hoped that they will be settled to the satisfaction of all.

The exchange and repatriation of all male civil prisoners under seventeen or eighteen and above fifty or sixty years, and of women, will be a boon, not only to the exiles, but to the governments themselves, who clearly have cares enough with the concentration of the others.

That Switzerland, although in arms for the safeguarding of her neutrality, may successfully and up to the end remain an oasis of peace and refuge and fulfil her various humanitarian duties, and, even if the fate of war be that of 1871, may be able to bear the exceptionally heavy one of disarming and interning unsuccessful armies, is the present wish of all her sons.

CHARLES BORGEAUD.

NATIONALISM IN BOHEMIA AND POLAND

BY HERBERT ADOLPHUS MILLER

No one can foretell the future political organization of Europe. Traditions, alliances, and antipathies will continue to exert an influence more or less in harmony with the past. There are, however, certain elemental states of mind whose development made the war upon which Europe has entered almost inevitable and which will continue to assert themselves until a political organization in harmony with their demands is accomplished. This war has been called a conflict of races—Pan-Germanism versus Pan-Slavism. The fundamental cause of the antagonism between these two peoples is neither racial nor economic; it is psychological. We call it Nationalism.

Nationalism is the struggle of a group to preserve its own individuality. It is even more elemental than religion itself, and, as in the case of the early Christian church, its growth to gigantic proportions has been fostered by the blind stupidity of rulers who could not see that the way to make it grow was to try to crush it. It is akin to patriotism, but draws its lines according to the group consciousness for a common language and traditions, or the feeling of unity of blood through some common ancestor. It does not correspond to national boundaries, but rather to historic or even imaginary boundaries. It is sentimental rather than rational. In fine, it is the revolt of a people conscious of its unity against control by influences trying to annihilate this consciousness. A familiar example of this spirit is the Irish Home Rule agitation. Nationalism does not express itself so much in antagonism to political supremacy as in resentment against the imposition of cultural influences, of which language is generally the chief instrument.

In older days the victims of war were killed or enslaved; in recent times they have been made subjects. Within a half-century, and most rapidly within the last decade, the whole world has developed a spirit of revolt against the subject condition—whether political or cultural—and the spirit of Nationalism has become dominant. Nationalism has sprung into being in its present form so rapidly that the world has been slow to recognize it as one of the most potent social forces of this generation. Norway long resented the authority of Sweden, and ten years ago peaceably separated from her, and is now officially reviving the language used by the people four hundred years ago before the Danes imposed a foreign language and culture upon her. The Germans, both in the Empire and in Austria, have been ruthless in their efforts to impose their language and ideas upon all who came under their power, with the result that every people in Europe both fears and hates them.

It was the development of the national spirit among the peoples of Southeastern Europe, focused against the efforts to impose upon them German language and culture, that precipitated the present war. The policy of Europe has been the government of various areas and peoples by a few great Powers. Of late years this rule has been maintained with relatively less war than formerly, but a storm has been brewing and has finally broken. Austria has established her dominion over a heterogeneous aggregation of Germans, Poles, Bohemians, Slovaks, Slovenes, Serbs, Croatians, Bosnians, Dalmatians, and Italians. Russia has strengthened her control over Finland and Poland. But, thanks to the new spirit of Nationalism, there has never before been so little assimilation. It has long seemed inevitable that the time could not be indefinitely postponed when disintegration and realignments would change the map of Europe. When Austria appropriated Bosnia and Herzegovina, she gave an impetus to the forces that must eventually lead to her own destruction. While the assassination of the Grand-Duke Ferdinand may not have been desired, it was exactly in harmony with the hostile spirit of the Slavs, who constitute two-thirds of the subjects of Austria. Each Slavic group has a strongly developing Nationalism of its own coupled with the ponderously forming Pan-Slavic consciousness. All the Slavic languages are closely related and serve as a symbol for a closer union of all the divisions. As an

organization Pan-Slavism is only an ideal. It was, however, to meet the danger which he foresaw from Pan-Slavism that the German Chancellor raised the unparalleled war tax two years ago, and thereby forced England and France into corresponding increases.

The two largest subject Slavic groups, who have developed Nationalism to the highest degree and have been the most influential in fostering antagonism to the Germans, are the Bohemians and the Poles. The present situation in Bohemia is well described in an address given by Count Lützow in Prague in 1911:

> One of the most interesting facts that in Bohemia and especially in Prague mark the period of peace at the beginning of the nineteenth century is the *revival* of the *national feeling and language*. . . . The greatest part of Bohemia, formerly almost Germanized, has now again become thoroughly Slavic. The National language, for a time used only by the peasantry in the outlying districts, is now freely and generally used by the educated classes in most parts of the country. Prague itself, that had for a time acquired almost the appearance of a German town, has now a thoroughly Slavic character. The National literature also, which had almost ceased to exist, is in a very flourishing state, particularly since the founding of a National university. At no period have so many and so valuable books been written in the Bohemian language.

Count Lützow himself had an English mother and German father, but has identified himself completely with the Bohemian Nationalism. The Countess is the daughter of a German minister in Mecklenburg, but feels such antipathy for the Germans that, not knowing the Bohemian language, she speaks only English and French.

About fifty years ago, several Bohemian writers were bold enough to write in their own language instead of German; from that time the Bohemian spirit has grown until now hostility to the German language has become a passion. In many of the restaurants throughout Bohemia, the head-waiter passes a collection-box regularly for " the Mother of Schools," which supports public schools in the Bohemian language in all parts of the country where there is a majority of Germans—only German schools being provided by the Government in such communities. The inevitable result of this national spirit is the gradual elimination of the German language. One rarely hears German on the streets of Prague, whereas ten years ago one heard little else. Fathers who were brought up to speak German teach their children to speak Bohemian. Business men take the great-

est pride in succeeding without knowing German, for it proves that Bohemia is developing ability to stand alone. Most older people know both languages equally well, but the younger know little German. At the University of Prague the Bohemian graduates do not know German well, and the Bohemian part of the university is more than twice as large as the German. The nationalizing process of unifying the people is going on in the face of the disrupting force of eleven political parties and the sharp spiritual division into Catholics and anti-Catholics.

It has unquestionably been a disadvantage for a people of seven millions to cut itself off from the opportunities of the environing German culture, science, and commerce, but even those who have seen this most clearly have deliberately made the sacrifice in their struggle for the freedom of the spirit. When we remember that the prestige is on the side of the Germans, we realize in this movement the same indifference to personal success that characterizes the religious enthusiast.

Bohemian Nationalism is strong also in America, expressing itself most strongly in organized propaganda for free thought. This is an interesting story in itself; it is mentioned because primarily it is an expression of the historical hatred of Catholic Austria, just as Polish Catholicism is an opposition to Orthodox Russia and Protestant Prussia, and Irish Catholicism to Protestant England. As the sight of a Russian church makes a Pole pious, so the sight of any church intensifies Bohemian free-thinking. In the city of Chicago alone there are twenty-seven thousand Bohemians who make quarterly payments for the support of schools on Saturday and Sunday for the teaching of the Bohemian language and free-thought.

The most inclusive form of Slavic Nationalism is pan-Slavism. An enormous stride toward its crystallization was made by the international Slavic gymnastic meet in Prague in 1912. More than twenty thousand persons took part; at one time eleven thousand men speaking many different languages and including the soon-to-be enemies, Bulgarians and Servians, were doing calisthenic exercises together. The Poles would not come because the Russians were invited, but all the other Slavic divisions were represented: Slovaks, Slovenes, Serbs, Servians, Croatians, Bulgarians, Montenegrins, Ruthenians, Moravians, Bohemians, and Russians.

"*Slavie! Slavie!*" was the key-note of every speech, and every utterance aroused the wildest enthusiasm. The meet was held at the same time that the Olympic games were taking place at Stockholm. The latter aroused the greatest international interest, but the meet at Prague which was fanning the sparks which were to set Europe aflame with war passed almost unnoticed by all but Slavs. A quarter of a million visitors filled the city and illustrated reports of the exhibition went to the ends of the Slavic world. A few weeks afterward I saw some pasted on the wall of a peasant factory in the back districts of Moscow. The German papers of Prague were full of the Stockholm games, but completely ignored the meet in their own city, which no self-respecting German could attend. The streets were everywhere brilliant with flags, but never the Austrian flag.

During the Balkan War, for Austria to threaten Servia was like rushing to destruction, for it was bound to arouse a Slavic revolt. When Bohemians were being entrained from their garrisons for mobilization on the Servian border, they sang the pan-Slavic hymn, "*Hej Slovane,*" sung by all Slavic nations, but forbidden to Austrian soldiers in service. This is an enthusiastic and powerful hymn, full of encouragement to the Slavs, telling them that their language shall never perish, nor shall they, "even though the number of Germans equal the number of souls in hell." It is estimated that more than seventy thousand young men disappeared from Austria when they were called for their military service; there is every reason to believe that in the present war also the heart of the Austrian Slav is on the other side.

Poland, perhaps, offers the most highly developed example of Nationalism. It was never a conspicuous country, but over a hundred years ago it was free. Germany, Austria, and Russia divided it, and, completely ignoring sociological laws, have tried to absorb it. Never was there another so persistent and deliberate effort to wipe out national individuality, but if there ever was a case of imperial indigestion, Poland has caused three chronic attacks. Bismarck's foolish policy of forbidding the Polish language and forcing German in its place, and Russia's similar policy with Russian, can be called a basic cause for the present European turmoil, because it has made the preservation of language a religion, and martyrdom for it a glorification. The Poles

think that their love for the church is piety, while in reality they are good Catholics because their religion is Poland, and Catholicism is a Polish protest against Orthodox Russia and Protestant Prussia. I was interested to observe that a Polish gentleman, whose education would have made him a weak Catholic in any other country, after passing a Russian church would always cross himself more fervidly when passing the next Catholic church. Every sign of Russia or Germany says to a Pole "Be a good Catholic." In fact, any particular religious form is never so strong as the spirit of Nationalism to which it may often serve merely as a symbol. The obsession of the Poles is to find some way to thwart the plans of the various controlling governments. Progress as a policy has no interest for them. Pan-Slavism has not as yet become a motive to them, partly because their hatred of the Russians has hitherto precluded any suggestion of a union with them. Since they are the most numerous Slavs, except the Russians, numbering about forty millions, and the most aggressively nationalistic, they have been one of the chief causes of the heavy armaments of both Germany and Russia. If the promise of Russia to grant autonomy to the Poles in return for their loyalty is made in good faith, she has under the compulsion of necessity taken a step which sound sense should have dictated long ago. It is difficult to imagine the change of front which will occur among the Poles in consequence. Unquestionably its influence on the Pan-Slavic union will be exceedingly great.

Lithuania and Finland show the same phenomenon of growing national spirit as Bohemia and Poland. In their cases, however, the revolt is against the cultural authority of a group who are not their political rulers, instead of being both political and cultural. The Lithuanian movement is going on within Poland. Several centuries ago the two countries were united by the marriage of rulers, the Government and culture of Lithuania becoming Polish. The Lithuanian language was preserved by the peasants as in Bohemia. Poles and Germans were the landholders; the Lithuanians were the laborers and serfs. Within the last decade the Lithuanian consciousness has burst into a conflagration. A man fully Polish in culture and association, but possessing Lithuanian blood, becomes Lithuanian in spirit. He learns the language from the peasants and chooses them for associates rather than the cultured Poles whom he would have

sought ten years ago. After the revolution in 1905 in the gymnasia, the privilege was granted to students of adopting the Russian, Polish, or Lithuanian language for part of their instruction where previously only Russian had been allowed. In a gymnasium in Vilna ten years ago three out of thirty chose Lithuanian; now out of he same number at least twenty take Lithuanian. This change is an indication of the growth of the movement among the people. I have had two Lithuanian students who speak Polish as a mother tongue and Lithuanian with relative difficulty. One is half Polish in blood, and has learned to read Lithuanian since coming to this country. When attending the gymnasium in 1905 he chose Polish as his language; his younger brother now in the gymnasium speaks nothing but Lithuanian when possible, though his mother does not know the language at all, and his father only slightly. A still older brother, a successful attorney in St. Petersburg, is now studying the language and feels fully Lithuanian.

For six and a half centuries the Finns were ruled by Sweden. In 1809 their country became subject to Russia. Their culture has been continuously Swedish. At the University of Helsingfors, where twenty-five years ago all the work was done in Swedish, now a larger part is in Finnish, and the Finnish spirit is increasing by leaps and bounds. Seven and a half centuries of Swedish culture with no Finnish education has had no effect, except to stimulate the growth of Finnish national feeling. The people live amicably together. The government has been increasingly Russian, but there are absolutely no signs of assimilation. Helsingfors and the other Finnish cities look more like Detroit or Washington than like St. Petersburg, though Russian influence has been working a full century on them.

Illustrations of the development of national spirit among the warring people and others might be greatly multiplied. Enough have been given to show that the conflict in Europe is not simple, but is the product of complex social psychology, and that, whatever the outcome of the war, these forces will continue to work until their demands are satisfied. Organized Pan-Slavism is no more to be desired than organized Pan-Germanism, but group freedom is essential to the human soul and must come. The dream of pan-Slavism is a potential fact in the struggle to attain this freedom. This social law which underlies the war in Europe

must be learned as a result of the present gigantic conflict or peace will not be assured.

The precipitation of the war was due to the fact that the highly organized nations of Europe were so superlatively prepared for war that they were in a state of unstable equilibrium which could no longer stand the tension. This war should silence for ever the old dogma that the way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war. This war, which is an apparent travesty on civilization, is probably a prelude to ultimate international peace, since the time necessary for physical recovery will be great enough to give opportunity for the adoption of obvious sociological principles which could make no headway against the political medievalism of the immediate past.

HERBERT ADOLPHUS MILLER.

PRACTICAL MEDIATION AND INTERNATIONAL PEACE

BY CHARLES H. SHERRILL

At this crisis in the world's history, there is a crying need for some practical plan to further the somewhat disheartened crusade for international peace. But it must be practical, demonstrably and convincingly practical, because a general impression has gotten abroad that peace societies are impractical—probably because their efforts have come to be handicapped by certain impractical folk whose stock in trade is talk and whose motives are tainted by a fondness for seeing their names in print. Besides, notwithstanding their efforts, wars seem to increase in frequency rather than to disappear. This article is written to point out that a peace plan of the most practical nature has been both initiated and matured on our side of the ocean, a plan that has succeeded in averting a war, whilst in the Old World a whole continent is plunged into a dreadful maelstrom of armed strife from which it will take years to recover. This plan is what is generally known as the A-B-C mediation—the friendly offer by Argentina, Brazil, and Chile of their good offices in the difficult situation which arose between our country and Mexico, growing out of internecine strife in the latter's territory.

The two most outstanding results of this mediation in the Mexican crisis are, first, that a High Court of Public Opinion has been established for the Western Hemisphere and, second, that the Monroe Doctrine has suddenly become continental and is no longer, even in the opinion of Latin-America, unilateral and constabulary.

For the first time in the political life of the New World we have seen appear a High Court of Public Opinion, appealing so equally to Latin-Americans and Anglo-Saxon Americans as to secure for its conclusions a respectful ac-

ceptance both in North and South America, an acceptance far harder for any one country to disregard than even the formal decisions of the Hague Tribunal. Indeed, in many ways it is the most practical result of that praiseworthy machinery for international peace which the successive meetings at The Hague devised and fostered. We call it a High Court of Public Opinion; and why not?—who will gainsay such a title? Did it not consider in formal, patient, and decorous fashion the various sides of a vexed question, and was not the result of its effort the averting of a war,—a war wholly unnecessary and yet, save for this mediation, dangerously imminent because affronts to national dignity were in the air, affronts which no nation could brook?

A court must be respected to be influential, and of international courts this is especially true, lacking as they do the police powers enjoyed by a court whose jurisdiction is limited to its own nationals. A court must have gained the indorsement of public opinion to be really effective, and the one we are discussing is a tribunal which possessed that indorsement for the excellent reason that it was the product of that very public opinion.

If the public opinion of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile had not already been educated up to approving this offer of mediation, it would never have been made, but, thus approved, it carried with it so great a prestige as to insure the acceptance of the mediators' conclusions by Mexico, another Latin-American country, an acceptance which nothing fathered by an Anglo-Saxon country could have achieved. It will take a little time for the people of the United States to realize how powerful an agency for international good such a tribunal as this possesses in the Western Hemisphere, because we as a people do not yet know how much more powerful is public opinion in South America than among us.

That it is so powerful is due to several reasons. One of them—and a most important reason—was sensed by Henry Clay when, during his campaign in Congress for the recognition of the independence of the struggling Spanish Colonies, he pointed out the amazing excellence of their Press—more and better newspapers, said he, being then published in Buenos Aires than in all of Spain and Portugal. Those high journalistic traditions have been worthily maintained, and it is difficult to overestimate the educational influence

of good newspapers upon the public opinion of people so devoted to their perusal as are the South Americans.

In view of our ignorance upon this point, it is necessary to emphasize how much more the leading journals of that Continent turn the attention of their readers to international affairs than do ours. One of them, the *Prensa,* of Buenos Aires, with its daily two whole pages of cabled news sets a standard which none of our papers has yet reached. This amount of foreign news spread daily under the eyes of the South American, sets him a-thinking on international subjects, and keeps him thinking thereon day by day. It is no wonder, then, that the average man among them is more given to considering foreign affairs than are men of the same type among us.

Nor is it by newspaper-reading alone that our friends to the south of us have become so generally enlightened upon international questions as to be able to produce so sensible, so practical a solution of a difficult problem affecting two nations as this mediation has proved to be. Their great universities have long devoted more attention to international law than have ours, and have interested in that subject many leaders of their bar, men of the type which in our country would be drawn rather to advising upon large internal affairs. By reason of the popularizing by South-American universities of international law as a study, their educated men come to the task of treating a concrete case involving two or more nations much better equipped than we do. This should not surprise us, because such questions have for years enjoyed the attention of a greater proportion of their leaders in thought than has been the case in the United States.

In this regard let me speak a word concerning the University of Buenos Aires with its five thousand students, for my two years' residence in that city better qualifies me to speak of it than of any other of the many distinguished seats of learning on that Continent. It is astonishing to foreigners to learn how long is the line of famous international lawyers trained by the Law Department of that University. Two of them, Calvo and Drago, lend their names to two well-known doctrines of that great science, but there are many others—Merou, Zeballos, Montes de Oca, Pinero, etc.

Not only is South-American manhood far better equipped

for treating international problems than is generally realized in the United States, but also their manhood possesses a mental vigor about which we are but illy informed. We generally think of them as tropical races, handicapped by a tropical climate—that is a mistake. We have for so many years been accustomed to regard them from afar off—to study them through a telescope whose nearer lens was overadorned with tropical vegetation, that we have either forgotten or never known that much of their portion of the hemisphere lies either in a temperate zone or else so high above sea-level (Quito, Ecuador, is 10,000 feet up; Mexico City 7,500 feet, etc.) as to enjoy a temperate climate.

Let me give one example of their manhood from many that I know:—there is a gentleman in Buenos Aires who is not only a leading member of Congress, but at the same time conducts a large law practice, is an active member of the Law Faculty of the University, and is editor of a law review which has a wide circulation abroad as well as at home. Nor is the wide range of his activities regarded as in any way unusual in that community! To one who likes these people, and who knows the education which they have long been receiving from their universities and their Press, it is not difficult to understand either that such a practical step as the A-B-C mediation should have been evolved by them or that the corollary is true, viz., that the utmost public respect would be accorded throughout Latin-America to a tribunal erected in such a manner.

And now as a preface to speaking of the second great result of this A-B-C mediation, and also as a constant reader of that South-American Press whose influence we have seen is so great, that it has been both delightful and significant to note the wide appreciation by those journals of our action in accepting this proffered mediation and in waiving any indemnity for the military occupation of Vera Cruz which circumstances forced upon us. This appreciation is delightful because it shows a changed attitude of Latin-American public opinion toward us, and it is significant because it indicates a brotherly tendency to understand the altruistic undercurrent of our national spirit. Our hearty acceptance of the mediation has done more to convince South America of our total lack of any desire to annex territory than did our successive withdrawals from Cuba after intervention there. They are more convinced now of

the integrity of our purposes than even they were by two other recent and splendid proofs thereof, viz., our defense of Venezuelan territory in 1895, and our action in being the only nation to return to China a large portion of the Boxer indemnity.

And now for this second great result of the A-B-C mediation, which is nothing more or less than the assumption by South America of her share in the responsibilities and development of the Monroe Doctrine. In that regard surely no development more important than this mediation has taken place since President Monroe sent his famous message to Congress on December 2, 1823! At last South America realizes the altruism of our point of view in regard to that essential feature of our foreign policy, and at last our people have come to appreciate the immense practical value of South-American public opinion in questions affecting the welfare of nations in our hemisphere.

And how else than by means of this mediation could this splendid two-sided realization have come to pass so promptly? It is nearly five years now since the importance of joint action by Pan-American countries in settling Pan-American difficulties began to be discussed in Buenos Aires. The idea was well received there, particularly by its ablest journalists, and it was especially clear in the remarkable mind of Dr. Davila, the talented editor of *La Prensa.* To talk at any length with him was to be converted to the crusade for the idea, and it was my privilege later to urge some such joint action to nearly two hundred commercial bodies all over our country. A most inspiring ideal it was, but what a long and weary struggle seemed ahead before the consummation " so devoutly to be wished "!

And now it has swiftly come true, a beautiful and splendid fact, a precedent to be followed, a standard set up which shall restrain any but forward steps in the future!

It is hard to say which was the more difficult to effect—to convince South America that the Monroe Doctrine did not mean territorial acquisition by us, or to overcome the ignorance in our country of what South America really is. But both these seemingly unattainable results have been achieved, and by this one act of South-American mediation, offered in a spirit of practical international arbitration, and accepted in an equally admirable spirit of national good faith.

Too high praise cannot be given to the diplomatic representatives at Washington of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile—Dr. Naon, Dr. da Gama, and Dr. Suarez—for their admirable part in this mediation, so admirable as to excite the highest encomiums on every side and to gain for them justly merited action by our Congress and recognition by our universities.

There is perhaps limit beyond which, however, such a mediation could serve no useful purpose. It is true that this mediation has given great impulsion to the doctrine of the complete sovereignty of each nation, be it large or small, something which hitherto Latin-Americans have unreasoningly believed to be threatened by the Monroe Doctrine, but it is equally true that at the present development of international relations there should be a limit set to such proffers of mediation. Certain questions are so interwoven into the warp and woof of a nation's sovereignty—are believed to be so vital to its well-being and safety—as to make a real danger to its sovereignty of any offer of mediation therein by neutral Powers. Take, for example, the question of the jurisdiction of the River Plate, a matter so vital to both the nations bordering it, and at the same time so delicate as to make outside intermeddling both unwise and unpractical. On our side of the ocean we have taken a long stride forward toward finding a reliable safeguard for international peace, so long a stride and so practical a one that it would be a pity if further advances should be imperiled by unpractical suggestions from quarters not so well equipped in matters international as our South-American friends have just proved themselves to be.

The millennium is not here yet, and we should at present content ourselves with seeking only such steps to adjust or arbitrate international misunderstandings as are incontestably practical. Let us be practical, as practical as the South Americans have shown themselves to be by their A-B-C mediation offer.

CHARLES H. SHERRILL.

THE RECENT ELECTIONS AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE

BY IDA HUSTED HARPER

When four States conferred the complete franchise on women between 1890 and 1896—Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Idaho—the opponents became alarmed and for the next fourteen years in only three States—South Dakota, Oregon, and Washington—could Legislatures be persuaded to submit the question to the voters, and in all it was defeated. The country politically was entirely under the domination of forces hostile to reforms of all kinds, as Congress and Legislatures were largely controlled by three powers working in unison—the "trusts," the liquor interests, and the party "machines." Five or six years ago the more progressive elements among legislators and the people at large reached the limit of endurance and an insurgent movement began to develop. One of its earliest expressions was the initiative and referendum law, transferring a part of the authority of the Legislature to the voters, and its effect on Congress was seen in the elimination to a great degree of the reactionary powers that so long had dominated that body.

Among the first fruits of this improved condition was the revival of interest in woman suffrage, and the submission of a constitutional amendment in the State of Washington in 1910, its adoption by every county, and the vote in Seattle of three to one were the direct result of this new insurgent spirit in politics. This was equally true of California in 1911, the Legislature which submitted it being composed of these progressive elements, and the strenuously fought-for victory was due to this spirit in the leaders and the majority of the electors. They had taken their stand on high ground and believed they could not hold it without the political help

of women. Suffragists in various parts of the country took courage from the situation which enabled them in 1912 to carry their case to the voters in six States—Ohio by action of a constitutional convention; Michigan, Wisconsin, and Kansas by that of Legislatures. In Oregon and Arizona the Legislatures, knowing it would be successful, refused to submit an amendment, and the women, turning to the initiative and referendum law, secured the necessary number of petitions. How little the Legislatures represented the people was shown at the election, when the amendment was carried in every county in Arizona and received a majority of 4,500 in Oregon. It was adopted in Kansas by over 16,000 votes, carrying 74 out of 104 counties, and Topeka, Wichita, and Kansas City.

In Ohio and Wisconsin it was overwhelmingly defeated by a combination of opposing forces against which no amendment for any purpose could have succeeded, but in Ohio it received about a quarter of a million votes, the largest number ever recorded in any State for woman suffrage. In Michigan it was supposed for several weeks to have been carried, and then was declared lost by a few hundred votes. The Legislature submitted it again and in the spring of 1913 it was defeated by a big majority which the suffragists have never been able to understand. That year the new Legislature of Alaska Territory conferred the full franchise on women, which Congress had given it power to do. The Legislature of Illinois, by a provision of its constitution, gave to women a vote on all measures submitted to the electors and for all offices not provided for in that instrument. These comprised Presidential electors; all municipal, village, and township officers except police magistrates, and included judges and clerks of city courts; county collector and surveyor; members of county boards of assessors and of review and the State board of equalization; clerk of the appellate court and sanitary district trustees.

The end of 1913 found women fully enfranchised in nine States and one Territory, and with a large measure of suffrage in Illinois. Favorable public sentiment had vastly increased; the movement had spread over the country until every State had its organizations; hundreds of thousands of people had signed petitions and membership cards; associations representing many millions of members had officially indorsed it; thousands of women were actively work-

ing for the suffrage where there had been ten a few years before; it had, in fact, become a national issue. Experienced leaders, who know the cost of a campaign in time, strength, and money, were almost appalled at the beginning of 1914, when they faced the prospect of campaigns in seven States —Nevada, Montana, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Missouri, and Ohio. In the first four the question of submission had passed both branches of the Legislature by large majorities; in Nevada it had been adopted by two Legislatures. That of Nebraska had for years refused to submit it; it had not been considered worth while even to ask that of Ohio; in Missouri it passed both Houses by a large vote, but as soon as the members heard from St. Louis they reconsidered and defeated it. In those three States, therefore, the women were obliged to resort to initiative petitions in order to get their case before the electors, who alone could decide it.

It is not an easy or a pleasant task for women to tramp over a State in the winter and early spring, interviewing men of all classes and conditions, and asking a favor of them —voting by comparison would be a very private and exclusive function. In Missouri the initiative law forbids any paid canvassers, and the work here, as in all the States, was a labor of love by mothers, grandmothers, college girls, and self-supporting women. Thousands more than the required 23,000 names of voters were presented to the Secretary of State in the presence of the Governor. It is especially difficult to secure petitions under the initiative law of Nebraska, but the women collected 36,000 names, many more than were needed. In Ohio 104,000 were required, representing at least one-half the counties; they obtained 131,300, representing every county. In these three States all of this work and all that followed in the succeeding strenuous months will have to be done again.

At the time of writing the official returns of the vote on the suffrage amendment have not been received from any State, but it is known that it was carried in only two—Nevada and Montana—in the latter it is believed by over 4,000, in the former by a safe majority. In each of the seven States their own women made a splendid campaign and expected to win, but national leaders of experience hardly hoped to carry more than three, and when the full strength of the opposition was shown toward the close they would

not have been surprised if all had been lost. A superficial observer going through those States during the summer and autumn months would have felt sure that the amendment would succeed. Practically all organizations of men and women declared for it with great enthusiasm, the Federations of Labor, Grand Army of the Republic, Teachers' Associations, Granges and Farmers' Alliances, the Progressive, Socialist, and Prohibition parties, and in some States the Democratic and Republican; religious bodies of all denominations. In every possible way that women themselves could speak they gave official indorsement through the Federations of Clubs, Woman's Relief Corps, College Women's Clubs, Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Councils of Women, Colored Women's Association, Women's Trade Unions, Graduate Nurses' Association, and many other organizations. In not one State had the men any ground for saying, "The women do not want it." In some counties from eighty to eighty-five per cent. of them signed petitions for it; in Ohio more than half a million women asked for it. There were parades of from 5,000 to 7,000 women in various cities, with hundreds of thousands of cheering spectators.

Halls were not large enough to hold the audiences. Men would leave their own political street meetings and flock to those of the suffragists. Public men seemed to have no fear, and United States Senators, Governors, Mayors, and other officials spoke at the suffrage meetings and banquets. Secretary of State Bryan and other prominent men made eloquent suffrage speeches in Nebraska. Speaker Champ Clark championed it in Missouri. The rules of the Merchant's Exchange in St. Louis were suspended in order that Miss Jane Addams might make a suffrage speech there, and the City Club of business men gave a luncheon for Dr. Anna Shaw, president of the National Suffrage Association, while at the big Democratic rally in Joplin addressed by Mr. Bryan the county committee voted unanimously to grant a suffrage speaker ten minutes of the time. And yet Nebraska and Missouri gave large majorities against the amendment!

In each of the seven States the suffragists made a clean, dignified, honest, and honorable campaign, with no hint of intrigue or bargaining, and it is not likely that their worst enemies would make such a charge against them. In Ne-

vada their campaign lasted three years; in the other States from one to two years; and almost universally they worked without financial recompense. They earned a large part of the campaign expenses by suppers, fairs, lectures, selling papers, and various devices. At least ninety-nine hundredths of their funds were contributed by women. No man in the United States has lifted a finger to earn the franchise for himself. It may be said that his ancestors did, but they earned it for their women descendants as well. If the men of this country had a correct sense of responsibility and moral obligation they would relieve women at once and for ever of all further effort to obtain the franchise and take the burden entirely on themselves.

After there were enough returns from the recent elections to show defeat in five States newspaper editorials in all parts of the country urged the women not to be tempted into any form of "militantism" and to remember that the suffrage must be won by education and enlightenment. The reader would suppose that was the way men had won their suffrage—the negroes and the Indians, for instance, or, to take a more recent case, the Filipinos and the Porto-Ricans! The amendment was not defeated in any of those five States because the men lacked education and enlightenment on the question—far from it. Women have conducted between thirty and forty of these State campaigns, have given to them their very hearts' blood for three generations; they expect to struggle through many more and not take up the torch or the hatchet, but they do intend by legitimate means to make life miserable for members of Congress until they obtain the submission of a national amendment which will relieve them from the most cruel and unequal contest that ever was waged. There are arrayed against woman suffrage all the reactionary and vicious forces in the country, all of them enfranchised and unlimited as to finances. It is the only reform movement in existence whose strongest supporters cannot cast a vote in its favor, and the only one that could ever make a gain with this handicap and the opposition of the still controlling forces in American politics.

The employers of labor are determined that no more political power shall be placed in the hands of working people; those corporations that thrive by corrupting legislative bodies are exceedingly adverse to a new class of voters; the party "machines" dread nothing so much as an electorate

of women, and more aggressive, determined, and dangerous than all of these combined are the liquor interests with their endless ramifications extending to the remotest corners, touching innumerable kinds of legitimate business, and directly connected with every form of vice that demoralizes society. These interests never faced such an avalanche of hostile public sentiment as at the present time, which is finding expression in the Legislatures and at the polls, and is nearer than ever before to the doors of Congress, and they believe that if women were a factor in politics the opposition would be a hundredfold strengthened. They always have been the deadly secret foe of woman suffrage, but this year in the campaign States they fought it openly in the newspapers, on the bill-boards, in street-car placards, and with all the vast resources at their command. This alone would have been sufficient to defeat it, but their efforts were supplemented by a very large class of men who are not connected with them, but fear that women as voters would secure "blue laws" of various kinds to interfere with their liberties. Women have not brought about drastic legislation where they have the ballot, but they have done enough cleaning up to make some men apprehensive.

The leaders of the woman-suffrage movement have always tried to keep it entirely separate from that for prohibition, and in order to prove that the two were not identical they have pointed to the fact that no State where women were enfranchised had adopted prohibition. At the recent election prohibition amendments were submitted in six States and carried by large majorities in four, in all of which women vote—Washington, Oregon, Colorado, and Arizona. The one in California probably would have been adopted had it not been so radical that even the clergymen advised voting against it. Ohio snowed it under along with woman suffrage. This was the only State where both amendments were pending, and it proved what has often been demonstrated, that not all men who are for temperance measures are for woman suffrage. Doubtless without the desire of the advocates of either measure the two will henceforth run closely together, and some votes will thus be alienated from the one for suffrage, but the hostility of the liquor interests could not be any more intensified even if they were one and the same.

This new complication threatens to array against woman

suffrage one class of its strongest supporters, as various labor organizations are taking strong ground against prohibition; and yet it is said the amendment was carried in Montana partly as a protest of the working people against the absolute domination of the liquor interests over all legislation. These interests fought it in Nevada as tenaciously as they would in New York, but with a predominance of 200 men of voting age to 100 women the men decided to take the chance. There is no State that will profit more in proportion, as, while there are 40,000 men over twenty-one and only 18,000 women, fully half of the men are transient and "floating," not staying in the State or in one place long enough to vote, while the women are permanent and for the most part wives and mothers deeply interested in the welfare of their community.

The winning of these two States extends woman suffrage over one-third of the area of the country and excludes the western section from further contest. It also adds four United States Senators to those who will vote for a national suffrage amendment. The work of a campaign is not lost, as people generally stay "converted" and the women learn a great deal by experience. Doubtless all the defeated States will at once begin to prepare for another campaign, and to these will be added several more within the next year. Resolutions for submitting amendments to the voters have passed one Legislature in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Iowa, and will be acted on by a second this coming winter, while in many States it has to pass only one. The reactionary tendencies of the recent election indicate the elimination of a third party strong enough to hold the balance of power against the two old parties, which would be detrimental to the success of woman suffrage, but it is now a live political issue and such it will remain as long as any State in the Union refuses to enfranchise its women.

Ida Husted Harper.

OUR ARMY OF UNEMPLOYED

BY WILLIAM PARR CAPES

THE nation-wide discussion about our army of unemployed and the remedial measures proposed in behalf of the idle, have, within the last few months, brought us nearer the solution of this time-worn problem than we in this country have ever been before. Most of the arguments and proposals have been enlightening and constructive. They have overshadowed the dogmatism of the advocates of destructive theories. Instead of substantiating the belief held by those of ultra-radical views, that we are approaching chaotic social, industrial, and economic conditions which are growing worse every day, the agitation has been a most compelling and salutary force. It has simply laid bare a situation that has existed for some time, and by doing so has at last forced upon the public the conviction, held and espoused heretofore only by those who had carefully studied the extent and causes of idleness, that every city at all times has an unemployment problem in urgent need of our best thought and effort. It has made a dilatory nation and many procrastinating States conscious of the need of constructive legislative action. It, too, has brought to public attention facts which show that, although we have for a long time been discussing in a more or less indifferent way the subject of unemployment and allied economic shortcomings, we have failed to make necessary elementary studies to enable us to eliminate the unfit, to care for them and, when possible, to rehabilitate them. We are also becoming conscious of many inconsistencies and of some inhuman methods in our present effort to care for those out of work and to connect the "jobless man with the manless job."

If, as some contend, the size of the idle army that last winter besieged public and private relief agencies was only

normal and not the result of abnormal industrial and commercial conditions, their statements simply add to the proof of our negligence and accentuate the necessity for constructive work. Except for political purposes mainly it is a waste of time to argue the question as to the abnormality of prevailing conditions in the labor market. The fact that in New York and the other large cities of the country there have been thousands of men out of work and in need of food and shelter is sufficient to establish the existence of an annual problem and to justify serious consideration and immediate action by the nation, States, and municipalities.

And within the last twelve months more consideration has been given to the needs of the men out of work by more individuals and organizations, and more has been accomplished in the way of making basic studies and providing remedial measures than within a similar period in some time. For this we may thank those who brought the conditions to public attention by their declarations, either sincerely made or for political effect, that the number of unemployed has been abnormal. Whatever may have been the underlying cause for the discussion, and however justifiable may have been the claims of those responsible for it, we have made some progress toward a solution.

In the recent discussion by public officials, individual philanthropists, and organizations, there has been a strong tendency to advocate and to demand something more than a temporary substitute for work for the idle. This clearly indicates that the public is beginning to appreciate the fallacy of bringing about permanent improvement by relying upon palliative measures, such as bread lines, soup kitchens, and other means of temporarily lessening distress. This changed public attitude is an encouraging sign of progress. But more than this, important as it is, has been accomplished. The National Government has recognized the problem and the number of States that have provided Labor Bureaus has increased. Far more important, however, than all of these has been the desire of public officials, especially those in municipalities, to obtain basic facts for use in the construction of a more efficient service, to the end that the employable among applicants for municipal aid may be enabled to rehabilitate themselves and all others wisely and adequately provided for. As New York City, the greatest of social laboratories, provides unequaled facilities for making a

study of this character, the Department of Charities of that city, supported by several private social-service agencies, took the leadership, and during the first three months of the year made a comprehensive inquiry into the physical, mental, and social history of 1,483 homeless men who applied for aid at the Municipal Lodging House. As a result of this study New York now has most valuable data to guide its officials in formulating a constructive plan to help and to care for its homeless dependents.

In any helpful discussion or study of poverty or of the unemployment problem we must first grant the necessity for dividing the idle into two classes, the homeless single men and women and those with a family to support. Unless this division is made and each group is studied separately, we are liable to set up inaccurate hypotheses which will lead into all kinds of complexities and absurdities. What we may find necessary to do for the homeless idle as a result of our study of that class may not impress us as at all urgent for the betterment of the unemployed breadwinner, and *vice versa.*

Although the same causes of poverty will be found among the homeless and the breadwinners of families, the relative importance of many of these causes in each class is different. We find this same difficulty in our search for the causes of unemployment. In the report of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor for 1913 we find that sickness and injuries were the chief causes assigned for the dependency in forty-two per cent. of the 6,060 families in that organization's care that year. Intemperance was assigned as the chief immediate cause for the destitution of only five per cent. of these families. The report says that facts disclosed by more intensive studies would seem to indicate that these figures are too low. No doubt a more accurate statement would be that from sixty to seventy-five per cent. of the families are dragged into dependency by sickness, and from ten to fifteen per cent. by intemperance. The recent inquiry made by the New York Department of Charities into the cause of the dependency of the 1,483 homeless men examined shows that the poverty of twelve and three-tenths per cent. resulted from permanent physical incapacity, such as old age, tuberculosis, eye, ear, and heart trouble, accident, epilepsy, and venereal disease. Nine per cent. were physically incapacitated temporarily, and another six per cent. were mentally incapacitated. Vagrancy and intemperance were

responsible for eighteen per cent. of the dependents, while in twenty-nine per cent. industrial and moral factors were so inextricably combined that it was impossible to ascribe the downfall of the individual to either one alone. Termination, irregularity, or unfavorable conditions of their employment, forced one-fourth of these applicants to ask the city for temporary help. Although allowance must be made for the personal equation which enters strongly into any effort to determine the causes of dependency in a group of individuals or families, the startling differences in percentages for the same causes in these two classes strongly indicates that we should not use the same hypotheses in our efforts to solve the problem of unemployment among breadwinners of families and among homeless men. Before we can determine the most practical and effective methods of attack we must study each group separately.

Because of the well-organized and scientific work among dependent families and because the workers in this field become intimately acquainted with the needy families and continue their interest in them for some time, we have fairly accurate and comprehensive information about the character and ability of the unemployed in this class. For example, the Bureau of Relief and Rehabilitation of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor had, during January of this year, 208 men with families apply for employment. This was the first time any of these men had sought the aid of that agency. Of these unemployed the Superintendent of the Bureau says fifty-eight were obviously unemployable, that is, they were either unwilling or unfitted to keep a job for any length of time; at least five were mentally defective, seven were too old to work, three were evidently unwilling to work, and forty-three were handicapped physically. The remaining 150 men, however, were able-bodied and anxious to secure employment. The average income of each person during the last year had been $425, and each had worked on an average of eight and a half months. Except for the facts secured as a result of the recent study made by the New York Charities Department, we have practically no reliable information like this about the homeless men, especially those who seek municipal aid. Two reasons are responsible for this deficiency in information: (1) transitory contact with almost all of the applicants has made it difficult to make the necessary studies, and (2) the average taxpayer still looks

askance at the expense of research work that has as its ultimate purpose prevention. The demand by the public for quick returns and immediate benefits by municipal administration has not yet been overcome by far-sighted policies which call for immediate investment and yield future benefits.

One of the first important steps, then, in the solution of the unemployed problem should, in any State and municipality, be a thorough and comprehensive study of the character and capability of the homeless men and women who apply for relief. After these facts have been obtained, collated, and studied, and after these statistics compiled by agencies dealing with dependent families have been gathered, we shall have some basis upon which to estimate the number of homeless applicants who are unemployable because of old age or other handicaps, the number of those who have legal residence in other localities and friends or relatives able to assist them with homes or work, the number of tramps, vagrants, inebriates, and beggars, and the number of those who are aliens and should be returned by the Commissioner of Immigration as public dependents, in accordance with the law. With these facts in our possession we shall know how much and what kind of work we must do. We shall also realize the senselessness and injustice of some of the methods that our present laws, if enforced strictly, would compel us to adopt. We, too, shall be able to arouse public sentiment, now dormant, in favor of adequate and proper State and municipal care for those unfit and unfitted to work. And when these changes in law have been made and these needs provided by State and municipality, we shall discover that the solution of the remainder of the problem—to find work for the employable—will not be so large and so complex.

New York City, where millions of dollars are spent annually to relieve the distress resulting from poverty, and the great Empire State, of which it is a part, furnish as startling examples of inhuman and unjust methods of dealing with homeless dependents and of legislative procrastination in providing adequate care for these unemployables as can be found anywhere. A strict enforcement of Paragraph Five, Chapter 535 of the Laws of 1886 and of Section 662 of the Charter of New York City would quickly arouse a demand for a readjustment of legal procedure and of State policy in dealing with the homeless man. The law requires the New

York City Commissioner of Charities to refuse free food and lodging to any person who applies for aid at the Municipal Lodging House more than three times in any month. It also provides that if any person shall refuse to perform such labor as is specified by the Commissioner and suited to the applicant's age, strength, and capacity, he shall be deemed a vagrant and may be prosecuted and punished. It is only fair to assume that the persons who drafted and enacted the laws containing these provisions acted on the assumption that the State and city would provide adequate care and proper treatment for those to whom it denied help. But the failure of both to make these provisions has brought on a situation that now is acute, distressing, and unjust.

If the laws had been strictly enforced in New York City last winter many homeless men, capable and willing to work, would have been sent to the workhouse as vagrants, simply because they could not find a manless job. The recent study indicates that at least one-fourth of the applicants were employable at the time they sought aid. Others would have been punished in a similar way because they were unfitted to work, some through no fault of their own, and others owing to improvidence. Still others who are unfit but capable of being restored to partial self-support would have been sent to this supposedly correctional institution, which at the present time provides no proper treatment and training to improve their condition. The remainder, those incapacitated beyond hope of even partial rehabilitation, have been allowed to drift or to become burdens upon private relief organizations, because the municipal institutions to which they should have been sent have been overcrowded. Thus we find in the New York situation, which is probably as acute at all times as that in any other part of the country, the necessity for a thorough study of the homeless applicant for municipal aid so that employables may be separated from the unfit and unfitted.

Both the State and City of New York, after years of procrastination, have made a feeble beginning to provide institutions to which the greater part of unemployables may be sent for rehabilitative treatment. During the first year of the Dix administration the State authorized the establishment of a State Farm Colony for Tramps and Vagrants. In January, 1913, it took title to 825 acres of land as a site for the institution, but unfortunately no provision was made for the development of the colony, hence the project at the present

time is practically at a standstill. With an institution of this kind for the homeless who either are unfitted to work or refuse to do honest labor, and who, after care and training, would be capable of self-support, New York and every other community in the State would be able quickly to rid themselves of this class of helpless beings and parasites. Switzerland's experience is proof of the practicability of this plan and the successful results that may be expected therefrom. In our own country we may find justification for the operation of such a colony in the results that Cleveland has obtained at its municipal farm.

To care for another class of the unemployable the New York Legislature in 1913 authorized the establishment of a much-needed State custodial asylum for feeble-minded delinquents. The spirit of procrastination was still virulent, however, and the Governor vetoed the bill.

The municipality of New York has committed itself to the policy of municipal care and treatment of inebriates. The establishment of a farm colony for this class of defectives has been authorized and a site has been selected. With an administration composed of men with a broad social vision and appreciative of the needs and the practicability of preventive and constructive social work, the hope of establishing this activity for the treatment of inebriates seems bright. But even with the completion of this municipal institution all of the needs will not have been met, for there is need of proper hospital facilities for the detention, compulsory if necessary, of homeless wanderers ill of tuberculosis, and convalescent homes for the care of poor persons after they have been discharged from city hospitals. To this list should be added adequate almshouse accommodations. And what New York needs to do on a large scale every other city should duplicate according to the size of its unemployed army.

With the sub-normals, unfitted, and incapacitated removed, cared for, and under treatment, how many of the thousands who apply for public aid in every city would be left to find employment for? That the number would be much less than the army every large community is now unsuccessfully laboring to help is the best reply we can make at this time. There are excellent grounds for the belief, however, that our task would be much easier. New York's study of its homeless applicants indicates this. Besides reducing the number of the unemployed, the problem of finding work for the employ-

able would be less complicated. A greater number of employers would be more willing and more eager to co-operate for the reason that they would have confidence in the fitness of those in whose behalf relief agencies and city administrations are laboring to put on their feet again. As the situation is now this confidence is lacking, owing to the knowledge that many seeking work and in whose behalf work is being sought are not worthy of hire. Machinery quickly to connect the employer and the unemployed could then be set up and put in motion by the nation, States, and municipalities with more assurance of success than at present. The burden both of public and of private relief also would be materially reduced. The agencies in this field could then devote more time and effort among both the homeless and dependent families to so-called incipient poverty, the distress of which requires less funds to alleviate and the victims less time to rehabilitate physically, socially, and economically.

How many of the unemployed are unemployable? When we are able to answer this question with some degree of accuracy and to provide proper and adequate institutional care for the unfit and unfitted, we can more easily and more quickly bring together in this country those in need of work and those needing their services. By segregating the unemployable so that we can care for them and at the same time endeavor to rehabilitate them, we should make easier the task of finding employment for and of keeping employed the capable man who wants to work. We shall then be able to accomplish more through the organization of the labor market, the establishment of labor exchanges, and the regularization of business, and thereby reduce the number of unemployed who are employable, and the number of employers who need their services.

WILLIAM PARR CAPES.

A NUMBER OF INTERESTING NOVELS[1]

BY W. D. HOWELLS

From time to time as one advances in years, one feels obliged, by that sclerosis of the tastes which is apt to occur in old age, to abandon the world to its accumulated errors, and retire upon the superiority of the irrevocable past. At such moments it appears that there are no such novels as there once were, that fiction is not at all the thing it used to be; yet from time to time amidst the flattering despair in which one attributes to oneself a share of that vanished superiority, one has surprises of excellence in contemporary work. Some unimagined writer, hitherto quite unread, presents himself in a book perhaps unwillingly borrowed and provokes one to inquiry about the man who wrote it. He could not have written that story only; he must have done others, better or worse, and one goes on reading as many of his books as one can lay one's hands on.

It was *The Squire's Daughter* which led me on to *The Honor of the Clintons,* to *The Eldest Son,* to *Exton Manor,* and to *The Greatest of These,* in an order of reading which may not have been at all the order of their writing. I was so ignorant of recent English fiction as not to know any of Mr. Archibald Marshall's books by name even, and I was rather critically incredulous of my increasing pleasure in them. Let it be owned at once that it was not the deepest or widest pleasure, not of the proportion of the vast delight ministered by the supreme imaginations. But it was, and in my gratitude it is, a very genuine pleasure which I would

[1] *The Squire's Daughter, The Honor of the Clintons, The Eldest Son, Exton Manor, The Greatest of These.* By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co.
The Saturday's Child, The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne, Poor Dear Margaret Kirby, Mother. By Kathleen Norris. The Macmillan Company.
Clark's Field. By Robert Herrick. The Houghton Mifflin Company.
The Price of Love. By Arnold Bennett. Harper & Brothers.
The Letter of the Contract. By Basil King. Harper & Brothers.
The New Clarion. By Will N. Harben. Harper & Brothers.

not mar the sense of by any minifying reservations. It is too altogether inviting a feat to find this novelist in a measure the palingenesis of the somewhat shambling colossus that bestrode for a generation an ocean tide of political and clerical fiction; but certainly it is of the huge Anthony Trollope that one thinks recurrently in Mr. Marshall's studies of county-family character and circumstance and of the social, moral, and religious keeping of his squires, rectors, vicars, and curates. Yet it must be owned concurrently with this recognition that Mr. Marshall, if he is the revenant of Trollope, is a spirit who has profited in the passage of eternity, and has come back with a more delicate and more enlightened sense of his material. He has not so wide and strong a grasp of it, and he is more generous—that is to say, more just—to the human possibilities, even probabilities, in the sort of figures poured endlessly upon the scene by the greatest of the Victorian masters. His county families have learned something that Trollope's county families did not know; his clerics are less concerned for the Church than the work of the Church. In the book which I have just finished reading, the author has even ventured upon the perilous enterprise of finding common ground for Church and Dissent in their different uses of their common Christianity; and it seems to me that he has convincingly succeeded.

He does not always succeed, he does not always convince, and he is a strictly British Antæus, whose strength fails him when he lifts himself from English ground. His books rather abound in the American slang phrasing which the English like to use, but when he attempts an American figure like that of the Southern wife of *The Eldest Son,* in the Clinton series, it is not of the verity which animates the Southern women of our acquaintance. Worse yet, in this book the native material which serves him so well in the other Clinton books frays out. The story was perhaps necessary for the completion of the admirable portrait of the old squire, but even then it does not seem quite true to life in the reconciliation of the father and son through the intervention of the American wife who opportunely tucks her coat under the squire's head when he lies insensible from a cropper in the hunting-field. Her own father had left her penniless through his ruin by our Civil War, and after supporting herself by dancing on the stage in America she mar-

ries a very worthless nobleman in England who duly makes her a rich widow. She remains uncharacterized by these experiences, and with the money inherited by a rich pork-packing Chicago uncle she becomes the wife of the squire's eldest son and the provisional victim of the old man's obdurate refusal to accept her in his family till she puts her coat under his head, that day. Then all quickly, too quickly, becomes right.

It is a pity; but I do mean that this failure is not without its redeeming features. The young Mrs. Clinton has moments of being true American, and, which is better, of being true woman, as the other women of Mr. Marshall almost unfailingly are. In fact his women figures are the most interesting and valuable addition he has made to the society of the far-reaching circle of English fiction. What amounts to a real find in the Clinton series is the discovery of woman's almost entire and quite unhopeful subjection in good English county families. The whole series bears witness to the fact more or less, but it is in the story of *The Squire's Daughter* that it is most clearly and interestingly studied. There is nothing consciously tendencious in Mr. Marshall's fiction, except as it all tends to good morals and good manners, to patience and kindness, but perhaps one might safely say that his view of woman's place in English society was almost scientific, and that his peculiar contribution to the knowledge of it is his chief contribution to polite literature. This knowledge rather pervades his books; none is quite without it, but it is chiefly characteristic of the Clinton series. The squire's wife, who is so much his better in mind and heart, perfectly accepts his ideal of woman's subordination, and only by a sort of accident in a sort of extremity, asserts herself in his behalf against it. But his eldest daughter realizes the injustice of it, the shame, the cruelty; she rebels against it, she runs away from it, hoping for escape to equality with men in the keeping of a brutal miscreant who has all the manly qualities but the good ones. Her utter ignorance of such a man's nature, her beautiful worldly innocence, her final good sense, and her fearless renunciation of him when she finds that he, self-made and free from the social traditions of her own caste, intends the same domestic enslavement that she has fled from, is something rather new in fiction; and it might go quite as far as suffragettic violence in convincing anti-suffragists of women's

right to equality at least in the "home," to which their prejudice relegates her equal gifts.

But of course what is valuable in the work of this agreeable artist is his portrayal of characters rather than types; and what is superior in it is the evolution of characters from types, of events from conditions. There is plot enough in his books, and more than enough for my pleasure, but I have learned to be tolerant of the pleasure which other people find in plots, and tender to the hard necessity of making them which the novelist is under. I even like things to happen, when they seem to happen naturally and perhaps inevitably, as I am bound to say that for the most part they do in Mr. Marshall's books. But the well-informed novel-reader will not find much that is new either in the country-life setting or county-family action of the stories. The scenes are as familiar as the dramas, but both are renewed to one's experience with an interest in them so genuine as to make them almost new; they have that freshness which traveling back over it gives a road one has come. The two books which seem most to escape into unwonted effect are by no means of the most unwonted environment; yet *Exton Manor,* with its protagonistic contrast of a Low Church great lady and a High Church vicar, and *The Greatest of These,* with the mutual discovery of the gentle dissenting minister and the conscientious rector that they are both of the same agency for charity and of an inevitable brotherhood, are of fresher import than the Clinton series, except for its feminist discovery. Such a statement of the main motives leaves the pleasant treatment of the motives ignored, and it is right to say that this treatment holds itself for the most part aloof from the dry gravel of didacticism which it now and then scrapes. Both books have in unwonted persons and incidents an infusion of new blood which becomes their life. In *Exton Manor,* Mrs. Prentice, the vicar's wife, makes one think of Trollope's Mrs. Proudie, but she is really not Mrs. Proudie, and the Australian widow who has been her deceased sister's successor in marriage is an element of unprecedented effect. Throughout *The Greatest of These* there is a humane unexpectedness which freshens the atmosphere, but the whole structure suffers rather than rejoices from paralleling the sin of the dissenting grocer's son by the same sort of sin in the rector's youth. Nothing is gained to the situation by it, and it really seems

like an afterthought, an accident of invention which overtempted the author by its false *patness*. The larger lesson of the book, the always superlatively important lesson of life, could have been quite well imparted without it.

In reading Mr. Marshall's stories I have had the feeling, perhaps unjustifiable, that I was in the presence of a talent which had not quite found itself out. This might be said of any inventive talent; every talent of the sort is in the process of evolution which goes varying on from book to book, and probably never arrives at the complete recognition of itself. What I am always aware of in this author's work is an essential gentleness, a sort of artistic benevolence, of esthetic altruism, which holds itself superior to the worldly knowledge, or the knowledge of worldly character and circumstance, which he shows so convincingly. He does this, at least to my ignorance of the world, at every point, but most brilliantly, I think (doubtless, again, from my necessary republican ignorance of all such events), in the opening chapters of *The Squire's Daughter,* where he has to give the impression of something so supremely exalted as a court ball, in the most exalted of possible presences. It makes me feel as if I had been at a court ball, though not sorry that in any renewal of my long-lost youth I could not be; and if I were brought to book and made to say what I thought the most excellent piece of this author's writing, I might say that these chapters were.

It is a wild leap from the quiet of the English country air of Mr. Marshall's books to the Californian atmosphere of Mrs. Norris's story of *The Saturday's Child,* but it is rather from one level to another than from higher to lower. The manner of the two authors is as different as their matter, but they are both artists, and that for me is the great matter. What Mr. Marshall is apt to do is to work out very many, if not most, of his questions in long, long talks between two or more of his persons which he is able somehow to save from being dull ones; Mrs. Norris puts the problem or the fact, or the trait before you by quick, vivid touches of portraiture or action. Short of the highly dramaticized narrative of the greatest masters, the Russians, namely, her method is very masterly, and she works in material much stranger to us (shall I say?) cultivated Americans than either the English or the Russian novelists. We cultivated Americans (I am making so bold again) are better ac-

quainted with the nihilists and nobles of Petrograd (one already no longer says St. Petersburg) and the county families of the English country than with the rich and poor of San Francisco whom Mrs. Norris introduces to us in their form of society. After the first exploitation of California in the boldly theatricized types of Bret Harte and the richly grotesqued characterizations of Mark Twain, we had no report of a later life than these great humorists deal with, except in the mighty novels of Frank Norris. These were certainly enough for one while, but Mrs. Norris is very welcome in her still newer field, and none the less so when she reminds us of the young master who died in the prime of his greatness. She does not remind us of him often; her place is essentially her own and she is quite herself in it. If she lacks the final touch of Frank Norris's power as we feel it in the mysticism so consistent with his realism, she has the compensating gift of a more controlled and concentrated observation. She has the secret of closely adding detail to detail in a triumph of what another California author has called Littleism, but what seems to be nature's way of achieving Largeism. At any rate, it seems to me that Largeism is what Mrs. Norris achieves within the limits of her generous canvas, though she densely covers every inch of it with life studied in pre-Raphaelite minuteness.

Mrs. Norris seems to have wrought in the Tolstoyan faith of making Truth alone her hero, when she makes a little Irish-American girl her protagonist, and follows her from her hard work in the counting-room of a wholesale drug-house through her engagement to a rich, amiable, idle, heartless young proprietor of it, to her paid companionship in a rich, amiable, idle, heartless millionaire family, to her final happiness as the wife of a husband worthy of her "in her own class," the class of people who help others in helping themselves throughout their duteous lives. This is stating very dryly, very barely, the terms of a story which I found warmly humane throughout and was impatient with in nothing but the brevity of its great length. The author is bound in it to no epical design such as governed the achievements of Frank Norris; it is quite without pivotal action; it simply goes on and on with a full sufficiency, but not a superfluity, of persons for the transaction of the drama, or for the illustration of the fact which nowhere seems fiction, unless it is in the representation of such a very large plurality of the San

Franciscans as Catholics. They are a good deal like the voting plurality of Bostonians in that, and it is no harm, but one wonders if it is quite the case. In Boston there is still a minority of Protestants engaged in commercial, professional, and intellectual pursuits of several sorts who could not well be left out of any such exhaustive study of the place as Mrs. Norris seems to make of San Francisco, where the people of her fiction, rich and poor alike, in or out of society, and of whatever derivation, are tacitly or explicitly Catholics. It is no harm; one merely asks if it is not through an oversight that they are represented so; though with those of Irish origin or of Maryland derivation there need be no such question.

Those Marylanders, Baltimore or San Francisco born, are delightful, and they are drawn with a loving skill which commends the artist as well as her sitters. The courage of the women in their struggle with adversity is beautifully shown, and the strain of unwonted industry in the slack-twisted fiber of character formed for leisure is endearingly and touchingly appreciated. The little Irish-American protagonist who shares their ready cousinship and the hospitality of their poverty is worthy of them, and of the friendly fate which she finds waiting her at the end of her experience with the world of work and the world of play. I have the feeling that she is not romanced in these experiences, and that the unemployed over-rich are no more unequally dealt with than the poor, though this is perhaps because I do not know the over-rich well enough to like them, and prefer to have them shown at the best vacuously idle, lavish in their daily lives, and without any proper *raison d'être*. But can it be that one of them would be so mean as to buy a poor woman's invention for $500 and give her nothing from the $25,000 which he sells it for; or that the rich girl who pays her sister's companion $60 a month scants her with a check for $50 when they part in a week less than the last month? Perhaps the over-rich of the Pacific Slope are different from the over-rich of the Atlantic States or the Middle West. Yet they seem to have enjoyed the same civilizing influence through education and sojourn in Europe, and to be devoted to the same sports and amusements, both sexes, with the women assiduously feeding one another at lunches and teas of every expensive invention.

One cannot wholly distrust Mrs. Norris's report if one

takes Mr. Herrick's word to the same effect in his story of *Clark's Field*. There is nothing consciously tendencious in his book any more than in Mrs. Norris's, but whoever tells the truth about conditions and their cause and consequence is unconsciously tendencious in his work, and points the old, old moral that some sort of useful work is the savior of the race. The reason why the Jack of our American millionairicism is such an ugly mere toy is that in the first generation from the shirt-sleeves which earned or stole the millions, the silk attire has nothing to do in its limitless leisure, except to be amusingly or offensively empty and idle, without duties, without aims, without hopes or fears. Its only function is to constitute "society" as we know it in the flattering report of the society pages of the papers or in the pages of such pitiless fictions as *The Saturday's Child* and *Clark's Field*. The very close, pre-Raphaelite method of Mrs. Norris seems more reproductive of the fact than Mr. Herrick's broader handling, but they are both to the same effect, and they are both convincing and disheartening. It seems as if our wealth, abound and superabound as it will, can never come even to the poor effect of English birth as we see it in Mr. Marshall's pictures of country-life and county-family portraits. To be sure it took centuries to produce English birth or its constituent classes, and it takes only one little lifetime or less to produce American wealth. But apparently our wealth in the newer parts of the country is not ambitious of birth; "it gets there" without birth, without county family and its duties; it devotes itself to travel, to sport, to lunches and presents; it crawls, it snubs, and without content is entirely self-satisfied; it fulfils the human destiny of unhappiness, and so far it is no worse off than poverty, though it never enjoys the wholesome rest that comes from the weariness of hard work.

I said the newer parts of the country, but wealth is not more homeless there than in the older parts, and enjoys no more reverence or even envy. The scene of Mr. Herrick's story is in the East, in a town so near Boston as to suggest Cambridge, and though it almost ends in California, there the parity between it and Mrs. Norris's story ends. Its protagonist is not an Irish-American girl well related to Southern people: it is a large lot of land in the heart of that town, which a plain, apparently very dull, little New England girl inherits to the expropriation of a great number

of cousins, all with an equal moral and legal claim to the land, but not timely on the ground, and not befriended by the interest of interested people otherwise uninterested in her or her welfare. Mr. Herrick means to write the history of this lot of land, or field; to make it the great figure in his tale, to tell how it grows from a shabby vacant space into an ugly, densely crowded space, with commerce and manufacture and industry housing and homing upon it, and appreciates in value till the poor plain little, poor dull little girl in growing into an experienced and thoughtful, unhappy wife has become immeasurably a millionaire through the more than gold that the earth of the field has turned into. Inevitably the process of character in her far surpasses in interest any possible fact of the field's transubstantiation from earth to wealth. The field is always slipping out of sight, and the growing child and grown woman filling the vision.

I feel it a pity in any review of a book that no review can parallel it in length and breadth, but under the literary conditions that is not possible; and quotation is a poor, awkward makeshift. So I must send the reader to Mr. Herrick's book itself for a due sense of his effectiveness in studying the demoralizing schools in New York and Paris from whose finishing his little girl escapes not quite so distorted in ideals as not to have left in her the stuff for a good life far beyond any good living she knows. Through the kind offices of a just judge (almost too consolingly righteous for entire belief) she becomes the ward of one of those Trust Companies which now fulfil the obligations of the adoptive parents of difficult wealthy orphans; and its trials in discharging the duties of her moral and intellectual nurture form the vein of humor, too sparingly worked for my pleasure, which runs through the story. The Trust Company means so honestly well by her, and does its duty so kindly according to its lights, and yet is so drolly unable to deal with her as a human girl, who grows more and more baffling as she grows older, and gets married and leaves her husband, pending his much-merited divorce, and wishes to give their share of the Clark's Field riches to the other Clark heirs, so intangible and undeserving and otherwise impossible. She is decided against them by the extremely hard-headed far-off cousin whom she discovers in a stone-mason working on her place in California, and who impartially represents them as a stupid and unworthy lot. He is himself not above

his station in many things, but as she has come to regard any sort of handwork as a badge of merit, his being so mainly a mere stone-mason rather commends him at first, though his being a mere man goes finally to her heart. Marriage with him seems to be lurking in the background of the uncompleted divorce; but that personal question is of course more easily solved than the problem of *Clark's Field,* which the author probably wishes us to regard as his "hero."

It is difficult, and yet it is not impossible, and if some such end is what Mr. Herrick is after, I shall be interested to see how he achieves it in some more explicit design. But I warn him that there are many lions and, worse yet, lionesses in his path which he will find hungering more for the love-affairs of his next book than for the solution of its ethico-economic questions. After all, humanity is made up of men and women, rather than of their holdings, in common or severalty, and it will be long before humanity will care more for the economic questions, so intimately bound up with the ethical questions, than for the question of who gets who in a story. I myself, abandoned believer as I am in pecuniary equality as the only reasonable hope of our species, must confess that I care less to know that Clark's Field rightfully belonged to the workers whose toil turned it into wealth and not to the lawful heirs, than whether the cousins ultimately marry. I know from long experience of fiction that they do; but I would like to be at the wedding.

I speak of these two persons because Mr. Herrick has especially interested me in them; but there are others whom he has interested me in: the rich, vulgar, idle, empty-headed, empty-hearted girls whom the unscrupulous mistresses of such educational establishments as Herndon Hall on the Hudson, and Villa Poniatowski in Paris, scarcely pretend to school, by precept or example, in anything but worldly selfishness and hardness. Poor little Adelle Clark is placed by the Trust Company in the tutelage of these women and the companionship of their pupils, and it is natural, almost inevitable, for her to choose the most entirely worthless young man she knows for her love, and to woo and wed him more by her will than his. When she goes with him to live in California after the Trust Company pathetically reconciles itself to her escapade, she changes her sky, but not her mind, and she lives the life of the California rich which Mrs.

Norris more minutely, but not more vividly, paints than Mr. Herrick.

Am I, perhaps, and without well realizing it, perhaps, really studying a new school of fiction in this paper where I proposed nothing so serious, or mainly, indeed, more than the expression of my pleasure in Mr. Marshall's books? Is this new school which I find myself studying so much more strenuously than I meant, to be called the meticulous school? Mr. Marshall in his closely talked-out predicaments certainly seems meticulous; Mrs. Norris, if she is anything, is in everything meticulous; Mr. Herrick, who would have you think he was of a dramatic breadth in his purpose of making an economic fact his protagonist, is certainly as meticulous as any one in his handling of the actualities and potentialities of *Clark's Field.* Then if I come to Mr. Arnold Bennett's story of *The Price of Love,* how am not I tangled in the very finest, closest meshes of meticulosity? Mr. Bennett might in fact be said, if one did not mind what one said, to be the very most meticulous of all my authors, as he has proved in other stories of his; though in this story he seems to be concerned with such broad, bold interests as stealing a large sum of money, and with the thieves' confessing and finding each other out, as well as with the fine, small impulses which compose the massive emotions of a girl so in love with one of the thieves that she is glad to pay the price of her passion not merely by marrying him but by holding his badness dearer than any good in the world. Perhaps she would not have done this, but Mr. Bennett says she did, and in a manner he proves it. In any case, "he is the doctor," and the reader, if he will be his patient, must take the medicine he prescribes. The reality of the story exists in the character, rather than the action, in what the people are rather than in what they do. But the reader hesitates, dubitates; he halts, kicks; perhaps his mood throughout is one long kick. He feels that people declared to be so and so would not probably do so and so; but in life, Mr. Bennett may say, people are continually doing the impredicable. It is not for my school of criticism, if I have any, to say that is not enough, to insist that art must not merely imitate nature, but must surpass her in her own line. Yet somehow the probable rather than the natural should be the ideal; or, should not it?

I hope that in all this I have not been saying that the story

is not most interesting, most amusing, most meticulously admirable in the portrayal of character and the traits of character. So far it is one of the author's masterpieces, and only one of his prentice-pieces in leaving the reader with the doubt whether it happened. With Mr. Basil King's brief novel, *The Letter of the Contract,* there is no such doubt; one knows that the thing did not happen on the terms stated, though the papers may be full of just such things. In this labyrinthine book, which I will not deny having read through at one go—

> From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,
> A summer's day—

with quite impassioned interest, there is a too-typical couple who rebel against the author's evident purpose of making them characters, and whose enforced experience remains an allegory, an instance, an admonition. The husband has had a mistress and still has, and the wife divorces him; each marries again, and then they meet after years and find themselves still in love with each other. The second husband leaves it to them what they will do; the twice-wife may divorce him and let the twice-husband divorce his second wife and remarry the first. It is difficult, but not impossible, in law at least, though something like impossible in gospel. The solution is that "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," and apparently the spirit here is that both must remain constant to the error of their second marriages. The arrival at this precept is by what the Italians in a false addition call a *salto mortale,* and it is not clear that these miserable people in continuing true to their mistake are not living in sin, though Mr. King seems to think it is, unless I have misread him. What there is no doubt about is the hold which the tale takes on the reader's interest, and its intensive culture of his expectation, with moments of nature, of real pathos, of genuine emotion. It is needless to say, however, and this apparently is why I say it, that the book is no such book as *The Way Home,* with its true hopes and high consolations. As a solution of the divorce question it has the prime defect of not solving; and it may be that there *is* no solution of that question. There are some things in this world which it seems we cannot get round, but there is no doubt of the sincere and devoted endeavor of the talent which I think has failed here to find a way round.

It is not more, and certainly it is not less, sincere than the talent which in Mr. Marshall's books strives for justice and charity. If I have not yet recognized as a finer and truer feminism the animating principle of his county-family fiction, let me do so now without more delay, and in his more religious-minded stories, such as *Exton Manor* and *The Greatest of These,* not fail to note what seems to me his special quality. He has not contented himself, like the possibly too-prototypical Trollope, with merely the Church, the Church life and character, but has done what Trollope never did in imagining in Dissent a friend as well as foe worthy of the Establishment's trust and affection. In this respect his last book is his best, and while all his books are partially if not wholly admirable, it seems his most personal, most individual book.

If *The Price of Love* and *The Letter of the Contract* are tunes played each upon one string, in *The New Clarion* Mr. Harben sounds a various note, though he is here what we have already known him: a lover of the old-fashioned make of romance, while so different in the make of his characters. His scene is still as persistently Northern Georgia as Mr. Phillpotts's has been the moors of Devonshire, Mr. Hardy's Wessex, Mr. Bennett's The Five Towns. I am yet in doubt whether he sees his North Georgians as detachedly as I might like him to do; but however this may be, it is all very interesting, and perhaps he makes me see his people the more clearly because he does not always seem conscious of their primitive outlook or onlook, does not draw them as if he were uneasily aware of New York judging the effect over his shoulder. He has new stuff here in what probably promised to be his main theme, and he first makes some studies of a country newspaper in a small town beginning to feel its future; but before he goes far he drops these studies and enters upon the vital business of his book, the morbid anatomy of guilty conscience in a backwoodsman only a little above the four-footed, wild things of his native backwoods. This part of his work is the masterly part of it; all the rest is comparatively prenticework, however good it is, and I am not saying that some, that much, of it is not very good. Only, in this part the unhappy man is brought to the confession of the murder he has done, as subtly, as powerfully, as Raskolnikoff is brought to confession in *Crime and Punishment.* The case, without at all accusing the invention of Mr. Har-

ben, strongly recalled to me the case conceived by Dostoyevsky. Allowing for difference in the material (though this is as much the human soul in the one case as in the other), our North Georgian novelist deals with it as authentically as the Russian, though not with his far-reaching suggestion. In fact, the question with Abe Fulton's soul was not so complex as with Raskolnikoff's. The homicide which his primitive passion of revenge, of " wild justice," drove him to do, did not involve the deep guilt of the ambitious student, and his confession of it contained the redemption which it is the triumph of Dostoyevsky to ascertain, in his pursuit of Raskolnikoff's conscience, as the final effect of his punishment.

It is interesting to trace in Mr. Harben's story, as in Mrs. Norris's and Mr. Herrick's, the working of the same ideal toward economical equality. It is not very declared in either of them as a doctrine or a principle; it is rather, in all, the recognition of the failure of wealth as a source of happiness. In the work of Mr. Marshall and the like of him, the failure of birth as a source of happiness may be less explicit, but the recognition of the fact is one of the oldest traditions of English poetry, whether verse or prose, and he has inherited his full share of it. His reader, if he reads between the lines, may read it as easily as he may read the revolt from wealth as an ideal in the work of the Americans I have been trying duly to praise. Among these I suppose that I am presently interested most in the work of Mrs. Norris, though it is not, on the whole, so high or deep or wide as that of the others at their highest and deepest and widest, but is richest in the elements of the merest humanity. There is something quite absolute in its democracy, except for that droll allegiance to " family " which she feels herself somehow obliged every now and then to testify. I suppose her to be a Californian, and I am too ignorant of Californian conditions to be able to say whether the aristocratic sense as it survives there is of a Southern origin or not, but in Mrs. Norris's people it seems to be so. It seems in one case at least of rather uncertain recollection, for it is not credible that any Southern family could bear the distinctively New England name of Quincy. When it comes to the Southerners as Mrs. Norris gives them in any degree of actuality, I am bound to say they are delightful, not only as one finds them in *The Saturday's Child,* but in the minor fiction along the way to that supreme arrival. Perfectly charming, and perfectly Southern, though

of course not exclusively Southern, is the character studied in the delightful sketch *Making Allowances for Mamma,* which is one of Mrs. Norris's many pieces of lovable fun and pathos. There is a whole little book given to the worship of motherhood in that called *Mother,* which endears the author equally with her heroine for her brave, frank, loving fealty to the common life and its conditions. *The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne* is perhaps too exemplary, too much an allegory; it is so truthfully circumstanced that one cannot deny it happened, but one doubts. Everywhere, however, the undoubtable is abundant in the work of this pleasing artist, who is not afraid to find beauty everywhere, not only in the gardened spaces, but in the weed-grown alleys of life; she is of such high courage that she makes you feel this beauty in an Irish undertaker's family, the like of which has not happened since Dickens dared it. Her art is always art for truth's sake and goodness' sake, and mostly for hope's sake. It deals with commonness on the highest as well as the lowest social levels, and on all the planes between, not to flatter or belie, but to make the scene and the figures live before you by truth to them. I who have always loved the films and their measureless possibility for good will not be thought to underpraise her work when I call it a moving-picture show.

W. D. Howells.

THE WORKMANSHIP OF "MACBETH"—III

BY SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

VII

We come now to Banquo, who really *has* individual character: and the more we study Banquo (limned for us in a very few strokes, by the way), the more, I think, we find cause to wonder at Shakespeare as a workman. The *Chronicle* makes Banquo guilty as an accomplice before the fact. Here are Holinshed's words:

> At length, therefore, communicating his purposed intent with his trustie friendes, amongst whom Banquho was the chiefest, upon confidence of theyr promised ayde, he (Macbeth) slewe the King at Envernes, etc.

Now, in the play, on the eve of the murder, Macbeth does seem to hang for a moment on the edge of imparting his purpose to Banquo, who has just brought him the King's diamond. "I dreamt," says Banquo—

> I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters—
> To you they have showed much truth.

Macbeth returns:

> I think not of them:
> Yet, when we can extract an hour to serve,
> We would spend it in some words upon this business,
> If you would grant the time.

And Banquo replies:

> At your kindest leisure.

His leisure! Macbeth's "kindest leisure" at that moment! Remember it when we come to say a word on the all-pervading irony of this play. The dialogue goes on:

> MACBETH: If you should cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
> It shall make honor for you.

BANQUO: So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
MACBETH: Good repose the while!
BANQUO: Thanks, sir, the like to you!

Now, why did Shakespeare avoid the *Chronicle* at this point and send Banquo to bed with a clear conscience? The commentators are ready, as usual. "Why, don't you *see?* Banquo was to be father to a line of kings the last of whom, in 1603, had inherited the throne of England also, 'and two-fold balls and treble scepters swayed.' It would never do, in a play written some time before 1610 for performance by His Majesty's Servants, to depict His Majesty's Scottish forebear as an accomplice in treason."

True, profoundly true! And even illuminating in its way! But it scarcely illustrates the way in which dramatic masterpieces are constructed.

I think we shall find two capital artistic reasons—one simple, the other subtle, but both potent—why Shakespeare did not involve Banquo in Macbeth's guilt.

In the first place, it is surely obvious that by sharing the plot up with Banquo and other "trustie friendes" (in Holinshed's phrase) Shakespeare would have destroyed the impressiveness of Macbeth and his wife. In proportion as he dragged in a crowd, and just so far, would he have shortened the stature, blurred the outlines, marred the effect of that tremendous pair, who, as it is, command us by the very isolation of their grandeur in guilt.

The second reason is subtler, though scarcely less strong. In all great literature there is always a sense of the norm. Even in Shakespeare's most terrific and seismic inventions—when, as in "Hamlet" or in "Lear," he seems to be breaking up the solid earth under our feet—there is always some point and standard of sanity to which all enormities and passionate errors are referred by us, unconsciously, for correction; and which the agitated mind of the spectator settles back as upon its center of gravity.

A convincing exposition of this principle will be found in Coventry Patmore's *Principle in Art.* He calls it the *punctum indifferens,* or Point of Rest. In a painting (he shows) it may be—often is—something apparently insignificant: a sawn-off stump in a landscape of Constable's;

in the Dresden Madonna of Raphael the heel of the Infant—which yet, as we know, was to bruise the Serpent's head. "Cover these from sight," says he, "and, to the moderately sensitive and cultivated eye, the whole life of the picture will be found to have been lowered." But, he continues:

> It is in the most elaborate plays of Shakespeare that we find this device in its fullest value; and it is from two or three of these that I shall draw my main illustration of a little-noticed but very important principle of art. In "King Lear" it is by the character of Kent; in "Romeo and Juliet," by Friar Laurence; in "Hamlet," by Horatio; in "Othello," by Cassio; and in "The Merchant of Venice," by Bassanio, that the point of rest is supplied. . . . Thus Horatio is the exact *punctum indifferens* between the opposite excesses of the characters of Hamlet and Laertes—over-reasoning inaction and unreasoning action—between which extremes the whole interest of the play vibrates. The unobtrusive character of Kent is, as it were, the eye of the tragic storm which rages round it; and the departure, in various directions, of every character more or less from moderation, rectitude, or sanity, is the more clearly understood or felt from our more or less conscious reference to him. So with the central and comparatively unimpressive characters in many other plays—characters unimpressive on account of their facing the exciting and trying circumstances of the drama with the regard of pure reason, justice, and virtue. Each of these characters is a peaceful focus radiating the calm of moral solution throughout all the difficulties and disasters of surrounding fate: a vital center, which, like that of a great wheel, has little motion in itself, but which at once transmits and controls the fierce revolution of the circumference.

Now, in "Macbeth" Banquo supplies this Point of Rest. He is—though on an enlarged scale, having to stand beside the "hero"—the Ordinary Man. Like Macbeth, he is a thane, a general, a gallant soldier. The two have fought side by side for the same liege-lord and, without jealousy, have helped each other to conquer. They are brought upon the stage together, two equal friends returning from victory. To him as to Macbeth the witches' predictions are offered. Macbeth shall be King of Scotland; Banquo shall beget kings. But whereas Macbeth, taking evil for good and under persuasion of his wife as well as of the supernatural, grasps at the immediate means to the end, Banquo, like an ordinary, well-meaning, sensible fellow, *does not do it*, and therefore on the fatal night can go like an honest man to his dreams.

This is not to say that Banquo did not feel the temptation. Shakespeare would not have been Shakespeare if he had not made Banquo feel it. The point is that, feeling it, I do not say strongly—it may have been lethargically, as ordi-

nary decent men *do* feel the spur to enterprises which mean the casting off of honor, Banquo did not yield to it; and, as it seems to me, Dr. Bradley wastes a great deal of subtlety in trying to show him an accessory after the event, since he apparently acquiesces in Macbeth's attainment of the crown while suspecting his guilt. For or against this I shall only quote Banquo's own words when the murder is discovered:

> Fears and scruples shake us:
> In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
> Against the undivulged pretence I fight
> Of treasonous malice.

But why should we weigh how much or how little Banquo knew and chose to be silent about? What matters is that of the two soldiers one is tempted and yields, the other is tempted but does not.

And it matters in this way, that from the moment Macbeth yields and apparently succeeds, Banquo, who has not yielded, becomes a living reproach to him. He is the shadowiest of dangers; but his mere innocence foredooms him to be the skeleton at the feast; and therefore Macbeth's first instinct is by removing Banquo to obliterate the standard of decency, of loyalty—if that loyalty were partial only, why, then the more credit for obeying it—which survives to accuse him. So Banquo becomes naturally the first sacrifice to be paid to a guilty conscience, and Banquo is murdered.

VIII

But Banquo is murdered midway in Act III. A half of the play has to come and we have wiped out the one man who, on the principle we have been examining, is the touchstone to test the wrong from the reasonably right. All the other characters are mere shadows of men, painted on the flat. Macduff survives to be the avenger, but he is to be the avenger by no strength of his own, and he survives (as most of us will agree) by a pretty base action, fleeing the country and leaving his wife and children behind, unprotected.

Have critics yet considered the artistic value of Lady Macduff, and more specially the artistic value of the boy, little Macduff?—one of those gallant, precocious, straight-talking children in whom Shakespeare delighted—it may be

because he had lost such a son, at just such an age. Reading carefully, let us note how this boy is introduced close after Macbeth's purposed visit to the Witches—he seeking them this time. (Another touch of insight: it is always the Devil who first accosts, and the victim who later pays the visits, seeking ways).

Straight upon that foul scene in the cavern light breaks, for the last time in the drama, in the sunny wisdom of a child. Good gospel, too, as I take it.

> "Was my father a traitor, mother?"
> "Ay, that he was."
> "What *is* a traitor?"

And so on. "Now God help thee, poor monkey!" says his mother at length (irony again) and while the Murderer is at the gate, being admitted—

"Where is your husband? . . . He's a traitor," are the words in the Murderer's mouth.

"Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain," answers up the proud, plucky boy a moment before he is stabbed.

All these pretty ones end tragically in Shakespeare; but surely you see that this one in this play lives his few moments not wholly in vain.

IX

The wonderful counterpoise of will and character between Macbeth and his wife has been so often and, on the whole, so well discussed that I shall take leave to say very little about it. But two brief notes I will make:

(1) Looking into the matter historically, I cannot find that critics ever began to do Lady Macbeth justice until Mrs. Siddons taught them. Johnson, for example, wrote that "Lady Macbeth is merely detested." A truly amazing judgment to one who was privileged to watch Ellen Terry rehearsing the part, and again to watch John Sargent painting her, in her green robe of beetles' wings, as she stood in the act of lifting the crown to her brow!

Exquisitely chosen moment! For, reading the play carefully, let us observe how, for her, everything ends in that achievement. Up to it, hers has been the tiger nature, with every faculty glued, tense on the purpose, the prey; her husband but a half-hearted accomplice. The end achieved, it would seem that the spring of action somehow breaks within her. It is Macbeth who, like a man, shoulders the

weight of moral vengeance. *She* almost fades out. She is always the great lady; and while she can, she helps. They are both great: never one vulgar word of reproach or recrimination passes between them. But they drift apart. Macbeth no longer relies on her. Uncounseled by her, he seeks the Witches again, solitary pursues his way; and *her* mental anguish is left to be watched by a Doctor and a Gentlewoman. It is but reported to her husband. When the wail of the waiting-woman announces her death, he is busy arming himself for his doom. All he finds to say on the word "dead" is:

> She should have died hereafter:
> *There* would have been a time for such a word.

Through its strong simplicity of plot, its flattening of the stage as of all the subsidiary characters, its working out of vengeance by agents who are carefully kept as mere puppets in the hand of Heaven, "Macbeth" bears a resemblance unique among Shakespeare's writings to Greek tragedy; nor can it by accident be full of that irony in which the Greek tragedians—say Sophocles—delighted.

But it is to be observed that the irony most prevalent in "Macbeth" is, if not an invention of Shakespeare's own, at least not the usual tragic irony, that consists in making the protagonist utter words which, coming on the momentary occasion to his lips, convey to the audience (who know what he does not) a secondary, sinister, prophetic meaning.

Now there is some of this irony in "Macbeth"; but its peculiar irony is retrospective rather than prophetic. It does not prepare the spectator for what is to come; but rather, when it comes, reminds him as by an echo that it has been coming all the while. Thus, when Macbeth and Lady Macbeth stare—how differently!—at their bloodied fingers, *he* says:

> Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand?

—while she says confidently:

> A little water clears us of this deed.

The irony is not yet. It comes in after-echo, in the sleep-walking scene, when (*he* having passed beyond account of it) *she* says, "Here's the smell of blood still! All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

So when the ghost of Banquo seats itself at the banquet, we catch, as by echo, the insistent invitation,

> Fail not at our feast,

with the promise:—

> My lord, I will not:

as, when Macbeth calls out on the same ghost,

> What man dares, I dare: . . .
> Take any shape but that,

we hear again:—

> I dare do all that may become a man:
> Who dares do more is none.

Again, when Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane, do we not catch again the whisper,

> Stones have been known to move and trees to speak?

The whole play, as it were a corridor of dark Inverness Castle, resounds with such echoes; and I know nothing that matches it in these whispers (as I will call them) of reminiscent irony.

X

The whole play (as I have said and as others have said before me) curiously resembles Greek tragedy in a dozen ways, of which I will mention but one more—though it is full of blood and images of blood, the important blood-shedding is hidden, removed from the spectator's sight. There is, to be sure, a set scene for Banquo's murder; but it can be omitted without detriment to the play, and, in fact, always is omitted. Duncan is murdered off the stage; Lady Macbeth dies off the stage; Macbeth makes his final exit, fighting, to be killed off the stage. There is nothing here like the "blood-bolter'd" culmination of Hamlet.

Now and lastly—for there is no space left to argue it—I will only profess my belief (conviction, rather) that this tragedy so curiously resembling classical tragedy does, in fact, overpass in its bold workmanship any classical tragedy.

As we remember, Milton, of Christ's College, Cambridge, once proposed to rewrite "Macbeth." The entry—to be seen in Trinity College Library—runs: "'Macbeth,' beginning at the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff. The matter of Duncan may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost."

Milton, in effect, wished to cast "Macbeth" in the strict form of classical tragedy, as he afterward cast "Samson Agonistes." And Professor Richard Moulton has actually taken Shakespeare's "Macbeth" and, by one of the most brilliant *tours de force* in modern criticism (I say this quite deliberately), recast it, with a Chorus and all, step by step back into a Greek tragedy.

He uses scarcely anything that cannot be found in Shakespeare. It is an exquisite performance. But his permanent scene is, of course, Dunsinane Castle, not Inverness. That is, the play begins when all but the slow retribution—all that we first think of Macbeth—is concluded.

> "I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?"
>
> "Infirm of purpose,
> Give me the daggers."
>
> (Knock, knock, knock.)

And he begins with a Prologue spoken by Hecate. Hecate!—I have said nothing of her because, to be quite frank, I do not yet understand her. The commentators, ready as usual, surmise that Middleton, or somebody like Middleton, interpolated Hecate. I hesitate to accept this. It does *not* appear likely to me that a whole set of foolish men (though Middleton in itself seems a well-enough-invented name) were kept permanently employed to come in and write something whenever Shakespeare wanted it foolish.

But . . . Hecate!

After all, Professor Moulton's *tour de force,* though he casts it into strophes and antistrophes, is only John Milton's "'Macbeth' beginning at the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff."

Short of Shakespeare's, it could hardly have been better.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

SIGNIFICANT HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH

Concerning some New Plays and some Skilful Acting.—A Word to Certain Young American Song-Writers.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THERE are few more familiar complaints among the amiable Bourbons of criticism than that which assumes and deplores the absence of fine and skilful miming in the theater of to-day. We are told that the commercializing of our stage, the appalling celerity with which "stars" spring into being, the steady corruption of public taste, have brought the modern theater to a sorry pass, and have made it an easy victim to that devouring monster, the moving-picture play. What, indeed, have not our discouraged veterans of theatrical criticism said in dispraise of the theater of our time? No doubt it is easier to play the rôle of a critical Jeremiah than a critical Moses—at least it involves no perils, though it would seem to provide, at best, a melancholy joy. Yet there are some of us who prefer to side with the prophets of modernity—who would say of the drama of to-day what Mr. Henry M. Alden (a veteran whose youthful heart and spirit put to shame the croaking misoneism of indurated orthodoxy) has said of the fiction of to-day: that it has "more varied traits than that which preceded it, . . . a deeper dramatic interest, intellectually and emotionally, though it is changed to follow the pattern which life itself makes, yet in its course unfolding novel surprises; above all, it has more spontaneous play of human activities and a finer and more vital humor." And that, it seems to many, is no less true of the histrionism of our time. The other day Mr. Charles Frohman breathed life into the ancient arteries of Sardou's "Dora," garbing its deciduous frame in the habiliments of to-day,

and permitted Mr. Gillette, Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Marie Doro, and others to transform its conventionalized puppets into verifiable and veracious human beings. For these bounties he was rewarded as he might have expected to be rewarded; he was reproached because Mr. Gillette and the others did not play the familiar personages of "Diplomacy" as their predecessors had played them. There was small recognition of the fact that Mr. Gillette, for example, instead of playing Henry Beauclerc in the traditional manner, was sufficiently penetrating, imaginative, resourceful, original, and adroit to persuade you that you had known Henry, that you liked him, that you wanted to know him again. This was not Mr. Gillette trying to imitate Charles Coghlan, or Mr. Gillette imitating himself: it was an actor of creative intuition and rare skill setting before you a Beauclerc of irresistible humanity. This was acting of extraordinary competence—artistry that was stimulating, delightful, reassuring.

And when you have seen Mr. Gillette achieving this quiet triumph of recreative miming on the stage of the Empire, go to Mr. Winthrop Ames's Little Theater and observe that masterpiece of comic delineation, the Sam Thornhill of Mr. Kenneth Douglas in that delectable and delicately wicked portrayal of English Society, "A Pair of Silk Stockings." It would have been the easiest thing in the world to make Sam merely a "silly-ass" Briton of the familiar sort; and none but an actor of the finest artistic tact, the most scrupulous artistic honor, would have resisted the temptation. We doubt very much whether the light comedian of a generation ago would have forborne to make a caricature of this ventripotent young swell, with his foppish attire, his monocle, his amiable vacuity, his comic despairs, who, in disguise, secretes himself in his divorced wife's bedroom in order that he may win her back to him, and who is discovered and captured as a burglar while engaged in that adventure. Mr. Douglas does not play him in the spirit of farce; he does not for a moment caricature the part; on the contrary, he acts the rôle with such exquisite restraint, such unflagging veracity, so unobtrusively building up the character before your eyes by innumerable little strokes of subtle yet vivid portraiture, that the egregious Sam becomes and remains a part of your experience as a living and indefeasible personality.

Pursue your journey still further, now, to Wallack's, where is to be seen the Lieblers' production of Mr. Shaw's joyous "romance" (as he slyly calls it), "Pygmalion," and observe the inimitable performance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, that former mistress of poetic tragedy and tragi-comedy, that erstwhile Electra, Mélisande, Mrs. Ebbsmith, as Eliza Doolittle, the cockney flower-girl of Covent Garden, who was made over into a fine lady by the phonetic necromancy of Henry Higgins. The play itself is not one of Mr. Shaw's most dazzling exhibitions of virtuosity. He is not here so incandescent in wit, so captivatingly audacious, as he is capable of being; yet it is still true of him that he makes every one of his contemporaries among writers for the stage seem, by comparison, a little flat and lymphatic, a little prosaic and quotidian. It is not easy to imagine "Pygmalion" without Mrs. Campbell's expert and delicious characterization of the transformed flower-girl; one refuses to believe that any other actress now on the stage could make Eliza live before us with an equal vividness and completeness. She must fill with happiness the heart of Mr. Shaw—especially in that unforgetable scene in the third act when the Professor exhibits for the first time, in his mother's drawing-room, the finished product of his experiments. We love to remember her painfully meticulous delivery of polite commonplaces concerning the weather, followed by a transition to more personal matters, and then that wonderful, that breath-catching recital—in the language of the slums but with the intonation of Mayfair—of old man Doolittle's dalliance with the grape:

"It never," recites Eliza, with fastidiously polished enunciation, "did him no harm, what I could see. But then he did not keep it up regular. On the burst, as you might say, from time to time. And always more agreeable when he had a drop in. When he was out of work, my mother used to give him fourpence and tell him to go out and not come back until he'd drunk himself cheerful and loving-like. There's lots of women has to make their husbands drunk to make them fit to live with. You see, it's like this: If a man has a bit of a conscience, it always takes him when he's sober; and then it makes him low-spirited. A drop of booze just takes that off and makes him happy."

It is the fault neither of Mrs. Campbell, nor of Mr. Shaw, by the way, that the famous epithet which was intended to

horrify British ears falls quite innocuously upon the hearing of New York audiences at Wallack's.

"What is life," says Higgins, "but a series of inspired follies?" That—almost—is a description of Mr. Shaw at his best: a creator of inspired follies; and it all but fits his "Pygmalion." Would that all the comedies of the absurdly lamented past came as near to deserving it as does this delightful whimsicality, so superlatively realized, in its central feature, by the admirable craft of Mrs. Campbell.

If we are still in some doubt as to the decay of the art of acting in our time, let us proceed now to the playhouse where that unpredictable genius, David Belasco, has seen fit to set before us one of the most ingenious and original comedies that the metropolitan stage has witnessed in many a day, but which is no more memorable than the acting that gives it life.

"The Phantom Rival" is an adaptation, by the accomplished Mr. Leo Ditrichstein, of Ferenc Molnar's "Das Märchen vom Wolf." Molnar's play is based upon the romantic thesis that every woman treasures in her heart of hearts an idealized, a glorified image of her first love: an image which persists, which is not dislodged by any subsequent attachments, even though she may marry happily—some one else. And surely it is among the strangest and most touching revelations of our humanity (as we have elsewhere observed) that there is no one so prosaic, so complacent, so alien to romance as not to bear in some inner chamber of the heart some secretly cherished portrait, perhaps dim with age, from which gazes a once beloved face—a chamber into which one looks, it may be every day, it may be but once in a decade, to dream a little, to long a little, perhaps to regret a little more. Is it not incredible, Molnar might say to us, that the eupeptic mistress of your neighbor's household—a blameless wife, an irreproachable mother, a pillar of the Ladies' Culture Club, a beacon of rectitude—should be in certain reminiscent hours a dream-haunted wanderer in enchanted woods, a silent worshiper in some temple whose hidden place is known only to her? So we see Louise—Louise, a happy wife and mother—dreaming of her girlhood's sweetheart, the ardent young Russian, Taticheff; we can almost hear her murmuring to herself in broken, Lesbian cadences,

> I loved thee,
> . . . of old time, once,
> . . . long since in old-time overpast."

But Molnar has the prophylactic gift of comic irony; so he shows you what happens, in nine cases out of ten, when the girl who has enshrined her early lover encounters him in the flesh in later life—when the man that was is confronted with the man that is. Dozing before her fire, Louise has splendid dreams of him; she visions him as a great general, a great statesman, a great singer. And note, by the way, the delicate justice, the rare fidelity, with which these dream passages are handled by the playwright; for they have the inconsequence, the abruptness of transition, the fluid quality of sleep-chasings; and note also the happy inspiration which has prompted Molnar to present these glorious visions as they would naturally appear to the crude and expansive imaginings of a young girl; the mighty general, as he tells her, rose from the ranks in less than a month; the statesman holds monarchs in the hollow of his hand, partitions empires, plays with the nations of the world as if he were overlord of the cosmos. And then—and then—Louise awakens, to meet the *real* Taticheff. Alas, he is no general, no statesman, no conquering artist; he is private secretary to an eminent traveling Russian—a most obsequious little man, politely servile, with his "yes, Ma*dame;* no, Ma*dame.*" He remembers Louise with difficulty; indeed, he is engaged to a girl at home in his native Russia, the daughter of a farmer who is rich in pigs.

Poor Louise! Her heart is rid of its cloudy dreams; she can laugh at them now; and, after all, is not her husband, though a little jealous, the best of men? And yet one cannot but wonder if, in some downcast hour, she does not say over to herself, with just a shade of bitterness,

> . . . I would not find;
> For when I find, I know
> I shall have claspt the wandering wind
> And built a house of snow."

A comedy of real substance, charm, wit, is this of Molnar's; and how delightfully, how satisfyingly, it is produced and acted at the Belasco! Here again we have, in the Louise of Miss Crews and the Taticheff (in his five incarnations) of Mr. Ditrichstein, acting, in the vein of high comedy,

of the most expert kind—full of insight, finesse, imagination, and technical dexterity. Particularly engrossing was the fivefold characterization of Mr. Ditrichstein—a performance worthy of Richard Mansfield.

To those who, after witnessing the performances which we have particularized in these notes, are not yet persuaded that excellent miming is still a very common thing on our stage, we would suggest further investigations: we would recommend that they observe the eloquent and distinguished acting of Miss Elsie Ferguson in Klaw and Erlanger and Mr. Frohman's production of Mr. Davies's "Outcast," at the Lyceum; of Mr. Faversham and Mr. Tearle (not to speak of the admirable French player, Mademoiselle Gabrielle Dorziat) in de Croisset's "The Hawk," at the Shubert; of Mr. Leon Quartermaine in Mr. Brady's production of Knoblauch's "My Lady's Dress," at the Playhouse; and of a dozen other players whom we could name if we had the requisite time and space. And when we can add that the inexhaustibly delectable Marie Tempest is now to be seen in repertoire, under the auspices of the Messrs. Shubert, at the Comedy, has it not been sufficiently indicated that histrionic capacity has scarcely as yet vanished wholly from our contemporary stage?

Why does the younger generation of our native composers persist in offering us, with so bland and childlike an unconsciousness, music which is so often merely a gesture of homage to the particular composer who happens to represent the prevailing musical fashion of the hour? It is, of course, easy to understand the attraction which a powerful creative mind must exercise over a youthful artist of sensibility: it is easy to understand why our youngsters caper so readily to-day to the piping of Debussy; but why do they exhibit their performances in public with so naïve a pride, as if they had learned the trick without a master? The other day an admirable singer of songs, Mr. Reinald Werrenrath, gave a concert at Æolian Hall in the course of which he sang a group of *Lieder* by certain of the junior American composers. There was not one of these songs that lacked certain valuable possessions; they displayed a measure of poetic and emotional sensibility, competent craftsmanship, a command of eloquent utterance, an occasional mastery of beauti-

ful speech. The sensibility and the craftsmanship it was a pleasure to recognize; it was much less of a pleasure to note that the eloquence and the beauty were in no case self-sprung: they were derivative. They were, chiefly, dilute Debussy. Now Debussy's music is interesting only when written by Debussy—as Debussy himself is interesting only when he is speaking his own native tongue: we have as strong a distaste for this great master when (as in some of the interludes of "Pelléas et Mélisande") his voice is the voice of Wagner, as we have for those accomplished young American song-writers who, with apparently naïve unconsciousness, speak the language of Debussy. It is simple justice to them to say that Europe, especially France, England, and Russia, is full of composers, both eminent and inconspicuous, who have adopted the unmistakable ways of Debussy as their own—fatuous and ineffectual Lilliputians who, with absurd and pavonine pride, strut about in the exquisite vestments of the unique musical personality of our time. Second-hand Debussy is just as unacceptable when we encounter it in the brilliant and ingenious Ravel as when it confronts us in the oddly ingenuous productions of our own modernistic young tone-poets.

Mr. Ernest Newman has said, with point and truth, that nothing can prevent composers of one country "assimilating, if they want to, the technical methods and the harmonic discoveries of composers of any other country." That is indisputable. MacDowell, for example, "assimilated" Wagner and Liszt and Grieg; but he also gave us—MacDowell. Let our young men be a little more brave and forthright: let them derive all the liberating and quickening impulses they can from Debussy, or from Strauss, or from Schönberg, or from any one else who can kindle their creative fires; but let them not forget for an instant that unless their music is personal, individual, self-sprung, it is less than nothing. The world does not want to hear their accounts of Debussy's soul; it wants to hear their accounts of their own. We would remind them of these lines from Swinburne's "In the Twilight":

> What if the morning awake
> Never of us to be seen?
> Yet, if we die, if we live,
> That which we have will we give.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

In a queer, bashful little preface Mr. Havelock Ellis warns his readers away. This is in no sense a book, he says, but rather the loose sheets of a journal, which people are likely to find "too idiosyncratic and personal." From his preface you might suppose that the text of this volume had somehow slipped out inadvertently like an oath, though why in that case it should ever have got itself bound he does not explain—perhaps because in compact form it might the more easily escape detection. And, not content with apologies, he quotes the adverse comment of a friend that it lacks "explicit reasonableness," which, by the way, is an admirable illustration of a large and thriving body of contemporary criticism. For, this being quite obviously a book of random observations, thoughts, and half-thoughts, crotchets, hobbies, guesses, and whims, would from its very nature lack "explicit reasonableness." One may contend that a volume of "impressions" ought not to exist, but, granting its existence, one cannot reasonably blame the writer because he has not achieved something he did not aim at—for example, a history of Rome or a mathematical treatise. And this sort of fundamental misunderstanding accounts, I believe, for a very large part of current critical volubility, especially of the serious, academic sort, as when the judicious in the London *Athenæum* are grieving over some light person who is not as judicious as they. To this day, I suppose, there are hundreds of good souls complaining that Mr. Chesterton is not solidly instructive, and that Mr. H. G. Wells is a little too sweeping in some of his remarks. In actual life no one blames a cat for not being a cow, but in the cold austerity of the printed page I have seen Bernard Shaw

[1] *Impressions and Comments.* By Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston and New York. 1914.

condemned for the absence of qualities that would have made him a superintendent of the Chicago public schools or John Milton; and I have but just now been reading an uncommonly thorough and able treatise on Anatole France by a Frenchman who, after careful analysis, brings to light the damning fact that Anatole France is an altogether different person from Alphonse Daudet. Give these people a blond writer and they apply themselves with great skill, energy, and learning to the task of proving what a complete failure he really is as a brunette. If a sonnet set up to be a pocket dictionary, one might reasonably complain; still more, if the dictionary should endeavor gaily to perform the additional office of the sonnet; but that is not the spirit of this criticism. It is rather an attitude of mind, which, if logically maintained, would not permit the coexistence in this world of dictionaries and sonnets; for at the bottom of these critics' hearts is the detestation of diversity.

One day Mr. Ellis muses over a drunken woman and on another he descants on the evolution of furniture, having in the mean while declared his taste in architecture, the women of Normandy, the ugliness of modern civilization, and the music of Franck and Elgar, and his opinion of the devil, Cornishmen, George Meredith, Raphael, Gaby Deslys, war, and nakedness; and as he gives only a page or two to each of these matters, he naturally does not get to the bottom of any of them. He really accomplishes nothing beyond being suggestive, provocative, and entertaining, but he often displays these qualities in discussing subjects that would seem to have the least attraction for the human mind, for example, —the Archbishops of Canterbury.

November 20.—The Archbishop of Canterbury, I understand, has publicly expressed his approval of the application of the lash to those persons who are engaged in the so-called "White Slave Traffic." There is always a certain sociological interest in the public utterances of an Archbishop of Canterbury. He is a great State official who automatically registers the level of the public opinion of the respectable classes. The futility for deterrence or reform of the lash or other physical torture as applied to adults has long been a commonplace of historical criminology, and Collas, the standard historian of flagellation, pointing out that the lash can at best only breed the virtues of slavery, declares that "the history of flagellation is that of a moral bankruptcy."

. . . . . .

Is this love of torture, by the way, possibly one of the fruits of Empire? We see it in the Roman Empire, too, and how vigorously it was applied to Christians and other criminals. *Christianos ad leones!* But it was a dis-

astrously unsuccessful policy—or we should not have an Archbishop of Canterbury with us now.

No disrespect for Archbishops of Canterbury is involved in this recognition of their public function, and I have no wish to be (as Laud wrote of one of my ancestors) "a very troublesome man" to archbishops. They act automatically for the measurement of society, merely in the same sense as an individual is automatically acting for the measurement of himself when he states how profoundly he admires Mendelssohn or R. L. Stevenson. He thereby registers the particular degree of his own spiritual state. And when an Archbishop of Canterbury, with all that sensitiveness to the atmosphere which his supreme office involves, publicly Professes an Opinion, he is necessarily registering a particular degree in the Spiritual State of Society. It is an important function which was never vouchsafed to his Master.

One wonders how many centuries it is since an Archbishop of Canterbury was known to express any public opinion on non-ecclesiastical affairs which was not that of the great majority of Respectable People. Of course in ecclesiastical matters, and in political matters which are ecclesiastical, he is professionally bound, and Beckett and Sudbury and Laud—though one was a victim to the hostility of a King, another to the hostility of the lower class, and the third to the middle class—were all faithful to the death to their profession and their class, as an Archbishop is bound to be, even when his profession and his class are in a minority; I speak of the things to which he is not so bound. I have no doubt that at some recent period an Archbishop has archiepiscopally blessed the Temperance Movement. He is opposed to drunkenness, because we all are, even Licensed Victuallers, and because drunkenness is fast dying out. But imagine an Archbishop of Canterbury preaching Temperance in the eighteenth century when nearly every one was liable to be drunk! He would have been mistaken for a Methodist. I must confess it would be to me a great satisfaction to find an Archbishop of Canterbury earnestly pleading in the House of Lords in favor of gambling, or the unrestricted opening of public houses on Sunday, or some relaxation in the prosecution of pornographic literature. Not by any means that I should agree with his point of view. But the spectacle offered of a morally courageous and intellectually independent Archbishop of Canterbury would be so stimulating, the presence of a Live Person at the head of the Church instead of a glorified Penny-in-the-Slot Machine would be so far-reaching in its results, that all questions of agreement and disagreement would sink into insignificance.

A few, a very few, of his papers are trivial, as, for example, when he rakes up a speech of Mr. Bryan's delivered over a dozen years before and forgotten by any man who has a decent control of his memory, and on the strength of it belabors the whole United States. And of all speeches in the world, it was the one with that "eloquent peroration," beginning, "Behold a republic resting upon the foundation stones quarried from the mountains of eternal truth," and repeating about a dozen times the same words, "Behold a

republic,'' in the manner of epilepsy *loquax* and of oratory. At that epoch, as I remember, reading one of Mr. Bryan's speeches, the very next morning was like visiting the wings of the theater in the daytime, and while this is true in a measure of all oratory, I suppose there never was a son of thunder who quite so lamentably squeaked in print as Mr. Bryan in the campaign of 1899. Yet now at this long distance from the brass-bands and roarings and poundings and flag-flappings of that playful period comes this serious retort to a mere political intonation. To the sentiment that Columbia is the gem of the ocean Mr. Ellis replies, after fifteen years, that the speaker exaggerates. He says '' the glare of rhapsodical eulogy '' sets him thinking of the other side, but that is not the proper effect of '' rhapsodical eulogy '' on reasonable minds. On the contrary, it should stop their thinking altogether. Bombast after fifteen years ought surely to leave each human faculty in repose.

Most of his little commentaries, however, leave one with a regret that they end so soon, especially those on literary subjects. In a provokingly brief paper on '' counters,'' after quoting Bacon's saying that '' there is no Excellent Beauty that hath not some Strangeness in the Proportion '' he discusses the great host of writers who turn beautiful things into '' jarring vulgarisms.'' The '' counter '' is the word or phrase '' which has lost the original contour of its mintage and become a mere featureless coin.'' When in journalism a party of fifteen persons have been '' literally decimated,'' we may be sure a counter has been used. Even good writers catch the habit, and he instances Francis Thompson, who employed all sorts of archaisms, conventional inversions, and absurd neologisms—'' like false antiques, all counters.'' Stevenson, he says, rejects counters, but that is about the only merit he allows Stevenson, who, according to him, is the '' hollow image of a great writer,'' who after forming his style on great models found he had nothing to say and went on saying it, to the delight of the mob. People said, Behold, he writes beautifully, '' and there is nothing inside him but sawdust, just like you and me.'' In the nineteenth century, he continues, good writing was for the most part self-conscious, lacking that union of dignity and familiarity which is essential to the art, and so after a few more large sayings or sharp ones, while the reader fairly aches for reasons and particulars, the paper ends like a tree

with a big stem stunted on a mountain-top—and that, by the way, is characteristic of many of them. Among his pet aversions are the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, clothes, civilization, London smoke, respectability, conventional modesty, Raphael, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and mobs. He feels kindly toward suffragettes, the devil, naked people, Cornishmen, Jacobean furniture, eugenics, Granville Barker's presentation of "Twelfth Night," and savages. Naturally in casual comments of this sort he cannot linger long with any of these matters, but he moves among them in an entertaining way, ejaculating.

Where is our great writer to-day? he asks, and goes on to say that if any writer deals frivolously with the King he goes to prison, and that if "he deals seriously with so much as a chambermaid's physical secrets off he goes to prison again." In conclusion, he tells us that we ought to feel pleased that we cannot sink lower, because now there is nothing left for us but to rise. "The tide turns at low water as well as at high."

When men past fifty write in this way, as they do so continually, I wonder whether a little inner voice does not whisper that there is only one reason for it in the world. Whether or not it is actually true that we have no great writer, whether literature is gone and the language dead, and the race bred out into baboons or lost in imbecility, nobody past fifty requires the existence of these sad conditions as an excuse. Being past fifty is his only real reason, and it is reason enough. Whether the present moment is the worst that ever was, no man can know, but he does know how he feels about it, and that sense of decline or extinguishment in the outside world is one of the inner necessities of middle age. It is by no means an unhappy frame of mind. One constantly meets men in middle life who are almost enthusiastic over the loss of their own appetites. Hoops and marbles and football and girls suffice for the day thereof, but the lusty sport of middle age is the cursing of contemporaneity. Never do the faces of old men at the club light up so beautifully with an inner joy as when agreeing that something or other is an outrage, or wondering with one accord what in the world we are coming to. It is strange that writers *de senectute* have so seldom celebrated the gaiety of detraction, the hearty, convivial pleasure of running things down.

Hence it must not be inferred that because Mr. Havelock

Ellis finds himself in an almost idiotic literary generation he feels in any wise depressed. On the contrary, he feels quite cheerful and perhaps a little distinguished; and, besides, he merely mentions the point in passing. He is soon absorbed in other pastimes equally comprehensive, as, for example, in wondering if "people were morally inverted, turned upside, with their vices above water and their respectabilities submerged," and "vice became respectable and the respectabilities vicious," whether, after all, the world would be any the worse. What, he asks, would be the difference? then washes his hands of the matter, and talks about the blessings of hostility.

F. M. Colby.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

WHAT CAN I KNOW? By GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD, LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1914.

The man of learning who puts into a little book his best and most availably useful thought, so simply expressed that all who are intelligent, with or without technical training, may understand, does an eminently good thing. He does a thing that is, in the first place, of great practical use; for nowadays we need most of all the books that adequately sum up and interpret the great and growing mass of human knowledge. Volumes written to develop special theses, or to make public the results of particular investigations, do but form part of a sort of general conversation carried on by scholars and leisured thinkers, and such books are only secondarily educative. But the little books that sum up and interpret the conclusions of sound learning are educative in the highest degree. It is no mere affirmation of the fallacy that learning can be had ready-made, to say that such books may supply to thinking but time-pressed readers—and there are many of these—a part of the fruits of a university education, and perhaps the best part. More than this, a book like Dr. George Trumbull Ladd's *What Can I Know?*—a book that expresses sincere convictions and reveals to some extent the writer's own inward "cosmos"—has a real spiritual value. To say that Dr. Ladd's book may heal sick minds and characters is only to state the probability of its doing what, in fact, sound books are always doing. Is it not upon record that William James's writings have saved souls? And for the average mind, at least, Dr. Ladd's doctrines undoubtedly contain more that is clarifying and strengthening than do William James's.

Dr. Ladd approaches his subject as one seeking for practical light and leading. Illuminatingly he discusses the question of the limitations of human knowledge, the effects of heredity and of environment, including the opinions of others, everywhere deepening the significance of those lessons which common sense and experience teach with more or less thoroughness to the virtuous and the intelligent. Analyzing the process by which we know, he sums up his results in the notable saying that "*knowledge is a matter of the entire man*—the real knower is the whole self, not as a 'naked mind,' but as a living soul." Following up the discussion of the cognitive process with a chapter upon "Thinking One's Way through a Subject," he maintains the important doctrine that not *ideas*, but only *judgments*, are true or false; that our thinking, if it is to be of any real worth, must be, to borrow an excellent word from the vocabulary of Natty Bumppo, *judgmatical*. "Men who are continually proclaiming 'my idea' of this or that," writes Dr. Ladd, "unless one pardons them as unskilled in the use of English, or as thoughtless followers of a false psychology, are apt to be heard with con-

tempt." The truth that lies back of this is one of the profoundest in philosophy: "All human science, all human faiths, all human conduct, assume, expand, confirm, the correlation between knowledge and reality." These are good words, and most of us would hear them with inward satisfaction even if they were unsupported by other argument. Further, the author explains the various degrees of certainty in knowledge, the value and danger of jumping at conclusions, and the fallibility of formal logic. His chapter on "The Worth and Way of Self-Knowledge" is almost as good for moderns as were the doctrines of Socrates for the young men of Athens, and certainly is as much needed. In this chapter, besides clarifying many other matters, Dr. Ladd shows in rather startling fashion how much scientific truth is expressed in such common sayings as "He is not the same man as he was twenty years ago," or, "Be a real man"; the cold fact being that "different men are real, self-same, and one with themselves in very different degrees."

If overmuch philosophizing have made us mad, Dr. Ladd's book will do much to restore us to sanity; if we are intellectually unambitious because we are muddled without knowing it, or because we are indolent so far as "subjective" thought is concerned, and consequently deficient in self-knowledge, the same book will help to rouse us to a deeper consciousness.

Reminiscences of Tolstoy. By His Son, Count Ilya Tolstoy. New York: The Century Company, 1914.

Tolstoy—perhaps the man of most commanding character, of most widespread influence upon ethical thought and feeling, and of most interesting personality, who has lived into our time—is portrayed by his son with an affectionate frankness and an outspoken charm that place him in an entirely new and a most attractive light. Wholly uncontroversial in tone, and equally free from unfilial complaint and from special pleading, Count Ilya's book is the most effective preventive of superficial or sneering criticisms of his father that could have been composed. For it shows Tolstoy as a father, as a husband, as a man among other men, as a keen and gentle humorist—it shows, indeed, the real man.

The volume is as remarkable for its illustrations as for its text, and there is such a harmony between the two that it may not be amiss to speak of the pictures first, as the more immediately striking. There is one photograph, in particular, which shows the Tolstoy family at dinner: the two central figures might almost have been transferred from the canvas of an Italian religious painter; the remaining figures may strongly remind us—particularly if we happen to be of New England ancestry—of our own great-aunts and great-uncles and old family friends. Now this is precisely the note of the whole book—the servant in the house, the saint in the family—*our* family—and yet the man. Again and again we are made to feel what we often do feel in connection with Russian memoirs—that the Russian people, however sharply differing from us in national and institutional mind, are the most like us of any race in the thought and feeling of every day. The points wherein they differ from and excel us are self-knowledge, its concomitant insight into human nature, and the power of self-expression; but these faculties are the very ones that enable them to paint pictures of life in which we recognize a resemblance to ourselves.

Perhaps the most engaging trait of his father that Count Ilya reveals is

that combination of sympathy and delicate pleasantry in dealing with children which is characteristic of the men natively gifted for the rôle of father. At one time the children were engaged in reading a very long, dull, and pointless English novel, "of which," says Count Ilya, "all that I now remember is that the hero once remarked, 'I am lonely and bored.'" The children—with that imaginative daring and enterprise which youngsters so often have and then mysteriously lose—proceeded to dramatize the story and play it out with paper dolls for actors. Tolstoy, observing them, cut out from an illustrated paper a man who was entirely pink. "This," said he, "is Adolphe." And promptly Adolphe was given a part; he became, indeed, so essential that the story would have seemed wholly pointless without him as hero.

It is this sort of thing that draws us closest to the great man, and there is rather more of this than there is of discussion concerning what may be called the conventional points of interest in Tolstoy's life. It is better to learn of his clairvoyance in dealing with his children and friends—and to realize thereby that literary insight is not merely a trick of the imagination, but a faculty of the soul—than to read of his habits of literary composition; though we read of these, too. In speaking of his father's attitude toward persons outside the family, as well as those within it, Count Ilya evinces a racial subtlety and warm-heartedness. He shows, for instance, that Tolstoy and Turgenyef loved each other so well that they could by no means be content with relations of ordinary good will, yet that they differed so violently in temperament and intellect that their attempts to draw closer together invariably resulted in quarrels. Turgenyef was always complaining of Tolstoy's "waste" of his great literary powers. "Lyof Tolstoy," he wrote in 1860, "continues to play the crank. It was evidently written in his stars. When will he turn his final somersault and stand on his feet at last?" He could neither contentedly allow his friend to go his own way, nor subdue his own great mind even for a moment to the other's, as great or greater.

What Count Ilya makes plain regarding his father's change of heart—the change that transformed the "former jovial and high-spirited ringleader and companion of his children" into the stern and censorious propagandist—is that Tolstoy suffered severely not only in conscience (as the fanatic and born self-tormentor suffer), but as keenly in his affections, and (as the normal man suffers) through the suppression of that part of himself that loved ease, humor, joyousness, a well-ordered life—all that constitutes *pleasantness* or *happiness*, but not *blessedness*. A new light is thrown upon the motives of Tolstoy's "flight" near the end of his life, and it is suggested, among other things, that if his youngest son, "Vanitchka," had lived, much might have been different.

Hardly can one begin to know Tolstoy's character justly without reading Count Ilya's book.

The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life. By Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1914.

To live a full, rich, and varied life, actively combining the social and intellectual elements; to know great affairs, the humor and the humors of the great; to "fit in" everywhere and yet to be always oneself—this can be the lot of but few mortals. How to do all this with sufficient seriousness and

yet with gaiety, with unfailing zest, is a secret that some women possess. No man could have revealed to us the sunny side of diplomatic life as Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone has done; no man could have touched its humors without being a bit satirical, nor its formalities without being a trifle heavy; and no masculine writer could have set forth the multitude of social and personal incidents which Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone relates without being in an undesirable sense gossipy. Above all, one is struck with the thought that few men and hardly a woman could have written such a record as *The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life* without imparting to it a little too much of the temper of the *laudator temporis acti,* or at least a shade of melancholy. That there is nothing of this in Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone's story is primarily due, no doubt, to the fact that it is made up of letters written soon after the occurrences which they describe. But, then, who else could have written the letters? These, even the earliest of them, are not in the least—shall we say, old-fashioned? Those which belong to the opening chapters of Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone's earlier book, *In the Courts of Memory,* are almost as witty and as incisively thoughtful as are the later epistles; the latter are no less delightful in their persistent youthfulness and buoyancy; and both are sprightly with the interest one may feel at its best only for a brief period—when one is at the pleasurable task of thinking over and storing away recent events for the purpose of making them part of oneself. But this freshness of color—the freshness with which to-day paints the scenes of yesterday—is far from wholly explaining the effect of Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone's letters. The truth is, she possesses in a high degree that supreme art of the descriptive letter-writer—the art of making her readers feel themselves a part of the occurrences described. And how can we feel that things are unreal through age or distance when we are made to feel ourselves one with them?

Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone was Miss Lily Greenough, of Cambridge, where she lived with her grandfather, Judge Fay, in the old Fay mansion now the property of Radcliffe College. Gifted with a remarkable singing voice, she was taken, when only fifteen years old, to London, to study under Garcia. From that time on her life has been highly cosmopolitan, though in all that she has written there is an American frankness and liveliness, and another quality as well—a touch of idealism combined with sweet reasonableness, strongly suggestive of the old New England days when she came directly under the influence of such men as Longfellow and Agassiz. At the age of seventeen she became the wife of Charles Moulton, an American resident of Paris who had been, in the fullest and best sense, a Parisian since the days of Louis Philippe. As Mrs. Charles Moulton she knew all that was best worth knowing in the traditionally gayest and certainly most intellectually stimulating of the world's great cities. After the fall of the Empire and her husband's death, Mrs. Moulton returned to America, to become, a few years later, the wife of M. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, who was at that time Danish Minister to the United States, and later represented his country successively at Stockholm, Rome, Paris, and Berlin. It is at a time shortly after her marriage that Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone begins her narrative in *The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life,* giving us first of all an impression of social life in Washington as it was in 1875, toward the close of Grant's second administration. In this, and in a subsequent part of the narrative which relates a journey to the

Western coast—a chapter wherein the gentlemanly Buffalo Bill, the California millionaires, with their fire-new wealth and culture, and many other diversely interesting personalities appear—we see American life through the eyes of a critic thoroughly American in spirit and understanding, yet foreign enough in point of view to see with keen discrimination; just as in the subsequent part of the story, which tells of the life of European courts and intellectual circles, we are always aware that we are being addressed by one of our own countrywomen, cosmopolitan and thoroughly identified with the society about her as she always appears to be. Monarchs, statesmen, artists, musicians, and writers, all seem to have revealed something of their intimate selves to Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone, and she has perceived and rendered for our benefit the salient social traits of each. In her acquaintance with musicians, she was particularly blessed; personal recollections of nearly all the great ones—including Liszt, Verdi, and Saint-Saëns—form no small part of her store of luminous memories. It is the privilege of such a writer as Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone to write with real naturalness and to include within the limits of one book the most diverse matters, telling us on one page of a young Dane whose Boston landlady kept a full-grown lion confined in her front parlor, and on another of how Mascagni appeared, dazed and shabby, before the curtain after the first performance of the "Cavalleria Rusticana." Whatever she tells us is marked with that stamp of unity which is conferred by a clear intelligence and a lively, independent personality.

LUCAS' ANNUAL. Edited by E. V. LUCAS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

To publish between modern covers a collection of literary stuff resembling those delightful old rag-bags of information, fiction, and poetry—called "annuals" because the publishers might do it again next year, if they saw fit—was a merry conceit, of which we enjoy the flavor. Moreover, *Lucas' Annual* for 1914 contains a varied selection of the curious, the beautiful, and the untrue—and some truth. Still, perhaps we care less, on the whole, for the semi-professional pleasantries of literary men, the chips from their workshops, their sometimes labored wit presented with an air of spontaneity, than do our English cousins. At best we can say only that the contents of *Lucas' Annual* are not half bad.

J. M. Barrie seems rather ill-represented by the sketch "Old Hyphen"—supposedly written by a schoolboy. Somehow, in fiction, English school life achieves a dignity and seriousness that American school life lacks, while the humor of the English schoolboy is likely to strike us as alien and a little tiresome. The other modern contributors seem all to suffer a little from self-consciousness, coupled in some cases with rather an excess of manner. However, "Saki's" parody on the modern discursive drama is really funny, and Leacock's satire on "The Thousand-Guinea Prize Novel" hits home to us. There is other good stuff, too, including some really excellent verse. Among the modern authors represented are Barrie, Bennett, Dobson, Galsworthy, Hewlett, Leacock, F. Austen, Saki, and Mr. Lucas himself.

So far as truth is concerned, the core of the book is a letter from Ruskin to Browning in which Ruskin criticizes Browning's *Men and Women* "with a vengeance." This is an edifying and cheering human document. How

human a great man can be—when he reads Browning! How little, after all, a great man may understand of what is unintelligible to the rest of us! How simply, after all, and gropingly, and in the manner of a schoolboy construing Virgil, may a great man read Browning! It is all very reassuring. We need no longer feel that our inability to understand Browning is due to a certain obtuseness in taking plain hints that certainly seem to be there, or to an annoying failure to grasp a grammatical sense that just eludes us. We do not wholly understand Browning? Very good! Neither did Ruskin, who tried his best. Further, it should be noted that the miscellany contains certain hitherto unpublished letters of R. L. S.—some youthful and ingenuous, others mature and not extraordinarily clever.

If any man desires to give himself the comfortable sensation of being literary in an old-fashioned way and of being something of a patron of letters, let him go out and buy a copy of *Lucas' Annual;* it would be a rather good thing to do.

Memorials of Eminent Yale Men. By Anson Phelps Stokes. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1914.

Not only do the two large volumes of Mr. Stokes's monumental work contain much information interesting to the world at large—brief biographies of great men written with elegant compactness and with a propriety and warmth of feeling not often found in those colder biographical writings that are uninfused with college loyalty—but they form a massive testimony to the worth and reality of college spirit and college ideals. In them one senses the real American college as a spiritual commonwealth. That a man should feel proud that he was graduated from the same college as Jonathan Edwards; that he should on this account feel nearer to Edwards in mind and character, is proof of the solid reality of the sentiment that so often degenerates into maudlin or thoughtless enthusiasm. If our greatest theologian had been educated by private tutors he might have written the very works he did write, but his influence, during his life and posthumously, would have been far less than it has been, all for lack of connection with a living institution that passes on its life from generation to generation.

Mr. Stokes has classified his eminent men according to their careers, as divines, men of letters, scholars, statesmen, scientists, artists, and the like, and has selected for treatment under each head only such men as were really eminent. Famous names occur very frequently in the record—men of whose college experiences, in particular, we are glad to know something. In men of letters, as the author concedes, Yale makes relatively the poorest showing, though among her sons, as we are prone to forget, are James Fenimore Cooper and Nathaniel Parker Willis, as well as Donald Grant Mitchell, the author of *Reveries of a Bachelor,* Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Edward Rowland Sill. In other departments names universally known—names such as Noah Webster, Samuel F. P. Morse, Eli Whitney, Samuel Tilden—are numerous. In the three concluding chapters the author illuminatingly discusses historic influences at Yale, the common characteristics of most Yale men, and the place and influence of historic universities in a democracy.

As good biographical reading and as reliable sources of information these two volumes may be rather specially recommended; for they represent not merely the perfunctory performance of a task, but earnest and

skilful literary work expended upon a theme of great richness. To each of the principal biographical sketches is appended a letter or other document written by the subject of the sketch.

JAPAN TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

"The endeavor of the East," writes Hamilton Wright Mabie, "has been to identify unity with uniformity; the problem of the West is to discover unity in variety." This, he thinks, expresses the most radical difference between the two civilizations—a difference, however, that is far from constituting an insurmountable obstacle; for, indeed, between two such races as the Japanese and the Americans the resemblances are deeper than the differences. To help on a better understanding between these two peoples is the obvious intent of Mr. Mabie's book, *Japan To-day and To-morrow*, and this purpose is carried out so far as sympathetic thought and a mature skill in the art of pleasant description can effect it.

If we have aught to complain of, it is that the book is a bit too uniformly pleasant to permit of much sharp thinking, though here and there we meet with an illuminating passage. Mr Mabie, in effect, accuses us of some rather superficial views of Japan, as when he asks, with rhetorical intent, if we are to regard the Japanese as unscrupulous schemers or as picturesque figures out of the past. Of course not! Again our deeper questions too often go unanswered. We are quite willing to be persuaded that Shintoism is a good faith to live by, and in its way a beautiful faith. So is Buddhism; so are most faiths. What we yearn to know, however, is the real cause that makes the Japanese live up so fully to the faith that is in them as in many striking instances they appear to do. More definitely enlightening are Mr. Mabie's observations regarding the Japanese hand—"sinewy, flexible, sensitive, as unlike the big, potential, unlined hand of the untrained races as the faces of rudimentary peoples are unlike the faces of highly cultivated peoples"—and upon the Japanese face, which is shown to be not at all Mongolian.

In describing the triumphs of Japanese art and architecture—such artistic creations as the Temple of Kwannon and the Great Buddha—Mr. Mabie exercises practised skill; and his portrayals of nature, particularly his account of Japan's great Inland Sea, have something of real poetic fascination.

Any one who has received from general reading rather a slight impression of Japan's actuality, or of the attractive side of her civilization, may spend a profitable hour over this book of Mr. Mabie's. The volume contains a chapter reproducing a conversation with Count Okuma, who is well characterized as "a man of the old order with a modern mind."

WHY THE DOLLAR IS SHRINKING. By IRVING FISHER. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

It is a pleasure rarely experienced to read so compact, shapely, and thorough a discussion of a much-discussed problem—a problem, moreover, upon which clear thinking is of both national and personal importance—as Professor Irving Fisher's study of the present high cost of living.

In his preliminary analysis of the nature of the problem, the author ex-

plains the elementary ideas of his subject patiently but not tediously. The "equation of exchange," for instance, he first defines in ordinary terms; then he expresses it mathematically, and then he further elucidates it by a mechanical illustration. Taking the various terms of the equation into account one by one, showing the effect upon any one of changes in one or more of the others, and allowing for all possible disturbing causes, Professor Fisher reaches the conclusion—a conclusion from which there seems no escape—that the rise of prices all over the world since 1896 can be fully explained by nothing else than an increase in the quantity of money. That the use of bank-notes and checks would not vitally affect the problem in any way might appear obvious enough to be taken for granted, but the author is resolved to leave no loophole for the entrance of error, and he shows the relation of credit currency to "real" money with a clearness and minuteness that imprint the fundamental truths indelibly upon the mind. Indeed, having made his subject tractable, through proper definitions and distinctions, Professor Fisher is able to demonstrate his conclusions with almost mathematical completeness, though he uses little mathematics and few really technical terms. His power of making ideas clear by means of analogies—the special gift of a skilful teacher—is constantly put to good use; as when he tells us that "we cannot assume that the rise of a particular price pulls up the general level of prices with it any more than we can assume that a man who walks up-stairs pulls the earth up with him. The man, in fact, pushes the earth down an infinitesimal distance, and the center of gravity of himself and the earth together remains unaffected." Many of the popular explanations of the high cost of living are proved by Professor Fisher to be fallacious—for instance, the theory that the prime causes are luxury and extravagance. These influences are, in fact, no more powerful now than they have been in the past, and the present prevalence, for instance, of automobiles is merely significant of wealth and invention. Extravagance, indeed, is in part the consequence of the rise in prices, and not at all its cause; for the tendency of high prices is to increase the amount of money in the hands of an easy-spending class.

By writing this book Professor Fisher has deserved the gratitude of the seldom-heard-from, but very real and thoroughly intelligent "man in the street."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"OUR HONOR *WITHOUT* SHAME WITH JAPAN"

October 20, 1914.

SIR,—In the October REVIEW there is a very interesting article by Mr. William Elliot Griffis on "Our Honor and Shame with Japan." Mr. Griffis makes certain statements to which, it seems to me, your attention should be called.

Referring to the recent act of the Legislature of California, relative to the ownership of land by aliens, Mr. Griffis, on page 569, says:

"As a nation and Government we signed a covenant which one State has violated."

"A sectional agitation, in favor of a reversal of our ancient friendship and the violation of treaties, has resulted in one State in a defiance of the Constitution of the United States."

"The recent hostile anti-Japanese legislation in California—race hatred in its most immoral form—violates in spirit and letter the treaty with Japan."

"To violate a treaty is to break the supreme law of the land, and trample on the Constitution of the United States."

The United States Supreme Court in Chirac *v.* Chirac, 2 Wheat. 259, said:

"The power of aliens to hold real estate is regulated by the laws of the State, except in so far as it may be affected by treaties with foreign countries."

In Beard *v.* Rowan, 9 Peters, 301, the United States Supreme Court held that:

"The condition upon which real estate may be held by aliens is a matter resting entirely with the State Legislature." That is, of course, subject to treaty provisions.

When the Legislature of California came to deal with this question last year it enacted a law the second section of which reads as follows:

"All aliens, other than those mentioned in Section I. of this act, may acquire, possess, enjoy, and transfer real property, or any interest therein, in this State, in the manner and to the extent and for the purposes prescribed by any treaty now existing between the Government of the United States and the nation or country of which such alien is a citizen or subject, and not otherwise, and may in addition thereto lease lands in this State for agricultural purposes for a term not exceeding three years."

It will be seen by this that the Legislature of California, in dealing with this question of alien ownership and occupation of lands, has, instead of violating the treaty, distinctly stated that the rights of the aliens

described shall be in accordance with the rights conferred by the treaty, and in addition there shall be other rights: that is, not less than the treaty gives, but more!

It is difficult to understand what Mr. Griffis meant when he stated that by this act we have "violated a treaty" and "trampled on the Constitution of the United States." The United States Government having entered into a treaty with another power, conferring upon citizens of that power certain privileges within the United States, the State of California has, by appropriate legislation, provided that the rights conferred by the treaty shall become part of the statute law of the State of California, and that, in addition to the rights enumerated by the treaty, citizens of the power named in the treaty shall have further and additional rights in the State of California. This act of our Legislature is referred to as part of the "Shame" with which we have fulfilled our duties to Japan.

It is difficult to perceive of any way by which California could have shown herself more submissive to the authority of the United States than by this specific act of her Legislature.

It is unquestionably true that a treaty made under the authority of the United States is the supreme law of the land, and that the Legislature of California cannot, in any possible way, put into effect any law contrary to that treaty; therefore it is difficult to understand how any law of California is breaking the supreme law of the land or "trampling" on the Constitution of the United States. It is quite obvious that there might be differences of opinion regarding the exact nature of the rights conferred by treaty upon the nationals of the various powers with which the United States has made treaties, but this much is certain, that the rights conferred by a treaty made under the authority of the United States cannot be taken away by any act of the Legislature; the Legislature of California did not undertake to enumerate or define the rights that were conferred by the treaty, but simply enacted that whatever those rights are, they should be recognized in California as part of our statute law, and, in addition, further rights should be conferred. How could the people of California more fully make known their complete and hearty recognition and approval of the treaty rights of Japan than by having the Legislature make the provisions of the treaty part of the statute law of the State?

On page 570 Mr. Griffis says, referring to Article VI. of the Constitution of the United States:

"In that august document no provision is more strongly safeguarded against any and all theories of Federalism and State rights, and none is more immune from alteration or the effects of attempted nullification or secession, by States, by judges, courts, legislators, and the politicians."

If the word "legislators," as here used, includes Congress, which is undoubtedly a body of legislators, Mr. Griffis is quite in error, because the United States Supreme Court has repeatedly held that Congress has the power to abrogate treaties. A treaty is no more the supreme law of the land than the laws of the United States, and Congress has repeatedly passed laws which have abrogated existing treaties, and the United States Supreme Court has always maintained that Congress has this power.

In Thomas *v.* Gay, 169 U. S., 262, the United States Supreme Court said:

"It is well settled that an act of Congress may supersede a prior treaty, and that any questions that may arise are beyond the sphere of judicial

cognizance and must be met by the political department of the government."

"An act of Congress is not unconstitutional because it supersedes a prior treaty."—Stephens *v.* Cherokee Nation, 174 U. S., 445.

It was fully maintained by many high legal authorities that our treaty with England was violated when Congress by law provided for the free use of the Panama Canal by our coasting vessels, but no one contended that the Act of Congress was therefore unconstitutional.

It will, therefore, be seen that when Mr. Griffis says that no provision is more strongly safeguarded against attempted nullification by legislators than the provision making treaties the supreme law of the land, he is not in agreement with the Supreme Court of the United States, for that august tribunal has repeatedly held that the legislators in Congress may do just that very thing.

On page 573, Mr. Griffis asks:

"Shall we keep faith and respect our own supreme law of the land?"

I would suggest in answer to this question that so far as California is concerned, having made the provisions of the treaty part of her statute law, it is quite probable that she intends to respect it.

Yours very truly,

"CALIFORNIA."

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

APPRECIATION

November 4, 1914.

SIR,—I think THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has taken the position in the country equal to the old *Harper's Weekly*. For a great number of years I have always taken a great interest in any articles written by Mr. George Harvey, and he has certainly revivified THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and I believe has made it one of the most popular magazines in the country.

The personal influence of a man like you, Colonel Harvey, is a great asset to any paper, and in addition to that it is a great asset to any country to have a man with such a clear sense to dissect our foibles and also the good traits of our American citizens.

W. A. SADD.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

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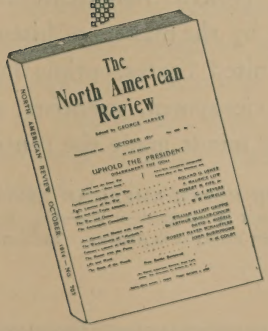
In the succeeding fourteen pages will be found some Account of the year-long celebration of its One Hundredth birthday which The North American Review will observe during 1915. These fourteen pages are of peculiar interest to those who may contemplate subscribing for The Review



Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

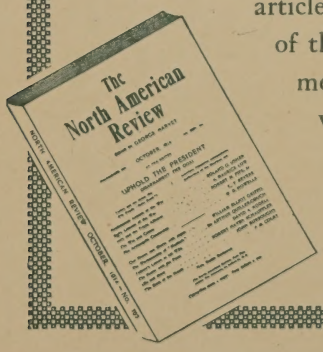
Centennial Contributors

WOODROW WILSON
GEORGE E. WOODBERRY
JAMES HUNEKER
HAMILTON W. MABIE
ARTHUR C. BENSON
FREDERIC HARRISON
HAVELOCK ELLIS
HENRY S. PRITCHETT

EACH of the twelve numbers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for 1915 * will be a special number—special in quality and number of contributions it contains. The Editor has received acceptances from many of the most prominent men and women, American and foreign. Beginning on this page (and continuing on succeeding pages) will be found the names of these Centennial Contributors. The range of their topics will be as wide as a map of the world.

¶ *"Should the Carnegie Foundation Be Abolished?" is the subject of Henry S. Pritchett's contribution.*

IN each number there will be reprinted one of the historic articles (at the time mysteriously anonymous) which appeared a Century ago. The May (birthday) number will be two magazines—*i. e.*, the regular number of a dozen or more articles, and a republication in part of the first number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Many of these articles are by the makers of history themselves—Presidents of the United States, prime ministers of great governments, clergymen, scientists, and the men and women whose minds made the century what it was.



* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was first published May, 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo. It has never missed a number. It is the oldest magazine in America. There are but two older in the world.

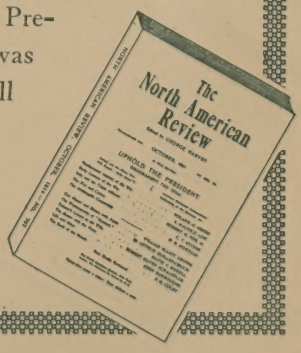
GABRIEL HANOTAUX
JOHN SPARGO
WILLIAM H. TAFT
GAMALIEL BRADFORD
ELIHU ROOT
HENRY WATTERSON
HORACE WHITE
FRANCIS G. PEABODY

¶ *Every number will contain the Editorial Department, and the editor will take advantage of improved mechanical facilities to supply these pages at the moment of going to press, giving them a greatly increased timeliness.*

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has lived through years of war, of peace, of stress and prosperity—apparently because the American people would have it. It has become almost literally the Magazine of Destiny. Always was there in it something which made the magazine essential as a National Institution. It will be part of the Centennial programme to give the generation of readers to-day some of the pleasure their fathers and grandfathers had—pleasure which has borne fruit in many ways—governmental, educational, and social.

¶ *President Wilson will contribute to The Review during 1915.*

THE past is all very well. Because of its constant look ahead, however, has THE REVIEW become the Magazine of Prescience. The great European war (THE REVIEW was born in Waterloo year) will be interpreted, from all points of view, by the great national leaders. And the non-military activities of the world will be interpreted by authoritative writers.



ELIZABETH ROBINS — FLORENCE EARLE COATES

ALFRED NOYES — H. G. WELLS

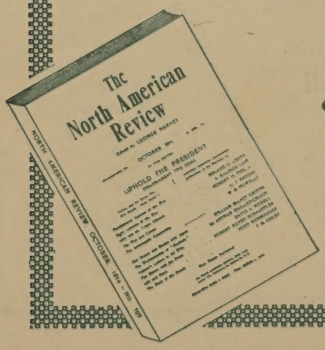
LADY HENRY SOMERSET — GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

THEODORE WOOLSEY — GILBERT PARKER

¶ *Beginning with the January number* THE REVIEW *will be printed from a new type dress, especially suited to the width of the page, the ease of the reader, and one giving a beauty and a dignity to the text.*

THE year just closing has been one of very unusual growth for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Even in size it has grown a bit, every number containing one hundred and sixty pages of text. Naturally this increased size will be maintained during the coming year. But growth was achieved in a larger sense, in reaching a wider audience and in providing this audience with a review of the world's activities in a manner more intelligent and more interesting than ever before.

It was a year of change in several ways, and possibly of improvement. The editorial pages, in their increased number, were generally received with satisfaction. They will continue to be one of the features of every number. As it now looms on the horizon, 1915 promises some startlingly big subjects for editorial treatment.



¶ *Henry Cabot Lodge (once its editor) will contribute to* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *during 1915.*

AGNES REPPLIER
GEORGE REID
ARCHBISHOP IRELAND
W. B. YEATS
MRS. VAN RENSSELAER
JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON
HENRY A. BEERS
CHARLES WALDSTEIN

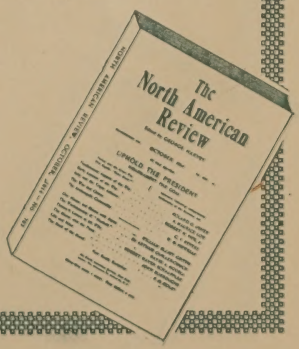
MECHANICAL changes also were made (and more will be made beginning with January) which increased the usefulness of THE REVIEW. The cover was changed to a rich, warm brown, and made to present at a glance all the articles contained in the number. The advertising department reports gains which cannot be duplicated by any other magazine.

¶ *Elihu Root will be a contributor to* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *during 1915.*

"Let me take this opportunity to say how searching and convincing I find your discussions of contemporary politics and how grateful I am for your wise and brave education of public opinion.

"FRANCIS G. PEABODY,
Former Dean of Faculty, Harvard Divinity School."

¶ *The May number will contain a republication in part of the first number of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, *May, 1815.*



"I have derived a great deal of satisfaction as well as information in a political way from your editorials, and I look upon you as one of

GEORGE VON L. MEYER — WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
PHILIP MOXOM — ALFRED T. MAHAN
CHAUNCEY B. BREWSTER — HERBERT CROLY
BARRETT WENDELL

the best-posted and most fearless writers of the times, and you can rely upon me as being a subscriber to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. My only regret is that this paper is not a weekly instead of a monthly. You have my best wishes with THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

"W. L. ADAMS, *Pavo, Ga.*"

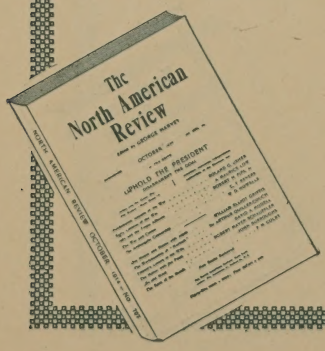
¶ *Gustav Lanson's article is on "Paul Verlaine."*

"For my own education and the continuation of our acquaintance I must enter my subscription to THE REVIEW.

"F. M. GOODRICH, *New York City.*"

"Colonel Harvey has a habit of speaking with a clearness and logic that command consideration. In THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in the newly instituted editorial department, under the title of 'The Lesson of Sulzer,' he covers the case of the downfall of the ex-Governor more completely and succinctly than we have seen it dealt with elsewhere."

—*Greensboro News.*



¶ *James Bryce will be a contributor to* THE REVIEW *during 1915.*

Oswald Garrison Villard — Booker T. Washington
Grace Denio Litchfield — Lloyd Bryce
John Barrett — Champ Clark
Childe Hassam — Josiah Strong

¶ *John Burroughs will be a contributor to* The Review *during 1915.*

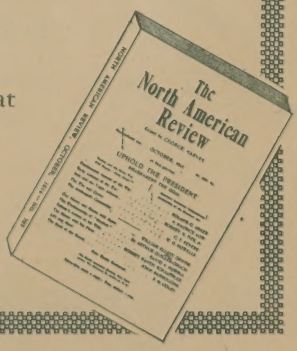
"You have made a great many friends, my dear Colonel, and you owe it to your country, your friends, and yourself to abide with us as a force for the very best influences in our daily life. We can ill afford to have you take away that force, so we will take The North American Review. I wish I could tell you how entirely you have won my esteem and my gratitude, but I fancy it will be sufficient for me to say that

I am, sir,

Francis A. Winter,
Lt.-Colonel, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C."

¶ *The European war will be interpreted, from all points of view, by great national leaders.*

"Your conduct marks you as one of the great Americans whose counsel we all need. You are to continue your editorial work in the pages of The North American Review. I ask you,



ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON MRS. FRANCIS B. HARRISON
JOHN BURROUGHS JOSEPH H. CHOATE
HUGO MÜNSTERBERG RICHARD OLNEY
MILES POINDEXTER W. H. CARTER

then, as a matter of justice to the many thousands of us who look to you for editorial light and leading, to publish THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW at least twice a month.

"O. T. W., *White Creek, N. Y.*"

¶ *Poems will be contributed by Thomas Hardy, Alfred Noyes, George Woodberry, and Florence Earle Coates.*

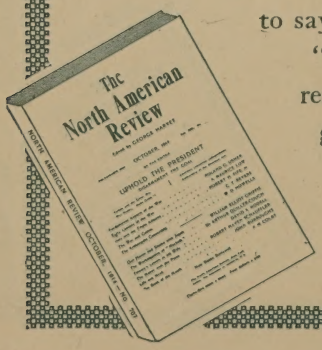
"I don't see how you can properly express yourself in a magazine of only twelve numbers to the year instead of fifty-two. I shall be a subscriber to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW from now on.

"C. L. S., *Waterbury, Conn.*"

"Now that you will no longer talk to me every week—as you have for so many years—may I claim a moment or two in which to say a word to *you?*

"It is only '*Thank you*' for all the pleasure and the real help you have given me. I am indeed sincerely grateful, and shall miss you more than I fancy you can imagine.

"W. L. TAIT, *New York City.*"



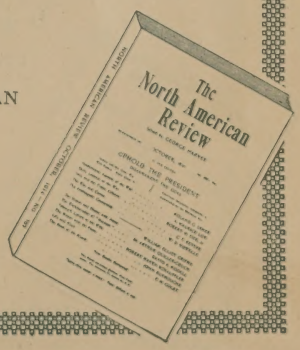
DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH — GEORGE F. EDMUNDS
JAMES BRYCE — WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
JOSEPH S. AUERBACH — PERCY MACKAYE
WAYNE MAC VEAGH — ALICE MEYNELL

¶ *William Dean Howells writes of "The Editorship of Lowell and Norton."*

"English readers of all classes and shades of opinion will, we think, be grateful to Colonel George Harvey, the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for the remarkable appreciation of the Prime Minister which he has contributed to that periodical under the title 'Asquith: the Master Statesman.' Colonel Harvey is a shrewd and capable observer whose experience of public life has been wide and varied. His impression, therefore, not only of the man, but of the period of crisis and development through which this country has been passing, is valuable and welcome."

—*Eastern Daily Press, Norwich, England.*

¶ *Gamaliel Bradford calls his article "Journalism and Permanence."*



"George Harvey contributes to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, of which he is editor, a very ably written article entitled 'Asquith: The Master Statesman.' It is a generous yet discriminating appreciation

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER
AUSTIN HARRISON
ROBERT HUGH BENSON
GUSTAV LANSON
ARTHUR SYMONS
THOMAS HARDY
SIGNOR LUZZATTI
JOHN GRIER HIBBEN

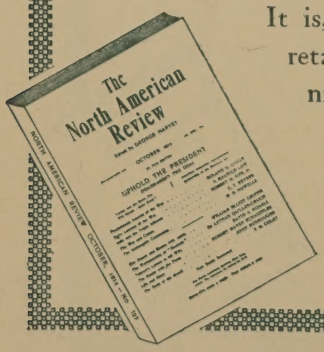
of the Prime Minister, remarkable for the knowledge it displays and for its critical discernment. Mr. Asquith's growth in influence and power since he became Prime Minister has greatly impressed this shrewd American observer."

—*London (England) Chronicle.*

¶ *"Henri de Réquier" is the subject of Havelock Ellis's article.*

"The imposing prestige it gained under the scholarly direction of George William Curtis was distinctly changed in character, but not seriously impaired, under the Harvey regime, though it was perhaps too strongly infused with Colonel Harvey's personality to satisfy the broader and more fastidious tastes to which Mr. Curtis appealed. It is, however, good to know that Colonel Harvey will retain in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW a convenient and congenial vehicle for the dissemination of his always original and entertaining views on a wide range of public questions."

—*Glens Falls Times.*



AUGUSTUS THOMAS
HENRY CABOT LODGE
BISHOP J. W. BASHFORD
FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.
WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS
CALE YOUNG RICE

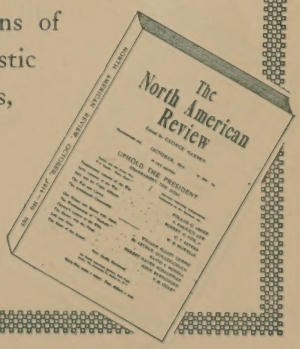
¶ *Frederic Harrison's article will be "Seventh Centenary of Roger Bacon."*

"Col. Henry Watterson and Colonel Harvey remain as probably the only two editors in the country whose names are linked intimately and conspicuously with their publications, so completely impersonal has the editing of newspapers become. However, the friends of Colonel Harvey will enjoy continuing their acquaintance with him through the monthly issues of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW."

—*Wilmington Every Evening.*

¶ *William H. Taft will contribute to* THE REVIEW *during 1915.*

"George Harvey inaugurates an editorial department in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and fills no less than thirty-two pages with the inimitable comment. Ignoring the staid traditions of that venerable periodical, he discourses with characteristic freedom and pungency upon a great variety of topics, giving full rein to his recognized talent for forceful expression, sane philosophy, wit, and satire. The result is in effect a substantial transformation



EDWARD R. A. SELIGMAN
BRANDER MATTHEWS
HERBERT PUTNAM

ARTHUR T. HADLEY
DAVID JAYNE HILL
HENRY M. ALDEN

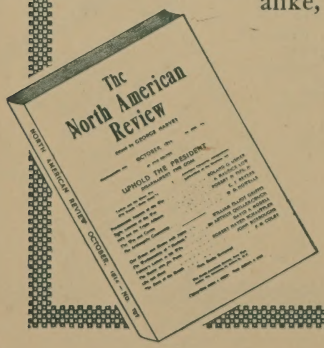
of the character of THE REVIEW from a somewhat heavy collection of special articles into a very live and interesting journal of public opinion without reducing the number of essays by distinguished writers."

—Buffalo Commercial.

¶ *"Regulation of Government" is the title of Henry Mills Alden's contribution.*

"THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is ninety-nine years old, and all the time it has worn a badge declaring 'Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur,' which, freely translated, means 'a fair shake for everybody.' During the years that George Harvey was accelerating Woodrow Wilson sentiment in violation of the speed ordinances we felt that he wasn't keeping his eyes fixed on this motto. Now that he has taken up his old duties at the old stand, refreshed by vacation, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has that fine quality which Editor Harvey always imparts, defined in literary circles as punch, and the punch, we are pleased to record, is to be delivered to Trojan and Tyrian alike, as the advertising sign promises."

—Syracuse Post-Standard.



¶ *Sir George W. E. Russell will write on "John Bright."*

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

Birthday Memories

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ON A PARCELS POST.

RESTORATION OF ELEGANCE.

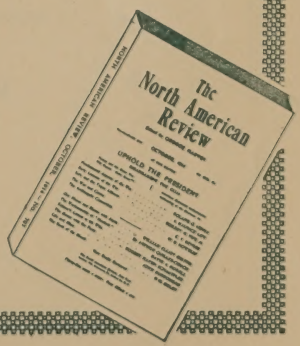
A FEW WEEKS IN PARIS, BY WILLIAM TUDOR.

ORIGINAL LETTER TO OLIVER CROMWELL.

ABOVE, and at the top of the following two pages, are the titles of some articles which will be published during the coming year. The unusual flavor of these titles suggests their peculiar merit and interest. The articles appeared a century ago and were published in early numbers of THE REVIEW. The subjects speak for themselves and the articles reflect, in some measure, the quality of thought and the method of expression which were characteristic of their time.

One of the pleasures which readers of THE REVIEW will have next year (one article is to be published each month) will be a comparison of the thought and style of 1815 with that of 1915 as it will be exemplified in the current articles.

¶ *"Political Problems of the Twentieth Century" is the subject of Bishop J. W. Bashford's contribution.*

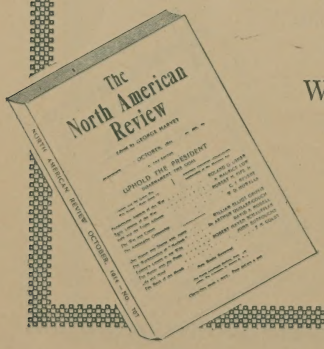


REFLECTIONS ON THE LITERARY DELINQUENCY OF AMERICA.
LETTERS FROM EDINBURGH—SIR WALTER SCOTT.
THE MONARCH MINSTREL—LORD BYRON.
SONG OF PEACE, BY C.

"Mr. George Harvey discusses the first six months of President Wilson's career in the White House. It is an interesting review. Mr. Harvey's long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Wilson, his early and sincere sympathy with the avowed purposes and principles of Mr. Wilson in politics, his wide information as to the political history of the country, and his wide experience as an observer and critic of public affairs and public men, together with a certain independent and sometimes whimsical point of view, give to his opinions a value of their own. Those, however, who look to find in this review any trace of the strained relations between the writer and the President existing during the campaign will be disappointed. Mr. Harvey writes sometimes severely, but temperately and impartially, and what he has to say is worth candid and respectful attention."

—*New York Times.*

¶ *Gabriel Hanotaux will be a contributor to* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *during 1915.*



"'Them's my sentiments.' Success to George Harvey. Was waiting for his return from Europe, when I intended writing for a sample to see if the *Weekly* comments appeared in it."

I. W. YORK, *Billings, Mo.*

JEFFERSON'S AND ADAMS'S LETTERS ON A PEACE SOCIETY.
THANATOPSIS, AND TO A WATER FOWL,
BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF CAPE COD.

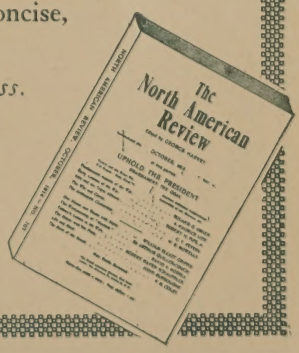
"A very able article entitled 'Asquith: The Master Statesman' appeared in the October number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, from the pen of Mr. George Harvey, its editor. 'Has England found herself?' asks Mr. Harvey, in his first sentence, and the whole of the article is an answer in the affirmative, for the reason that the country has found a master mind in the Prime Minister. The writer is principally concerned to tell his story to the people of the United States, and many of his allusions and comparisons are naturally concerned with American politics and politicians; nevertheless, his frankly independent outlook upon recent British political history results in a careful and discriminating, but definite and clear-cut, appreciation of the character of Mr. Asquith. He is sure of his subject, and, as he has faith in his own vision, his picture is a powerful one."

—*Westminster Gazette.*

¶ *"The Navy and Its Needs" is the subject of an important contribution by George von L. Meyer.*

"There is nothing now to compare with the concise, brilliant editorials of George Harvey."

Mrs. H. M. ADAMS, *Worcester, Mass.*



"Your October circular letter to hand. I certainly want George Harvey's editorials. Only sorry I shall

have them but once a month; once a week was not too much. Enter my subscription for one year and send me November and December numbers, and oblige A. H. GREGERSON, *Alexandria, Minn.*"

"Colonel Harvey's work for *Harper's* has been a signal success, but he has been doing too much. His greatest energy, in the future, will be devoted to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Through all these years of muck-rake popularity, of cheapness in price and output, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has maintained a standard of excellence which no consideration of pandering for slush to a weakened public could alter. It has remained true to its ideals when it was poor business so to do. It has considered its mission as a high-class educational publication of greater importance than the dollars. It has maintained a literary standard and excellence it is a pleasure to commend. But the critical public again is coming to its senses on magazines as on other things. It has been surfeited with cheapness and twaddle called literature." —*Houghton (Mich.) Gazette.*

¶ The North American Review is 35 cents a copy; $2.00 for six months; $4.00 a year. Postage is prepaid by the publishers.

[Mark "For One Year" or "For Six Months." Tear off and send with check or order]

Check or Money Order
[Mark which you send]

FOR..... .....191.....

The North American Review

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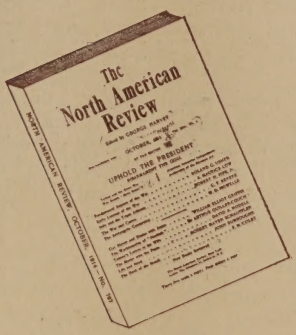
$.....IS ENCLOSED BEGIN WITH.....NUMBER

The Seven Ages of A Hundred Years

From the Battle of Waterloo to the present European War

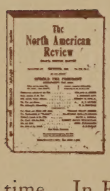


Beginning on the next page are a few informal bits of History and Literature as they have found expression in The North American Review during its Century of life

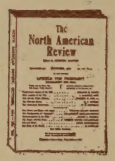
1815

From Waterloo to

THE Champs Elysées, the Jardins des Tuilleries, of the Luxembourg, those beautiful and enchanting places in which, a few years since, such a splendid population was constantly seen, the best-dressed and the best-bred women and men in Europe—yes!—it is with reason that the French said, "Il n'y a qu'une Paris et cette Paris est divine"—but the scene is changed. If you go and stand upon the terrace, over *les vieux politiques*, you will see Cossacks, with their long lances, galloping about on their little ugly horses among these graves—Calmucks from the banks of the Wolga and the Black Sea, the heirs of the dominions of Mithridates—Scythians from the inhospitable and unknown regions of Tartary. . . . Here they sit at the foot of trees smoking—some wander about among the crowd—one stands to be examined by a French lady—"*Oh, ciel! quelles tournures*"—and in the evening one could have seen in the Champs Elysées little groups of these barbarians sitting round their fires. One sometimes thinks that he finds himself in the time when Attila and his Huns took Paris.

—*A Few Weeks in Paris*, North American Review, May, 1815.

IN April of last year, a gentleman, through one of the corporation, made a donation of twenty thousand dollars to endow a professorship of Greek literature in Harvard University, the statutes to be made, and a Professor chosen and introduced to office within a convenient time. In February last the foundation was completed by the enacting of the statutes, and the Rev. Edward Everett was chosen to fill the Professorship.

—*Greek Literature in Harvard University*, North American Review, May, 1815.



AMERICAN vessels, in their voyages to and from the Northwest coast of this continent, frequently stop at the Sandwich Islands for refreshments and repairs, and the restoration of health to their crews, generally impaired by the fatigue incident to the boisterous passage round Cape Horn.

—*Sandwich Islands*, North American Review, May, 1816.

NOT that from life, and all its woes
The hand of death shall set me free;
Not that this head, shall then repose
In the low vale most peacefully.

—*First verse of "Thanatopsis,"* North American Review, Sept., 1817.

MR. SCOTT is now about forty-five years old, descended from rather an obscure family in Lothian, and when young, he says, that the old men used to take him up on their knees, call him little Watty and tell him border stories and legendary tales while his brothers were gone to work; a privilege which his lameness gave him. Some of those philosophers, who are in the habit of making a "moral" to all their fables, may very possibly find out that the world has gained another great poet because Walter Scott was born with one leg shorter than the other. He was married some time since. The lady was born in Guernsey and speaks villanous broken English. Among her virtues is that of unsparing fury against all unfortunate wretches who criticise her husband's works; and it is said when the review of Marmion was published in the Edinburgh Review, she was very near boxing the editor's ears at a dinner, where she soon after happened to meet him.

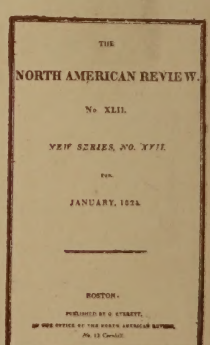
—*Letters from Edinburgh*, North American Review, July, 1815.

Contributors for 1915 include:

Woodrow Wilson
George E. Woodberry
James Huneker
Arthur C. Benson
Frederic Harrison
Havelock Ellis

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES who have contributed to The North American Review:

John Adams
James A. Garfield
Ulysses S. Grant
Woodrow Wilson
William McKinley
Theodore Roosevelt
William H. Taft


THE
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.
No. XLII.
NEW SERIES, NO. XVII.
FOR
JANUARY, 1824.
BOSTON:

1849

The Gold Rush

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

—*First verse of "To a Waterfowl,"* North American Review, March, 1818.

The North American Review

IN regard to the style of execution the work has one fault which was mentioned in our notice of *The Spy;* it is in some instances, and more especially where the author speaks in his own person, overloaded with epithets and the detail of particular circumstances. . . . This like the preceding stories of the author is thoroughly American; in one respect too much so, as for instance when Colonel Howard is said to take a little time, "to remove the perspiring effects of the unusual toil from his featires."

—*Review of "The Pilot" by the author of "The Pioneers"* (*James Fenimore Cooper*), North American Review, April, 1824.

IN the fifty-sixth number of this journal we took some notice of a project then recently set on foot for constructing a Railway from the city of Baltimore to some point on the Ohio River. . . . Since the period of our first notice, the examinations of the country originally commenced with a view to the construction of a canal between the same points, have been continued. . . . The impulse lately given to schemes of this nature in the United States, and the rapid increase of capital embarked in interior transportation, are among the most signal manifestations of the augmenting force and wealth of the nation.

—*The Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road,* North American Review, January, 1829.

THE final result has been the admission of the existence of two distinct diseases, one of which called typhus is a contagious fever occurring in the British islands and observed also in Philadelphia and which is especially prone to affect dense masses of population as in prisons, ships and crowded habitations of the poor; the other called typhoid fever which is the common fever of Paris and of New England, appearing also in various other parts of the United States and of England, and which is for the most part sporadic and non-contagious.

—North American Review, October, 1839.

WE have protested against England's assumption of a province to which she has no more claim than that which is founded on the poetry of Shakespeare. Egypt, bad as she is, is too good for England to Indianize and Irelandize. She has ports to which commerce of all the world resorts; she has steam-engines and all the material agents of modern improvement. She is safe, if let alone.

—*Egypt and England,* North American Review, July, 1847.

The North American Review

VANITY FAIR, by W. M. Thackeray, is an attempt somewhat after the manner of Fielding to represent the world as it is, especially the selfish, heartless and cunning portion of it. The author has Fielding's cozy manner of talking to his readers in the pauses of his narrative. . . . That disposition of English society of every class to trample on the one immediately beneath it and to fawn on the one immediately above it, Thackeray felicitously represents.

—*From a review* BY E. P. WHIPPLE of the newly published "*Vanity Fair,*" North American Review, October, 1848.

THE
NORTH AMERICAN
REVIEW
No. LXXV.
APRIL, 1852.
BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY GRAY & BOWEN.
NEW YORK:
G. & C. & H. CARVILL.

Contributors for 1915 include:

Gabriel Hanotaux — Elihu Root
John Spargo — Henry Watterson
William H. Taft — Horace White

HISTORIANS and ARCHÆOLOGISTS who have contributed to The North American Review:

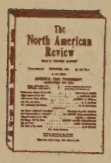
James A. Froude — Carl Schurz
W. E. H. Lecky — R. Lanciani
Francis Parkman — H. Schliemann
Leslie Stephens

Second Epoch

From the Gold Rush to

NO one who has taken up *The Scarlet Letter* will willingly lay it down till he has finished it; and he will do well not to pause, for he cannot resume the story where he left it. He should give himself up to the magic power of the style, without stopping to open wide the eyes of his good sense and judgment, and shake off the spell; or half the weird beauty will disappear. . . . He will feel very much like the giddy and bewildered patient who is just awakening from his first experiment of the effects of sulphuric ether.

—*Review of the newly published novel* BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, North American Review, July, 1850.



THE existence of a navigable passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, along the Northern Shores of North America, has been taken for granted ever since the discovery of the continent. . . . Sir Humphry Gilbert perished in the fruitless expedition that his discourse excited; and the expedition which Sir John Barrow's argument elicited has been for four years—Heaven knows where. Such long-continued want of success warrants us in doubting the existence of the Northwest Passage; until it shall be actually discovered we may fairly hold it to be a phantom

"Which, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Still lures us on, and, as we follow, flies."

—*Attempts to Find a Northwest Passage*, North American Review, July, 1849.

MR. DARWIN openly and almost scornfully repudiates the whole doctrine of Final Causes. He finds no indication of design or purpose anywhere in the animate or organic world. . . . The nicest and most complex adaptations do not to him prove design. The eye was not made to see with, or the ear to hear. The fact that these organs do see and hear is accounted for on this theory, by supposing that, through an accidental and purposeless variation, some one zoöphyte or other animal very low down in the scale happened to be born with a faint glimmering of vision. with the poor rudiment of an eye.

—*Darwin on The Origin of Species*, North American Review, April, 1860.

WE have said nothing to justify or palliate the feeling of Austria in her relations with Hungary. Her conduct has been as selfish, her pretenses as hollow, her concessions as unwillingly made during the last two years as in any former period in her history. Even for the very liberal character of the constitution granted to all her subjects in March, 1849, we granted her "no credit but for submitting and without reserve to what had become a political necessity." We should have heartily rejoiced if the civil war in Hungary, or the Slavonic insurrection which preceded and caused that war, had caused the final dismemberment of her ill-jointed empire, which has had no principle of political cohesion—but forces together by a sort of Mezentian union, races and countries that are implacably hostile to each other—together with the dethronement of that House of Hapsburg whose very name is a byword in history for perfidy, cruelty and oppression.

—*Termination of the Hungarian Struggle*, North American Review, April, 1850.

Contributors for 1915 include:

Florence Earle Coates — H. G. Wells — George W. E. Russell
Elizabeth Robins — Alfred Noyes — Lady Henry Somerset

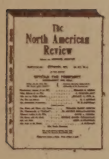
GREAT WRITERS who have contributed to The North American Review:

Edwin Arnold — A. C. Swinburne — Oliver Wendell Holmes
Thomas W. Higginson — Walt Whitman — G. Curtis Ticknor
Julia Ward Howe — Edward Rod — Alfred Austin
Thomas Hughes — Count Tolstoy — Sir Walter Besant
Ouida — Harriet B. Stowe — Andrew Lang
Ernest Renan — Anthony Trollope — Fiona MacLeod

1860

the Beginning of the Civil War

Second Epoch



IT may be interesting now that it is over to compare the plan itself with the execution and with its results. It was undeniably successful. The building was erected and the articles all received and arranged by the time appointed. They were exhibited to 50,000 people a day without confusion or difficulty or loss from fire, or thieves, or riots, or rain; and the result was a clear profit of more than a million and a half dollars. It is difficult to understand now why people should ever have doubted that such would be the result; why they should have feared riots in the building.

—*The Great Exhibition* (*London, 1851*), North American Review, October, 1852.

AS to the practical influence of the decision the case will probably disappoint both parties, those who approve and those who disapprove its principles. A Missouri Compromise restriction of slavery under the authority of Congress is little likely to be again enacted or to be asked or desired by any portion of the people; and as little before as since this decision. Slaveholders will not be apt to trust their slaves voluntarily in the free states where no law can restrain their departure.

—*The Dred Scott Case*, North American Review, October, 1857.

THE late Edgar A. Poe achieved a certain position in three distinct branches of literature,—in poetry, criticism and fiction. His reputation as a writer, up to the present time, may be sectionally or geographically apportioned. In the South, it is almost altogether grounded upon his skill as a writer of fiction; in the commercial metropolis of the country, it was his critical acumen which attracted most attention; in the Eastern States his personal qualities, carried into his literary productions, have hitherto limited the number both of his friends and his admirers. In France and England what fame he has was earned by a series of literary impositions.

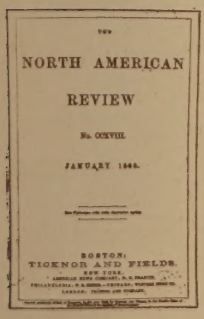
—*Edgar Allan Poe*, North American Review, October, 1856.

WHEN the time comes for the inland transportation of the goods of China and India from the Pacific to the Atlantic it will be found that there is one route whose cheapness, at least for heavy goods, will enable it to outbid all competitors. . . . The Columbia River, as if for the very purpose of affording an avenue for inland trade, while it forms one vast and navigable stream from the ocean to the centre of the Oregon plain, flares out at the latter point into three forks. . . . It is the Columbia alone that breaks through the mountains of the Cascade and Sierra Nevada; it is the Columbia alone that holds the keys to the pasess of the mountains, from which, on the easternmost side, run the tributaries of the Platte. . . . That the Platte and the Kansas are incapable of navigation, we think is now abundantly proved; but it is equally clear that the valleys through which they run are the natural courses through which the canal must be opened and the railway laid. Thus will pour into the great depots which these frontier states [Kansas and Nebraska] will present, not only the products of Eastern and Western America, but those of China and India.

—*The Missouri Valley and the Great Plains*, North American Review, July, 1858.

Contributors for 1915 include:

Agnes Repplier — Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer
George Reid — Josephine Daskam Bacon
Archbishop Ireland — Henry A. Beers



ENGLISH STATESMEN who have contributed to The North American Review:

W. E. Gladstone — Winston Churchill
John Bright — John Morley
Joseph Chamberlain — A. J. Balfour
Sir Charles Dilke — Lord Charles Beresford

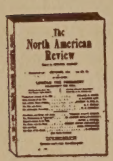
Third Epoch

1860

From Sumter to the

NONE but poets remember their youth and we prize this autobiographical fragment more than most else that Margaret has left us. Very beautiful is the conception of the Memoir, a threefold yet concurrent testimony which serves to show her many-sided nature. . . . The most common charge brought against Margaret is that of arrogance—a charge which had some show of truth in it, both as concerns her own peculiarities and in regard to the temperament which she inherited.

—*Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, North American Review, July, 1860.

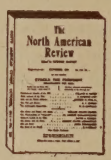


SUCCESS throws a fascinating halo around the name and deeds of genius and of valor, which is apt to obscure the complete lustre, while it illuminates special features of character. Garibaldi's exploits as a soldier are but the incidental manifestation of a steadfast and enthusiastic devotion to his country which has few parallels in our day.

—*Giuseppe Garibaldi*, North American Review, January, 1861.

THE right of secession is asserted as a State right, consistent with the constitution, and founded upon it, or upon history preceding it, and the circumstances attending its formation and adoption—a right to be exercised only through State action, and to be made effectual by a peaceful declaration of the fact of secession which of itself accomplishes the separation of the State from the Union; any forcible opposition to it on the part of the United States being usurpation and oppression. . . . We propose at this time to discuss the soundness of these positions.

—*The Right of Secession*, North American Review, July, 1861.



THOSE who deny that slavery is the cause of the rebellion fail to distinguish between a thing as in itself inevitably the cause, and the same thing in certain relations as the cause. For example, the existence of man is not the cause of the evils which flow from his conduct; but it is just to affirm that the existence of man as a depraved being is the cause of such evils. Hence, it is said, one may begin anywhere and the argument is equally valid. If slavery is the cause of the rebellion, then the existence of the African is the cause of slavery, and so on. Here are two fallacies:—first, that of confounding antecedent with cause and, secondly, that of assuming that the existence of a race in a cruel bondage, which ultimately rests on unmitigated wrong, is as legitimate a state of existence as that of the race itself.

—*Cairnes on The Slave Power*, North American Review, April, 1863.

LET us follow Tyndall still further on his path. If we suppose an asteroid approaching the sun from an infinite distance, its velocity just before striking the sun would be three hundred and ninety miles a second. On striking the sun, the asteroid would develop more heat than could be generated by the combustion of nine thousand equal asteroids of coal. Little does it matter, then, whether these bodies be combustible or not; for even the most combustible material could add but little to the tremendous heat produced by the mechanical collision. If this is the true source of the sun's heat, as we have seen it to be the competent source, the sun must constantly increase in bulk.

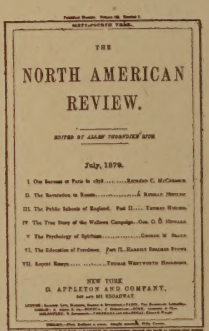
—*Tyndall's Lectures on Heat*, North American Review, October, 1863.

Contributors for 1915 include:

George von L. Meyer — William Dean Howells
Philip Moxom — Alfred T. Mahan
Chauncey B. Brewster — Herbert Croly
Barrett Wendell

MUSIC AND DRAMA have been treated in The North American Review by

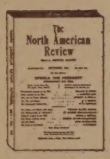
Richard Wagner — Joseph Jefferson
Dion Boucicault — Lawrence Barrett
Henry Irving — Richard Mansfield
Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree


THE
NORTH AMERICAN
REVIEW.
July, 1879.
NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,

1864

End at Appomatox

Third Epoch



MR. LINCOLN'S task was one of peculiar and exceptional difficulty. Long habit had accustomed the American people to the notion of a party in power and of a President as its creature and organ, while the more vital fact, that the executive for the time being represents the abstract idea of government as a permanent principle superior to all party and all private interest, had gradually become unfamiliar. They have so long seen the public policy more or less directed by views of party, and often even of personal advantage, as to be ready to suspect the motives of a chief magistrate compelled, for the first time in our history, to feel himself the head and hand of a great nation, and to act upon the fundamental maxim, laid down by all publicists, that the first duty of a government is to defend and maintain its own existence.

—*The President's Policy*, North American Review, January, 1864.

WHILE in the past years millions of Africans have been imported to wear out their lives in the sugar-mills of the West Indies, and the waste of one year has been barely supplied by the importations of the next, the negro race have shown a remarkable growth in the field-culture of the Southern States. Not only are their labors less arduous than they have been in Cuba and Jamaica, but it is due to the South to say that the masters have been more humane and forbearing than the planters in the Islands. The ways of Providence are inscrutable, and it may reconcile the philanthropist to the stimulus given to slavery by high prices, to reflect that the inevitable tendency of these prices is to concentrate slavery in the alluvial basins of the extreme South and eventually to devote to free labor the fertile uplands and breezy hills of Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, Tennessee and Missouri.

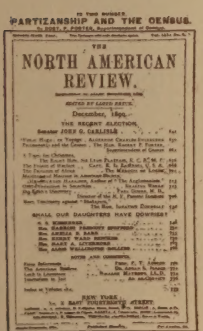
—*Cotton and the Cotton Trade*, North American Review, January, 1861.

IN the more intricate embarrassment of the question of Slavery, which now so oppresses the mind of the American nation, the question of Mormonism, which had begun to be troublesome, has been thrust into the background. . . . Already the New Jerusalem is knocking at the door and claims the right allowed to all who have established their power on the public soil. With sufficient numbers the Territory asks to be confirmed as a State.

—*Mormons and Mormonism*, North American Review, July, 1862.

JEFFERSON DAVIS and his compeers of the Confederate Congress do not base their action upon this right of revolution, which asserts itself in antagonism to the existing government, and seeks its overthrow, or its subversion to the extent covered by the antagonism, against the will and the right of the government to oppose it. If they did they would stand at present, upon their own admission, as rebels against the government of the United States; for it must be borne in mind that this right of revolution is such an imperfect right that its very character of revolution depends upon the ultimate success of those who attempt to exercise it. It is strictly a personal right, "the right of the people to alter or abolish the government." It does not exist as the right of a State, or of any political organization.

—*The Right of Secession*, North American Review, July, 1861.


PARTIZANSHIP AND THE CENSUS.

THE
NORTH AMERICAN
REVIEW.

December, 1894.

THE RECENT ELECTION.
Senator JOHN G. CARLISLE

SHALL OUR DAUGHTERS HAVE DOWERS?

NEW YORK.

Contributors for 1915 include:

Oswald Garrison Villard — Booker T. Washington
Grace Denio Litchfield — Lloyd Bryce
John Barrett — Champ Clark

PRELATES who have contributed to The North American Review:

Archdeacon Farrar — Cardinal Gibbons
Cardinal Manning — Archbishop Ireland
Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson

Fourth Epoch

1864

From the Civil War to

THE Rebellion has left us with an enormous debt and an excessively complicated currency. The former must be paid, the latter regulated. The two are so intimately connected, however, that it is difficult entirely to separate the consideration of them. At present we regulate the currency only by contracting or changing the form of debts; and in future its regulation must be affected by the mode of paying the debt. But there are two propositions respecting the debt which can be sustained independently of considerations of the currency. They are,—That it ought to be discharged, as rapidly as possible. That it can be discharged much more rapidly than is generally supposed.

—*Our Financial Future*, North American Review, January, 1866.

ON the afternoon of January 6, 1862, the allied squadrons arrived at Vera Cruz. On the 7th the troops were disembarked, the English landing 800 men, the French 2,800 and the Spaniards 6,300. On the 9th Gen. Prim, who took command of the expedition, occupied Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa. The next day a proclamation was issued in which it was announced that the expedition was not for the purpose of conquest, or to revolutionize the country, but to see that justice was done and protection afforded to citizens of foreign nations.

—*The Mexican Question*, North American Review, July, 1866.

A SPECIAL biography may include details and laudations that have no place in history. It would be wiser to print the writings of Greene [the Revolutionary general] or the elaborate biography which has been talked about for nearly half a lifetime rather than to tarnish his name by mixing it up with uncandid accusations and insidious cavils. My volumes prove how highly I rate his utilities and patriotism. I have named him as superior to any officer between himself and Washington, except Montgomery; and my account of the war in the South, where he exercised a separate command, and had the best opportunity to display his powers, had not yet been printed. My opinions throughout his career do not differ from those which Washington has expressed.

—GEORGE BANCROFT *in* The North American Review, April, 1867.

THE history of our diplomacy and that of our finances during the war ought, doubtless, to be written; I might possibly be induced to undertake them myself, but I did not see how to compress them, with all else that I would gladly have presented, within the two octavo volumes wherein I had engaged to write the story of our American Conflict. I believe none of my competitors has attempted to do so.

—HORACE GREELEY *in* The North American Review, April, 1867.

THE history of the Erie Railway has been a checkered one. Chartered in 1832, and organized in 1833, the cost of its construction was then estimated at three millions of dollars, of which but one million were subscribed. By the time the first report was made the estimated cost had increased to six millions, and the work of construction was actually begun on the strength of stock subscriptions of a million and a half, and a loan of three millions from the state. In 1842 the estimated cost had increased to twelve mill-

Contributors for 1915 include:

Robert Underwood Johnson — Mrs. Francis B. Harrison
John Burroughs — Joseph H. Choate
Hugo Münsterberg — Richard Olney

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENTS who have contributed to The North American Review:

Charles Kendall Adams — David Starr Jordan
James B. Angell — Daniel C. Gilman
Noah Porter — W. De W. Hyde
James McCosh — A. Lawrence Lowell
Charles W. Eliot — Andrew D. White
Benjamin Ide Wheeler

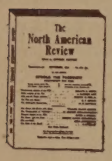
1870

the Franco-Prussian War

Fourth Epoch

ions and a half, and both means in hand and credit were wholly exhausted. . . . At last, in 1851, eighteen years after its commencement, the road was opened from Lake Erie to tide-water. Its financial troubles had, however, as yet only begun.

—*A Chapter of Erie*, North American Review, July, 1869.



THE mind—under which term are included the intellect, the emotions, and the will—is ordinarily supposed to have its seat wholly in the brain. That its higher manifestations are due to cerebral action is doubtless true; but holding the view that where there is grey nerve-tissue, there nervous power is generated, the writer believes —and physiology and pathology fully support the opinion—that the spinal cord and sympathetic system are capable of originating certain kinds of mental influence, which when the brain is quiescent, may be wonderfully intensified.

—*The Physics and Physiology of Spiritualism*, BY WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, North American Review, April, 1870.

THE real evil, as it seems to us, is that the so-called advanced education often does not aim at education at all, but at something else,—at a longer list of accomplishments excellent perhaps in themselves, and in their proper place important and essential, but when used in this way as costume and decoration, sure to be the cover for pretense, to distract attention from the true ends of education, and to substitute a vague wonderment for the intelligent interest of the public.

—*The Daily Public School in the United States*, North American Review, July, 1866.

THE existence of the Sanitary Commission was possible only in a nation habituated to extra-governmented organization and to associate action; and its whole dependence was upon the readiness and ability of the people to concentrate diffused and individual efforts into a single channel of combined activity. As soon as information of its methods, purposes, opportunities and needs could be spread through the country it at once began to receive support and draw its resources from every section of the land.

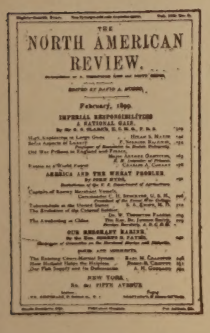
—*The Work of the Sanitary Commission*, North American Review, January, 1867.

IN the existence of serfdom there was nothing peculiar; but why in Russia alone of the countries of Europe did it last till the middle of the nineteenth century? Because this Eastern empire had belonged for many hundred years to Asiatic rather than to European development.

—*Serfdom and the Emancipation Laws in Russia*, North American Review, July, 1867.

IF we reflect what contemporary literature would be without Dickens's works —how much enjoyment would be taken out of our lives,—how knowledge of human nature and feeling for it, how much genial humor, how much quickening of sympathy, how much heartiness, would be lost, had this long series of books never appeared, we can better appreciate what we owe to their writer. . . . We offer our thanks to him who is giving soul pleasure to us, and who is so dear and well known to us all. May it be long before this benefactor of mankind is taken from a world which he has done so much to make better and happier!

—*Charles Dickens*, North American Review, April, 1868.


THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

February, 1890.

Contributors for 1915 include:

Duchess of Marlborough
James Bryce
Joseph S. Auerbach
George F. Edmunds
William Lyon Phelps
Percy MacKaye

SCIENTISTS who have contributed to The North American Review:

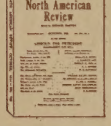
Asa Gray
N. S. Shaler
John Burroughs
Simon Newcomb
Oliver Wendell Holmes
Thomas Edison
C. Lombroso

Fifth Epoch

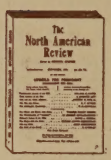
1870

From the Franco-Prussian War

ONE fact must be accepted to begin with,—the railroad system has burst through State limits. Already not a few corporations have carried their operations into half the states of the Union. Capital does not recognize the territorial divisions of a common country; nominally, it may evade them, but practically it destroys them. Either through the machinery of different corporations, or through consolidation, one great moneyed and managing interest is destined at no distant day to own every mile of railway on a direct line from New York to San Francisco. In what must such an ownership inevitably result? It is not wise to attempt to deal with a too remote future; but in this instance the future is very immediate, and the question at issue involves some of the most delicate considerations connected with our federal system.

—*The Government and the Railroad Corporations*, BY CHARLES F. ADAMS, JR., North American Review, January, 1871.

THE growth of French hostility has been commensurate with the growth of Prussian power. So long as Prussia occupied a purely subordinate position in European politics there was no occasion for any display of hostility, even if hostility existed. . . . Bismarck proceeded to point out the means by which this political impotency could be brought to an end. They were, in short, a limitation of the power of the individual sovereignties, an abandonment by the single states of a portion of their independence for the sake of one common German nationality, the subordination of the single parts to one strong central power.

—*French and German Diplomacy*, BY C. K. ADAMS, North American Review, October, 1871.



NO epithets are more familiarly used nowadays than "materialism" and "materialist," but their ordinary function is vituperative rather than logical. As vague terms of abuse they are hurled about with a zeal that may be praiseworthy, but with an indiscreetness that is scarcely commendable.

—*A Crumb for the "Modern Symposium,"* BY JOHN FISKE, North American Review, January, 1878.

THE recent Franco-Prussian war brought into great and practical prominence two questions of international law,—the one concerning the proper methods of conducting maritime warfare by the belligerents, the other concerning the duties of neutral states. Immediately upon the outbreak of hostilities, in the summer of 1870, the King of Prussia issued a proclamation, declaring that no ships or cargoes belonging to French subjects, except contraband, should be molested by his own cruisers, even though the French government should not reciprocate by a similar concession. France did not reciprocate. In the course of the contest British subjects were engaged in an active commerce with the French in arms, ammunition and other articles confessedly contraband, and in coals for the French navy, which no treaties and no modern writers have ever pronounced to be contraband. King William's minister of Foreign Affairs announced and maintained the novel doctrine that a neutral nation or its government is to be held responsible to one belligerent for the acts of its citizens and subjects in carrying on a contraband commerce with the other belligerent, and is justly liable.

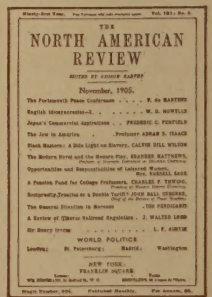
—*Law of Maritime Warfare as It Affects Belligerents*, BY JOHN MERTEN POMEROY, North American Review, April, 1872.

Contributors for 1915 include:

William Roscoe Thayer
Austin Harrison
Robert Hugh Benson
Arthur Symons
Thomas Hardy
Signor Luzzatti

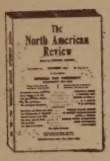
LETTER from Charles Eliot Norton to A. H. Clough, October 14, 1853:

"The North American Review for October I have looked over. It has an able article on Slavery—the best thing that has been written on the subject for some time."


THE
NORTH AMERICAN
REVIEW
November, 1905.

1880

to Cleveland's First Term



WE have often wondered that the people who raise the outcry for the "Great American Novel" did not see that, so far from being of any assistance to our fellow-countryman who is trying to win fame by writing fiction, they have rather stood in the way by setting up before him a false aim for this art, and by giving the critical reader a defective standard by which to judge his work. Whenever this so-longed-for novel does appear, we may be sure that our first impression will not be that it is American.

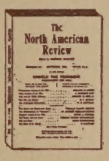
—*American Novels*, North American Review, October, 1872.

WE purpose in this sketch to expose the true causes of the recent marvellous changes in Japan. These comprise a threefold political revolution within, a profound alteration in the national policy toward foreigners, and the inauguration of social reforms which lead us to hope that Japan has rejected the Asiatic and adopted the European ideal of civilization. We shall attempt to prove that these causes operated *from within*, not from without; from impulse, not from impact; and that they were largely intellectual.

—*The Recent Revolution in Japan*, BY WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS, North American Review, April, 1875.

DURING the autumn of 1873 the United States was visited by one of those financial storms, incident to the modern high-pressure system of conducting business, and which are common to all civilized countries. Shortly after the fury of the tempest had subsided the national Congress met, and took the subject into consideration. Through nearly five mortal months the process of incubation was protracted, finally resulting in a measure which in due time was reproduced by the press of foreign lands as a legislative curiosity and which was promptly vetoed by the President. The mouse, it was true, was a very ridiculous mouse; and, indeed, never struggled into a real existence; but the amount of groaning on the part of the mountain which preceded its still-born genesis was truly portentous. It covered about seventeen hundred columns of the Congressional Record.

—*The Currency Debate of 1873-74*, BY C. F. ADAMS, JR., North American Review, July, 1874.



DR. SCHLIEMANN'S discoveries do not turn Æschylus into history, but they furnish a remote historic basis for the tragedy. . . . Some of the most monstrous legends have been finally traced to an intelligible origin; and it is scarcely possible that the large frame of geographical and ethnological truth enclosed in the "Iliad" should have been peopled by merely imaginary figures and made the scene of imaginary deeds.

—*Ephesus, Cyprus, and Mycenæ*, BY BAYARD TAYLOR, North American Review, April, 1878.

THE "Polaris," being in a sinking condition when she righted after the "nip," was run ashore on a beach near Dr. Kane's "Lifeboat Cove." There the shipwrecked crew built a house out of the fragments of the wreck and, after passing the winter, they constructed boats and went south, hoping to intercept the whale-ships which annually arrive about Cape Yorke in June. In this purpose they were successful. Thus, after the most extraordinary series of successes, misfortunes, and privations, all were in the end saved, and returned to their homes, except the stout-hearted commander of the expedition.—*Arctic Exploration*, BY I. I. HAYES, North American Review, January, 1874.

Contributors for 1915 include:

Augustus Thomas
Henry Cabot Lodge
Bishop J. W. Bashford
Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

GREAT AMERICANS who have contributed to The North American Review:

James G. Blaine
Ralph Waldo Emerson
Andrew Carnegie
George Bancroft
James Russell Lowell
George William Curtis
Charles Eliot Norton
Robert G. Ingersoll
Horace Greeley
Francis Parkman
Mark Twain

Sixth Epoch

1880

From Cleveland's First Term

WE see steam-vessels loaded with grain, or with ordinary merchandise, passing through the canal and coming from India or Australia, which are perfectly well able to pay the charges of transit; the insurance on such vessels is, moreover, much reduced from ordinary rates. But it is quite clear that steam-vessels one hundred and forty metres long and which expend two thousand francs a day cannot submit to delay; when they enter the Suez Canal they are able to proceed the moment they have taken out their papers. It follows from what I have said that it is quite out of the question, at the present day, to build a canal with locks.

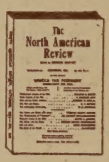
—*The Interoceanic Canal*, BY FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, North American Review, January, 1880.

NOTHING is more certain than that women will have the suffrage if they ever want it; for when they want it men will give it to them regardless of consequences. A more than readiness on the part of men to conform to the wishes of the other sex is a national trait in America, though whether it would survive the advent of the female politician is matter for reflection. We venture to remind those who demand woman suffrage as a right, that, even if it were so, the great majority of intelligent women could judge for themselves whether to exercise it, better than the few who assume to teach them their duty.

—*The Woman Question Again*, BY FRANCIS PARKMAN, North American Review, January, 1880.

FROM the lesson of caution or modesty learned, perhaps, by the preacher from his own boyish follies—from the impossibility of proving in a popular address anything doubted or unknown before—and from the determination to announce nothing there of which the preacher is not sure, there grows up in all communions—nay, in different countries and religions—a certain reticency or timidity in the pulpit. This reticency reduces the sermons in popular esteem to a second or third stage in literature.

—*Insincerity in the Pulpit*, BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE, North American Review, September, 1880.



MASTERS frightened slaves with the threat of hell, and slaves got a kind of shadowy revenge by whispering back the threat. The imprisoned imagined a hell for the gaolers; the weak built this place for the strong; the arrogant for their rivals; the vanquished for their victors; the priest for the thinker; religion for reason; superstition for science. All the meanness, all the revenge, all the selfishness, all the cruelty, all the hatred, all the infamy of which the heart of man is capable, grew, blossomed, and bore fruit in this one word—Hell. For the nourishment of this dogma, cruelty was soil, ignorance was rain, and fear was light.

—*The Christian Religion*, BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, North American Review, November, 1881.

THE Pendleton bill is the only measure yet presented which even claims to give us a clear and intelligible path out of these difficulties. Its essential features are: 1. Admission to the lower ranks of the service by competitive examinations, and after probation; 2. Advancement by merit, to be ascertained by examination; 3. Restriction to public offices having at least fifty subordinates. . . . On a limited scale it has already been adopted in our metropolitan customs-house and post-office. In both these the results have brought great credit to the men who began the system and carried it out.

—*Do the Spoils Belong to the Victor?* BY ANDREW D. WHITE, North American Review, January, 1882.

Contributors for 1915 include:

Edward R. A. Seligman
Brander Matthews
Herbert Putnam
Arthur T. Hadley
David Jayne Hill
Henry M. Alden

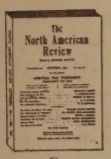
OMAR KHAYYAM. The "Life of Charles Eliot Norton" contains the following:

In October, 1869, Norton, in a long article in The North American Review, brought to the attention of the American public Omar Khayyam in the French version of Nicholas and the anonymous translation of FitzGerald. He recognized FitzGerald's achievement in these words: "It is the work of a poet inspired by a poet; not a copy, but a reproduction; not a translation, but a redelivery of a poetic inspiration."

1898

Sixth Epoch

to the Spanish-American War



THE greatest danger hanging over the Indian race arises from the fact that, with these large and valuable territorial possessions which are lying waste, they stand in the way of what is commonly called "the development of the country."

—*Present Aspects of the Indian Problems*, BY CARL SCHURZ, North American Review, July, 1881.

WHEN the creeds of the past era have passed away we shall enter upon the creeds of the new era. These will differ not alone in their contents from former doctrinal standards, but they will differ in the very genius and method of construction.

—*Progress of Thought in the Church*, BY HENRY WARD BEECHER, North American Review, August, 1882.

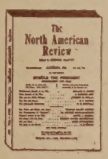
IS there, then, such a thing as overproduction? Manifestly there cannot be, in any general sense, until more wealth is produced than is wanted. In any unqualified sense, overproduction is preposterous, when everywhere the struggle to get wealth is so intense; when so many must worry and strain to get a living, and there is actual want among large classes. The manner in which the strain of the war was born shows how great are the forces of production which in normal times go to waste; proves that what we suffer from now is not overproduction, but underproduction.

—*Overproduction*, BY HENRY GEORGE, North American Review, December, 1883.

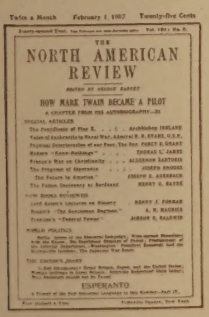
BEFORE claiming that marriage is a divine institution, before binding women by further restrictive legislation, let the high priests at the family altars purify themselves, body and soul, and make themselves fit to be the creators of immortal beings. Science has indicated the right to discuss freely whether our ancestors are apes; let it be as free to ask whether our posterity shall be idiots, knaves and lunatics; and if not, by what changes such wretched results may be avoided.

—*The Need of Liberal Divorce Laws*, BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, North American Review, September, 1884.

IF protection be, as its champions (or victims) hold, in itself an economical good, then it holds in the sphere of production the same place as belongs to truth in the sphere of philosophy, or to virtue in the sphere of morals. In this case, you cannot have too much of it; so that, while mere protection is economical good in embryo, such good finds its full development only in the prohibition of foreign trade. I do not think the argument would be unfair.

—*Free Trade or Protection*, BY W. E. GLADSTONE, North American Review, January, 1890.

NO intelligent Protectionist in the United States pretends that every country would alike realize advantage from the adoption of the protective system. Human government is not a machine, and even machines cannot be so perfectly adjusted as to work with equal effectiveness at all times and under all conditions. Great Britain and the United States certainly resemble one another in more ways than either can be said to resemble any other nation in the world; yet, when we compare the two on the question at issue, the differences are so marked that we almost lose sight of the resemblance.

—*Free Trade or Protection*, BY JAMES G. BLAINE, North American Review, January, 1890.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REVIEW

HOW MARK TWAIN BECAME A PILOT

ESPERANTO

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W. B. Yeats	Charles Waldstein
Gilbert Parker	Theodore Woolsey

IN its earliest years The Review offered to American readers a more critical treatment of literature than had ever before been attempted on this side of the Atlantic, and the distinctive interests of the country at large were constantly uplifted and kept in view. These years were signalized by the publication of William Cullen Bryant's most famous poem, "Thanatopsis." The contributors during this period were the first to give our literature a native handling, while yet the tone of culture was distinctly English and European.

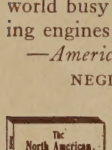
Seventh Epoch

1898

From the Spanish-American War

FOR several grave reasons I regard possessions in the Far East as fraught with nothing but disaster to the Republic. Only one of these, however, can now be considered—the dangers of war and of almost constant rumors and threats of war to which all nations interested in the Far East are subject. There is seldom a week which does not bring alarming reports of threatened hostilities, or of new alliances, or of changes of alliances between the powers arming for the coming struggle. It is chiefly this Far Eastern question which keeps every ship-yard, gun-yard and armor-yard in the world busy night and day, Sunday and Saturday, forging engines of destruction.

—*Americanism vs. Imperialism*, BY ANDREW CARNEGIE, North American Review, January, 1899.



THE testimony of able and trained war correspondents in the field enables a larger number of military students to follow the course and to profit by the lessons of the war. This was notably the case in the Spanish-American War, than which no war has ever had cast upon it so fierce and full a light of contemporary description and criticism.

—*The British Army*, BY THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, North American Review, January, 1900.

IN a general way, we made no difference between a foreigner and a burgher, save, of course, as regards the franchise. And every impartial and fair-minded man will understand that it was impossible for the South African Republic to grant political rights to foreigners. Why, the franchise in the Transvaal was denied to friendly foreigners of our own race—to the citizens of the Orange Free State. Why should we have granted it to Englishmen?

—*Origin, Duration and Outcome of the War*, BY Dr. W. J. LEYDS, North American Review, January, 1900.

I HAVE always been proud, and now I am glad, that, however obscurely, I also was in the first chorus of welcome that met his coming. . . . His success in England began with "The Red Badge of Courage," which did, indeed, more completely than any other book has done in recent years, take the reading public by storm. Its freshness of method, its vigor of imagination, its force of color, and its essential freedom from many traditions that dominate this side of the Atlantic, came—in spite of the previous shock of Mr. Kipling—with a positive effect of impact.

—*Stephen Crane*, BY H. G. WELLS, North American Review, August, 1900.

IT is a convenience to be free to confess that the play of perception during those first weeks was quickened, in the oddest way, by the wonderment (which was partly also the amusement) of my finding how many corners of the general, of the local, picture had anciently never been unveiled for me at all, and how many unveiled too briefly and too scantily, with quite insufficient bravery of gesture.

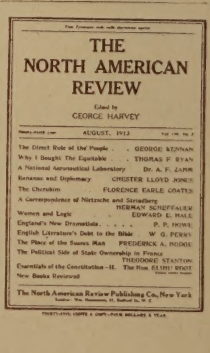
—*New England*, BY HENRY JAMES, North American Review, June, 1905.

THE socialists talk constantly of the relation of economic wrong to destitution and point out the connection between industrial maladjustment and individual poverty, but the study of social conditions, the obligation to eradicate poverty, cannot belong to one political party or to one economic school, and, after all, it was not a socialist, but that ancient friend of the poor, St. Augustine, who said, "Thou givest bread to the hungry, but better were it that none hungered and thou hadst no need to give to him."

—*Charity and Social Justice*, BY JANE ADDAMS, North American Review, July, 1910

Contributors for 1915 include:

Childe Hassam
Miles Poindexter
Cale Young Rice
Josiah Strong
W. H. Carter
Gustav Lanson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AUGUST, 1913
The Direct Rule of the People . . GEORGE KENNAN
Why I Bought The Equitable . . THOMAS F. RYAN
A National Astronautical Laboratory . Dr. A. F. ZAHM
Bananas and Diplomacy . CHESTER LLOYD JONES
The Christian . FLORENCE EARLE COATES
A Correspondence of Nietzsche and Strindberg . HERMAN SCHEFFAUER
Women and Logic . EDWARD E. HALE
England's New Dreadnoughts . . . . P. P. HOWE
English Literature's Debt to the Bible . W. G. PERRY
The Place of the Sunset Man . FREDERICK A. MOORE
The Political Side of State Ownership in Penna. . THEODORE STANTON
Essentials of the Constitution—II. . The Hon. ELIHU ROOT
New Books Reviewed
The North American Review Publishing Co., New York

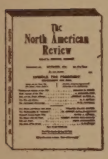
A MAGAZINE called The Monthly Anthology was begun in 1803 by Mr. Phineas Adams, but it soon passed into the control of the Rev. William Emerson, the father of Ralph Waldo Emerson. With the aid of a few friends, including John Quincy Adams, George Ticknor and William Tudor, Mr. Emerson founded the Anthology Club, which assumed the responsibility for the new monthly—a form of publication which was then a novelty in the United States. The rule of the club was that every member should write for the magazine, and each and all had the privilege

1914

to the Pan-European War

TO be strong mothers of healthy children was the end ever before them and the explanation of their development. It is interesting to see with what wholeheartedness the Spartan women took up their share of this scheme, and how they co-operated with the men in realizing that ideal state which unity of purpose is said to have built up. That women can combine to a given end and succeed magnificently is forever exemplified by the race of strong courageous men Spartan women produced for no less than five hundred years.

—*The Position of Woman*, BY CONSUELO MARLBOROUGH, North American Review, January, 1909.

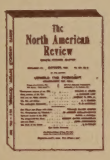


OF course parties are necessary. They are not only necessary, but desirable, in order that conviction upon great public questions may be organized and bodies of men of like opinion and purpose brought together in effective and habitual co-operation. Successful, orderly, popular government is impossible without them. But the argument for our own particular organization of parties is quite another matter. That organization is undoubtedly necessary in the circumstances, but you cannot prove its necessity out of Burke or any other man who made permanent analysis of liberty. We could have parties without organizing them in this particular way. There have been parties in free governments time out of mind and in many parts of the world, but never anywhere else an organization of parties like our own.

—*Hide-and-Seek Politics*, BY WOODROW WILSON, North American Review, May, 1910.

THE chief purpose of this appeal is to ask you, as President of the United States, to enroll yourself with the hosts of good and wise men all over the world who are helping this onward and upward movement of mankind. It is at least possible that by calling an extra session of Congress and appealing to its members in your own earnest and eloquent manner you could induce them to confer three great and badly needed blessings upon twelve million American households—the removal of the tariff taxes from the articles essential to their continuance to live by putting all such articles upon the free list; the diminishing in large measure of the sheer waste of public moneys to which the poor would still be obliged in considerable measure to contribute; and the imposing of at least a portion of the burdens of taxation upon surplus wealth.

—*An Appeal to President Taft*, BY WAYNE MAC VEAGH, North American Review, February, 1911.

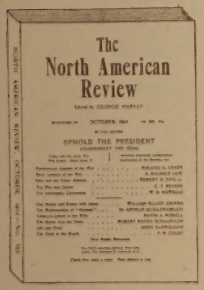


THE earliest picture in literature of a man of wide knowledge and wise thought who has with unquenched powers lived down into a generation not his own is that of Nestor as he is presented to us in the Homeric poems. Nestor had known the grandfathers and fathers of the chieftains of his later years, so all his juniors honored him, and listened respectfully to his long discourses. But when in the vast and constantly changing society of these modern days of ours a sage or a prophet outlives all his contemporaries, there is a certain risk that he may be misunderstood and possibly even disparaged by the generation which did not know him till his prime was past.

—*Goldwin Smith*, BY JAMES BRYCE, North American Review, April, 1914.

SOME fifteen or twenty years ago the then senior British naval officer at Gibraltar said to me, laughing: "The army fellows boast that they have so fixed things that the place cannot be taken; but I tell them, what does it matter whether Gibraltar be taken or not, unless its docks, stores, and anchorage are equally secured for the fleet? Nothing whatever; it would be a barren possession."

--*Fortify the Panama Canal*, BY A. T. MAHAN, North American Review, March, 1911.



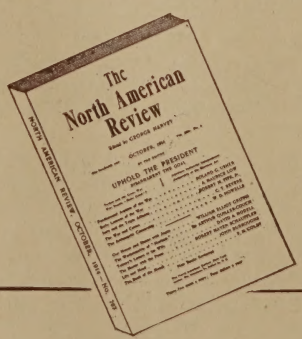
Contributors for 1915 include:

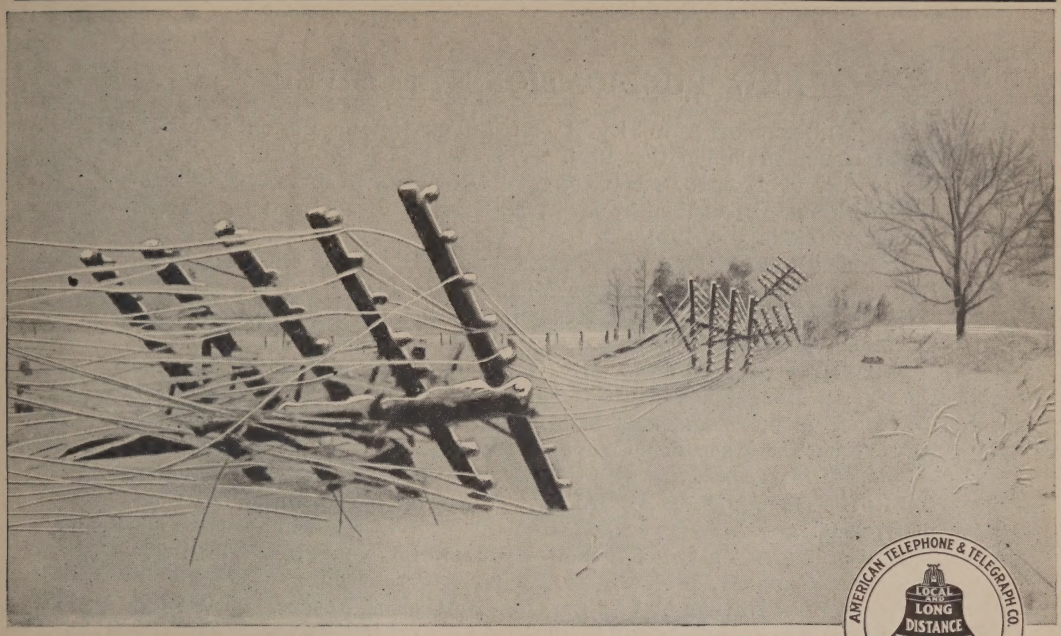
William Elliot Griffis — John Grier Hibben
Gamaliel Bradford — Francis G. Peabody
Hamilton W. Mabie — Henry S. Pritchett

of helping to pay its expenses out of his own pocket. This privilege eventually became too irksome, however, and the magazine was discontinued after a number of years. But, short as was the career of The Anthology, it had been long enough to create a demand for literature and for literary opportunity such as it had supplied, and a new periodical was soon projected which was intended to take its place and to occupy even a broader field in American letters. This was THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the first number of which was published by William Tudor on the 1st of May, 1815.

Editors of The North American Review
and their terms of service

William Tudor	1815–1817
Willard Phillips	1818
E. T. Channing	1818–1819
Richard H. Dana	1819–1820
Edward Everett	1820–1823
Jared Sparks	1824–1830
A. T. Everett	1830–1836
John G. Palfrey	1836–1843
Francis Bowen	1843–1853
A. P. Peabody	1853–1861
James Russell Lowell	1862–1872
Charles Eliot Norton	1864–1868
Ephraim W. Gurney	1868–1872
Henry Adams	1873–1876
Henry Cabot Lodge	1873–1876
Allen Thorndike Rice	1877–1889
Lloyd Bryce	1889–1896
David A. Munro	1896–1899
George Harvey	1899





The Telephone Emergency

THE stoutest telephone line cannot stand against such a storm as that which swept the Middle Atlantic coast early in the year. Poles were broken off like wooden toothpicks, and wires were left useless in a tangled skein.

It cost the telephone company over a million dollars to repair that damage, an item to be remembered when we talk about how cheaply telephone service may be given.

More than half of the wire mileage of the Bell System is underground out of the way of storms. The expense of underground conduits and cables is warranted for the important trunk lines with numerous wires and for the lines in the congested districts which serve a large number of people.

But for the suburban and rural lines reaching a scattered population and doing a small business in a large area, it is impracticable to dig trenches, build conduits and lay cables in order that each individual wire may be underground.

More important is the problem of service. Overhead wires are necessary for talking a very long distance. It is impossible to talk more than a limited distance underground, although Bell engineers are making a world's record for underground communication.

Parallel to the underground there must also be overhead wires for the long haul, in order that the Bell System may give service universally between distant parts of the country.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

THE MINISTRY OF ART. By RALPH ADAMS CRAM. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1914.

THE ART OF SPIRITUAL HARMONY. By WASSILY KANDINSKY. Translated with an Introduction, by M. T. H. SADLER. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1914.

RELIGIOUS CONFESSIONS AND CONFESSANTS. By ANNA ROBESON BURR. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1914.

CLARK'S FIELD. By ROBERT HERRICK. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1914.

THE SISTER OF THE WIND. By GRACE FALLOW NORTON. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1914.

BLACK'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY. By JOHN D. COMRIE, M.A., M.D., etc. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

SPIRITUAL REFORMERS IN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES. By RUFUS M. JONES, M.A., D.LITT. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

THE STRENGTH OF THE STRONG. By JACK LONDON. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

THE HUMAN NATURE OF THE SAINTS. By GEORGE HODGES. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF CHARACTER. By ALEXANDER F. SHAND, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

THE INCOME TAX. By EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

FREDERIC NIETZSCHE. By GEORGE BRANDES. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

CROSS TRAILS. By HERMAN WHITAKER. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1914.

AT THE CASA NAPOLEON. By THOMAS A. JANVIER. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1914.

GOOD FORM FOR ALL OCCASIONS. By FLORENCE HOWE HALL. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1914.

THE CHANGING ORDER. By GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1914.

THE SUNKEN BELL. By GERHART HAUPTMANN. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1914.

MARY GOES FIRST. By HENRY ARTHUR JONES. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1914.

HER HUSBAND'S WIFE. By A. E. THOMAS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1914.

THE MAKING OF THE NATIONS—GERMANY. By A. W. HOLLAND. London: Adam and Charles Black, 1914.

A HISTORY OF DIPLOMACY IN THE INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. Vol. III. By DAVID JAYNE HILL. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1914.

LOVE AND THE SOUL-MAKER. By MARY AUSTIN. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1914.

WITHIN PRISON WALLS. By THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1914.

THE TRUE ADVENTURES OF A PLAY. By LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN. New York: Mitchell Kennerly, 1914.

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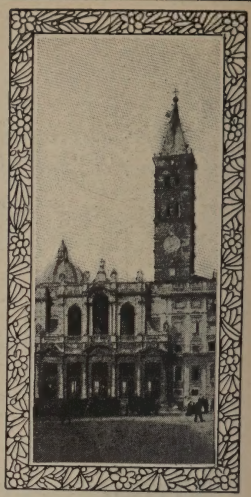

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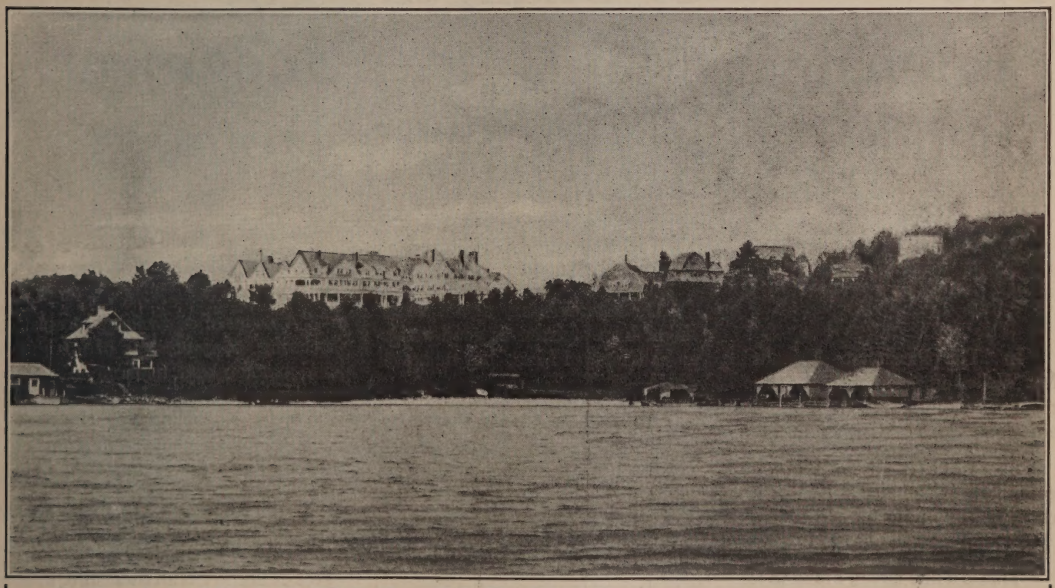

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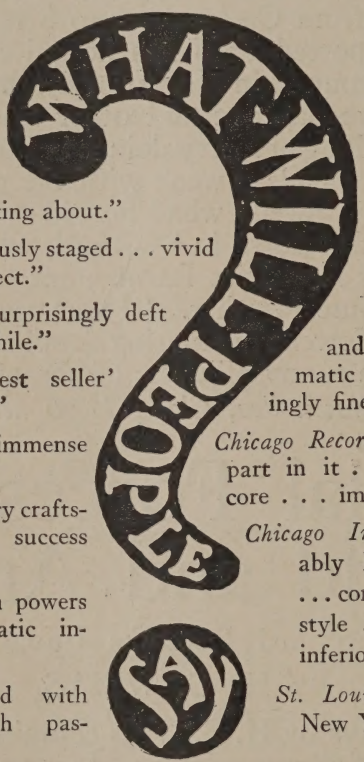

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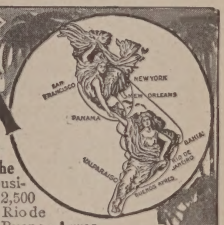

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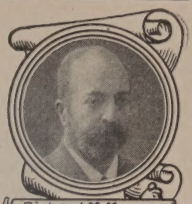
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"When a magazine hesitates to lower its former standard of quality to meet fancied modern requirements, it sometimes resorts to the 'special edition' subterfuge; clearly a bait to catch a certain class of advertisers. By this, the regular subscriber, who does not happen to be interested in the subject exploited in the 'special edition' and who takes the publication for the literature it is supposed to furnish, finds himself trapped into the superficial and discontented perusal of a mass of advertising-inspired reading matter, to discover only a modicum of the stuff he pays for in the edition.

"Demoralization and degeneration have marked the course of most of the American monthly publications during the past few years. . . . Crude illustrations, the work of decadent or half-trained artists, have taken the place of drawings that were a delight to the eye and a gratification to the artistic sense; the scholarly and cultivated editorial touch has been superseded by the italicized sentimentality, the capitalized boastfulness, and the double-leaded egotism of the literary bounder and charlatan. Literature has gone and the discussion of the more revolting 'questions of the hour' has evicted it. . . .

"It has come to be that scarcely one of these monthly magazines may be safely admitted to a place on the family library table without first undergoing a rigid censorship lest it contain something unfit for indiscriminate readers. Since knowledge of evil has been proclaimed the sole protector of youth and innocence, the bars against verbal and pictorial filth have been swept away, and magazines once clean and wholesome can no longer be wholly depended upon to keep the implied faith of decency and reticence with their readers.

"Harper's Monthly is now practically alone in the position which it took in the beginning and has consistently maintained ever since. Evidently its publishers are determined, in these days of easy and prompt compliance with a sentiment esteemed to be deep and wide-spread because it is vociferous, not to be misled by clamor into the belief that all Americans have gone mad. They are obviously minded to uphold and advance the publication's traditional standards, thereby widening the distinction between it and its backsliding contemporaries.

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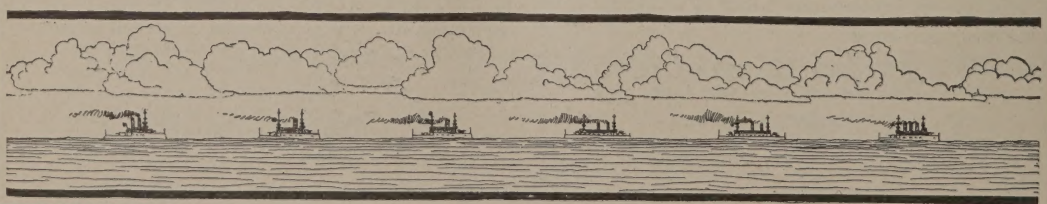

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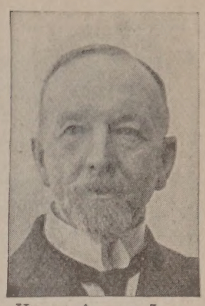

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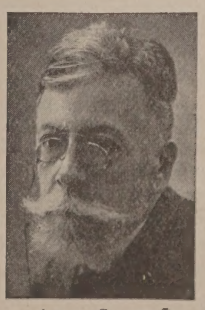

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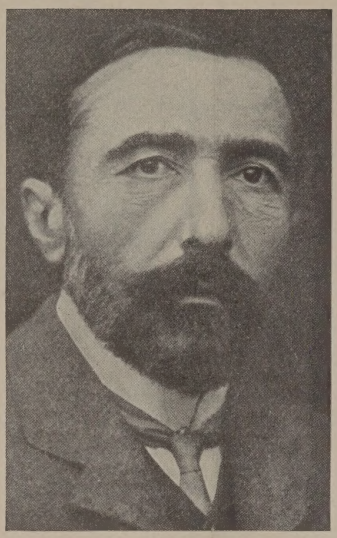

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"No."

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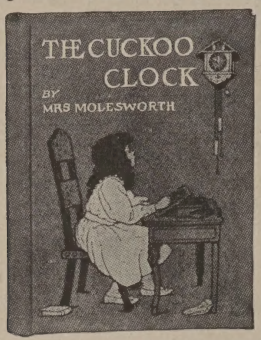

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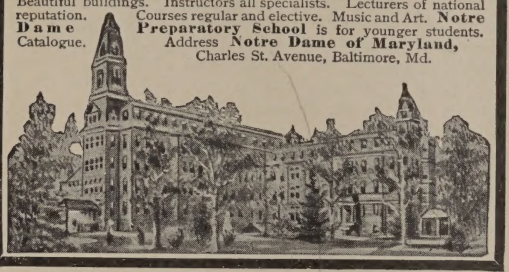

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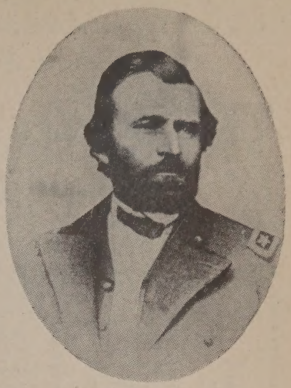

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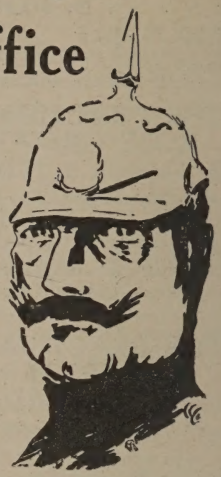

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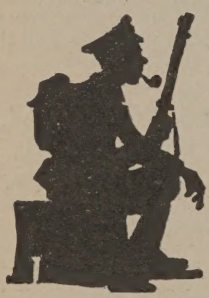

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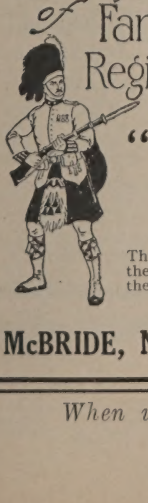

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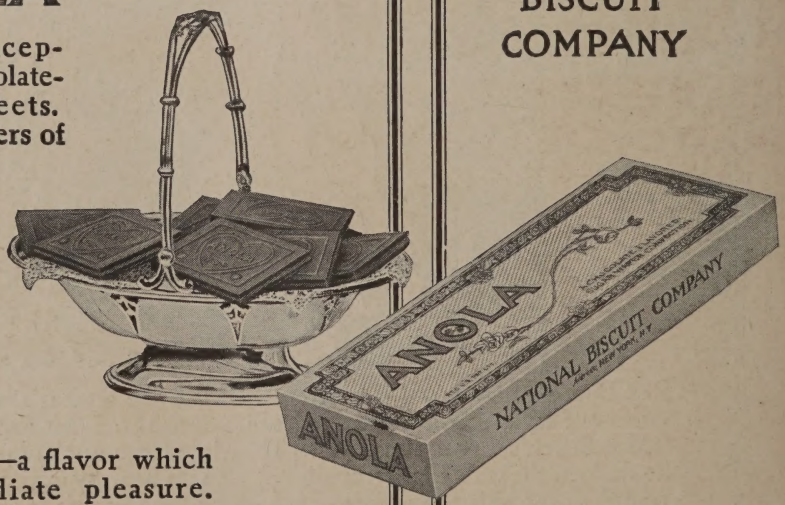

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